This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

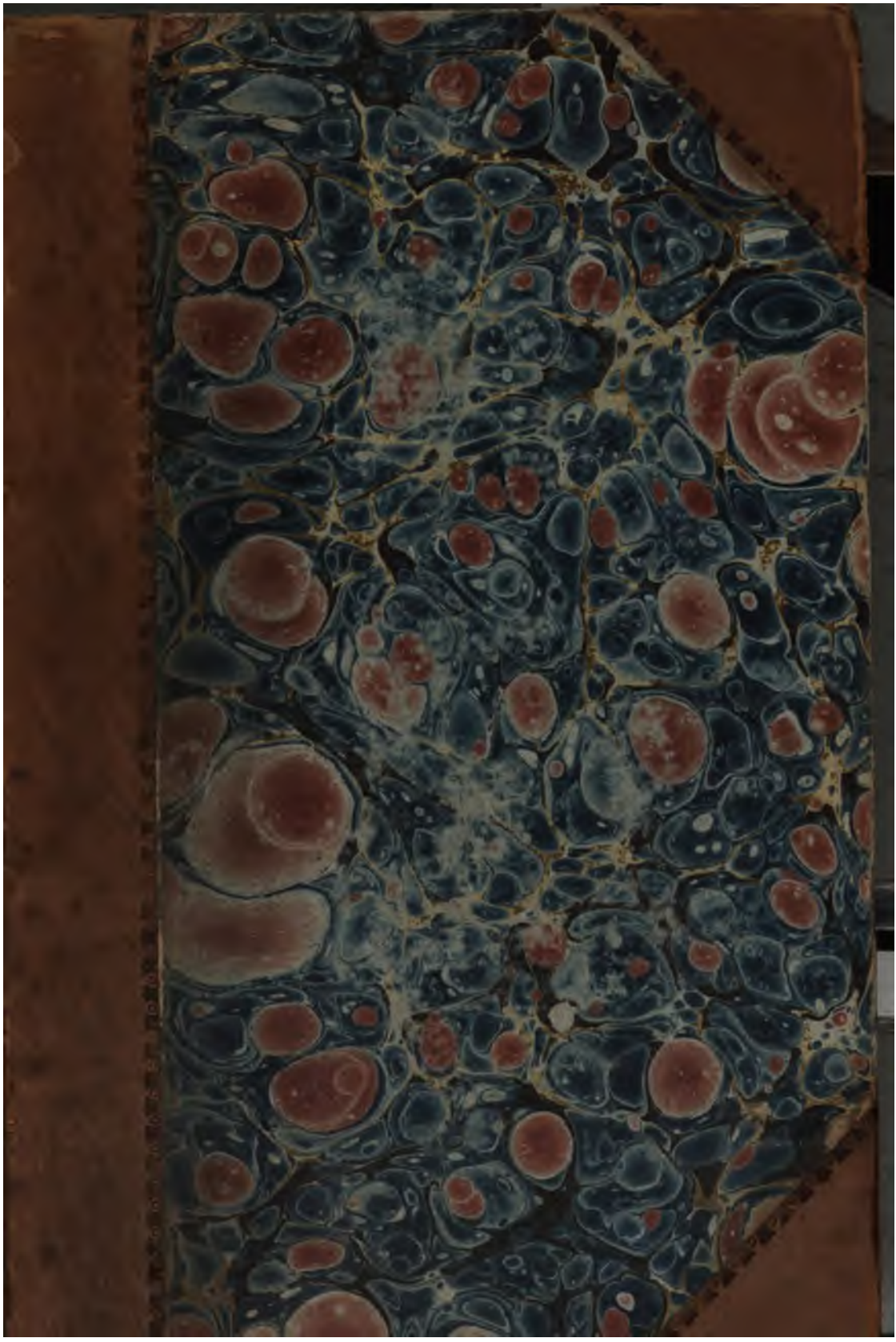
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

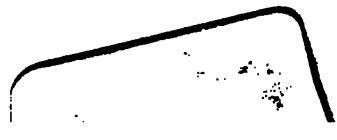
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`





THE

CHRISTIAN

MESSENGER.

VOLUME II.

London:

PUBLISHED BY W. LISTER, CONFERENCE OFFICES,
SUTTON STREET, COMMERCIAL ROAD, EAST;

ALL BOOKSELLERS; AND MAY BE HAD OF THE PRIMITIVE METHODIST MINISTERS.

PRINTED BY F. H. HURD,
22, ALBERT SQUARE, COMMERCIAL ROAD, EAST.

1866.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Primitive Methodist Jubilee School, Elmfield, York	1
Fragmentary Thoughts on Important Subjects	3
The Rejoicing of Angels	6
Prayer and Fasting in Australia	8
The Matterhorn; or, One Fatal Slip	11
Sabbath-breaking Punished	14
A Seaport Tradesman	14
Where shall I spend Eternity?	15
Destruction of Jerusalem	15
A Will made in good time	16
For what is your Life?	16
Hull New Town Hall	17
Thoughts on Inspiration.—III.	18
Maxims on Liberality	21
Mungo Park	21
The Sailor's Explanation	22
A Soldier	22
Rev. Bernard Gilpin	23
Keep a Good Look out a-head	23
The Best Friend	24
Hydropathic Establishment, Leamington	33
The Snare of the Hour	36
Avoidable Sabbath Sickness	44
The Round of Life	48
Tadcaster Primitive Methodist Chapel	49
A Voice from the Pulpit	50
Similes from Old Divines	51
Gold Shavings	52
The Widow Graff; or What Saved the Train	53
Prayer of the Condemned Soldier	54
A Nation's True Glory	55
The Use of Time	55
Seek and Ye shall Find	56
"We are Seven"	64
Ripley Hospital, near Lancaster	65
Married Life: a Dream	68
Fragmentary Thoughts on Important Subjects	75
Feebleness and Greatness Commingled	78
Without God	80
Conscience	80
Crowle Primitive Methodist Chapel	81
Avoidable Sabbath Sickness	82
Thoughts on the Canon of Inspiration—IV.	86
Leave me with my Mother	88
Look Aloft	96
Derby Primitive Methodist Chapel	97
Fallen Asleep	98
Christian Ability	105
Homely Truths.—Prayer	109
Man the Lifeboat	110
Something More Awful than the Judgment	112
Rev. C. H. Spurgeon	112
The Three R's	112
The Britannia Tubular Bridge	113
Thoughts on the Canon of Inspiration—IV.	117
On Backbiting	119
An Hour of Peaceful Rest	120
The Last Judgment	127
The Crucifixion	128
Louth Primitive Methodist Chapel	129
Eternal Punishments	133
The Influence of One	139
The Suspension Bridge	145
How to Raise Seven Thousand Pounds	147
Tricks in Trade	149
Secret of Pulpit Success	151
Marching Along	152
Who'll Buy Shares?	159
The New Orphan Houses, Ashley Down, Bristol	161
The Redeeming Saviour	169
New Orphan Houses, Bristol	177
Unconscious Influence	180
The Two Deaths	182
A Warning to Backsliders	183
Heavenly Home	184
The Seasons	191
Recognition of the Being and Attributes of Deity.—I.	193
Fragmentary Thoughts on Important Subjects	198
Black Hearts	201
The Higher Life	204
Truth	205
God's Peculiar Name	206
Come unto Me	207
A Hint to Ministers	207
Nature and Faith	208
Monument of Bishop Hooper, Protestant Martyr	209
An Infidel Converted through the Agency of a Child	210
The Idol Worshippers	212
A few Rather Common Religious Curiosities	213
A Negative Religion	214
Bishop Butler	214
Rules of the Life of a Fellow of a Cambridge College	215
We'll All Meet our Saviour	216
My Lambs	224
Primitive Methodist New Chapel, Bury, Lancashire	225
The Goodness and Pleasantness of Christian Unity. A Sermon	227
The Recognition of Deity—II.	236
Nautical Sermon	240
Christian Resignation	240
Death's Head Moth	241
Fragmentary Thoughts on Important Subjects	242
Farewell Service at the Jubilee School, York	245

	PAGE
Shall We Know Each Other?	248
Humility	256
Primitive Methodist Chapel, Reading	257
The Man that Killed his Neighbours	258
Jesus Christ's Bible	266
Death's Head Moth	273
Fragmentary Thoughts on Important Subjects	275
Farewell Service at the Jubilee School, York	277
A Song of Gladness	280
"In the Morning Sow thy Seed"	287
Scripture Titles of the Children of God	287
The Docks, Grimsby	289
Willing Workers. A Sermon	292
Experience Concerning an Important Duty	295
Does it Look Well?	298
The Lamb Slain in the Midst of the Throne	302
Wasted Hours	303
Richard Cecil	304
Berridge to Rowland Hill	304
The Madder Hawk Moth	305
Fragmentary Thoughts on Important Subjects	307
Farewell Service at the Jubilee School, York	309
The Matchless Worth	312
Falling Leaves	320
Rio Janeiro	321
Hints to Believers	322
Blind Amos and His Velvet Principles	326
The Wreck and the Rescue	329
A Voice from the Pulpit	332
Delay Not	334
Scribblings in Tadley Register.—1700	335
The Gospel	336
Moths, Eggs, &c.	337
Farewell Service at the Jubilee School, York	339
Similes from Old Divines	342
Life of a Sinner	343
The Beautiful Shore	344
Passing Under the Rod	351
Stockton Primitive Methodist Chapel	353
A Great Work, and an Important Reason for Doing it. A Sermon	354
Blind Amos and His Velvet Principles	358
Mr. Beardman's Remarkable Deliverance	362
Deplorable Death of Three Men from Thirst, in Victoria, Australia.	363
Dr. Beecher	364
Trust in Providence	365
Christmas	366
War	368
The Caterpillar state of Insect Life	369
The Contrast	372
Speaking	373
Indolence	373
A Christmas Carol	374
Speak Gently	380

CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.
26—58—89—121—154—186—217—251—282—314—347—376.

BRIEF MEMOIRS.
26—61—92—123—155—187—219—252—284—316—349—377.

The Christian Messenger.

1866.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST JUBILEE SCHOOL, ELMFIELD, YORK.

THE School, of which the accompanying drawing is a front view, is a large brick building, pleasantly situated on Malton road, about a mile and a quarter east of York Minster. It stands back from the road about two hundred yards, presenting an imposing aspect, having a beautiful lawn in front, ornamented with trees, shrubs,

and flowers of various kinds. The school room forms the centre of the building below, and stands forward from two side wings about fourteen feet; it is 47 feet long, 27 feet wide, 15 feet high, and is lighted by eleven large windows, all opening both at the top and bottom, thereby providing an abundant supply of light and air.

The whole length of the building is about 150 feet. The western wing contains a reception room for visitors, apartments for the governor's family, a matron's room for the sick, and a store room and dairy; the eastern wing contains two large class rooms, a lavatory, a music room, and a tutor's room.

A spacious corridor runs along the building from east to west, dividing it into two nearly equal parts. The dining hall is on the south side of the corridor, opposite the school room, which is on the northern side; it is 40 feet long, 26 feet wide, and, like the school room, 15 feet high. It is lighted by four large sash windows, facing the south, and furnishing a plentiful supply of light and air. Adjoining the dining hall on the west side is a large kitchen, like the other rooms just named, lofty, light, and airy, and containing a splendid gas apparatus for cooking, which, being on an improved principle, attracts many visitors both from public buildings and private mansions. Joining the kitchen is a large scullery and a convenient pantry.

The second story contains sleeping apartments for the governor and family, students' rooms, both large and moderately sized dormitories, and a bath room; all lofty, light, and well ventilated; the large dormitories being so arranged, that in whatever quarter the wind may be a current of air can be secured to sweep through the whole. The third story contains light and elegant sleeping apartments for servants, and a spacious room for stores. Above these is a small room in the turret, useful mainly for ventilation, presenting a clear view of the city of York and a fine prospect of the surrounding country for many miles distant.

Behind the edifice is a large and convenient laundry and other out-buildings, a gymnasium, a large play shed, and a beautiful field for the general play ground of the scholars; a new plantation on its western side is designed for both use and ornament. A cottage for the chief man-servant, a cowhouse, stable, piggeries, and other conveniences, are in a second field, a moderate distance from the school.

The whole presents an aspect of neatness, elegance, and comfort, which at one view impresses the numerous visitors, most of whom find their expectations far more than realised.

The foundation stone was laid by Alderman Meek, the treasurer, on Monday, September 12th, 1864; and the opening was celebrated by a religious service and a public tea on Monday, August 7th, 1865. The

Revds. G. Lamb and C. Kendall, of Hull; P. Milson, of Selby; T. Dearlove, of Leeds; R. Davies, of Knaresborough; C. C. M'Kechnie, of North Shields; H. Phillips, of Gateshead; T. Newell, of York; A. M'Kechnie, of Easingwold; and Mr. M'Culloch, of York, took part in the proceedings; and friends from York, Leeds, Hull, and other places were present on the occasion, and testified the interest they took in the enterprise.

J. PETTY.

FRAGMENTARY THOUGHTS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS.

"MAN became a living soul." Gen. ii. 7. Such is the language of Moses, the Jewish historian, relative to the first man. It was on the sixth day in the work of creation that God made man. Already he had created light, air, herbs, trees, the earth, the sea, the sun, moon, stars, fishes, and birds; but on OUR Saturday of creation *animals* and *men* were created. And it was when the almighty Creator had breathed into man the breath of life that he "became a living soul." And this living soul was created in the divine image, in knowledge, holiness, &c. And every man since the first Adam, although tainted with sin, is in possession of "*a living soul,*" and that soul is so constituted,—

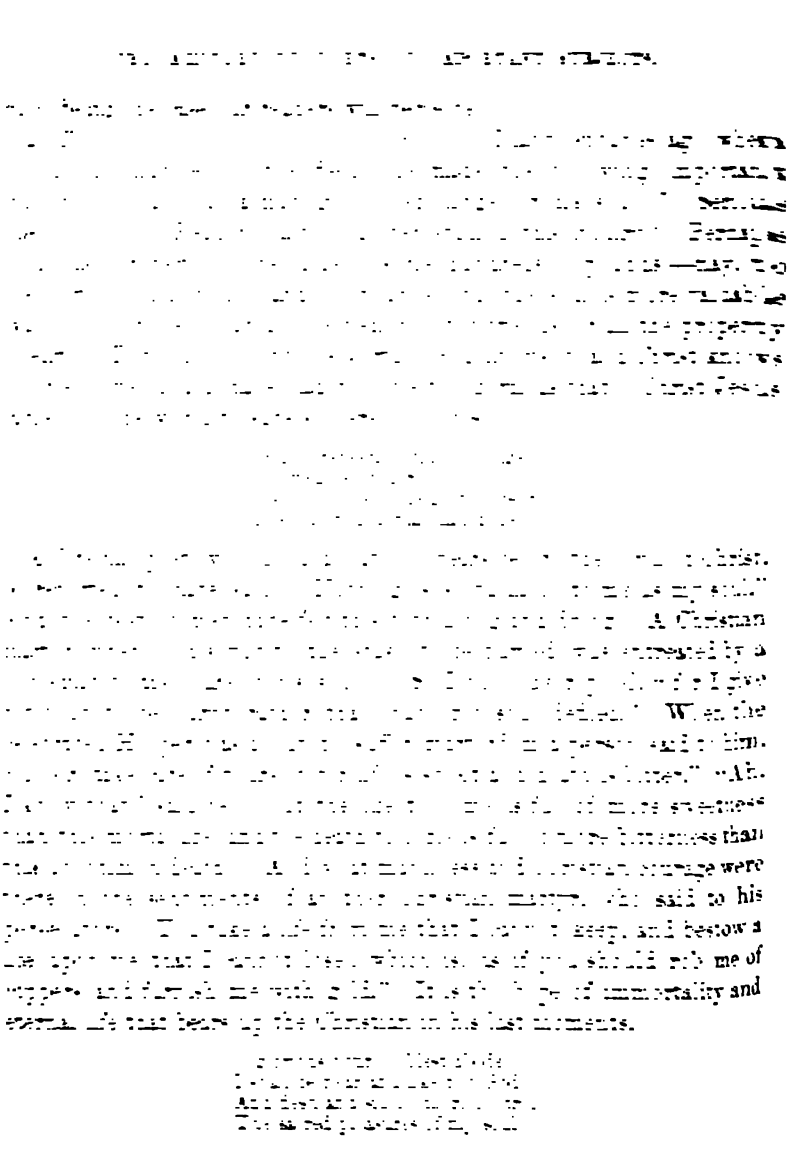
1. *That it cannot cease to exist.* It is stampt with immortality,—destined to live for ever either in regions of unsullied bliss or in the abodes of dark damnation. After human beings once begin to live it is utterly impossible for them to get out of existence; they may pass away from earth, but they depart to heaven or hell; they may cease to exist in time, but they go to live in eternity.

Man's immortality is a doctrine clearly taught from the book of Genesis to the end of the book of Revelation. And even those nations of the earth who have not the bible entertain the idea that there is a future state in which they shall live hereafter.

> "O will my soul be e'er extinct,
> And cease to live and cease to think?
> It cannot, cannot be."

Earth's strongest thrones, and brightest diadems, and most powerful sceptres shall all come to nought. Egypt's pyramids shall all be destroyed, and the mightiest rivers in the world shall all be dried up, and the earth shall be burnt up with fire; but man's "living soul" *shall live on,—and on,—and on.*

> "Can souls, whose powers no tongue can tell,
> Exist, and then expire?
> Ah, no,—they must for ever dwell
> In heaven or endless fire."



Think of the happiness the soul is capable of enjoying in this life: but hereafter it will be capable of enjoying infinitely more. And all the pains, the anguish, and the death of Christ were endured by him for the salvation of our souls. And all the divine mercies bestowed upon us bespeak the infinite goodness of almighty God and the high value he has set upon our souls.

The *conduct* and *speeches* of some sceptical characters, when in dying circumstances, teach the value of the human soul. The dread of the

eternal loss of their souls has called from them sentences like the following,—"I will give you half of what I am worth if you will give me six months' life," said Voltaire to his medical attendant. And when the doctor told him he could not live six weeks, "Then," said he, "I shall go to hell, and you shall go with me." Another sceptical character, when his end drew near and he felt divine terrors were heavy upon him, said to a person in his room, "Go into my library and fetch *that cursed book*" (meaning that volume which had led him on to deism). The person went and returned, saying that he could not find it. The infidel (who was a nobleman) commanded him to go again and look till he had found it, for he said, he could not die until it was destroyed. The book was then found and put into his lordship's hands, when he tore it to pieces with horror and revenge, and then threw it into the fire,—

"Burn, burn, he cried, in awful rage,
Hell is the due of every page."

O how awful is the loss of the soul, for the same voice that declares "it shall be well with the righteous," asserts that "the wicked shall be turned into hell," and that "the wages of sin is death." Then we inquire, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"This is the thing of greatest price
The whole creation round;
Though it was lost in Paradise,
In Christ it may be found."

May all our readers be found in him, "not having their own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ," &c. Phil. iii. 9.

If then the soul is destined to live for ever and its value is so great, it follows,—

3. *That the best attention should be paid to the soul's best interests.* Divine revelation asserts that "he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul" from ten thousand evils in the present life and from endless perdition hereafter. "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked;" so that if men perish it is because they will perish. If men are not saved, having had so many opportunities of turning to God, they will be held responsible for the loss of their own souls. The bible, our ministers, our opportunities, and the triune God call upon us, "Take heed to thyself and keep thy soul diligently." The care of our souls should form part of our every day business. "What have I been doing," said a wealthy dying sinner, "while the sun in its race and the stars in their courses have lent their beams perhaps only to light me to perdition?" Therefore to you the Lord says, "Consider your ways and

be wise;" for soon your harvest will be past and your summer will be ended, and then, alas, if you have overlooked your soul's best interests better for you had you never seen the light of day nor heard the gospel sound.

A young man, who had despised religion and neglected the salvation of his soul, when on the verge of eternity exclaimed, "Alas, alas, alas! I am lost! every way lost. My life has been spent in iniquity. I have lived without thinking of God. I have blasphemed his honourable name a hundred times when my heart has inwardly smitten me. I have ridiculed and denied his existence, that my companions in error might think well of me, though I was never sincere in my wickedness. And why should God now think of me unless it be to judge me, to damn me!" And the last words he was heard to utter were, "God will not, cannot forgive me!"

Reader, beware lest this should be thy case, remember that thy present life is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

"Life speeds away
From point to point, though seeming to stand still;
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth—
Too subtle is the movement to be seen;
But soon man's hour is up—the soul is gone."

Yes, for ever gone; gone to heaven or hell,—gone to endless happiness or woe,—gone whence it cannot return. O, sinner,—

"Now tremble, lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now the ruin'd soul,
Should bruise that sinful soul of thine
Long as eternal ages roll."

WILLIAM BIRKS.

THE REJOICING OF ANGELS.

WHEN God made this good old world of ours, when it came forth in all its pristine excellence and primeval beauty, "the morning stars sang together," and the sons of God were so happy, we presume, that they could not stay to sing, for it is said they "shouted for joy." Job xxxviii. 7. But great as their joy was at the creation of the material universe, their joy was greater at the incarnation of the Son of God. O what bliss! O what ecstacy! O what boundings of joy! Heaven could not contain them. Legions strong and fair sped their way from heaven's peerless plains to Bethlehem's grassy fields. 'Tis true no cannons roared, no guns flashed from floating batteries, no gas lights illuminated the crowded streets of Jerusalem, no bonfires blazed, no bells gave forth

their merry peals, no trained choristers sounded their euphonic strains; but angels bright, that brought the good tidings of great joy, sang long and loudly, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men." O, highly-favoured shepherds, your ears heard sounds and your hearts felt feelings more harmonic and sweet than those that charmed the ears and thrilled the hearts of the auditors of a Jenny Lind or any of her competitors. The song you heard was not the poor poetic effusion of a man of earth. True, it was sung by angels; but it was composed by your God.

But angels not only rejoiced at the creation of this terraqueous world and at the birth of their Lord, our Saviour, but they rejoice at every display of God's mercy in the salvation of sinners. Their disposition is love, their nature is goodness; and they who shouted for joy at the creation shout more loudly, if possible, and sing more sweetly at that new creation which takes place in a believing heart through the influence and operation of the Holy Ghost. The angels like to take care of the saved ones as they journey along the labrynthian paths of life. They shut the lions' mouths, Dan. vi. 22. They are sent to "quench the violence of the fire," Dan. iii. 28, and to "encamp round about them that fear God, and to deliver them." Psa. xxxiv. 7. They are all subordinate agents, sent to render friendly offices for them who shall be "heirs of salvation." Heb. i. 14. The farmer rejoices not so much at the sight of his growing grass and ripening corn as angels do at our spiritual prosperity. O with what bliss and superlative ecstacy they observe the image of God becoming more prominent in our souls; but still, like a farmer, they rejoice more at the shout of "Harvest home." When the soul, liberated from the soil of earth, is on their wings, how they shout in their upward flight, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and let the heir of glory in."

Cheer up! ye poor, Angels, like your God, look not so much at your circumstances as your nature. Angels look not with pleasure on the mere trappings of the ungodly aristocrat—his purple and fine linen attract them not; neither does your fustian lessen their ardour. If you are as good, though as poor, as Lazarus, angels shall bear you to Abraham's bosom. Cheer up! ye rich, "whose adornment is not that outward adorning of the wearing of apparel,"—ye, whose riches and their concomitant cares have not "choked the good seed;" ye, like the pious rich dead, shall be borne by the same ministering beings to where are "fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore."

O, sinner, as we pass suffer a word of exhortation. "Repent, and turn to God." "Cease to do evil, and learn to do well." O "turn from your unrighteous thoughts and evil ways, and God will have mercy and

heap upon you pardon." I "beseech you, in Christ's stead," let this be the day, the auspicious day, when angels shall happily sing the natal hymn of your spiritual birthday.

But, dear reader, however sweet and cheering the thought may be, that angels rejoice at your wellbeing and welldoing, yet there is still a sweeter and more encouraging thought brought out clearly in God's word, and that is, that Christ, God over all, rejoices especially at the return of a prodigal son or wicked daughter who truly repents of sin. The shepherd, having lost the hundredth sheep, on its recovery rejoiceth with his friends and neighbours. The woman, having found the lost piece of silver, rejoiceth. The prodigal's father also rejoiceth and maketh merry with his servants at the return of his long-lost son. But O how dim the comparison, how poor the analogy between their rejoicing and the rejoicing of him "who sought the lost," and sees its recovery in the return of repenting sinners,—"Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," Luke xv. 7. Also, "I say unto you," said Christ, "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," Luke xv. 10. Christ seeing of the travail of his soul rejoiceth in the presence of the angels, while the angels also rejoice. O, sinner, I speak again to you. Come to Christ. He will save. He rejoiceth in your salvation, though not in your sin.

JOSEPH FERGUSON.

PRAYER AND FASTING IN AUSTRALIA.

BY THE REV. R. W. VANDERKISTE.

NEW SOUTH WALES, from its position as a portion of a great continent, and from other causes not as yet so clearly defined, is very subject to droughts. Some of the oldest and best informed colonists conclude these droughts to be of a periodical character. Without venturing an opinion upon this subject we may remark that it is very questionable whether they are as severely felt now as formerly.

The great drought of 1838-9 was terrible. "God," said a dear old friend, "gave us a drop of rain now and then, just to keep us alive; but it was terrible." Should the reader ever visit the western mountains of the colony and the beautiful table-land lying beyond, the people at the Cornish settlement and Guyong will tell of some things indeed worth hearing about the great drought* and the great fast. The condition of the country was frightful. The Cornish settlement and Guyon resolved

* This drought was the most intense, long-continued, and general one with which the colony is known to have been ever visited.

to fast. That night came the rain. None at Bathurst. Bathurst heard of what had transpired, and one week later Bathurst fasted too. That night the rain came at Bathurst. Perhaps they erred at these favoured places in not erecting memorials of these events. Howbeit the children of God need neither marble or stone, obelisk or pyramid, to convince them that the Lord is a prayer-hearer and a prayer-answerer. We were mentioning these blessed things to a poor German woman in the western district, as an incentive to her faith, when she replied, "Vell, I do remember in Shermany ter vos von krate grout—all te cattal vos tying, and te minishters and te pepel has von fast, vot you call it, for all te pepel to go to te prayers, pecause ter vos not krass for te cattal; and I do remember vell, te rain come ver soon after tat."

Friday, the 1st of October, 1858, was the quarterly fast-day in our churches. More than ordinary reasons were present for this solemnity. A five-months' drought in this sub-tropical clime had sufficed to parch up the vegetation of the colony, and the cattle in very large numbers were dying from starvation The crops of the earth, too, were most precariously positioned. In November in these northern districts the early wheat is within six weeks of harvest. It was the blooming time of that staple cereal, and unless rain came quickly there would be no grain. Again, it was the season to plant corn;* but the ground could not be ploughed—it was a rock. A settler, who had ventured his all on the purchase of a farm, took the writer to view broad acres of early-sown wheat, and said, "If rain does not come quickly that wheat, our first and only crop, will utterly fail, and we shall have to give up, and go to service again." Unless God sent rain very soon the country, which already looked half like a desert, would look wholly so. It was an anxious time, and well it might be, since for five long months, with the exception of a few showers, there had been no rain. The welcome sound of the distant thunder, the welcome lowering of the south-east heavens, had been looked for in vain; or the thunder, if it came, wore away to the ocean, and the lowering of the heavens proved but as "the morning cloud and the early dew that goeth away."

Friday, the 1st of October, 1858, was, as we have said, a fast amongst us; not one, it is true, enjoined by government, but one the edict for which had been issued from our churches. That day no food passed our lips, although a fast does not necessarily involve total abstinence. The prayers of the people had a special voice for temporal as well as spiritual mercies; the petitions which arose from a multitude of hearts, it is believed, were that the souls of men might be visited with the water of life and their lands with the rain of heaven.

* Wheat is never called corn in Australia,—corn here is maize.

Twenty-four hours were not to elapse—so heaven had kindly decreed—from the time of the close of the evening prayers of the fasting ones before rain was to descend in blessed plenitude. Soon was that arid scene to be changed. Soon were the winds to dash the showers of blessing against the windows, and soon were they to rattle on the shingled roofs; soon were the streams to become foaming torrents; the drought was soon to pass away that threatened such terrible things, and all the fears of the people with it. They knew not, indeed, *the when*, as they closed those evening petitions, but the mercies they sought were already on their way. Those fleecy clouds which chased along the evening sky were not what their forerunners for many a long and weary month had been, "clouds without water." No clouds were they of disappointment, as a thousand others, some of even greater promise, had proved. The answer to their prayers was gathering its forces, and blessing was on its way, as in Daniel's case, whilst they were praying.—

"I mark'd at morn the thirsty earth,
By lingering drought oppress;
Like a sick man in his fever heat,
With parching brow and breast;
But evening brought a cheerful sound—
O'er mountain and o'er plain,
The tuneful sound of the heavenly shower,
The blessed, blessed rain.

The herds that o'er the wasted bush
Roamed with dejected eye,
To find their verdant pastures brown,
And the streams and brooklets dry,—
Rejoiced within the mantling pools
To stand refresh'd again;
Each infant ripple leaping high
To meet the blessed rain.

The settler saw his crisping wheat
That languish'd and swept the ground,
Uplift once more a stately head,
With hopeful beauty crown'd:
The wild geebung upon the rock
And the myall on the plain
Whispered to new-born buds and blades,
'Tis the blessed, blessed rain.

Lord, if my fainting soul too long
Should close its drooping wing,
And the dull and arid dust of earth
All death-like round it cling,
O send down showers of heavenly grace
And fill it with life again,
Nurtured by the sunshine of thy face,
Quicken'd by the blessed rain."

So, glory be to God, the rain came. When man performs the requirements on which the bestowal of divine blessing is made contingent, *it comes*. There is no possibility of failure on the part of heaven. "Te rain come ver soon after tat," of the poor German woman, stated simply a principle of Divine action so blessed, that were all the children of men but duly impressed with its glory, they would fall down and worship before the throne of the Saviour God, from whence mercy always flows to to this dearly ransomed world. "LOST BUT NOT FOR EVER."

THE MATTERHORN; OR, ONE FATAL SLIP.

NO ONE CAN READ without a thrill of horror the painfully graphic narrative of the lamentable accident on the Matterhorn, which Mr. WHYMPER has written at the solicitation of his friends and of the public. If anything can heighten and intensify the feeling which this deplorable catastrophe has occasioned, the story which is thus told by one of the two survivors will have that effect. It eclipses all our ordinary sensational novels and dramas; and, unlike most of them, it conveys a terrible moral, which we hope will not be lost upon those who are tempted not only to try their powers of endurance, but to risk life and limb, in scaling hideous precipices and defying nature in her most inaccessible fastnesses. Two precious English lives and the life of a guide, to whose meritorious character many who knew him have paid a willing tribute, having been sacrificed, the public were naturally anxious to possess an authoritative account of the ill-fated undertaking from the pen of the only person by whom it could possibly be given. Mr. WHYMPER has now satisfied this reasonable wish, and it is only fair to him to state that he, at all events, stands exonerated and blameless before the world. It appears that on the 12th of July, Mr. WHYMPER, accompanied by Lord FRANCIS DOUGLAS, arrived at Zermatt, their avowed intention being to attempt the ascent of the towering and hitherto invincible Matterhorn. On the evening of that day the Rev. CHARLES HUDSON, accompanied by his friend Mr. HADOW, called at their hotel, and made known to them the existence on their part of a similar intention, which they proposed to carry out on the following morning. The four gentlemen, as was to be expected, agreed to form one party. At 5.35 a.m. on the Thursday morning the adventurous journey was begun, and ropes were taken of various degrees of strength, and, as the result in one case unhappily proved, of weakness also. The incidents of the first part of the journey did not differ from the usual course of Alpine travel. They pursued their way leisurely

enough, and at twelve o'clock, having found a good position for their tent at a height of eleven thousand feet, they surrendered themselves for the remainder of the day to enjoyment and scientific recreation. "Long after dusk the cliffs above echoed with their laughter, and with the songs of the guides, for they were happy that night in camp, and did not dream of calamity."

Very early the next morning the party started for the summit, and they went on smoothly until they had reached an altitude of fourteen thousand feet. Owing to the perpendicularity of the rocks they were compelled to make a detour at this point, and they then proceeded to climb up the only part of the mountain which presented considerable difficulties—difficulties occasioned, as Mr. Whymper explains, by the irregularities in the face of the rock having been filled up by snow and partially glazed by ice; but "still it was a place over which any fair mountaineer might pass in safety," and only some three hundred feet high. All the party, with the exception of Mr. Hadow, who lacked not courage, but experience, and had therefore to be continually assisted, completed the ascent in safety, and with comparative ease. After remaining an hour, the party carefully arranged themselves for the descent. Croz, as the strongest, was placed first, Hadow second, Hudson third, Lord Francis Douglas next, then Taugwalder the elder, then Whymper, and lastly young Taugwalder—the principle of selection being that one strong man and one weak man were placed alternately. The only mistake which was made was, as the sequel proved, that the weakest rope was chosen to connect Taugwalder and Lord F. Douglas.

We add the account of the accident in Mr. Whymper's own words, which are as follow:—

"As far as I know, at the moment of the accident no one was actually moving. I cannot speak with certainty, neither can the Taugwalders, because the two leading men were partially hidden from our sight by an intervening mass of rock. Poor Croz had laid aside his axe, and in order to give Mr. Hadow greater security was absolutely taking hold of his legs and putting his feet, one by one, into their proper positions. From the movements of their shoulders it is my belief that Croz, having done as I have said, was in the act of turning round to go down a step or two himself; at this moment Mr. Hadow slipped, fell on him, and knocked him over. I heard one startled exclamation from Croz, then saw him and Mr. Hadow flying downwards; in another moment Hudson was dragged from his steps and Lord F. Douglas immediately after him. All this was the work of a moment; but immediately we heard Croz's exclamation Taugwalder and myself planted ourselves as firmly as the rocks would permit; the rope was tight between us, and the shock came

on us both as on one man. We held; but the rope broke midway between Taugwalder and Lord F. Douglas. For two or three seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downwards on their backs, and spreading out their hands endeavouring to save themselves; they then disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhorn glacier below, a distance of nearly 4,000 feet in height. From the moment the rope broke it was impossible to help them.

For the space of half an hour we remained on the spot without moving a single step. The two men, paralysed by terror, cried like infants, and trembled in such a manner as to threaten us with the fate of the others. Immediately we had descended to a safe place I asked for the rope that had broken, and to my surprise—indeed to my horror—found that it was the weakest of the three ropes. As the first five men had been tied while I was sketching, I had not noticed the rope they employed, and now I could only conclude that they had seen fit to use this in preference to the others. It has been stated that the rope broke in consequence of its fraying over a rock; this is not the case, it broke in mid-air, and the end does not show any trace of previous injury.

For more than two hours afterwards I thought every moment that the next would be my last; for the Taugwalders, utterly unnerved, were not only incapable of giving assistance, but were in such a state that a slip might have been expected from one or the other at any moment. There is no occasion to say more of the descent. I looked frequently, but in vain, for traces of my unfortunate companions, and we were in consequence surprised by the night when still at a height of 13,000 feet. We arrived at Zermatt at 10.30 on Saturday morning."

We may add, that every possible effort was made to recover the mutilated bodies, three of which only were found.

While this appalling accident is calculated to check wreckless adventurers, does it not suggest a useful lesson to all our young friends? You may never become Alpine travellers, but some of you are perhaps trying to climb the mountains of worldly pleasure, some of you may be climbing after wealth or fame; remember that one false step precipitated Lord Douglas and his party into eternity, one false step has blighted the fairest prospects of many a youth, one false step has proved a fatal slip, plunging the careless youth into ruin for life, and even fixing his destiny for ever. "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his ways? by taking heed thereto according to thy word." Young friends, take God's word for your guide, believe its doctrines, obey its precepts, and claim its promises; and it will preserve you from every false step; it will infallibly guide you safe to the realms of glory. May God grant it.

A. J.

SABBATH-BREAKING PUNISHED.

At Tidworth, on a Sabbath-day, many being met together at foot-ball, in the churchyard, one had his leg broken, which presently mortified, and of which shortly afterwards he died.

At Aulcester, a young woman went on a Sabbath-day on to the green, where she said she would dance as long as she could stand; but while she was dancing she was smitten with a violent disease, whereof within two or three days she died.

At Risley, on the Lord's-day, a great number of people met together in a chamber to see a play, when, the floor giving way, several of them fell down and expired immediately, and many others were severely wounded.

Fourteen young men were playing at foot-ball on the ice on the river Trent, near to Gainsborough, on the Sabbath. All meeting together, the ice broke, and every one of them perished in the water.

On the river Thames eleven persons, sailing in a wherry on the Lord's-day, made fast the main-sail to the side of the boat; soon after a sudden gust of wind upset the wherry, and six of them were drowned.

At Burton-on-Trent a preacher reproved the people for breaking the Sabbath in the common practice of buying and selling meat on the Lord's-day morning, when a man, out of bravado, walked through the town with his hands full. He was arrested in his march, and suddenly fell down and expired in the open street.—*Thorn's Lectures on the Christian Sabbath.*

All these facts proclaim, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

A SEAPORT TRADESMAN.

A few years since a pious and respectable tradesman, in a populous seaport town, took a shop, in which his predecessor had carried on a considerable trade on the Lord's-day. On entering his new habitation, influenced by conscientious motives, he closed his doors on that day, though ships' crews repeatedly requested him to serve them. This noble decision of conduct was soon noised abroad, and reached the ears of the landlord, who immediately, on ascertaining the fact, gave his tenant notice to quit, saying, the business would be injured and he would be unable hereafter to let his house to so great advantage. The tradesman modestly but firmly replied, that whatever consequences might result from his decision he should persevere in it as in the path of duty.

The landlord was angry, and left with the determination of carrying his purpose into execution. But he did not do so. The landlord was soon after arrested by the hand of death, when, to the surprise of every one, it was found that he had bequeathed *the house with all its fixtures* to his pious and conscientious tenant. Godliness is, indeed, profitable for all things; having the promise of this life as well as of that which is to come.

WHERE SHALL I SPEND ETERNITY?

A LADY had written on a card, and placed it on the top of an hour-glass in her garden house, the following simple verse from the poems of J. Clare. It was when the flowers were in their highest glory:—

"To think of summers yet to come
That I am not to see!
To think a weed is yet to bloom
From dust that I shall be!"

The next morning she found the following lines, in pencil, on the back of the same card. Well would it be if all would ponder upon the question, act in view of, and make preparation for, an unknown state of existence:—

"To think when earth and heaven are fled,
And times and seasons o'er,
When all that *can* die shall be dead,
That I must die no more!
Oh, where will then my portion be?
Where shall I spend *eternity!*"

Sent by J. WATSON.

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

IT is worthy of remark that *no genuine Christian perished* in the destruction of Jerusalem,—they all, previously to the siege by Titus, escaped to Pella, in Cœlo-Syria. And it is also remarkable that *not one Jew escaped.* All either fell by the sword, perished by famine, or were led into captivity.

According to their own imprecation,—"His blood be upon us and our children,"—God visited and avenged the innocent blood of Christ upon them and upon their posterity; and they continue to be monuments of his displeasure to the present day.—DR. A. CLARKE.

Sent by J. HAWKINS.

A WILL MADE IN GOOD TIME.

At a place in this county, where the Primitive Methodists have a large Sabbath school, a good chapel, and a flourishing society, and where they have preached for more than a quarter of a century, there lived and died some years ago an old man, who was remarkable for his deep-toned piety, and proverbial for his cheerful and happy disposition. He was one of the same class as the good old woman, who used always to say, when asked to give her christian experience:—

> "Not a cloud doth arise to darken the skies
> Nor hide for one moment the Lord from my eyes."

During his last illness he was one day left alone in the house for several hours, and when his friends returned, he addressed them as follows, "What do e think? the devil was here just now, and he came up to the bed side and said, '*I'm come!*' I said, *Thee art come, art? A! well; thee art come too late, for I have made my will, and I have given all to the Lord!* And he went down stairs at once."

Cornwall. J. Hawkins.

FOR WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?

"For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."
James iv. 14.

What is our life, the life we own,
The life we live to-day?
Is it a monumental stone,
To stand without decay?

Is it the broad unyielding rock
Through ages to remain?
Is it the massive marble block
To record faith or fame?

Is it of gold or silver made?
Is it of brass or stone?
Or, like the forest oak, a shade
And shelter from the storm?

Made like the watch, to tick and move
Onward, both night and day,
One touch injurious may prove,
And throw it out of play.

Made of the dust to be dissolved,
Or, like the tender stem,
Soon broken, wither'd, and removed,
No traces long remain.

Shall then this life, this life on earth
Be vainly cast away?
Or shall it sink, with all its worth,
In premature decay?

Nay, let us estimate the loss,
The half already gone;
Think of its value, shortness, close,
The future life to come.

The past can never be regained—
The future may not come;
The present moment is not claim'd
Until the last is gone.

Upon this short uncertain life
Hangs our eternal doom,
Our weal or woe, our joy or grief,
Through endless years to come.

P. Daykin.

HULL NEW TOWN HALL.

WE this month present our readers with an engraving of the new Town Hall at Hull. The old Guild Hall stood at the south end of the present market-place and the north end of the shambles. Tickel's description of it is,—"That it was a paltry mansion for so wealthy a Corporation. It was demolished in 1860. A large house was purchased in Lowgate, intended to serve as a town hall only for a brief period, but was used upwards of fifty years."

The foundation stone of the present magnificent structure was laid October 9th, 1862, by our friend, Alderman W. Hodge, who was then for the second time filling the office of Mayor of the Borough. The day was a gala one in Hull. Alderman Bannister, on presenting the Mayor with a mallet, said, "I have great pleasure in handing this to you, and I know of no one that I could hand it over to with greater pleasure than yourself. You are entitled to it from your integrity as a mercantile man, and you have won your position by indomitable perseverance and attention to the duties devolving upon you. England is indebted to such men as you and others for its present proud position."

The noble building has a frontage in Lowgate of about 103 feet, and is in the

Italian style, having eight circular-headed casement windows, facing Lowgate, on the ground floor, and nine similar windows on the first floor, with a red Mansfield column and carved cap between each; it has also a handsome cornice with carved frieze, and ornamental balustrade, with a clock tower in the centre, about 140 feet high, and turrets at each angle.

The fronts facing Hanover and Leadenhall squares have pilasters instead of columns between the windows. Internally, on the basement floor, there are the usual offices. The ground floor contains the vestibule, about 48 feet long, 34 feet wide, and 42 feet high; the principal staircase, with red Mansfield stone steps; Caen stone balustrade, and Sicilian marble hand-rails; the Treasurer's and Law Clerk's offices, two strong rooms, Waterworks Engineer's office, Record room, Board of Health offices, &c. In the rear are the Police and Sessions' courts, with the Magistrates' rooms; and there are cells under each court for the accommodation of prisoners, with a passage to communicate with each dock. On the first floor are the Mayor's reception room, about 58 feet long, 29 feet wide, and 25 feet high: the Mayor's private room, Town Clerk's offices, Record room, and two committee rooms; Council chamber, about 36 feet square; Grand Jury room, Recorder's room, &c.

Mr. Cuthbert, now of London and Leeds, is the architect, and is one of the eminent natives of this town. Mr. S. Addy, of Leeds, is the contractor. It is admitted by those who are acquainted with the design that it is a superior building, and a credit to this large and rapidly increasing town. There are some very good pictures belonging to the hall.

Edward I. is the reputed founder of Hull, having in the year 1299 granted to it on petition, the first charter it possessed. Our liberal and munificent friend, Alderman W. Hodge, has ordered a magnificent statue of this monarch, which is designed to grace the new Town Hall. It will stand as a monument of the donor's prosperity and liberality; perhaps other wealthy merchants will imitate, in some form most congenial to their minds, this handsome and spontaneous bequest.

While our town is great in commerce and public buildings associated therewith, it is also great in the number and character of its chapels, especially those belonging to our own connexion. We have now six good and attractive chapels, most of them large and convenient, in which good congregations assemble from Sabbath to Sabbath. In aid of these chapels the Messrs. Hodge have done much, and other noble-minded persons have done according to their ability. May a divine blessing run down the family line of each lover of God's cause, even to the last generation. Connexionally our chapel monuments are rapidly improving, and we have no doubt will do so as the connexion increases in material and mental wealth.

C. KENDALL.

THOUGHTS ON INSPIRATION.—No. III.

BY THE REV. J. DOUGLAS, PORTADOWN.

(*Continued from page 300 of Vol. I.*)

MANY of the works of God in nature have been imitated by human art, and some of the great evolutions of his moral government have been counterfeited by Satan. The demoniacal possessions in New Testament times were evidently counterfeit incarnations of the wicked one, in imitation of the divine incarnation in the person of Jesus Christ. The opposition encountered by Moses in the incantations of the magicians was satanic imitation of creative power. And the alleged vaticinations of necromancers and the oracles of heathendom were but counterfeit imitations of the prescience of the Almighty, manifested to our race in the predictions of the sacred prophets and apostles. It would be only in accordance with the analogy of things to find that the "Scriptures of Truth" should encounter opposition from the "prince of this world" in the existence of *spurious* competitors. In fact such rivals do exist. The Shasters, the Koran,

and the book of Mormon, assume to be divine communications in human language, and some of them have commanded the faith of myriads of mankind for several generations. Now spurious communications imply the existence of a genuine one. To ascertain which of these is the duly accredited messenger is the design of this paper. It is self-evident that when God condescends to write a book it will be invested with peculiar characteristics, evidential of its origin, as are his works, by which they can be easily distinguished from the most perfect imitation of them by human art.

I. *The Bible is a book of facts.*—These are the basis on which all its doctrines and duties ground. If, for instance, the resurrection of Christ was disproved, salvation by faith in this event, and the duties of the Christian life, emanating from its reception, would be subverted. "If Christ be not risen, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins." 1 Cor. xv. 17. Neither the Koran nor Shasters record any facts, attested by credible witnesses, as the foundation of their religious systems. They contain no geography, history, or chronology—subjects in which imposture would be easily detected by uninspired writers. The Shasters speak of oceans of milk and wine in some districts of our globe; but as yet none of our navigators have verified this idle dream. The Bible records the leading events in the histories of the great nations of antiquity; and several writers, hostile to Christianity, not unfrequently have corroborated its statements. The hieroglyphics of Egypt speak of the sojourn of Jacob's posterity in that land; and Major Robinson has given a translation of the cuneiform language sculptured on the slabs exhumed from the ruins of Nineveh, recording the captivity of the ten tribes by the king of Assyria. Many of these facts were commemorated by posterity in the observance of religious rites. The passover professed to be the standing memorial of the emancipation of the Israelites, and the feast of tabernacles of their journeying in the wilderness. Now a nation jealous of the authority of Moses would not have observed these rites if the events to which they referred had had no foundation in fact. The revolt, also, of the ten tribes under Jeroboam would have been a suitable opportunity to expose the imposition of the Exodus, if such it had been, for the interests, personal and political, of that prince would have been greatly advanced by it. But, on the contrary, his royal proclamation assumed the truth of the Scripture narrative: "These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." The substitution of idolatry on this occasion for the divine worship was the public recognition by a whole nation of the veracity of the sacred records.

II. *The Bible is in harmony with the certain discoveries of modern science.*—Eighteen centuries have run their eventful course since the close of the New Testament canon, yet science has not been able to disprove one fact or declaration of Scripture. Geological investigations, in deciphering the mystic characters, inscribed on the rocky tablets of our globe, exhibiting the footprints of Omnipotence during the countless ages of the past, have corroborated the divine testimony. Astronomy, in her explorations of the mechanism of the heavens, unveiling to mortal gaze suns and systems more magnificent than our own, calculating with mathematical precision the stupendous forces that propel the ponderous orbs of immensity, multiplying the proofs of the unity, wisdom, and power of Jehovah, has given her verdict in favour of the Bible. Psychology and Ethics, which have analysed our intellectual and moral constitution with an accuracy and penetration unknown to the Grecian stagirite, Socrates, declare that human nature and the Scriptures have the same God for their Author. The unambiguous response given forth from all the interrogated realms of creation is,—The facts of Scripture are truth; the Bible is the word of God. Literature and enlightened criticism have pored over the musty manuscripts of defunct languages and interpreted the Egyptian hieroglyphics and the cuneiform alphabet of ancient Assyria, and their deliberations attest the superhuman authorship of the sacred volume. Though it was written by men unacquainted with the appliances and researches of modern science, its facts are in accordance

with the accumulating light of every succeeding age. Surely it must have had a divine author.

III. *The prophecies contained in Scripture prove it to be a Divine Revelation.*—The foreknowledge of the actions of free and intelligent beings is one of the most incomprehensible attributes of Deity. Prescience is exclusively a divine perfection. The past, the present, and the future are alike open to his view. Prophecies are the seal of God affixed to the truths revealed in his word that can never be counterfeited. Jehovah challenges the idols of heathendom to prove their divinity by the exercise of this attribute, "Show the things that are to come hereafter, that we may know that ye are gods." Isaiah xli. 23. There is no similarity between the predictions found in Scripture and those alleged to have been uttered by the ancient oracles. So ambiguous were the responses of Apollo, the most celebrated of the heathen world, that almost any event could be interpreted as their fulfilment, whilst many of them not unfrequently stimulated the ingenuity of crafty statesmen to devise means for their accomplishment. During the first sacred war recorded in Grecian history the oracle at Delphi declared that the Amphictyons could not triumph till they obtained the "faun of gold from Cos." Nelros, of that island, whose name in Greek signifies *faun*, sent his son, Chrysos, which term in Greek means *gold*, as the predicted personage. And Solon, of Athens, fulfilled another vaticination of the same deity when he decreed that all the territory between the temple in Delphi and the sea should be consecrated to Apollo. How different are the prophecies of the Bible! The Jewish seers announced the advent, life, death, and resurrection of our blessed Lord centuries before with the precision of historians. With equal certainty they revealed the overthrow of several of the great kingdoms of antiquity at a time when many of them were in the zenith of their splendour. Isaiah named the general who should be the instrument of Divine vengeance in the overthrow of Babylon three hundred years before the event occurred. Keith on the "Prophecies" has exhibited an array of evidence confirmatory of this department of our inquiry that must for ever silence the arrogant allegations of atheism. The Israelites themselves are a standing monument of the verity of their own Scriptures,—"The people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations." They have maintained a separate identity as no other nation ever did amidst all the fitful turmoils of wars and politics for two thousand years; and now even they stand before us as the living evidence of the controlling agency of the God of the Bible, directing the events of time, and making good the asservations of his own word. The book which records such a multiplicity of marvellous events, effected through the free, uncoerced operations of rational nature, centuries before they transpired, with the exactitude of an eye-witness, must have been *divinely inspired.*

IV. *The harmony subsisting between the consecutive parts of the Bible is another proof of its being a Divine Revelation.*—The introduction of Christianity afforded ample opportunity to enraged partizans to detect and expose any discrepancy existing between the Old Testament and the Gospel narratives. If there had been any juggle here why did not an incensed priesthood, charged with the murder of the JUST ONE, show the weakness of the alleged prophecies referring to the Messiah, and thus demolish the colossal pillars of the Christian economy? To believe that the predictions or historic narratives were capable of refutation, and yet that they were not exposed by the hostile sects, is to believe in a miracle greater than any recorded in the book of God.

The manner of the Divine communications is analagous to the gradual progress and development exemplified throughout long ages in the domains of organised existence. The geological epochs are characterised by higher developments in the several orders of being. And a similar progression is perceptible in the present condition of our globe, from the mosses and lichens of the Arctic regions to the lofty palms of tropical climes, and also from the zoophites to the sagacious mammalia. Revelation is written in accordance with the operations of the God *of* nature. Creation, as the effect of the omnipotent fiat, is announced in the

opening verses of the bible, and is thus referred to by subsequent writers till the close of the CANON, when the renovated heavens and earth, in all their pristine glory of sinless purity, burst upon the seer's vision. Revelation starts from a tree of life in the earthly paradise and terminates with one laden with the rich and mellow fruits of eternity, robed with perennial verdure in the paradise of God. The bible early announced God's love in the compassionate promise, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent." Prophets caught the theme that evoked the melancholy echoes of Eden, and with lips touched with seraphic fire reiterated the glorious truth. Shepherds upon the solitary plain, when earth was shrouded in the sombrous pall of midnight, beheld, amidst floods of light gushing through the open portals of the upper sanctuary, the shining choirs of heaven melodiously hymning in the exuberance of joyousness the Saviour's advent. John, in apocalyptic vision, witnessed the illustrious issues of the fulfilment of this first promise in the triumphs of the "woman's seed," as the "Lamb slain," over the old serpent. Such oneness of sentiment and harmony of description between so many independent writers proves that they were under the inspiration of the Almighty. They embraced all classes of men,—poets, warriors, kings, herdsmen, artizans, learned, and unlearned. They lived in different countries and ages during the mighty roll of fifteen centuries; yet amid all this diversity of circumstances, tastes, mental culture, habitudes of thought and style, no jarring note is given forth, no real contradiction of previously attested truth, but like the cycles of heaven each system revolving in its prescribed orbit as the integral parts of one harmonious whole. Truth was their message. The inconsistencies of deception and the short-sightedness of human sagacity would have clashed. When we profoundly examine this question we are irresistibly impelled to accept the solution of the problem submited eighteen hundred years ago by the Galilean fisherman, "Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

(In a future paper I shall consider some of the evidence in favour of the present canon of Scripture.)

MAXIMS ON LIBERALITY.

"HE who is an almoner to God Almighty is highly honoured indeed."—Dr. A. CLARKE.

"He who withholds the part belonging to the poor steals more from himself than from them."—QUESNEL.

"The benefit of almsgiving is lost to the giver when he does it with a grumbling heart."—Dr. A. CLARKE.

"He who can and does not help the poor is a disgrace to Christianity; and he who does not lend his hand for the support of the cause of God is a worthless member of the church of Christ."—IBID.

Sent by J. HAWKINS.

MUNGO PARK.

WHEN Mungo Park was travelling in Africa he was seized by banditti, plundered, and left almost destitute of clothing. In this situation he looked around him with amazement and horror. In the midst of a vast wilderness,—in the depth of the rainy season,—naked and alone,—surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage,—five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement, no wonder that his spirits began to fail him.

"At this moment," says he, "the extraordinary beauty of a small mos fructification, irresistably caught my eye. I could not contemplate the del conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsula, without admiration. Can being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection in this obs part of the world a thing which appears of so small importance look unconcern on the situation and sufferings of creatures framed after his image? Surely not! Reflections like these would not allow me to des I started up, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forw assured that relief was at hand, and I was not disappointed."

THE SAILOR'S EXPLANATION.

MR. STEWART, in his "Journal of a Residence in the Sandwich Islands," re that whilst on board a ship sailing from America to those islands he felt it his duty to instruct the sailors; and he had several proofs that his labours not in vain. One sailor, named R——, had been brought to trust in Chri salvation; and shortly afterwards meeting with another who was anxi inquiring the way of salvation, he thus addressed him:—"It was just so myself once; I did not know what faith was, or how to obtain it; but I l now what it is, and I believe I possess it. I do not know that I can tel what it is, or how to get it; but I can tell you what it is not. It is not kn ing off swearing and drinking, and such like—and it is not reading the bible praying, nor being good. It is none of these; for even if they would answe the time to come, there is the old score still; and how are you to get cle that? It is not anything you have done, or can do; it is believing and tru to what Christ has done—it is forsaking your sins, and looking for their pa and the salvation of your soul, because he died and shed his blood for sin; it is nothing else." Few men, however learned in theology, could have giv more simple and correct exposition of this important subject, or one l adapted to carry conviction to the heart. The simplest terms are ofte most difficult of explanation, while the unsophisticated feelings of genuine find a ready response in every awakened mind.

A SOLDIER.

DURING my residence in India, says a correspondent of the "Tract Magazin frequently visited a British soldier who was under sentence of death, for ha when half intoxicated, wantonly shot a black man.

In some of my visits to the jail, a number of the prisoners came and sat d with this man to listen to a word of exhortation. In one instance I spol them particularly on the desirableness of studying the bible. "Have any of a bible?" I inquired; they answered, "No." "Have any of you ever posse a bible?" A pause ensued. At last the murderer broke silence, and an sobs and tears confessed that he once had a bible: "But oh," said he, "I se for drink. It was the companion of my youth. I brought it with me from native land, and I have since sold it for drink! Oh, if I had listened to my b I should not have been here."

Will not the lamentation of this soldier be the bitter lamentation of multit in the bottomless pit to all eternity? Amidst the shrieks and agonies of damned, will they not be heard exclaiming, "Oh, if I had listened to my b I should not have been here!" Reader, take care how you trifle with invitations, the warnings, the promises, and threatenings of the bible!

REV. BERNARD GILPIN.

When this zealous minister was on his way to London, to be tried before the popish party, he broke his leg by a fall, which put a stop for some time to his journey. The person in whose custody he was, took occasion from this circumstance to retort upon him an observation he used frequently to make, "That nothing happens to the people of God but what is intended for their good;" asking him, "whether he thought his broken leg was so." He answered meekly, "I make no question but it is." And so it proved; for before he was able to travel, queen Mary died. Being thus providentially preserved from probable death, he returned to Houghton through crowds of people, who expressed the utmost joy, and blessed God for his deliverance.

KEEP A GOOD LOOK OUT A-HEAD!

'Twas a wintry night, and the howling winds
  Blew fiercely o'er the sea,
And the storm-bird's cry most sadly foretold
  A wild, wild night at sea;
When a bark was seen on the crested wave,
  Then hid in the ocean's bed,
And a stern cry, borne on the blast, was heard,
  "Keep a good look out a-head."

But, wearied and worn, the mariners slept,
  And left her to her fate,
When a crash, which awoke them all, was felt;
  But, alas, too late! too late!
For that wearied crew are now at rest,
  Asleep in their ocean bed.—
Alas, how many are lost for the want
  Of a good look out a-head!

'Tis so with the soul, on the journey of life
  To a long, eternal home;
Man blindly and thoughtlessly hurries on
  To a sure and fatal doom;
Submissively yielding to every sin,
  By fiery passion led,
He founders at last, and all for the want
  Of a good look out a-head.

Hark! look a-head! 'tis a voice from the skies:
  Confine not your gaze to time;
There are pleasures above more lasting than these
  That thou must so soon resign;
Forget not that thou hast a spirit to save,
  An eternal death to dread;
Be sober and vigilant, ever awake;
  Keep a good look out a-head.

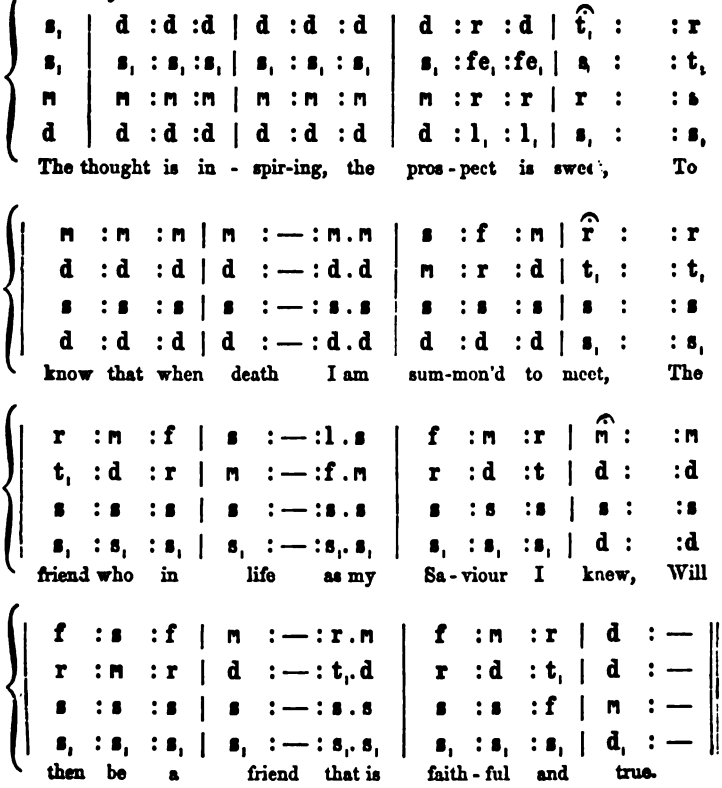
William C.

THE BEST FRIEND.

THE BEST FRIEND.

Key. G.

Smoothly.



1 The thought is inspiring, the prospect is sweet,
To know that when death I am summoned to meet,
The friend who in life as my Saviour I knew,
Will then be a friend that is faithful and true.

2 When Satan pursues me, when evil is nigh,
To Christ as my refuge for safety I fly;
'Tis there I'm secure, and my hopes I renew,
While trusting the friend that is faithful and true.

3 Lone seasons of grief and of sadness I've seen,
But he my support and my comfort has been:
Around me the arms of his mercy he threw,
Thus proving a friend that is faithful and true.

4 When time with its changes the message shall bring,
That I must be going, still close will I cling
To him, who in life as my Saviour I knew,
Since he is the friend that is faithful and true.

CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

BRINKWORTH CIRCUIT.- The second anniversary of Tockenham chapel was celebrated on Sunday, September 3rd, 1865, when sermons were preached by Messrs. Powell, Harding, and Simkins, to crowded congregations.

On the following day about 150 persons sat down to tea, after which a good public meeting was held. Mr. G. Watts presided, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. T. Keach, — Lewis, and the above-named brethren. Much divine influence was felt in all these services. The financial proceeds, by collections, golden system, and profits of tea meeting, about £17; which, with previous balance in hand, enables the treasurer to pay off £40 of the principal. T. POWELL.

LEINTWARDINE CIRCUIT.—A very interesting service was held in connection with Laying the Foundation Stone of a day school at Adforton, on Monday, Sept. 3rd, 1865. The service was opened with singing and prayer, after which the stone was laid by Mrs. Brown, of Adforton. The Revds. J. Waite and J. Hill then addressed the congregation on the subject of "Education." A tea was provided by the ladies, after which a public meeting was held. James Nott, Esq., of the Farlands, was called to the chair. Short and interesting addresse delivered by Messrs. E. Dudle Wood, R. Prince, J. Hill, anc Sayker, and the Revds. J. Wa J. Hill, of Hereford. The col with promises amounted to the sum of £110. W. W

BILSTON SCHOOL sermons preached Sept. 10th, last, by Devenport and Millward, after collections were made to the of £35 5s. 9½. E. MILLW

SCHOOL SERVICES, FINCHAM CIRCUIT.—Our Fincham frien recently commenced a day which bids fair to become a blessing to the village; and seei propriety of the school room bei of debt they made a successful e liquidate it. Collecting card issued, which brought in sums from 2s. 6d. to a £1. Sermon preached on Sept. 24th, by the Howchin, of Dereham, and on afternoon, by the Rev. T. St Lynn. A public tea followed, was numerously attended. The meeting was a most enthusiast The friends have accomplishe object, having realised £20, e them to clear off the entire deb T. S

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

MISS STELLA HOLLOWAY, of Worton, in the Seend Cleeve Station, terminated her earthly career, April 11th, 1865. Though but young, having been born December 13th, 1844, so consistent was her conduct, so winning were her manners, and so increasingly useful was her career, that her death threw a gloom over all who knew her. Born of pious parents, she had various advantages in early training, and from childhood was favoured with the Spirit's influence. At the close of 1859 she became concerned for the salvation of her soul, and passed from death unto life on the 25th of February following. For three weeks, shame kept her from co Christ; but the change was m and she soon professed it. He life was now consecrated to Go was regular in attendance at the of grace, and particularly fond of More than once at her suggesti prayer meetings been held at he at various times of the day. On she remained in the chapel with pouring out her soul to God, or three hours after the rest h Often has she been missing fr family circle when work wa having gone to her closet for Her anxiety for the salvation

was intense. Moreover, there can be no doubt she enjoyed a high degree of sanctification. She was a living epistle.

In the autumn of last year, a Sabbath school was formed at Marston, and in this she took great interest. In fact, she was obliged at first to take the chief part of the management; and it is to a great extent through her untiring efforts and earnest prayers that others are now willingly and ably carrying on the work. Our chapel was some distance from her home, but the most inclement weather did not prevent her attending. Some have thought the rough journeys to the school during the last winter, as she had but a weak constitution, helped to hasten her death. She was at her post on the 12th of February last, though we little thought then it was for the last time. But death had come, and would not be denied his prey. Yet was death no foe to her. She told her mother she was quite ready. On being asked if she was willing to die, she replied, "I think I can give up all; but O! the school," and presently added, "yes, I can give up all." She seemed attached to the school to the last; and many a child mourns her departure. We all do. Only in her twenty-first year, and as pious a person and promising for usefulness as any on this station, could we do otherwise?

Six of the teachers and scholars bore her body to the tomb, and with some other friends, as soon as the burial service was concluded, sung over the grave. Her death was improved by the writer to a very large congregation.

"Thou art gone to the grave,—but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
And death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died."

May we all meet her in heaven!

W. H.

JOHN SCOTT was born at Fordham, Essex, in the Hadleigh circuit, in the year 1800. His father was a God-fearing man, and in his youth John was steady and orderly in his conduct. After his marriage he took up his residence at Copford, a little distance from Fordham, where he continued until his death. On the introduction of the preaching of the Gospel by the Rev. R. Key into West Bergholt, he with some others from his neighbourhood attended. When brother Seaborn and others proclaimed the message of mercy on Fordham Heath, Mr. and Mrs. Scott stood by him, and some time afterwards united with a little society meeting in a cottage there. On entering the church he began to work for God, and ceased not until his death. His house has for more than 20 years been a home for our ministers, and his family have been useful in the Sabbath school, and some remain in society with us still. Brother Scott in relation to the Primitive Methodist cause was ever steady and persevering, even to the last. He was regular in attendance on the means, and earnest in his efforts to do good and unite the society in bonds of sympathy and love. With exemplary constancy he held fast the glorious truths of salvation, and continued firm in his love for those whom God had used to spread the light and truth of his holy religion in the neighbourhood. As a man in business his uprightness was felt and prized by all who knew him.

His death was one of the most triumphant I have ever known. He had *no* fear, *no* trembling, *no* misgiving. His illness lasted about seven days, but he was full of holy calmness and resignation. From the first day he declared that he must die. For his family he was very solicitous, but for himself, his concerns were made up and he was "ready to depart." Some of his family one day prayed very earnestly for his recovery, after which he said, "You should not have prayed thus. You will not give me up. I have been to the pearly gates of heaven, and was obliged to come back again." And in an exultant manner he raised his hands many times and spoke at great length of the bliss he felt. For the last three days he sat in an easy chair. Appearing to recover on the Friday, some hopes were entertained; but on Saturday morning he placed his hand on his left side, and said, "I must die; it is the mortification here." His eyes seemed to have an unwonted brilliancy and

clearness; he looked across the room, and seeing a watch on the mantel-piece, he said, "It is now a quarter to eight. I shall not last more than two or three hours. Now, let us have sweet communion once more." Each of his family in turn came near, and he spoke in unequivocal terms of his blissful experience and of his speedy passage to glory. To his son Walter he said,—

"'Tis religion that can give,
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die."

He then urged each one to follow him to heaven. At twenty minutes past ten o'clock,—"Now," said he, "let me die in peace." And he laid himself back in his chair, and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

"Such was this Christian's parting hour,
So peacefully he sunk to rest"

on the 22nd of April, 1865. On hearing of the death of brother Scott, I almost involuntarily said,—

"O'er death's cold river quickly pass'd
One dear by many a tie;
Not fearing, nor trembling, but happy at last,
He entered the mansions on high."

A funeral sermon was preached to a crowded audience by brother J. K. Seaborn of West Bergholt.

S. SMITH.

MARY STOCKS, daughter of John and Jane Stocks, of Lincoln, was born April 27th, 1845. Mary had not that example which it is desirable the young should have. She began to attend our Portland Place chapel, and under a sermon preached by the Rev. J. O. Parks, in June, 1861, she was led to see her sinfulness before the Lord. She at once sought and obtained pardon through the blood of the Lamb. On the following Sunday she joined the society, of which she continued a consistent member to the close of her life. She was regular in her attendance at class and other means of grace, finding it to be a pleasing duty and privilege. She profited much by uniting in the public worship of God, and never allowed trifles to keep her away. She was clear in her religious experience; her whole conduct was exemplary, and commanded esteem. Her prospects in life were very cheering; many preparations were made, and her wedding dress was ready for her marriage, which was to have taken place in three weeks from the time of her death. Yet she did not complain, but fully committed herself to the Lord, saying to her intended: "William, this is come for some wise purpose, and I am willing to bow to the will of God." Inflamation of the lungs was the affliction which took her hence. In the beginning of her illness she entertained hopes of recovery; but on Friday, the 21st, she said, "I fear this is come for my end." Left to herself a little on Sunday, she was heard praising the Lord; and when a relative entered her room she said, "I have been thinking how we ought to acknowledge the hand of God in everything." Thus she continued praising the Lord and waiting for his coming, until Wednesday, April 26th, 1865, when she quietly fell asleep in Jesus. May her sorrowing relatives follow her as she followed Christ.

J. THOMASON.

WILLIAM THOMPSON was born March 14th, 1808, at New Works, near Wellington, Salop. He lived a moral life from his youth until the year 1843, when he was led by some of his friends to the Wesleyan Chapel, at Bradley, to hear a sermon preached by the Rev. J. Hunt. While listening to the searching truths of the Gospel he saw himself a condemned sinner before God, and felt that without an interest in the blood of Christ he should be eternally lost. Kind friends took him by the hand, and led him to Mr. Thomas Parke's class. He felt his burden of guilt to be intolerable. He wrestled, groaned, and agonized, until by faith he "found him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth," the sinner's friend. He now had peace with God, and rejoiced with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. At once he joined the Wesleyan Methodists, through whose labours he was brought to God, and continued a consistent member of that denomination for about nine years. During the agitation in the "Parent Society" he seceded, and identified himself with the Wesleyan Reformers; and for three or

four years, he was an honour to the church and an ornament to society. His occupation was that of night watchman, which deprived him very much of the public means of grace. But he was settled in the faith, "his heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord." For about three months the hand of affliction was heavily laid upon him, during which time he was visited by brothers Gill and Richards, leaders of the Primitive Methodist society at Daisy Bank. They always found him rejoicing in the Lord, and fully resigned to the divine will, with a bright prospect of future glory. At this time he joined our Connexion, and became a member of brother Gill's class, which he regularly attended when his health permitted. His affliction was asthma, which prevented him attending as often as he wished. But when there, his experience, which he related in child-like simplicity, was "marrow and fatness" to the souls of his fellow-members. While speaking of the goodness of God, the preciousness of Christ, and the growth of his own soul in grace, he was encircled with a halo of divine glory. In his neighbourhood he was "a burning and shining light." There was an exemplification of true christian life in him, which all the enemies of the cross could neither gainsay nor resist. During his last affliction his leader visited him once or twice a week, and invariably found him exceedingly happy and fully resigned to the will of God. His language generally was, "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul," and "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." As he drew near to the "swellings of Jordan" his confidence became stronger and stronger. Being confined to his room, on the 18th of April, brother Richards visited him, and found him rejoicing in the Lord and repeating the words of the poet,—

"There are my house and portion fair," &c.

The same day his leader saw him, and as he entered the room, brother Thompson sat up in bed, and on being asked the state of his mind, his answer was, "Its sweeter and sweeter." Brother Gill added, "Yes, the nearer the fountain, the clearer and sweeter the stream." He then rehearsed the following words:—

"Be it according to thy word," &c.

Several of the members visited him during the week, and found him very peaceful and happy, and frequently exclaiming, "It is better farther on." On the following Sunday, April 23rd, brothers Gill and Richards saw him for the last time; on their entering the room, he said, "I'm glad to see you; I shall soon be at home." When told that the Lord might restore him, he said, "I don't want to live, I want to be with my Jesus;" and placing his hand upon his breast exclaimed, "I feel death beating, and I shall soon be gone. But in my Father's house there are many mansions, and I know that there is one for me." All who went to see him that were carnally minded he exhorted to seek an interest in the blood of Christ, and to meet him in heaven. His sufferings during the last night of his life were very severe, but he was very happy, and still rejoicing in the Lord. His last words were, "I am going to leave you, but all is well, all is well!" And thus he died triumphing in the faith.

W. WRIGHT.

CLARA TRYPHENA, eldest daughter of the Rev. Thomas and Susan Cummin, was born at Bideford, August 2nd, 1843. From a child there were marks of seriousness about her, and an aptness to learn. She delighted in her school, and at the tender age of five years could read the New Testament, and would frequently shut herself up in a room for that purpose. In or about the year 1855, she obtained a sense of God's forgiving love, and, with the exception of a short interval, ever afterwards maintained a christian course. While living at Salisbury she had the typhus fever, which was succeeded by epileptic fits, from which she suffered more or less during the remainder of her life. She felt anxious to do something for God, and although frequently prevented through affliction, she was made the means of doing some good. On one occasion (while living at Motcombe) her mother wondered at her staying out so late, and repairing to the chapel

found her with a few other girls on their knees, labouring with penitent children. She took special delight in reading the Bible, and the happy deaths recorded in our magazines: and her voice was often heard in the prayer and class meetings. She had no taste for light reading, and in dress was a pattern of neatness, often reproving professors for their conformity to the world; but she was not without her failings; in consequence of her great affliction an irritability of temper would sometimes manifest itself, but no one regretted it more than herself. Frequently afterwards her mother has found her on her knees in tears. She was very truthful, and always afraid of speaking or doing wrong; but it was in the last few weeks of her suffering life that her christian graces shone most brightly. Such a triumphant death-bed it is the privilege of but few to witness. Her life had been one of peculiar suffering, and hardly any one can form an idea of the pain she endured the last year of her life: medical aid was often sought, but all in vain. The affliction which hastened her to the tomb, was consumption. Some months before her death, she dreamt that she saw her little brother, Washington, whose memoir appeared in the Juvenile Magazine for 1861, and that he told her he was coming for her soon, but she must try all she could to prevail on her other brothers to serve the Lord and meet her in heaven. This dream made a great impression on her mind, and she never rested until she had discharged what she considered to be her duty. A brother who was living at some distance was sent for; to him she gave her Bible and entreated him to read it, to pray over it, and treasure it, for it was the word of God. And she continued for some time to give him good instructions, although she was exceedingly weak. To her other brother she presented a token of her regard, and with streaming eye and quivering lip delivered her dying charge, earnestly requesting him to meet her in heaven. To her medical attendant she said, "I am going to heaven, sir, and I long to be gone; but those who live and die in sin will never get there." A few nights before her death she said to her mother, "Mother, can you see Washy? (refering to her little brother) I can see him, and he is come for me: this also she told to her attendants; and not long before she died, she raised her attenuated arms, and said, "Washy, Washy, I am coming; I am coming!" The day before her death (which was the Sabbath) a circumstance took place which will never be forgotten. A cousin of hers who was in the house was much upon her mind; she had him by her bed-side, talked to him about the Saviour, and warned him of his danger, &c., so earnestly and affectionately, that he could not resist her dying request, but he fell upon his knees, and she prayed for him with great fervour (other kind friends helping) until the victory was gained and his soul made happy in Jesus. Then her shouts of "glory be to God" were so loud that she astonished all present, having only spoken in a whisper for some time before. Then she said, "sing a hymn;" and several were sung, she helping. The change of her countenance was overpowering, for all who stood by her bedside said she appeared like a celestial being. She suffered very much, but bore all with christian fortitude, often exclaiming, "It won't be long." As she neared the eternal world her confidence grew stronger; sometimes she would shout, "victory, victory! glory, glory! praise the Lord!" Then she would pray, "if it be thy blessed will, take me home at once; I am dying now, praise the Lord!" A few hours before her happy soul took its flight she requested her weeping father to sing a hymn, but as his emotion was so great, she said, "call Mr. Cripps, he will sing." Accordingly Mr. Cripps hurried into the room, and found her breath getting shorter, her weak frame sinking fast: but she said, "sing a hymn." "What shall we sing?" said he. "Oh," she said, "sing

"Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well."

Several more hymns were sung, and then she shouted, "glory, glory!" She then called all the friends to her one by one, holding out her tiny hand to shake hands with them, and when

each had done so, she waved her hand and said, "good-bye." A short time before she expired she said to her father, she feared through weakness she would not be able to shout glory at last; but the Lord was better to her than her fears, for when the power of articulation was nearly gone, she faintly whispered, "glory." Thus died this afflicted child of God, May 1st, 1865, in the twenty-second year of her age. Mr. Cripps improved her death to a large congregation, and we believe good was done.

SUSAN CUMMIN.

REBECCA, the beloved wife of James Winn, of Bramley, Leeds third circuit, calmly fell asleep in Jesus May 4th, 1865, aged forty-three years. When about eleven years of age she was converted to God, and for some time she was devotedly pious. But in an evil day she lost her religion, and it was not until after her marriage that she was again restored to the Divine favour. From this time till death she held fast her confidence, though she had to pass through considerable trial, arising from affliction, bereavement, and temptation. Her conflicts with satan were sometimes very severe But amid all she endured to the end.

As she was afflicted with cancers, her last illness was very distressing and protracted. However, she fully proved the truthfulness of the promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Never did I visit one whose sufferings seemed so severe, nor did I ever see one whose consolation appeared so abundant. After she had recovered from one of her convulsive fits, caused by pain, I remarked, "Mrs. Winn, your sufferings are great." At once she said, "No, sir, what are my sufferings to what Jesus endured? Mine is no suffering compared with his. O! I want to suffer for Jesus. I would gladly suffer martyrdom for Christ. O sir, what a heaven I have. Glory, glory, glory! Do shout his praise with me." Oftentimes, as she lay between her paroxysms of pain, with her beaming eyes turned upwards, she would burst into a heavenly smile, while she flung open her arms as if about to embrace beings by us unseen. Sometimes when dozing she would start up, exclaiming, "hark, hark! O! do you not hear them? So sweet, so heavenly! Do try to hear this beautiful singing. I do so want you to hear. The song I know, but the tune I cannot sing." Her first words when she came out of almost every fit were, "why dost thou delay thy coming, dear Jesus? Haste, haste thy chariot wheels." For the last month of her life her sufferings were most excruciating, but she endured all without a murmur. She devoutly praised God for all her trials. In everything she gave thanks. Deep was her regret that she had not lived nearer to Jesus. With intense feeling would she say, "O! why did I not live nearer to Christ? Why did I not live holier? Jesus is so lovely, so precious, so worthy of my all. But I will praise him when I arrive at home. I want to praise him now, but I cannot as I would." Then turning to those who stood near, she exclaimed, "O! won't you live nearer to Christ? won't you help me to praise him?"

Numbers visited her during the last few weeks of her life, and faithful and affectionate were the appeals she made both to the converted and the unconverted. Many were the solemn vows and promises made by the side of her dying bed. O! that they were faithfully fulfilled. When she could no longer sing and speak the praises of Jesus, she waved her hand in token of victory. May her dear partner, children, and friends, meet her

"Beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll."

H. COOKE.

MRS. SARAH JANE GILL, daughter of Sarah and Samuel Booth, of Rawden, in the Otley circuit, was born December 5th, 1839, and left this vale of tears May 23rd, 1865, aged twenty-six years. Her parents having had an experimental knowledge of the value of religion for above thirty years, endeavoured from her infancy to lead her into the enjoyment of its blessings. At an early age she became subject to the reproofs and drawings of the Holy Spirit; and her mind was imbued with a sense of the importance of personal piety. In her

thirteenth year she gave her heart to the Saviour, joined W. Hardaker's class, and walked in the fear of the Lord all the day long. This happy state of mind was her portion for several years, when, like many more, she appeared to lose a degree of her confidence, and was involved in darkness through "manifold temptations." But, notwithstanding satan's devices and the world's allurements, she always attended to her closet and chapel duties. In 1859 she renewed her covenant with God, gave her heart fully to the Saviour, and was brought again to enjoy "the liberty of the sons of God." The amusements and vanities of this world had no charms for her; the "cross of Christ" captivated her young mind and early secured her as one of its trophies. She then joined brother Lister's class, took great interest in the prosperity of the church, and sustained an untarnished character to the end of her days. She took great pleasure in speaking at our lovefeasts and band meetings; and it appeared to be her unspeakable happiness to visit the sick and contribute to the relief of their necessities as far as her humble abilities would allow. The class leaders and missionary collectors had no trouble in securing the donations of this heaven-bound saint; and during the two years she begged for the missions, her only trouble seemed to be, the refusal of any of the parties she waited upon to add a subscription to her book. She was much beloved by her class-mates, greatly respected in the Sabbath school, and secured the approbation of all. There was something remarkably prepossessing in her appearance; her meekness, kindness, and general demeanour, proved that her religion was not a mere profession, but that she had Christ in her "the hope of glory." On the 11th of April, 1863, she was united in the bonds of matrimony to William Gill, of Guiseley, to which place she went to reside, and she at once united with the class of which the writer is the leader. During her stay at Guiseley she was one of the most devoted christians I was ever acquainted with. She was always very punctual in attending the means of grace, and was distinguished for a spirit of earnest prayer and faith. She would get into an agony for souls, and was anxious to lead the inquiring penitent to the "blood of sprinkling." Her feet were swift to visit the sick and dying, and God made her a blessing to many. In or about the month of March, 1864, she and her husband returned to Rawden, when she became the mother of a fine boy. For ten months she ministered to its wants with all the comfort of a mother, and then God took the flower to bloom in the heavenly paradise. This was a very great trial, and she often expressed a desire to go to her babe, and even said to many of her friends that she should not be long before she enjoyed its company. On the Saturday before her death the writer had the pleasure of conversing with her, when she spoke about the death of her child, and what a great trial its death had been to her. On May 22nd, she was seized with an inflamation, which terminated her existence the following day. About three hours before her death she said to her mother, "If I had had religion to seek now it would have been hard work, my affliction is so severe." She talked about its being the meeting night, and thought of the happy hours she had spent at her class. Her mother asked her how she felt, when she looked up and said, "I feel, mother, as if I am going to leave you, and going right away to heaven." She gave expression to other words of encouragement and affection to her weeping relatives and friends, repeating the verse

"There we shall see his face," &c.,

and then without a groan or struggle passed away to the mansions of bliss.

J. MYERS.

HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT, LEAMINGTON.

LEAMINGTON is situate in the heart of the county of Warwick, and in its midst there issue from the Old Red Sand Stone Rock powerful saline water springs, which flow continually. The water is possessed of powerful medicinal virtues, and its careful and appropriate use is most beneficial in improving the quality of the blood and in restoring health and vigour to the human system. It is applicable to the relief and cure of a variety of disorders and diseases incident to man; and it is mainly owing to the existence of these salubrious springs that Leamington has attained to its present size and importance. Within about half a century it has risen from a village of 200 inhabitants to a large and handsome town, which is extending in all directions, and with its surrounding hamlets now numbers upwards of 20,000. Although there are no places of antiquarian interest within the town itself, yet it is surrounded with a far greater number of remarkable places than are to be found within a short radius of most other watering places. Leamington is noted for its salubrity, and is situate in the midst of a finely wooded and romantic neighbourhood, is contiguous to Warwick castle, the fine old town of Warwick, the magnificent ruins of Kenilworth castle, the beautiful park of Stoneleigh Abbey, Guys Cliff, the interesting town

of Stratford-on-Avon, renowned as the birth-place of the immortal Shakespeare; the city of Coventry, full of antiquities; and Birmingham, celebrated for its arts and manufactures. It is within a few miles of Coombe Abbey, Wroxhall Abbey, Edge Hill, and many other places of interest and importance.

The Arboretum, situate on the south side of the town, has for many years been an object of attraction; but lately it has been far more so in consequence of the proprietor, John Hitchman, Esq., having, at a cost of about £8000, erected within its grounds a large Hydropathic establishment. Mr. Hitchman has been a medical practitioner in Leamington for a series of years; he has had an extensive practice, and is held in much estimation as a gentleman of liberal views and of much experience and research in the different branches of the medical profession. With a mind open to the reception of truth, from whatever quarter it might emanate, it was next to impossible that he should long remain unacquainted with one of the most remarkable discoveries of the age—*the curative power of water*. Recent researches have clearly shown that the disorders and diseases incident to mankind are not confined to the material organs and structures, as to unprofessional eyes they may seem to be, but have their origin in the spirit of nervous life, which is constantly generated by the action of life in the blood, and which action also is more or less disturbed whenever the organization is in any part affected. One of the most effective means of restoring the equilibrium of life action when disturbed is the scientific application of the principles of the "water cure." The design of this system is to increase the vital force in all cases where the action of life is slow, feeble, and irregular, and by variations of treatment to relieve the surcharged organs and improve the blood. The supply of electric or nervous life action to the blood can be increased to any extent simply by moderate or copious supplies of water and by systematically regulated exercise in the open-air. These processes tend to promote a change in the blood, which is also materially aided by a skillfully regulated diet of a plain, simple, and wholesome character; and while an improved action is going on in the nervous life principle in the blood, which extends to the minute ramifications of the vessels of the whole cellular tissue, an increase of electricity is likewise communicated to the entire system: the natural warmth of the body—electrical or life action—increases, the cutaneous exhalation improves, the skin becomes soft, a healthy hue returns to it, and all the emunctories of the body acquire fresh tone and healthy vigour. The powers of absorption by the skin are continually brought into action by the "water cure" processes applied to its surface. These processes are carried on by baths or packing, repeated from once to several times a day, and the

time occupied by them varying from a minute to an hour or more on each occasion. It would be difficult to calculate the quantity of oxygen conveyed to the blood by this mode of treatment perseveringly carried on, or to estimate the quantity of electricity thus conveyed into the system while the bathings are in operation. The invigorating effects of a steam bath, of the tepid and cold shallows, the sitz bath, the packing, &c., &c., cold douche and pail douche immediately afterwards, are so sensibly felt that it is reasonable to believe that much electricity is acquired. Many under the influence of the treatment have found the tone and vigour of the entire frame to increase, the organic nerves to be especially strengthened, and with the removal of congestion an improved circulation has been acquired, and the animal spirits and the assimilating and respiratory processes have improved also. The truth contained in Hydropathy is, that when the principle involved in it is skillfully carried out the circulation of the blood is not only equalised and regulated and health restored to it, but electricity, "nature's life," is supplied to the nerves; thus is nervous power restored to the debilitated frame of man, leaving the system free to relieve itself from the disease which weighs upon it and rid itself from the slavery of artificial excitants under which it groaned. The application of Hydropathy is not confined to external maladies only, but it is often successful in restoring the life force in paralytic and other nervous affections, as well as in asthmatic, gouty, and rheumatic disorders. It is also salutary and successful in removing visceral congestions; and in acute and chronic diseases in which the quality of the blood is altered and impaired.

In the autumn of 1860 a number of navvies were working in the neighbourhood, to each of whom Mr. Hitchman thought he would like to give a few tracts or a New Testament. The contractor, their employer, questioned whether any good was likely to result from such an effort. He was then asked if he thought they knew the way to heaven, to which he replied, he thought but few of them did. Then said Mr. Hitchman, "I think if I had them altogether in some corner I could show them the way of life." They were accordingly invited to the arboretum for the following Sunday afternoon, and there the doctor pointed them to the good Physician, the Divine Healer of all spiritual maladies; and he was doubtless the subject of feelings felt by many another who for the first time attempts to speak in God's name to his fellows. But besides those for whom the services were intended there came at subsequent times increasing numbers, which ultimately led Mr. Hitchman to erect school rooms, at a cost of £600, where about 100 children receive, on the payment of a nominal charge, a good scriptural education, and in which, from that time to the present, the doctor has continued to preach the glorious gospel of the blessed God. Seeing that no divinely-influenced effort

"shall be in vain in the Lord," we doubt not but in the case of y and old the fruit of this sowing will be found in the harvest of the w

Whilst suffering with congestion of the liver, aggravated by u physical exertion, mental anxiety, nervous debility, and the pan bereavement, it was the writer's privilege to spend a month at Mr. H man's establishment, and consequently he can testify to the profess skill, assiduous attention, and gentlemanly and Christian conduct o proprietor, as also to the delightful and powerful influence of the treat upon the human system. Cold and chilly as dripping sheets, shallows, and cold spray may appear to the uninitiated, they be absolutely delightful after a few trials. I would advise all my fri especially my brethren in the ministry, who may suffer as I have, other ways, to avoid as they would the plague all narcotics and st lants, blue pill, black draughts, bleeding, and blisters, and to seel milder, surer, and more natural treatment of a Hydropathic estal ment. And if they want to find a *home from home*, an oasis i desert of life—family life, where they will have the best medical skil attention—no stimulants nor physic, but plenty of the plainest and nutritious food, with an appetite to take it—a place where all i establishment seek to promote each other's comfort and happiness, v God's hand is acknowledged, and his blessing sought, as the grea quirement for success, where lively singing mingles with the readi the Scriptures, and earnest prayer at family worship, then they may these where I did—at the establishment of John Hitchman, Esq Arboretum, Leamington.

GEORGE WARN

THE SNARE OF THE HOUR.

Alice. Truth, my dear brother, where is truth? I see multitud people about me who all think they have the truth, and yet the tru no one of them is identical with that of another.

Arthur. I am sorry, my dear Alice, to hear you talk so. To me, I look to the communities which profess to seek truth from the my wonder is, not that they so far differ from each other, but that the whole they are so far agreed. They have their diversities as to p discipline, or worship, and as to some minor shades in theological opi but concerning the great substance of God's revelation to man truth which saves—they are, and have always been, to a surp extent, of one mind.

Alice. Do you really think so?

Arthur. Yes, assuredly. The points on which the many Protestant confessions published in the sixteenth century differ from each other are as nothing compared with those in which they are in harmony; and it is so still. The doctrine of the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, the office of the Holy Spirit, have been found in the Bible by those who sought truth there, with so near an approach to unanimity as to demonstrate, as far as such points admit of demonstration, that in these catholic verities we have the faith in which men may attain to eternal life.

Alice. Ah, well! It may all be very simple to you, but it is very bewildering to me; and I must frankly confess to you, Arthur, that I want rest—*rest*—and if the Church of Rome cannot give it to me, I despair of finding it.

Arthur. My dear Alice, you astonish me greatly by what you say. Who can have put these notions into your head?

Alice. That does not much matter; but I assure you I have such notions and have had them for some while.

Arthur. But do you really know what it is you seek under this notion of rest?

Alice. Yes, I think I do. I wish to be free from the inquietude and anxiety which press upon me as I try to come to conclusions for myself about truth and about my spiritual state. I feel incapable of settling such questions for myself, and that there ought to be some persons capable of settling them for me.

Arthur. It is no doubt true that our Lord has promised rest to His disciples. But it is a comparative rest, not the absolute sort of rest which you appear to be coveting. Is such rest possible? I think not.

Alice. What makes you think so?

Arthur. I think so, because it is clear to me that such a security against error did not exist even in Paradise, or man would not have fallen; nay, more, that it did not exist in heaven, or the angels would not have sinned; and that it certainly does not exist in the Church of Rome, seeing that heresies of all kinds have grown up in her midst, and that profligacy the most flagitious has often flooded the high places of her priesthood, even the Vatican itself.

Alice. These are, indeed, startling facts. They have not occured to me.

Arthur. No, my dear Alice, nor a great deal besides. If I may venture to talk a little metaphysically to a lady, I would venture to remind you that such certainty as you seek is not possible in relation to moral and religious truth. When I tell you that the half of an orange is less than the whole of it, you admit at once that you cannot help believing that. And there are many truths of that nature. But there

is no truth in morals or in religion which you are *obliged* to believe afte that manner. Responsible creatures may persuade themselves that trut is not duty and that duty is not duty, until at length they come t put light for darkness, and darkness for light.

Alice. The thought of that is very awful.

Arthur. It is; and it should teach us to guard against temptation t error, whether it come to us in the form of superstitious error fro Rome, or of Rationalistic error from Germany. There is a Divine han that can guide us safely through these dangers, and that hand alone ca do it. He means that we should feel our weakness, and that we shoul look to HIM for strength.

Alice. What you say seems to be in a measure true. But only thin of the relief it would be if some human and authoritative voice could b heard to say, in regard to one's spiritual state, It is all settled—*a safe.*

Arthur. But does not this craving of help from the human betray want of faith in the Divine? Does not this feeling spring from a indisposition to trust in your Lord, and a disposition to drop down in dependence on man? In fact, may not this intense desire of rest be form of weakness, of disease; in truth, nothing better than a selfish lo of ease? No great virtue is needed to induce persons to covet re rather than service. The timid and the self-seeking are always tempte in that direction. Be sure of it, Alice, you cannot devolve your spiritu responsibility upon another. To created natures the unknown and th mysterious are eternal. Everywhere, and for ever, your religion mu be a childlike trust—trust in God.

Alice. But do you not see, brother, how much there is in this liabl ness to err and in this vastness and mystery of religious things to mal the responsibility of judging concerning such things, in the case of person like myself, a weight very difficult to bear?

Arthur. It may be so. But do not flatter yourself that the way help from Rome is easier than the way to help from your Bible. Befc you can get help from Rome you have, purely as your own act, to deci some very difficult questions. In the first place, you have to decide th it is probable that there *is* an infallible authority in the world to wh you may commit yourself; and, remembering what I have said, you w not find it easy to settle that point. But further, and especially y have to make it appear, by the action of your own intelligence, that t Church of Rome *is* this infallible authority. *This is a responsibility cannot possibly devolve upon a priest.* He may reason and persuade, t the act of submission must be your own, and all the consequences of th act must be your own. Through all the future this thought will

along with you,—"If I am in error, possibly in ruinous error, by being in this church, I have placed myself here; the responsibility for what I have done must go with me to the end of life, and to the bar of God!" No doubt there are persons to whom it is agreeable to have all things settled, "made pleasant" from time to time, and so to get a new licence for their next round of amusement and pleasure. I have heard of some lady converts to Romanism making their boast of the comfort derived in that way from their new creed. It is sad to be deluded; still more sad to *love* delusion. There is One, who, in such cases, does sometimes "send delusion," that the wilful "may believe a lie"—the lie they love. (2 Thess. ii. 11).

Alice. That certainly is a serious thought. But why should it be so difficult to decide on the claims of the Church of Rome?

Arthur. Your asking that question is a proof how little you have thought on the subject. To be sure that the Church of Rome is what she claims to be, you need know the origin and history of that church, the biblical and ecclesiastical grounds, stretching over some eighteen centuries, on which she rests her pretentions. If you think you could trust yourself to traverse that field, and to reach just conclusions from so doing, surely after that achievement the perplexities which may beset you as a Protestant become very small. The difficulty you thus meet at the threshold of Romanism is greater than anything that need trouble you in the very heart of Protestantism. The demand—the consistent and modest demand—of the Catholic priest is, that you should exercise your private judgment in settling one of the most difficult problems that can engage the human understanding, and that, having so done, you set that private judgment aside, and never exercise it more! You should use it so that it may conduct you into bondage, and when it has rendered you that piece of service, you should discard it for ever!

Alice. I must confess that I have not seen the matter in this light before. It does, I see, become me to think further before I commit myself.

Arthur. I can assure you it does. But I have not yet done with the difficulties in the way of your finding the rest you so much desire. You no doubt know the use that is made by Romanists of what are called, "the Variations of Protestants."

Alice. Oh, yes; and, as you will have seen, it is that, to a large extent, that has unsettled me.

Arthur. But those who have given you these new ideas, I will venture to affirm, have not allowed you to hear anything about "the Variations of Popery." The differences of opinion, however, among Catholics are

much greater than the differences in the political maxims of Englishmen, ascending from the lowest Radicalism to the highest Toryism. All Catholics, for example, profess to believe in the infallibility of their church. But where is it to be found? That is hard to say. To what end does it exist? That, too, is hard to say. Some have been extravagant enough to regard the pope, in certain of his acts, as infallible. Others insist that to such acts the cardinals must be conjoined with the pope; while others know nothing of infallibility apart from a general council. But then comes the question—What is a general council? Here new discussions arise. Supposing the attribute of infallibility found, what does it comprehend? Are we to accept its decisions on doctrinal points only, or on morals also, and on many ecclesiastical matters? Here the variations of opinion are further multiplied. The Church of Rome, it must be remembered, has aimed to secure unity to itself by excommunicating and destroying, as far as she had the power, all who have not bowed to her pretensions. But after all the horrors perpetrated to that end, the end has not been realised. The diversity existing is as I have stated.

Alice. But these differences do not affect the doctrine or general teaching of the church.

Arthur. Yes, they do. In the days of Pascal, the Jesuits of France were Arminians in theology; the Jansenists were virtually Calvinists. But the Church of Rome found it expedient to tolerate both. Both systems could not be true, yet both are accepted by a church which affects to be the especial conservator of the truth—the pure truth. Wide, too, is the latitude of interpretation which lies open to the discretion of the individual priest on spiritual questions. The conditions of spiritual safety as determined by a confessor of a serious or ascetic temper, will differ greatly from those which would satisfy a priest of a light and worldly habit. If the absolved in the different cases are alike safe, what becomes of truth and piety? for the conditions exacted in the one case do not exist in the other. If the blessing of the one priest has been valid and that of the other has been vain, what becomes of the safety and the sense of rest said to be derived from confession and absolution? To choose an unwise priest may be to sink beneath the sacerdotal benediction into the region of the lost. No, my dear Alice, true peace comes not that way, but from him who has said, "Come unto *Me*, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and *I* will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28).

Alice. But you must bear with me a little, Arthur, in this weakness of mine. You can hardly be surprised if, to a person of my temperament, there should be not a little attraction in the old Catholic faith, as it is

sometimes called. You know its associations with long past times, its alliance with art and taste, the shaded beauty, and often the imposing splendour, by which it influences the imagination and the feeling.

Arthur. I know it all; and because I know it *all* it fails to produce its intended impression on me. It is true Papal Rome has patronised art, but so did pagan Greece, and we none of us turn pagans for that reason. The men who patronised art in Italy some three centuries since, even the great ecclesiastics, were many of them depraved and sceptical men, more pagan than Christian. Hence the strange mixture of the pagan and the Christian in many of the works which they called into existence. In Rome, through the half-century which preceded the elevation of Leo X., the man who hesitated to speak of the human soul as having no higher destiny than the instinct of the brute was accounted by the ruling spirits of the time a dullard, who could not keep pace with the times. "On his death-bed," says Dean Milner, "Cosmo de Medici is attended by Ficinus, who assures him of another life on the authority of Socrates, and teaches him resignation in the words of Plato, Zenocrates, and other Athenian sages." (Hist. vi. 438.) And if much may be said about the patronage of art by Rome, much may also be said about the corruption of art through her influence, and still more about her perversions of it. Nothing can be imagined more offensive to taste than the tawdry representations of sacred objects, to be seen within the walls of innumerable Catholic churches, pictures of the coarsest and most contemptible description hung up to be objects of worship; images illuminated and decked out in the most trumpery style of millinery, to attract the gaze and admiration of an ignorant and superstitious multitude.

Alice. But you know there is much which is not of that description.

Arthur. True; but what the lowest forms of art are employed to do upon the lowest, the highest forms are employed to do on the more cultivated. For in all this picture-worship and image worship what do we see but a palpable reproduction, under a new set of names, of the old system of creature worship, which had its home in Italy before Christianity was known there? It is this tendency in the use of the arts by Romanists—a tendency to drug and deprave humanity, rather than to enlighten and elevate it—which has led men of high culture, such as Milton, to execrate the church of Rome as the great sorceress of the nations, depicted and accursed in Holy Writ. To use the fine simile of Lord Macaulay, he saw in the beauty of art as assumed by Rome, a beauty like that which Othella saw in Desdemona—a beauty allied with dishonour—tainted to the core. Hence, while "his heart relents, his hand is firm." The vesture of a corrupt church flaunted before our great poet might be

fair and gorgeous, but it availed not. In his eyes it was the har robe.

Alice. But surely, Arthur, you will admit that there are good me the Catholic Church?

Arthur. Good men, Alice? no doubt of it. The old world pagar had its good men; but who thinks of returning to the worship of Ju or Mercury on that account? Systems must be judged as systems, be judged by their fruit. The good men of the Church of Rome nee many and eminently good, if, on their account, we are to be forgetfi the Bartholomew massacres and the Inquisition horrors which belon her history. Protestantism is not free from the charge of persecut but in that respect the finger of Romanism has been far heavier thar loins of Protestantism. Protestantism has never persecuted but at cost of consistency. Romanism must always be consistent in doing Then think for a moment of the power supposed to be in the hanc these priests. The magistrate can destroy the body, but the priest hand over the soul to the tormentors! The evil coming from the fr of the former must be limited to time; that coming from the anath or from the mere witholding of sacerdotal services, on the part of latter, may stretch through the ages of the future—through eter Millions in the past were made to believe this; millions in the pre believe it; and who can estimate the sea of suffering which has gone f upon humanity from the manner in which such men have wielded terrors? And be it remembered, Alice, that every papist upholds popery, and is a party to all the delusion and misery it diffuses. great object of Romanist priests has ever been to have the conscien their victim at their disposal, and then to scare it to any extent that be needful to make it the minister of their will.

Alice. But it surprises me, Arthur, that you should seem to b much at rest without any such help as I have been longing for of lat

Arthur. And it surprises me that any person, not bred a Roma should fail to see the ground for peaceful trust which is presented tc conscience in the New Testament. There are two questions which work of Christ for humanity is designed to answer. *First.* Wh creature of God becomes guilty, may that creature be pardoned— how? *Second.* When a creature of God becomes depraved, may creature be made holy—and how? In answer to the first question Lord says, "This is My blood of the New Testament, which is for many for the remission of sins." (Matt. xxvi. 28). Again says, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so m the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him sh

not perish, but have eternal life." And, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 14-16). So Paul said to the multitude at Antioch, "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses." (Acts xiii. 38, 39). This simple act of faith—an act passing purely between the soul of the penitent and his Saviour—was all that was needed to obtain forgiveness and the Divine favour then, and is all that is needed now. So in answer to the second question:—It is the office of the Holy Spirit to give the soul new spiritual discernment, new spiritual feeling, and to enable it to realise holy habits, carrying on this great work of renovation so as to make "the path of the just as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." (Prov. iv. 18.) And concerning the gift of this Spirit our Lord has said, "What man is there of you, who if his son ask bread, will give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" (Luke xi. 12, 13). Nothing can be more simply beautiful than this teaching. The soul is to look to the Cross, and to live; to seek good from the hand of a Father, and to find it. No priestly legerdemain is allowed to intervene between the soul and the Father who loved the world and the Saviour who died for it. These acts of the soul are purely and directly its own acts, and the promised sense of rest and safety follows. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand." (Rom. v. 1, 2). This is the rock on which our confessors and martyrs stood in their day of trial, and it sustained them. The only infallible authority known to this world is the unalterable written Word. He who alone could say whether the guilty may be pardoned or not, and whether the depraved may be made holy or not, has answered these questions, and He has shown us how this pardon may become ours, and how this holiness may become ours. Here, Alice, you may find rest. Believing, you may have the witness within yourself. To allow any other guide to come into the place of the written Word, as the Holy Spirit may enable you to apprehend it, may be to choose death in the error of your ways.

Alice. I feel very grateful, my dear brother, for the pains you have taken with me. I shall not fail to ponder your cautions and instruction. Every shifting phase of society seems to me to have its snares, and I suspect that the snare of the hour with not a few at present is that in which I have been in some measure entangled.

AVOIDABLE SABBATH SICKNESS.

BY AN INVALID MINISTER IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

It was the first Sabbath in September, 1865, when, through weakness consequent upon a few days' previous severe sickness, I was obliged t be, to use a phrase very common among ministers, "off work," and con fined to my room. I know no reason why ministers should not b afflicted as other men, for they in common with their fellow mortals ar certainly heirs to humanity's many ills. Still, somehow, while a yout the idea infested my mind that to them there must be granted a large shar of health, for that sickness among them, so far as I knew, was a thing o very rare occurrence. The idea, of course, was fanciful, if not a littl fanatical; and yet in sober seriousness I ask, do not many of the laity even adults, really entertain such an idea of the ministry? Everybod may be sick except ministers, and let me add, doctors. These tw classes of society are, by almost general consent, practically denied th frailty of human nature. Are they more than human? or, if human, their humanity of a superior nature? or, is there a charm in their occu pations which frightens away the dire monster, disease? I trow no The truth is, that while persons of this region of ideality allow themselve to be sick and to need the attendance of ministers and doctors, yet fo all those practical purposes which a personal service necessitates the cannot entertain the idea that sickness is at all incidental to these pro fessions. The minister must never be out of his pulpit nor the docto off his walk. As a minister, I could wish that there was never a "need be" for my pulpit to be empty or supplied by another through my indispos tion; it is a pleasure to be in health and work, a pain to be sick and inactiv But as disease is one of those tyrants which bids defiance to all the law of the human will, it is vain to talk about one's wishes; it were far bette to endorse the Holy Scripture's teaching, that legitimate afflictions do no spring out of the dust, and that what our Saviour wills is best.

I need hardly say that this first Sabbath in September was a day many and various thoughts, feelings, and resolves. I may only nam one of these many thoughts here. It is that which the heading of th paper embodies. Myself sick on the Sabbath, there naturally arose th thought of Sabbath sickness, and forthwith a train of ideas and illustra tions relevant thereto, to which I crave the attention of those reader whom the subject mostly concerns.

Sabbath sickness is both unavoidable and avoidable. It is unavoidable when the sufferer falls sick on that day, or when in protracted sickness that day is included. Such illness can no more be avoided than th

progress of a ship at sea, the growth of vegetation, or the shining of the sun on the Sabbath day. The Providence that permits the one also permits the other. It was probably on a Sabbath day that Lazarus was sick, for his affliction continued many days; and it is almost certain that the "sickness nigh unto death" of Timotheus embraced a Sabbath in its duration. If only the event of the day were as sanctified to godly purposes as the day itself, then it were good to be afflicted on the Sabbath. It is clear that what cannot be avoided must not be resisted nor reproached, but rather received in all good will and patience. Unavoidable Sabbath sickness, be the subject a minister or layman, must be submitted to as a divine visitation and ordered to subserve the gracious design of its mission. But it is of avoidable Sabbath sickness we wish particularly to speak. Avoidable Sabbath sickness, you say,—is there such a thing? can any human being avoid sickness, and that on the Sabbath day more than other days? I reply, that there is a Sabbath sickness which can be avoided at will and discretion. It is of two kinds —*real* and *fanciful*. The real comprises Sabbath sickness arising from the taking of medicine on Saturday nights, from excessive labour during the previous week, from immoderate eating and drinking, both on the day itself and the night previously, and from extreme nervousness in those persons who are called to officiate in public religious worship. The fanciful embraces Sabbath sickness arising from a disturbed imagination, from a disinclination for lawful and pious exercises, and from the squeamish statements of others. A few remarks on each of these topics are intended to be offered.

To speak first of the real avoidable Sabbath sickness we shall notice that *arising from the taking of medicine on Saturday night*. The practice of taking medicine on Saturday night is not uncommon among the labouring classes, and indeed among other classes of society. No doubt its adoption arises from various motives.

It will be said that poor people, who live by their daily labour, are sometimes out of health, and cannot afford to lose a day's work to take medicine, and so are glad to take it on Saturday nights, as the Sabbath is a day of rest. There is a plausibility about this statement which carries weight. But then, be it remembered, plausibility is not philosophy. Indeed, seeming wisdom is certain folly. Now, consider this objection a little. Six days are given to man for work, one day in seven for worship. The six may be lawfully spent in secular toil, but the seventh must be spent in holy rest. The same authority that appointed the one appointed the other. What, then, is the fair inference? Is it not, that if men cannot afford to be sick any one of their own days they cannot afford to be on the Lord's day. Which is of the greater moral

weight—the convenience of man or the command of God? "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," is the divine law. Is incapacity to worship God, through taking medicine, "keeping holy day"? Judge ye. Poor people cannot afford to lose a day's work to be sick! Allowed they cannot, nor indeed can anybody, still some poor people could as well afford to lose a day for their physical health and comfort as for their amusement or the gratification of their own arbitrary will, as is often the case in strikes and turn-outs among artizans and miners. Notwithstanding, the question of man's pecuniary inability is insignificant compared with the question of the divine will, for it will be readily conceded that the poorest person would have to afford time for sickness during the week if His will appointed it. And our God being a jealous God, will jealously guard the sanctity of his own day; and hence its desecrator must not hope to escape his manifested displeasure. Let its observance, then, by us be voluntary and willing, and not through arbitrary and vindictive means, and never let us dishonour the Lord's-day by setting it apart as our day for self-inflicted sickness. Sabbath sickness of this kind is certainly avoidable.

The Sabbath sickness of which we speak arises also from *excessive labour during the previous week.*

The "dignity of labour" is a maxim as true as trite. For, considering that labour is more honourable than idleness, more honest than mendicity, more independant than sponging on friends, that it had the appointment of the Lord God in Eden, and that it received the sanction of the Saviour's personal example there is a dignity attached to it which all classes of society should be ambitious to attain. This dignity, of course, is found associated only with moderate toil. The blessed Redeemer, knowing that as "in all labour there is profit" some persons would engage therein to excess for the sake of the profit, seems to have stated interrogatively the proper period of legitimate labour: "Are there not twelve hours in a day in which men ought to work?" Twelve hours a day is long enough to labour, and not too long for any person in health. I am strongly inclined to say, that a longer period of toil is morally unlawful, and therefore wicked in the sight of God. For, without contending positively for the divine appointment of the period of labour as stated by our Lord in the above question, still it does seem very reasonable to conclude that that period, at least, was held by Him to be just and proper, and hence it has the authority of his sanction or approval. The *day* is the period when men ought to work, in the night "no man can work;" and these sentiments are as applicable to secular as to spiritual labour.

Besides, toil extended beyond this period may deprive other workmen

of a means of livelihood. The demand for labour is met by a less number of labourers than otherwise it would be. It is not "live and let live." Excessive work is a social evil.

Now it is obvious that great numbers of persons labour at times considerably beyond the hours of a day—they term it "overtime," and properly so; and that overtime is sometimes equal in a week to a fourth part, or more, of the ordinary work time. Many artizans frequently make seven and a half or eight days a week. Four persons making this amount of overtime do the work of an additional hand, who of course is kept out of ordinary employment. This is a commercial wrong. And then such excessive labour might be shown to be pregnant with moral disadvantages. But we must come at once to view its physical injury upon its victims, often incapacitating them for Christian activity and divine worship on the Sabbath. Take a fact: "Robert," said a pious widowed mother to her son, a young man aged twenty, one Sabbath afternoon, "arn't you going to chapel?" Robert, unwashed and in the attire of the work field, moved himself listlessly in the chair, yauned, stretched out his arms, and simply replied, "No, I think not this afternoon." "Ah, poor lad," said the mother, "he had a hard and long day yesterday in the harvest field, and he is'nt very well—he wants rest." And so Robert remained at home to rest. The excessive toil of Saturday produced sickness and inactivity and a neglect of divine worship on the Sabbath. And this is but one of many such facts that might be adduced to show that the excessive toil of the previous week occasions bodily, aye, and mental, sickness on the Lord's-day. Now might not this be avoided?

Then excessive toil may be occasioned not only by the duration of the hours, but by the manner of the performance of work. The doing much work in a little time, or to furnish a popular definition, the labouring at a kind of railway speed without railway force, is excessive toil. To speak of bustling haste as excessive toil would be to torture language. The want of tact in some workmen occasions great turmoil with little result. But this apart, there is an excessive toil from the making haste, the expedition and diligent performance of business or labour, and this protracted during the whole or any part of a week afflicts the body, so that on the Sabbath there is somewhat of derangement and disorder, an indisposition, slight or severe, that incapacitates for active life and religious exercises. This is an avoidable affliction, at least in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred. Certainly the voice of reason and the teachings of Revelation say to us all, be moderate in labour, or in other words, live one day so that you may live another.

(To be continued.)

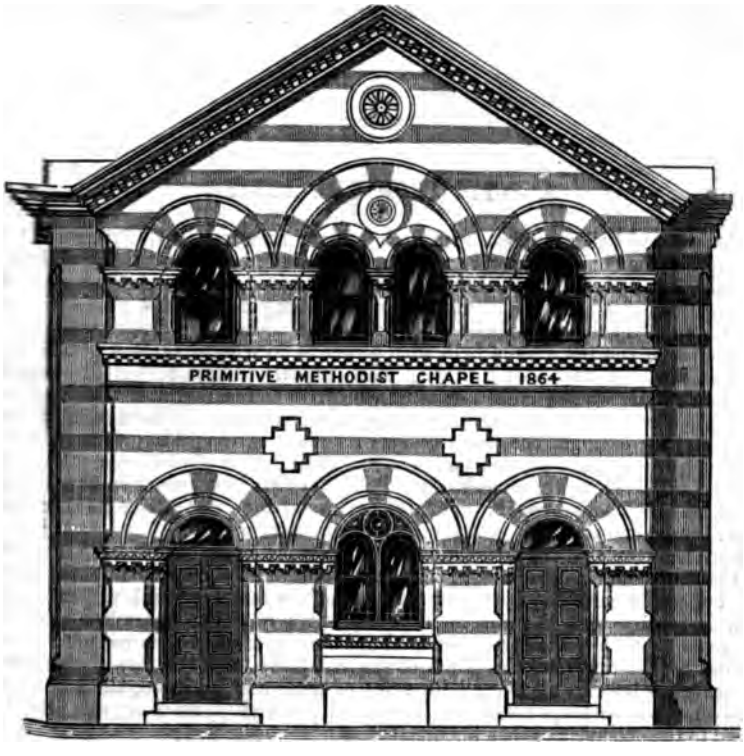
THE ROUND OF LIFE.

The following epigrammatic rhymes, on the variety of human a tions, are selected from *Aphorisms and opinions of Dr. George H* late bishop of Norwich:—

Some are serving—some commanding;
Some are sitting—some are standing;
Some rejoicing—some are grieving;
Some entreating—some relieving;
Some are weeping—some are laughing;
Some are thirsting—some are quaffing;
Some accepting—some refusing;
Some are thrifty—some abusing;
Some compelling—some persuading;
Some are flattering—some degrading;
Some are patient—some are fuming:
Some are modest—some presuming;
Some are leasing—some are farming;
Some are helping—some are harming;
Some are running—some are riding;
Some departing—some abiding;
Some are sending—some are bringing:
Some are crying—some are singing;
Some are hearing—some are preaching;
Some are learning—some are teaching;
Some disdaining—some affecting;
Some assiduous—some neglecting;
Some are feasting—some are fasting;
Some are saving—some are wasting;
Some are losing—some are winning;
Some repenting—some are sinning;
Some professing—some adoring;
Some are silent—some are roaring;
Some are restive—some are willing;
Some preserving—some are killing;
Some are bounteous—some are grinding;
Some are seeking—some are finding;
Some are giving—some receiving;
Some are hiding—some revealing;
Some are quiet—some disputing;
Some confuted—some confuting;
Some are marching—some retiring;
Some are resting—some aspiring;
Some enduring—some deriding;
Some are falling—some are rising.

These are sufficient to recite,
Since all men's deeds are infinite—
Some end their parts when some begin;
Some go out, and some come in.

Extracted by J. HAWK



TADCASTER PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL.

TADCASTER is a small but ancient town, partly in the East Riding and partly in the West Riding of Yorkshire, the beautiful serpentine river Wharf dividing the Ridings. It lies about midway between the ancient city of York and the busy town of Leeds. In the days of coaches and road waggons it was a very busy posting town, but it is now almost stationary. The splendid bridge spanning the Wharf is said to have been built with the stones of the ancient castle, and in its vicinity it is supposed the stones were raised with which York Minster was built.

The Primitive Methodists for many years have had an interest in the town, but for want of a more suitable place of worship the progress of the society has been materially impeded. In August, 1863, the Right Hon. Lord Londesborough granted 536 yards of land in a very eligible position for the nominal price of £22 6s. 8d., upon which a very neat chapel, school-room, vestries, &c., have been erected. The property has been admired for its neatness by all who have seen it. The splendid building (of which the engraving is a view of the front elevation) is in the Italian style of architecture, and from the design of Mr. J. Wright, of Hull, to whom great credit is due.

The total cost of the building, including land, &c., is £883; the amou raised is £443, leaving a debt of £440 upon the premises. To all who ha helped us, from the donor of £20 down to the lowest, the trustees tender gra ful acknowledgments, at the same time giving all glory to God, to whom alone is due.

THOMAS GILES.

A VOICE FROM THE PULPIT.

IF heaven and hell were destroyed, I ought even then to be a Christian!

Suppose the chapel door were to open, and looking round we perceived, by l angelic face and his celestial robe of snowy-whiteness, that the person w entered was of a heavenly nature and origin. Suppose that this glorious bei should walk up the aisle of the chapel and thus address the congregation,— hand over to you the keys of hell, with power to do whatsoever you please w that infernal prison-house." Being thus empowered and permitted, supp we set out and wander on and on until we arrive at the portal of the tartare dungeon, and, after unlocking the ponderous door, we have all the flames of t burning gulf extinguished, and cause all its gnawing worms to die, we raze towering walls to the ground, and blot hell entirely out of existence. Ther *now* no hell! However carnal, sensual, and devilish I become, live how I w there is no hell to put me in. Violate the laws of the great Ruler howsoev may, there is no state-prison in which to incarcerate me.

Having completed the destruction of the *great prison* of the universe we re to the chapel and resume the service; but we have no sooner commenced t we are again surprised by the appearance of the same celestial visitant; s now he comes with the sad intelligence that a rebellion has taken place heaven's hierarchy, with the most fatal and disastrous consequences to the gr capital of the universe, the home of the redeemed, and the city of the gr King. He informs us that all its gates of pearl are unhinged, all its thro thrown down, its harps all broken, its suns all blown out, its many mansions razed to the ground, and that the destruction of that glorious place is so comple that not a lingering trace of its former grandeur or beauty is left, it being co pletely destroyed and erased from the map of being. Now, however good, usef or holy, I may be, there is no heaven of rest, peace, pleasure, or glory, to rewa me! No, there is *now* no hell to fear or heaven to gain! Nevertheless, it st holds good, that we all ought to be Christians! Do you say,—"How can that be I will answer that question by asking three others. 1. Whose atmosphere is that you breathe? 2. Whose earth is it you tread upon? 3. Whose property are you Suppose that God were to take from you *all* that belongs to him, and leave y with *only* that which is your own, how much out of all the good things whi you possess and enjoy would be left? Just name them will you? You ha not added one particle to the earth, or made it one iota heavier since you ca upon it. You could not make a blade of grass if you were as strong as Samson, wise as Solomon, and should live to be as old as Methuselah. Not all t men that have lived upon the earth have made it one particle heavier; for it only just as heavy now, according to philosophy, as when Adam lived upon You should serve the Lord because *you are his*, not because there is a heaven reward you for your toil, or because there is a hell in which you will be punish for neglecting your duties to him. Neither fear of punishment nor desire heaven should be the motive to induce you to serve the Lord; but the all-i portant reason which should urge you to action is—*it is just and right* I sho do so. Some people serve God just for what they can get from him. Dishon unworthy, and wicked motive that. Such care not how many thousands

souls go down to hell if they can only get to heaven and monopolise its wealth. Reader, if thou art such a one "thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting;" for Christ, who reads the selfish thoughts of thy heart, says to thee, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: but whosoever will lose his life for my sake the same shall save it." Repent e'er thou art undone for ever.

J. H.

SIMILES FROM OLD DIVINES.

No. IV.

FROM THAT REVEREND AND WORTHY DIVINE, MASTER JOHN SMITH. 1632.

BY THE REV. JOHN HIRST, AUTHOR OF THE "NEW EVANGELIST," &c.

We see crystal, though it have no light nor lustre in itself, yet set it in the sun and it receiveth the sun's beams. So, although we have no light nor manner of lustre in ourselves, yet if we be brought to Christ we receive all the graces of Christ.

We see the wild beasts that were savage and cruel before they came into Noah's ark, when they were there they laid aside their ferocity and wildness and became tame and gentle: so though we were called beasts before we came into the church of God, yet now we should leave all our wildness and profaneness, and labour to be holy.

As we see in a clock, there be some wheels turn one way and some another way, and yet all tend to make the clock go well; so sometimes God sends a man adversity and sometimes prosperity, sometimes he deals one way with us sometimes another, and yet all is but to draw us nearer unto himself in holiness and obedience.

If a poor man have a house and the sun shine in comfortably to refresh him and his children that be about him, if the same man take a veil and hang between the sun and the house he deprives himself and his children of the comfort of the sun; so God, if he doth shine comfortably upon us and we take the veil of our sins and hang up, what do we but deprive ourselves of those comforts and joys we might have had, and so bring darkness upon ourselves.

A little child, though it want power and strength to go to the mother, yet it will cry and moan itself to her; so, Christians want power and strength to go to God, yet if they can cry to God and bemoan themselves, they may have comfort.

Christ is called the *root* of David; it is a metaphor taken from herbs in a garden, that although the stalk and the leaf die in the winter time yet they are preserved in the root, and when the spring time cometh they will put forth again; so, though we die in ourselves, yet we are preserved in the root which is Christ, although the stalk and the leaf die, yet we are safe in the root.

If one put precious water in a glass, and after put it into an earthen vessel, by the taste and virtue of it he may know it to be the same water that it was in the glass; so we may know the word of God which is in Hebrew and Greek to be the same in our tongue by the virtue, purity, and power of it.

As a loving father giveth a bitter portion to his child he will put a piece of sugar into his hand secretly to allay the bitterness of it; so though the Lord give us a bitter portion, that is a number of troubles and afflictions here in this life, he puts into our hands as it were secretly a piece of sugar, that is an assurance that all the troubles and afflictions of this life are sent in love to us, and that they shall not hurt us but shall turn to our good.

The work of creation was an act in the heart and mind of God and not man, yet it was made known to us by his works and by the effect of it; s though forgiveness of sin is an act in the heart and mind of God, yet a man m know it by the comfortable effects which follow it. Thus a man may ha infallible testimony that his sins are forgiven him.

We see in a house the posts that are compact together are a great stay again the wind and weather; so the communion and society of saints one with anoth is a great stay and strength against the temptations of the devil.

If a child asks for meat, the mother sometimes will give him a book into h hand, when this quiets the child it shows it had but a slight desire, for if it h been an earnest desire nothing would quiet the child till it had some meat; so is with many men, they desire to be saved and to have heaven, and then t devil puts (as it were) a book into their hands, matter of pleasure and prof which quiets them; this shows that their desires were but slight, for if they h been earnest nothing would content them till they had had the things that th desired.

As the goldsmith putteth into a pot his silver or his gold, then sets the p into the fire and melts it, where he forms a bowl or a cup to set before the kin so the Lord melts us by death, and then out of the dead ashes and cinders of t bodies of his servants, he frameth and will make them goodly vessels of hono to stand before him in his temple.

If a physician should, out of his art and skill, give us such a portion that v should never hunger nor thirst after it, and should be free from sicknesses, d seases, pains, and griefs, a man would give many a pound to procure it; such portion the Lord will give us at the last day, He will give us a cup of immortali that we shall have no more pains and sicknesses; how, therefore, should we lo and desire for that day.

GOLD SHAVINGS.

"Even the shavings of gold are carefully to be kept."—T. FULLER.

A sanctified heart is better than a silver tongue."—*Dr. Thomas Goodwin.*

"A heart full of graces is better than a heart full of notions."—*Ibid.*

"True love to Christ can walk on the water without drowning and lie on t fire without burning."—*Ibid.*

"It is our work to *cast* care: God's work to *take* care. Distrustful care is spiritual canker that doth waste and dispirit. Care adds much to our gri nothing to our comfort."—*T. Watson.*

"Christians should be diamonds for the lustre of their graces; loadstones attract others to Christ."—*Ibid.*

"Christ sweetens all our comforts and sanctifies all our crosses."—*Ibid.*

"As troubled water is unfit to receive the image of the sun, so the heart fill with impure and disorderly affections is not fit for divine communications." *Boston.*

"This life is a battle; whether we will or not, we cannot choose but fig either on God's side or the devil's."—*Erasmus.*

"Extremities are a warrant for importunities."—*Bishop Reynolds.*

"The way to be safe in trouble, is to get the blood of the Lamb upon o doors."—*Ibid.*

"In all the afflictions of the church, when prayers are strongest, mercies a nearest."—*Ibid.*

"A Christian never falls asleep in the fire, or in the water, but grows drowsy in the sunshine."—*John Berridge.*

"The sinner, when his conscience is fallen asleep, will lie, like the smith's dog, at the foot of the anvil, though the fire-sparks fly in his face."—*J. Bunyan.*

"The crooked serpent could wind himself into the *terrestrial*, but shall never creep into the *celestial* paradise."—*Swinnock.*

"A minister must not be a flashing comet, but an influential star; not a storm or a tempest, but a sweetly dropping, bedewing cloud. A minister ought to be lowly in doctrine, and in life patient and laborious, and nothing but love can make him so, for everything will be difficult to him that loves not souls."—*Jenkyn.*

"Ministers must labour for, and in the pulpit: there must be the labour of study before they preach, the labour of zeal and love in preaching, the labour of suffering after preaching, and always the labour of prayer to crown the whole with success."—*Gurnall.*

"There is nothing sweeter on earth than the heart of a woman in which piety dwells."—*Martin Luther.*

"He that smarts for speaking truth hath a plaster in his own conscience."—*T. Fuller.*

"A grain of faith is worth more than a mountain of pure gold."—*D. Burgess.*

"Not to sin, may be a bitter cross; to sin is hell."—*Thomas Adams.*

"Be not cheated of the Gospel; it is a precious pearl."—*Walter Cradock.*

"To take Christ only to save us from wrath, and not to save us from sin, is a black character of a rotten heart and false friend."—*Theophilus Gale.*

"Christ is not a reed of salvation, but a rock of salvation."—*Ralph Robinson.*

"Grace is the true gentility, the true nobility of the soul."—*Ibid.*

"As the dove when she is pursued flies to the windows, so the believer flies to the wounds of Christ and there is hid."—*Ibid.*

"Will you pity a body that is going to the block, and will you not pity a soul that is going to the pit?"—*Dr. T. Goodwin.*

"Did Christ die for us that we might live with Him? and shall we not desire to die and be with Him?"—*Ibid.*

"A believer's dying day is his crowning day."—*Ibid.*

"There is more evil in a drop of sin than in an ocean of truth."—*T. Watson.*

Leeds. J. HIRST.

THE WIDOW GRAFF; OR, WHAT SAVED THE TRAIN.

THE Widow Graff lived in a hollow of the Blue Ridge. It was a wild, lonely spot, yet a railroad found it out, and wound its way among the mountains and gorges with its great passenger and freight trains.

The Widow Graff had a small cabin and a few acres of land, and she had three little girls. They feared God, and loved their mother, and tried to help her. In the summer they picked berries, and walked three miles to the nearest station to sell them. Here one of the conductors on the road often met these little girls. How did he treat them? He spoke *kindly* to them. When they were very tired

carrying their heavy baskets over the rough way in the hot sun, remem his little girls at home, he would sometimes take them on the cars, and se near their own cabin door. How happy this little ride made them, an heartily they thanked the good conductor for his kindness. And do y suppose it pleased the poor mother? O yes, it went to her heart. And t their gratitude, sometimes the children picked a basketful [illegible] rpose fo and sometimes their mother sent him a little present of fruit from h garden. He took their gifts, but always paid for them.

Now I will let the conductor tell you what happened. "The winter was very cold in that part of Virginia," he says, "and the snow was nearl feet deep upon the mountains. On the night of the 26th of December it round warm, and the rain fell in torrents. A terrible rain swept ov mountain tops, and almost filled the valleys with water. The night was dark, but as my train wound its way among the hills I had no fears, be knew the road bed was all solid rock.

"It was near midnight, when a sharp whistle from the engine brought my feet. I knew there was danger in that whistle, and I sprang to th at once, but the breaksmen were at their posts, and soon stopped the tr seized my lantern, and made my way forward as soon as possible. And sight met my eyes! A bright fire of pine logs shone on the track far an showing a terrible gulf open to receive us. The snow and rain had torn base of the mountain, and eternity seemed spread out before us. But Wido and her children had found it out, and had brought light brushwood fro home below and built large fires to warn us of our danger. And there h been for more than two hours watching beside this beacon of safety. As up to where the old lady and her children stood, wet through and throu grasped me by the hand and said,—

"'Thank God, Mr. Sherbourn, we stopped you in time. I would ha my life before one hair of your head should have been hurt. Oh, I pray we might stop the train, and, my God, I thank thee!'

"The children were crying for joy. I fell on my knees and offered up to the All-wise Being for our safe deliverance from a terrible death, and down blessings upon the good old woman and her children. Near by st engineer, firemen, and breaksmen, the tears streaming down their w beaten cheeks.

"I made Mrs. Graff and her children go back to the cars out of the st cold; and telling the passengers the story of our wonderful escape, th and gentlemen vied with each other in their thanks and heartfelt grat the courageous woman and her little girls. More than that, a purse of hundred pounds was made up for her on the spot, the willing offering of of grateful passengers.

"The railroad company built her a new house, gave her and her ch life-pass over the road, and ordered all trains to stop and let her off w she wished. So you see that a little kindness, which cost me nothing, sa life and my train from destruction."

PRAYER OF THE CONDEMNED SOLDIER.

DURING the unhappy commotions in Ireland, a private soldier in the Lord Cornwallis was daily observed to be absent from his quarters and f company of his fellow-soldiers. He began to be suspected of withdrawi self for the purpose of holding intercourse with the rebels; and, on this su probably increased by the malice of his wicked comrades, he was tri

court-martial, and condemned to die. The marquis hearing of this, wished to examine the minutes of the trial; and not being satisfied, sent for the man to converse with him. Upon being interrogated, the prisoner solemnly disavowed every treasonable practice or intention, declared his sincere attachment to his sovereign, and his readiness to live and die in his service:—he affirmed that the real cause of his frequent absence was, that he might obtain a place of retirement for the purpose of private prayer; for which his lordship knew he had no opportunity among his profane comrades, who had become his enemies merely on account of his profession of religion. He said he had made this defence on his trial; but the officers thought it so improbable, that they paid no attention to it. The marquis, in order to satisfy himself as to the truth of his defence, observed, that if so he must acquire some considerable aptness in this exercise. The poor man replied, that as to ability he had nothing to boast of. The marquis then insisted on his kneeling down and praying aloud before him; he knelt—and poured forth his soul before God with such copiousness, fluency, and ardour, that the marquis took him by the hand, and said he was satisfied that no man could pray in that manner who did not live in the habit of intercourse with his God.

He not only revoked the sentence, but received him into his peculiar favour, placing him among his personal attendants.

A NATION'S TRUE GLORY.

THE wisest prince that ever sat upon a throne hath told us, that *righteousness exalts a nation*. (Prov. xiv. 34.) It is not valour in war, but righteousness; it is not policy in government, but righteousness; it is not wittiness of invention, but righteousness; it is not civility in behaviour, but righteousness; it is not antiquity of forms, but righteousness; it is not largeness of dominion, but righteousness; it is not greatness of command, but RIGHTEOUSNESS that is the honour and the safety, that is the renown and security of a nation. That nation that exalts righteousness shall be certainly exalted *by* righteousness. It is not Ahithophel's policy; it is not Jeroboam's calves in Dan and Bethel; it is not Jehu's pompous zeal; it is not Goliath's sword; it is not rich mines of gold and silver, nor magazines, nor armies, nor counsels, nor fleets, nor forts,—but justice and righteousness that exalt a nation, and that will make a mean people to become a great, a glorious, and a famous people in the world. The world is a ring, and righteousness is the diamond in that ring; the world is a body, and righteousness and justice are the soul of that body. Ah, England! England! so long as judgment runs down as waters in the midst of thee, and righteousness as a mighty stream, thou shalt not die, but live, and bear up bravely against all gainsayers and opposers.—T. BROOKS.—*Written in* 1662.

THE USE OF TIME.

THE celebrated Lord Coke wrote the subjoined distich, which he strictly observed in the distribution of time:—

"Six hours to sleep, to law's grave study six;
Four spent in prayer, the rest to nature fix."

But Sir William Jones, a wiser economist of the fleeting hours of life, amended the sentiment in the following lines:—

"Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven;
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven."

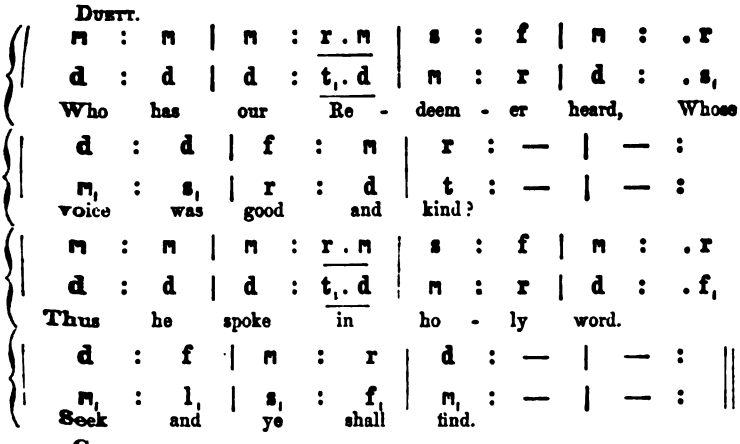
Sent by J. HAWKINS

SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND.

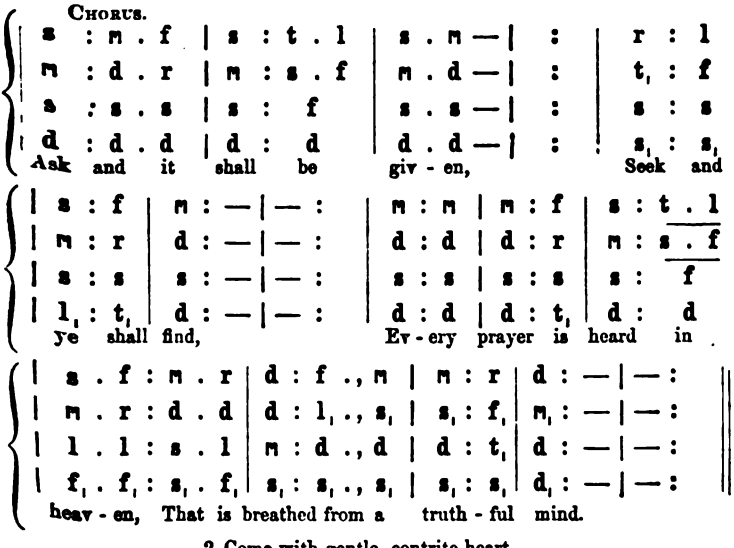
SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND.

KEY G.

DUETT.



CHORUS.



2 Come with gentle, contrite heart,
And seek the Saviour's grace,
Come, that when on earth we part,
We'll meet him face to face.—*Chorus.*

3 Every prayer is heard above,
That we sincerely feel;
Every sigh received with love,
When we repenting, kneel.—*Chorus.*

4 Life to all, our Lord has shown,
Then be to hope resigned,
When around you doubts are thrown,
Seek and ye shall find.—*Chorus.*

CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST HULL DISTRICT ITINERANT MINISTERS' MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION.—The fifth annual assembly of this association took place at Goxhill, Barton Circuit, on Thursday and Friday, Nov. 16th and 17th 1865. There was a good attendance of ministers and friends, whose presence was an occasion of considerable interest to the inhabitants, for never before had so large a number of Christian ministers met together at that place. The assembly met in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, on Thursday at 2 p.m., for the transaction of business. It was found that during the year none of the members had died or resigned, that there were three applications for membership, and that the financial state of the association was satisfactory. Several resolutions were passed and appointments made. In the evening the sermon before the association was preached by the Rev C. T. Coulbeck, of Hull, instead of the Rev. P. Milson, of Selby, who was unable to fulfil his engagement. There was a full chapel. The sermon was on "Pentecost," and was able and unctuous. The devotional meeting which immediately succeeded was of a pentecostal character, and many were the expressions of holy joy which greeted the ear during the service. The thanks of the assembly were afterwards given to Mr. Coulbeck for his sermon. The sittings of the association commenced on Friday morning at nine o'clock. The Rev. J. Dawson, of Barton, was chosen president. The Rev. W. Whitby, of Grimsby, was elected secretary. After half an hour spent in devotional exercises the Rev. W Whitby was called upon to read his essay on "Proportionate and Systematic Giving." The essay on this highly important subject proved a carefully prepared and able one, and was well received by the brethren. The discussion on it was of a very interesting character, and a most cordial vote of thanks was awarded to the author, for his able paper. He was, by a vote of the meeting, unanimously requested to publish it. An essay on the "Importance of Day Schools in the Primitive Methodist Connexion," by the R Tyas, of Winterton, was expecte for some reason he did not During the day arrangements made for the next assembly to b in August, 1866. The sermon the association is to be preached President. The Rev. J. Wo Louth, and the Rev. J. Tong Beverley, are to prepare essay former on "What can be done t serve more effectually the child our members to our societies?" a latter on "Ministerial Probati time, and how to spend it." A following ministers are to d speeches on the following su viz., the Rev. Thos. Newson Hornsea, on the "Influence of Fa on the interests of the church; Rev. F. Rudd, of Hull, on "In tual Religion;" and the Rev. Honor, of Driffield, on the "Impo of Public Worship." The g harmony and brotherly love pre throughout the entire sittings. a assembly was felt to be morall mentally mutually improving. thought to be one of the best me the association has held. The meeting in the evening was held Wesleyan Chapel (kindly offer the occasion), which was quit As many of the ministers as co accommodated sat upon the pl and in the pulpit. The secretary the meeting by giving out a hym calling upon the Rev. F. Ru engage in prayer. The Presiden pied the chair, and in a very neat introduced the speakers. The int audience was addressed by the H. Clark, of Scarbro', on "Tynda the English Bible;" by the R Calvin, of Alford, on the "Gr of the Missionary Enterprise;" the Rev. J. Stephenson, of S on "Methodism in its Provi Aspects." All three speeches excellent, and were delivered wit siderable effect. A collection t defraying the incidental expe the assembly was made. several resolutions of thanks friends at Goxhill for the hos manner in which they had ente

the ministers, and to the trustees for the use of the chapels, the last service of the assembly terminated. It is believed that the moral influence of this ministerial gathering in the churches at Goxhill will be productive of great and permanent good.

A VISIT IN SEASON. NEWPORT, ISLE OF WHITE.—On my arrival at this place for the purpose of preaching, finding there was a little leisure at my command, I proceeded to the next village for the purpose of visiting its inhabitants, many of whom I found were strangers to Christ, ignorant of Primitive Methodism, and unacquainted with their danger by sin.

During my visiting I entered one house where resided an aged female and her daughter and son-in-law. While addressing the daughter the aged mother, who had lived more than eighty years, manifested a disrelish for spiritual converse, and endeavoured to withdraw unnoticed. Seeing this, I immediately addressed my conversation to her and engaged her attention. For some considerable time her case seemed hopeless, for her need of the Saviour she could not see. I then engaged in prayer, when the Holy Spirit came in a powerful manner and convinced her of her fallen state. Her heaving breast, filled with emotion, her freely streaming tears of penitence, and her trembling frame, soon told of the mighty conflict in her soul. I then urged her to believe there was freedom for *her*, and for her *then*, to be obtained by an act of faith on the Son of God. And after repeated urgings she complied, and exclaimed, "I do believe!"—when the Spirit bore witness with her spirit that she was a child of God. The change of feeling was so great, after eighty years' bondage, that she sprang from the chair in which she sat, and exclaimed, clapping her hands, "I have no doubt of my acceptance with God, but believe God for Christ's sake has blotted out all my transgressions and set me free!" To God be the glory! Blessed was that night, happy was the feeling, pleasing was the thought, that satan had lost his hold and had been dethroned. Thank God for such a visit in season!

Reader, doubt not Christ's power to save, God's willingness to accept, and the Spirit's readiness to testify your acceptance with God; but, believe on the Son, and he shall make you free, and free *now*. Remember, in God's vast vineyard there is a work for which God holds you responsible, and he commands you to enter into that work and do it with your might. It may be in your family, in the workshop, in the school, in family visiting, in the class, or the pulpit, but, wherever it is, or whatsoever engagement it be, God expects you to do it, and to do it now with your might. "Fear not, neither be discouraged," but "sow by the side of all waters, for *thou* knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

W. DINNICK.

BRIGHTON CHAPEL ANNIVERSARY. On Sunday, September 10th, 1865, three sermons were preached on behalf of this chapel, in the morning and evening by the Rev. J. Holroyd, of Portsmouth, and in the afternoon by Mrs. Green. On the following day a tea party and public meeting were held, and the Lord was with us. The collections and profits of the tea meeting amounted to £5 16s. 11d. I am happy to say that we have £24 promised for the next anniversary.

H. GREEN.

MANGOTSFIELD SUNDAY SCHOOL, BRISTOL CIRCUIT.—The seventh anniversary of this school, was celebrated on Sunday, September 17th, 1865, when three sermons were preached by the Rev. Joseph Harding, of Bath, to large congregations. Pieces were recited by the children, and appropriate hymns were sung by the Independent choir, who rendered efficient help on the occasion.

On the following day about 180 sat down to an excellent tea, after which a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. W. Newman, superintendent of the school. Addresses were given by the Revs. J. Oliver and J. Harding. Pieces were again recited by some of the scholars, and some excellent pieces were sung by the choir. A

rich and divine influence rested upon the assembly, and much good was done. The income for the year is £11 5s. One hundred scholars are now taught in our school by eighteen teachers, being an increase for the year of twenty scholars and two teachers.

J. B. Z.

Missionary Services, Market Rasen Circuit.—We have just held our principal round of missionary services in this circuit. Preparatory sermons were preached on Sunday, October 1st, 1865, by the Revs. E. Morton, of Grimsby; J. Calvin, of Alford, (deputation); T. Giles, R. Harrison, and Mrs. Giles. Public meetings were held at these places the four following days, the services were well attended, a divine influence rested upon them, and we believe good was realized. We raised the noble sum of £31 7s., being about £1 10s., in advance of the preceding year.

T. G

Great Horkesley, Chapi niversary, Hadleigh Circ On Sunday, October 15th, 186 sermons were preached by the The chapel is small, but it w filled. On Wednesday, Octobe a sermon was preached in Mr. J. barn by Mrs. E. Winkfield, of Ha after which a public tea was p in a temporary marquee, erected Woodroffe's meadow; about 1 sons partook of tea and short ad were delivered by Mrs. E. Wi and the writer; but on account heavy rain the meeting was bro an early close. The proceeds of niversary amounted to about £3 which, with a little in the tre hands, will enable the trustees £5 off the mortgage.

S. Sm

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

Mary Ann Juffkins, of Abthorpe, Northampton Circuit, was born March 28th, 1830; and fell asleep in Jesus April 18th, 1865.

While in health she often expressed a desire to be "spotless," and to be "clothed with holiness." Miss Sewell frequently visited her, and found her lying in the hands of God, willing to live and work for Him, or to depart and be with Christ. She was a consistent member of our Society three years. She was a kind wife, a loving mother, and a devoted saint. Heaven has gained another star to adorn the Saviour's brow; but earth has lost one of its richest and fairest flowers. That the weeping family, the mourning church, the writer, and the reader may meet her in heaven is the prayer of

Henry Roe.

Thomas Wharsam was born May 18th, 1842, and died April 19th, 1865, at Langtoft, in the Driffield Circuit. His parents were members of the Primitive Methodist Society, and therefore thought it right to send th to the Sabbath school. There taught to fear the Lord. He cor in the school until he bec teacher, and then a superintend the age of seventeen he gave hi to God. Two years ago he w pointed assistant leader, and thought by all who knew him t was a promising young man, an to be useful to his generation; who seeth not as man seetl whose thoughts are not a thoughts, saw it right to call the bloom of youth to the Para God. In the affliction that tern in death he suffered much, b patiently resigned to the will o he "endured as seeing him v invisble." On the last Sabb his life he was visited by his Thomas said, "I shall soon be Eden above; all is well, thank and soon after closed his eyes things earthly.

S. Bn

ADAM SMITH died at New Gateshead, in the Gateshead-upon-Tyne Circuit, May 26, 1865, aged 72 years. He was brought to a knowledge of the truth, as it is Jesus, about 42 years ago, when the Revs. Jeremiah Gilbert, T. Simpson, and N. West where holding meetings in the open air at Shiney Row, in the Sunderland Circuit. From that time he never turned his back upon God or his people, but continued a consistent member of the church, and during the latter part of his life a useful assistant class leader, an upright man, beloved by the church and respected by the world, and ever attentive to the means of grace and every Christian duty. He was no grumbler, his religion made him happy and thankful in all conditions of life. He looked forward to his final departure from this world with a peaceful and cheerful hope. His last affliction was long and painful, but borne with quiet submission to his heavenly Father's will. He said he could "kiss the hand that used the rod." He rejoiced "evermore, and in all things gave thanks." His patient and rejoicing state of mind was a beautiful illustration of the power of true religion to support the soul in great suffering and death. His faith in his Saviour, and in the "rest that remaineth to the people of God," was so strong that he thought and felt as if he saw "the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off."

JOSEPH HADLEY.

MR. GEORGE LITTON, of Bollington, Macclesfield Circuit, was born on the 4th of September, 1804, at Cheadle, Staffordshire. His father endeavoured to bring up his son in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The Christian example set before him and the pious instructions he received had a restraining influence upon the life and conduct of George. Hence he avoided evil companions, and was never found in the seat of the scornful, but grew up a young man of strictly moral character. Circumstances in the history of the family induced them to remove from Cheadle to Bollington. At this period he displayed a quiet, retiring and almost unsocial disposition. The word of God at length found a way to his heart—he saw his nature depraved, his heart corrupted, his spirit in bondage, and felt miserable from conscious guilt. With contrition of soul he prayerfully and believingly sought a personal interest in the Atonement of Jesus. Nor did he seek in vain; for, "Being justified by faith," he had "peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." He became a member of the Wesleyan Society at Bollington, and for some years enjoyed Christian fellowship with them.

About the year 1831 Mr. Thomas Payne, Primitive Methodist minister, missioned Bollington. A few souls received lasting good,—encouraging signs presented themselves,—the congregations were numerically large,—and the persons in authority at the poor's house gave their sanction for preaching services to be held there. Brother George Litton, for some cause unknown to the writer, had left the Wesleyan Methodists, and he became a constant hearer of the Primitive Methodists. One evening he invited the preacher, Mr. Payne, to supper. On their way the preacher told his friend he must form a class; which, after proper consultation and preparation, he did, in his own house, and became the leader. This class of four members was the nucleus of the present flourishing church. The Primitive Methodists at Bollington, especially, owe a debt of gratitude to the late George Litton. Had he not displayed the christian consistency—the zeal for the glory of God in the salvation of souls, and the unflinching fidelity which afterwards characterised him, we cannot conceive our interest at Bollington would have been equal to what it is now.

He became a local preacher, and as labourers were few in this part of the vineyard, plenty of rough, hard work was assigned him, and he performed it with faithfulness and delight. He possessed extraordinary power in prayer, and, like Jacob, wrestled with God, and prevailed. His class increased, and its weekly meetings were seasons of refreshing. He made a full consecration of his time, talents, and influence to the service of God. The camp

meetings he attended, the street missioning in which he engaged, the prayer meetings he supported, the fatherly care for his class which he incessantly manifested, the mourners with whom he laboured, the sick whom he visited, and the dying he endeavoured to comfort, bore ample testimony to his great usefulness.

These zealous labours were continued from the year 1832 to 1842, when a painful nervous debility was permitted to overtake him. This serious affliction being protracted, rendered it necessary for him to resign the leadership of his two classes, and cease from his efforts as a local preacher. Many were his trials during the last 22 years of his life, but a kind and watchful Providence was ever near him. He received sustaining grace and needful help, being kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. For some time previous to the paralytic stroke, which he suffered on the 8th of September, 1864, he complained of being very unwell, and evidently had some forebodings of his approaching dissolution, for he stated to his family that he should not be long in this world.

The paralysis rendered one side of his person powerless, and almost deprived him of speech. But at intervals he could articulate distinctly, and at these seasons he gave wise counsel to his children—entreated them to serve God, trust in the Redeemer, be constant in their attendance at the means of grace, walk in the path of virtue, and meet him in heaven. A little before his departure he said he was in the River, but his Saviour was with him, and he should go through in safety. In calm, holy, and unshaken confidence he exchanged earth for heaven on the 16th of September, 1864, aged 60 years.

M. BENNETT.

MARY MARTIN, wife of Joseph Martin, local preacher, of the Market Drayton Station, died at Ashley, in the thirty-third year of her age, leaving a husband and four children to lament their loss. She was converted in 1862, while praying to God in her chamber, and received a gracious sense of her acceptance through the Saviour's merits. She joined our society at Hook Gate continued a consistent member the time of her death. She missionary collector and Sunday teacher, a good wife, and a mother. She bore her affliction very great patience and resignatio died in peace; her end was triumj

W. PEACEFU

MRS. HENRY PRICE was bo Stoke, on the 8th of May, 181 died May 7th, 1865. While she was subjected to a course o gious training in a Sabbath scho der the patronage of the Duke of fort. In early life she remov Bristol, where she was converte took upon herself a profession o religion which her future life s nently adorned. From this tin renounced the world. Though a maker of no mean attainments, s not spend her time in making a moving specimen of the v fashions, nor in pursuing the glit bubble the world calls pleasure, cultivating and indulging a per taste in any direction. She ma world her servant by refusing to b its slave. Her youthful comp were not giddy worldlings, b exalted of the earth. From she removed to Liverpool, whe lived as becometh a Christia secured the approbation of al knew her. At length she was n to Henry Cooper, and povert affliction became her portion, b held by divine grace she str nobly with those two formidal tagonists, and by her humble vours drove want from her do course of time her husband died, l her with two children altogeth pendent on Providence and her vours. After the death of her h she removed to Swansea, whe laboured early and late to prov herself and her children. In th of Providence Henry Price that place and offered her his she accepted it, and became hi ful and affectionate wife. Af second marriage she removed to Ferry, and then, in two years, moved to Moss-end in Scotland. our people visited that plac

found in her an excellent member, advocate, and supporter. When the cholera was raging in Moss-end and the neighbourhood such was her earnestness to do good, that at the request of Dr. Jamieson she accompanied him in his daily visits until she was recognised as the doctor's paid assistant; though what she did on this as on hundreds of similar occasions was altogether gratuitous. Under Providence she saved many from a premature grave.

At length the Moss-end iron works, in which her husband was employed, came to a stand. Unable to relieve the necessities of the people, who applied to her as the village benefactress, she returned to Liverpool, where she maintained her integrity, and with great effort and many prayers and tears supported the tottering faith of her husband, who was then a subject of great temptation.

At the request of Mr. Matthew, manager of the Moss-end iron works, she and her family returned to Moss-end. At that time our society there was all but extinct. No sooner did she get settled than she turned her attention towards Zion, and with or without the preacher went from house to house inviting the people to attend the services of the sanctuary, administering reproof and consolation as needed, and as she only could administer them. By her labours our influence was extended, our congregations increased, our members multiplied, and piety took the place of formality. Her Christian earnestness procured for her an assistant leadership under Mr. Hunter, who is an old official in the connexion.

In course of time she removed to Motherwell, and concerning her piety and labours here numbers can testify. But time and space would fail me to say how she laboured in and for the good cause here—how cheerfully she responded to the calls of the afflicted, and eternity alone will declare how much the whole neighbourhood was benefited by he timely and unwearied efforts to stop the ravages of disease, and assist those who through ignorance or poverty commanded no other help; how hospitably she entertained strangers, and especially the servants of God, how willingly she assisted the minister in the discharge of his duties, and in fact how we all looked up to her as under some obligation to be and do something more than the generality of us. She had a great mind, and a greater heart. The world has lost a benefactress, the church an excellent member, and the ministry an invaluable and constant friend. Her last illness was severe and protracted, but she never murmured. She lived well and died in peace.

Farewell, sister Price! the world and the church can ill spare such honest and noble hearted souls as thou. Farewell! but not for ever, if faithful we shall meet again.

J. HARRISON.

GOD EVER NEAR.

Oh! weep not, tho' lonely and wild be thy path,
And the storm may be gathering round;
There is one who may shield from the hurricane's wrath,
And that One may ever be found.
He is with thee, around thee, He lists to thy cry,
And thy tears are regarded by him,
A pillar of fire He will be to thine eye;
Whose brightness no shadow can dim.

O follow it still through the darkness of night,
In safety 'twill lead to the morrow:
'Tis not like the meteor of earth's fickle light,
Often quenched in delusion and sorrow:
For pure is the beam and unfolding the ray,
And the tempests assail it in vain,
When the mists of the world are all vanished away
In its brightness it still will remain.

And weep not that none are around thee to love,
For a Father is with thee to bless,
And if grief have exalted thy spirit above,
Oh! say would'st thou wish for one less?
He is with thee for ever, whose favour is life;
Could a mortal friend guard thee so well?
Oh! hush the vain wish, calm the bosom's strife,
And forbid e'er a thought to rebel.

"WE ARE SEVEN."

A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother,
And in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive:
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps, or more, from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stocking there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away."

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master, we are seven."

"But they are dead: those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

WORDSWORTH.

RIPLEY'S HOSPITAL, NEAR LANCASTER.

THIS Hospital is intended for the education, industrial training, and entire support of orphans and destitute children who are born in Lancaster, or within a radius of fifteen miles around, so long as their birth-place is in the county. It was originally intended to limit the distance to eight miles, but the area is now extended as stated. Children born in Liverpool, and the district seven miles around that town, are eligible for admission; but those from Lancaster and the neighbourhood will be permitted to have the prior claim. Those orphans who have lost both parents, or their fathers, will be considered in the same light. The religious education of the inmates is in strict accordance with the doctrines and practices of the Church of England; but it is no disqualification for a child that it was born of dissenting parents. As much as possible of the gardening, and other necessary work, is done by the scholars; and thus they have the benefit

of physical training in union with sound technical instruction. The children are uniformly clothed: the colour of the cloth in which the boys are dressed is a dark brown. Before any child can be admitted, certificates of the marriage of the parents, and of its baptism, must be produced. A medical man must also certify, that the child for whom application is made is free from disease and deformity; and it must have reached its seventh year.

The trustees are the bishops of Manchester and Chester, and the vicar of Lancaster; and four lay trustees, viz., Henry Killick, Esq., George Scholfield, Esq., Edward Moon, Esq., and Thomas Brockbank, Esq.

The building, we believe, was opened with fifty inmates—twenty-five of each sex; and that number will be gradually increased, as circumstances may warrant, until it shall reach 300 in all. The founding of this noble charity, was the voluntary work of Mrs. Ripley, and is to be regarded as an imperishable tribute to the memory of her high-minded and exemplary husband, Thomas Ripley, Esq.

The foundation stone was laid on the 14th of July, 1856, by Mrs. Ripley, in the presence of the bishops of Manchester and Chester, and the day was observed in Lancaster as a general holiday.

The edifice is in the style of the 12th and 13th centuries, usually denominated the early English. The plan is somewhat similar in form to the Roman capital letter E, *i.e.*, with a side, two wings, and a central projection.

The wings and central projection rise to the height of four storeys, or 68 feet. The side between the two wings extends to a length of 195 feet, and is divided into three equal spaces by the central projection, which occupies one of the divisions. The recessed divisions, one on each side of the centre, and the wings rise to the height of three storeys only.

In the central division and facing the north-west are the principal entrance hall, and stairs of double flights, and landings of polished Lancashire marble, with balustrades of Caen stone, with angle posts of the same material surmounted with rampant lions and heraldic shields. On the upper landing, or the first floor of this division, are the committee room, upper hall, officers' dining room, and waiting room. Over these are the matron's rooms, and store room for clothes, &c. In the upper storey are the infirmary, nurse's rooms, and the requisite adjuncts thereto belonging.

Over the infirmary, in the centre of the front projection, rises a clock tower, 110 feet high, pierced with three lancet lights on each side. At the north-west angle of the tower is an octagonal turret with spiral stone stairs, surmounted with an ogee leaded roof, gilded finial and vane.

At the south back in the centre of the building are situate the kitchen, and other offices thereto belonging. These broken groups of the central portion of the building harmonise well with the broken lines of the side wings, pointed gables and gablets, ventilating turrets, clustered chimney stacks, &c., which altogether produce a pleasing and picturesque effect.

The two side spaces and adjoining wings are respectively appropriated —the one to the boys and the other to the girls—having each their play rooms and grounds completely separated from each other by the centre projection and kitchen offices.

From the centre projection on each side to the wings extend arched or cloistered corridors, communicating with the wings and side divisions by broad stone stairs.

The wings on each side are 130 feet long, each four storeys high (68 feet), and are terminated at the north-west extremities by houses, one for the head master on the boys' side, and the other for the schoolmistress on the girls' side. These have each a separate entrance and stair, and at the same time possess modes of access to the schoolrooms and dormitories in the wings.

The ground floor of the boys' side, between the schoolmaster's house and stairs, is appropriated to a covered play room, open arched next the play ground; and from the wing to the centre projection are a large plunge bath, that can be heated in cold weather, a dressing room, and wardrobe room.

On the girls' side, on the same floor, are a washhouse, laundry, drying closet, wardrobe room, and play room. Over these apartments, between the centre projection and wings and on each side is a dining room, 65 feet long, 22 feet wide, and 14 feet 6 inches high. Direct access to these dining rooms is obtained from the kitchen on the same floor by a wide passage on each side of a central open court, so that at meal times the food can be carried into each room, and the utensils removed, without interfering with any other part of the building. Over each of these rooms is a dormitory, intended to contain 50 children.

Over the play rooms in the wings, and on the same level as the dining rooms, are school-rooms, each 69 feet long, 24 feet wide, and 14 feet 6 inches high. On the other side of the stairs, in each wing and at the ends of the dining room, is a lavatory, for washing either before or after meals.

Over the school-rooms in the two wings are two storeys of dormitories, the same size as the school-rooms, each calculated to contain 50 children, making thereby in each division of the building accommodation for 150 boys and 150 girls, or 300 altogether. The stairs are so situated as to give the greatest facility of access to and from the dining rooms, school-

rooms, dormitories, and play grounds, and are with the corridors fire proof.

Ample means for thorough ventilation throughout the whole of the building have been devised, and every other requirement for light, cleanliness, health, and comfort to the inmates has been most liberally provided.

The material chosen for the exterior of the building is the beautiful white sand stone from the adjacent quarries. The spaces between the hewn parts are filled in with inserted rubble, technically so termed, which harmonises well with the style adopted.

The architect of the building was J. Cunningham, Esq., of Liverpool. The cost was between £30,000 and £40,000.

MARRIED LIFE: A DREAM.

Of all temporal engagements there is none upon which the happiness or misery of life so much depends as upon marriage. Musing, some time ago, upon this subject, I fell into a deep sleep, and dreamed an extraordinary dream, which embodied, in a number of fanciful shapes, the thoughts with which I closed my eyes. Standing, methought, upon an eminence, on the borders of an apparently beautiful and tranquil sea, I commanded a complete view of a neighbouring beach covered with a restless crowd of persons of both sexes, but mostly young, who were all hastily forming themselves into couples to embark for an island that lay at no great distance; and, as the sun glittered on its shore of broken headlands which formed the enclosures of beautiful bays, appeared to be the most enchanting spot in the world. While I was intently gazing on the scene before me, and wondering what it could be, a most venerable and intelligent-looking personage, arrayed in a flowing gown, and with his hair and beard as white as snow, accosted me; and, telling me that his name was Experience, afforded me the information I desired. "My son," said he, with an air of mingled dignity and kindness, "the shore on which you are standing belongs to the region of Single-life; and the crowd before you is composed of unmarried persons, who are all anxious to settle on yonder happy island, which is called Connubial-bliss." "But is it possible," I asked, "that so vast a crowd can find accommodation in a spot so small?" "The island," said he, "is certainly not large; but, small as it is, it affords ample room for its inhabitants: for, as there is no means of approaching it, but by launching out upon the sea of Matrimony before you, which, though it appears so bright and

smooth, abounds with dangers seldom observed from the shore,—very few of those who set out for the island arrive at *their desired haven*. "But let us," he added, "sit down and watch the crowd, and you will see for yourself."

Upon which, turning my eye towards the beach, I saw a very beautiful couple, but young, and, to my surprise, blindfolded, jump into a light skiff and push off from the shore, and, wafted by a breeze that frequently blows briskly for a little distance off the land, they were carried at first with speed towards the island. But, before they had gone far, the breeze, I thought, was spent, and left them in a dead calm; when, pulling the bandage from their eyes, they found that, in their hurry to embark, they had left behind their compass, rudder, oars, and, with the exception of sails, everything requisite for the voyage. Thus, in a state of entire helplessness, they drifted about among a number of small rocks called Family-cares, and at length were cast away upon a dreary bank of sand called Poverty, from which there was little chance of deliverance till death.

Turning again to the crowd, I saw a young man with small prying eyes moving restlessly up and down as if eager to embark. But, though many a lovely and modest young woman stood near him, he passed them all in contempt, until he saw one with some bags of gold around her, waiting for a companion, as wealthy as herself, to take her from the shore. After mutual protestations of attachment, they entered, I thought, a large gilded barge, with sails of silk, ropes of silver, and every variety of provision; and, taking on board all their property, were pushed, by a person called Avarice, from the shore. But the breeze, so customary along the land, not happening to blow, their sails, I thought, hung loose and cumbersome, and made them wholly dependent on their oars. At first, their progress, though slow, was towards the island; but when they were fairly out at sea, being driven by contrary winds on the shore of Adversity, they were compelled, to their consternation, to throw overboard nearly all their property to keep themselves afloat; and immediately after, falling in with a slow current, called Indifference, they were carried out to sea northward, where, after incredible hardships, they were at last embedded in a field of ice.

Unable to watch the movements of them all, I directed my attention to a blooming and gaily-dressed young damsel of about seventeen, who, at the persuasion of sordid relatives, gave her hand to a lame, withered, old man, who, by the help of a crutch, managed, beneath a load of infirmities and years, to hobble with her to the water. In their case, as well as in the former, there was no breeze from the land; and, as the old man was too feeble to ply the oar, the boat was drifted along by an

eddy, at the distance of a few yards from the land; where the yo
woman, turning her back in disgust upon her husband, began to indu
in improper freedoms of gesture and conversation with persons on
shore. This the husband no sooner perceived than he arose in a fi
jealousy and rage, and endeavoured, first by words, then by force
compel her to desist; when the boat, already weighed down on one
by the cargo of infirmities and years which he carried with him, insta
upset and threw them both into the water, where they must inevit
have been drowned had not an officer, with an instrument called Divc
drawn them back to the region of Single-life; which, however, the
sooner reached, than they were branded with the word "infamy,"
driven in different directions out of society by the derision of the cr

"And is this," said I, turning to the sage at my side, "the u
end of such unequal unions?" "No," he replied, "the parties are
always thus branded, because it is only in very rare and peculiar c
that they are drawn back to land in the manner you have seen; tho
in consequence of the great inequality of their weight, they gener
when the sea grows rough, upset the boat. But, whether the boa
upset or not, they seldom or never reach the island, as you will s
you watch the two couples who are now about to embark."

He had no sooner spoken, than I saw, rapidly ploughing her
before the gale, a boat containing two persons, each blindfolded b
bandage, on which was written "Love;" but, in every other par
their dress, exceedingly unlike each other—the man having on a bi
brimmed hat and a drab suit of the plainest cut, while the woman
covered with a gaudy profusion of satin, lace, and jewels. As lon
the gale lasted they continued blindfolded, and seemed unconsciou
this difference; but when, with the working of their oars, the ban
dropped from their eyes, they stared in astonishment and vexatio
each other; and turning round back to back, the man, I thought, b
to row, as if for life, in the direction of a small black island, called
simony, while the woman, with the tide in her favour, pulled away fo
opposite coast of Self-indulgence; when the boat, driven obliquel
contrary and unequal force, drifted into the whirlpool of embarrassm
and going round in a few rapidly lessening circles, sank to ris
more.

The other couple, of whom the woman only was blindfolded, prese
an appearance wholly different from what I had seen before. The
who was young and handsome, besides a number of levities in the s
of monkeys, put into the boat several disgusting vices, in the sha
swine and bloodhounds; whilst the woman, together with a l
quantity of loose gold, and a beautiful white robe of chastity which

had on, took with her several packages, on which were marked "meekness," "benevolence," "seriousness," and "usefulness." Another package, however, on which was written, "good conscience," she found it impossible to put into the boat, and therefore left it behind on the shore, at which my venerable friend, Experience, sighed heavily, methought, and let fall a tear!

Proceeding slowly, and evidently, from the first, not in the direction of Connubial-bliss, the husband gave to the monkeys the lady's bags of gold, which, running with them up the rigging, began with every kind of grimace to throw the contents into the sea; and, that the monkeys might have the more room for their antics, she was prevailed upon, after a little hesitation, to throw overboard first her seriousness, and then her benevolence and usefulness. Shortly afterwards, the swine, coming in contact with her dress, sullied its beauty, though they were not suffered to rend its texture; and, in her eagerness to resist one of the dogs, which had severely wounded her, her only remaining package, marked "meekness," fell out of the boat and drifted away. Then it was that she tore the bandage from her eyes; and when, beside her heavy loss, she saw the pollution with which her dress was soiled, and the monsters which her husband had made the companions of their voyage, she burst into a flood of tears, and, running from one side to the other, now to escape the pollution of the swine, and then the ferocity of the dogs, which her husband was brutally setting upon her, she upset the boat and all were plunged together into the deep, where, after struggling for a while, she was washed up by a wave upon a dismal shore, which is alternately haunted by two dismal spectres called Despondency and Remorse; while the husband, vainly hoping to save himself by swimming, was pursued by a number of ravenous sharks, and speedily devoured.

A number of other boats containing opposite tempers foundered, I thought, at sea in a sudden storm of anger; while others in a more gradual manner were driven by the parties themselves on the rocks of Discord, "which," said Experience, "is the common lot of such persons as soon as, laying aside the bandage of love, they begin to discover each other. To prevent this, many had obtained from a crooked, squinting pedlar in the crowd, called Deception, a mask that covered them with false attractions, or a veil of concealment, that hid away their defects. But, in a case of this nature, which I happened to watch, the mask, like the bandage of love, began with the working of the oars, to fall off, and the veil to slip aside; upon which the boat was driven by an under current of suspicion upon two sunken rocks, called Hatred and Strife, from which it never was got off.

Though the sea was by this time strewed with wrecks, and resounding

with the shrieks of drowning persons, crying in vain for help, methought the multitude upon the shore seemed utterly insensible to the horrors o the scene before them; and, as eager as ever to reach the opposite shore appeared to have no other care than with such associates as folly avarice, appetite, pride, falsehood, or even resentment had given them, t begin the voyage.

Indeed, though the region of Single-life possessed many comforts an attractions, so romantically beautiful did the island of Connubial-blis appear, that, seeing the lovely object of my choice approaching me, I fel an almost irresistible desire to depart, and consulted my revered guid upon the subject.

"My children," said our venerable guide, "though the sea before yo abounds with dangers, I am delighted to find that you have still suffi cient fortitude to venture upon it; because the island, though difficult o access, is not inaccessible, and is well worthy of the attempt to reach it which you are so desirous to make. But, as the Lord of heaven an earth has placed it under the guardianship of certain angelic powers, must be assured of your having their approbation before I can advis you to take so important a step."

Scarcely had these words escaped his lips, when a beautiful cloud laden with odours and aerial voices, descended to the earth, and, in a blaze of unearthly light, three glorious figures stood before us. The firs possessed a form of enchanting loveliness, which was arrayed in rose-coloured drapery of the softest texture, and that floated behind her o the wind. Her azure eye, methought, melted with tenderness; youth and beauty blushed ardently on her cheek; while her golden hair dropped down in ringlets beneath a wreath of vernal flowers. "My name," said she, "is Affection; and it was I who inspired these mortals with the truest sentiments of esteem and love for each other; and now, i Prudence, without whose presence my power is unavailing, will gran her permission, I shall not only most gladly give my sanction, but with my own hand will spread their sails for the voyage."

Thus appealed to by name, the Figure which stood next to her with dark, quick, far-seeing eye, from which nothing seemed to escape fastened her gaze upon us. She was dressed in a purple robe, whic dropped down full and gracefully to her feet; and, though she possesse less bloom and vivacity than Affection, she far surpassed her in matron dignity and intelligence; and carried in her hands the emblem of pro perity and comfort. "Though," said she, addressing Experience wi an air of marked respect, "these mortals, in consequence of their yout are less powerfully under my influence than that of Affection, yet sin a thoughtful regard to each other's age, disposition, habits, and circum

stances, as well as to the happiness of their mutual friends, has, on the whole, regulated their conduct, I shall not withhold my countenance or aid; and, as Affection has promised to give them sails, I will furnish them with ballast and provision. I cannot, however, forget that the sea on which they are to embark is beset with storms, which it is out of any power of mine to foresee or control; and, as their only safety is in the favour of Him whom the winds and waves obey, I must make my approval contingent on the superior sanction of Religion."

On mentioning the name of Religion, the third Figure, which had kept behind the other two, as if to allow them fully to occupy our attention, came forward into view, revealing a glory which it is impossible to describe, and by the side of which the beauty we had seen before appeared comparatively insignificant and earthly. Her countenance was like the sun, and her raiment white as the light, and her every look and movement was of heaven. One of her hands filled with leaves and fruit fresh gathered from the tree of life, hung gracefully at her side; while, in the other, a banner of woven sunbeams was inscribed with the words, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Within the span of a rainbow she appeared to stand, and the earth, methought, was lightened with her glory. "Nor," said she, in a voice of celestial melody, and in allusion to the appeal of Prudence, "shall my sanction be withheld. Though once 'children of wrath, even as others,' they 'have fled for refuge' to the cross of Christ. Jehovah has received them into his favour and placed them among his children. There it was, as at a common centre, that Affection first united them to each other; and there the admonitory voice of Prudence, unwelcome before, became pleasant to their ears; and, though conscious of many faults to overcome, it is their desire I know to place themselves through the whole of life under our united care. Go, therefore, Prudence, and put thy ballast in the boat. Affection, go with her, and hoist thy joyful sails. I myself will take the helm, and be, though unseen, a companion of their voyage."

With a heart beating with joy and astonishment, I lifted up my eyes, after an interval of silence, to thank the three heavenly forms for their goodness; but no one was near us but our faithful friend, Experience, who, taking me in one hand, and my lovely associate in the other, led us to the boat, where everything was ready for our departure; and having promised to meet us on the opposite coast, launched us gently from the shore. Scarcely, however, had we looked round to bid him farewell, when we felt the boat gliding softly, and yet rapidly as a ray of light, towards the island; and what was our joy to find ourselves, in a few

short hours, safely landed on the coast which so many had failed reach.

To heighten our joy, our revered friend, Experience, had arrived befc us; and, amidst the congratulations of the kind inhabitants, gave us hearty welcome to our new and happy place of abode; which, thou less enchanting than it appeared from a distance, and even less roman in its scenery than many spots in the region we had left, far exceed our expectations in all the substantial comforts of a permanent abo Though its flowers were less gaudy, they were more lasting and f grant; and its trees, though less luxuriant in blossom and verdure, w much more heavily laden with fruit. Its habitations, encircled by gi dens and orchards, were more securely built, better furnished, and m amply stored; and, though it had nowhere the appearance of a paradi spontaneously pouring forth its productions, it possessed a beautifu dimpled and undulating soil, intersected by innumerable rivulets a streams, which swept along under sloping hills, waving with woods covered with corn, or gently glided through meadows of herbage a flowers. It was a region which, indeed, bore a close resemblance to t most pleasing spots of our native land; abounding in the quiet, hom born joys of domestic purity and peace. Having feasted our eyes, f some time, on the scene before us, our faithful guide took us to a risi ground, covered with a fine velvet-looking turf; and, seating us by l side beneath some shady trees, began to give us directions how preserve our residence in the happy spot to which he had led us.

"What," said I, somewhat shocked at the introduction of such a top while my wife was actually trembling with fear, "are there any infatuated as to forfeit the enjoyment of this happy place?" "Yes," s he, "of the few who have reached this spot I have seen a large propc tion sacrifice, to one temptation or another, their happiness for li Some I have seen who, in spite of the most earnest warnings of Pruden have persisted in walking on the brink of yonder precipice, called Ext vagance, until, their feet slipping, they have been dashed in pieces the rocks below. Others, breaking loose from the bonds of cha Affection, have suffered themselves to be drawn from their homes by so *ignis fatuus* of desire until they have been poisoned and smothered yonder bog of Sensuality; or, if they have succeeded in getting out o again, have been chased out of the island under the lash of public ind nation. Some, moreover, regardless of consequences, have ventured drink the waters of an enchanted spring, called Familiarity, by wh they have been thrown into a state of intoxication, which has rende them so negligent of delicacy in manners and dress that they have b driven from this place of abode in a state of mutual disgust. Finally

have known others who have suddenly lost their sight through slighting the counsels of Religion; and, led away by insidious demons to dark mountains of Error, have stumbled about over one obstacle after another until they have slipped down through some one of its fearful chasms into an abyss of unquenchable fire. Seeing, then, my children, that these and other dangers surround you, and that neither of you can go astray without involving the happiness of the other, let me entreat you to secure the perpetual favours of your heavenly guides—Religion, Prudence, and Affection, who have brought you hither: so you will continue in this happy abode till death shall remove you to a still happier world, where '*they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God.*'"

Having spoken this he vanished suddenly, I thought, from our sight, which caused me so to start in my sleep, that I instantly awoke; and, behold, it was a dream!

Extracted from the "Northern Baptist Magazine," 1841, *by* J. HODGSON.

FRAGMENTARY THOUGHTS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS.

"BY one man sin entered into the world." Rom. v. 12. This is a very sad truth, an awful fact, and to the serious thinking mind a humiliating statement. Man was made "a little lower than the angels," entirely free from sin, and was designed by Jehovah to show forth his glory. But he had not been long in existence before the old serpent, the devil, visited him in the garden of Eden, and prevailed on the first human pair to violate God's law. Thus, "sin entered into the world," and dark and miserable was the day, terrible indeed was the hour, when sin, with its blighting, defacing, demoralising, cursing, polluting, and destructive influences, entered our world. This was a circumstance in the history of the world which will never be forgotten in time or in eternity, in heaven or in hell.

"By one man sin entered into the world," and having entered the world it has taken fast hold of humanity, and all mankind have become tainted by it; it has affected every man's heart and every man's life, for it has introduced amongst men hatred, malice, envy, covetousness, tyranny, slavery, pain, sickness, and death, and a thousand other evils, evils abominable in God's sight, and that have shut the gates of heaven against man while under their influence, evils that have cursed the world and exposed man to divine wrath.

The introduction of sin into the world was,—

1. *The event which separated man from God.* Up to this period, God and his creature man had been on the most intimate terms of friendship, for from heaven the divine Being had come to converse with Adam in the garden of Paradise; but, alas, when man yielded to the power of temptation he was no longer a servant of God, but "a child of the devil." He at once lost the divine image, and in losing that he lost the divine favour, and the loss of God's favour implies a loss of holy converse with him and a separation from him. "All we like sheep have gone astray, and have turned every one to his own way;" some have turned to the way of lying, others to the way of idolatry, others to the way of drunkenness, others to the way of dishonesty, or uncleanness, or Sabbath breaking, or blasphemy, &c. And thus, "all flesh hath corrupted his way," for "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Men may proclaim their own righteousness and boast of their uprightness, but unto men everywhere "belongeth shame and confusion of face;" for "our iniquities like the wind have taken us away" from our original state of purity, honour, and dignity, for "We have sinned with our fathers, we have committed iniquity, we have done wickedly." One of old said, "Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me so that I am not able to look up, they are more than the hairs of mine head, therefore my heart faileth me." We ask, is it not enough to make any man's heart fail him when he looks at the sins of his heart and the evils of his life?

2. *As the result of sin came misery and sorrow into the world.* Need we inform our readers that man knew no unhappiness ere he broke the law of heaven? but now all men have an experimental knowledge of misery and sorrow. The wealth of nations, the riches of earth's nobility, the learning of philosophers, the folly of fools, and the world's best friendship, will not, cannot, free men from sorrow and make them perfectly happy. Sin is in the world, and while this is the case misery and sorrow will exist amongst mankind. We find these evils in the richest and mightiest empires of earth. We find them in palaces, mansions, cottages, cellars, and garrets; they exist in the city, the town, the village, the hamlet, the street.

There is not a sorrow in the home, the prison, the workshop, the counting-house, or on the battle-field, but has been caused by sin. And all the sufferings which the GOD-MAN endured in our world were the result of sin. Isaiah tells us that "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities." It was sin that erected the cross on Calvary, and that drove the nails through the hands and feet of the world's Redeemer. The apostle Peter, in his First Epistle, ii. 24, says, "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree,"

And it was the sin of fallen humanity that made Jesus "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Isaiah liii. 3. Wonder not, then, if sin did so affect "Him who knew no sin" that men who now live in the habitual practice of sin should experience so much unhappiness and so many sorrows, for "many sorrows shall be to the wicked." The ungodly man may manifest an interest in various kinds of sin—sin may be sweet in his mouth, he may hide it under his tongue, yet in his bowels it is as gall. Hear the language of a dying sinner, who had lived in sin, and by his wickedness had been a curse to others, "My principles have poisoned my friend, my extravagance has beggared my boy, my unkindness has murdered my wife; and is there another hell? O Lord God, hell itself is a refuge if it hides me from thy frown!" O what misery to experience when on the verge of eternity; and it is entirely the result of sin, and is a striking proof of the truth of God's word, "His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins." And while these cords are around him he cannot be happy, he cannot be safe. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." And even those who stretch out their hands against God and strengthen themselves against the Almighty shall ultimately find that "trouble and anguish shall make them afraid;" for "Woe unto the wicked, it shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him." O yes, he shall have a portion of his reward in this life, but the most terrible portion in the world to come.

3. *Death and hell are the consequences of sin.* Hence saith the scripture, "death by sin;" "the wages of sin is death," temporal and eternal. And but for sin we should never have heard of hell, for there would have been no such place; it was sin that prepared the bottomless pit and kindled the everlasting flames "for the devil and his angels." And though hell was not prepared for men, yet by their sinfulness they prepare themselves for "everlasting burnings." This is the second death, "the portion of a wicked man from God," for "upon the wicked he shall reign snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest; this shall be the portion of their cup:" for "the soul that sinneth shall die," it shall die in fire that shall never be quenched. "And the destruction of the sinners and the transgressors shall be together." Surely, then, it is a bitter and an evil thing to sin against the Lord; nothing is like it, and nothing is followed with the same consequences. It is followed with destruction without remedy, destruction without help, destruction without the least hope of any recovery. When the infidel Bollingbroke drew near his earthly end, fearing the consequences of sin hereafter, he was heard to say when alone, "What will my poor soul undergo for all these things?" meaning for all his past sins. And when Sellett was dying he

exclaimed, "Every prospect is gone, and I am lost for ever." O the condemning, burning, and ruining influences of sin! they are beyond human expression. "The battle is fought, the battle is fought; but the victory is lost," said a dying sinner.

Reader, think of these things, and let not sin have dominion over thee. There is truth in the words of an eminent writer, when he says with regard to sin, "It is first pleasing, then it grows easy, then it is delightful, then it is frequent, then habitual, then confirmed, then the man is independent, then he is obstinate, then he resolves never to repent, then he dies—and then he is *damned*." Thus the ungodly perisheth from the earth. We therefore urge upon the reader to "repent and believe the gospel:" "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near." Then shalt thou find "Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write."—JESUS, the crucified one. Thank God, the things which belong to thy peace are not hid from thine eyes, for——

"Every one that seeks shall find—
Every one that asks shall have;
Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
Willing, able all to save."

WILLIAM BIRKS.

FEEBLENESS AND GREATNESS COMMINGLED.

PASCAL says, "Man is the feeblest reed in existence, but he is a thinking reed." And in this one sentence that great observer of humanity shows both the weakness and superiority of man. Man's excellence is, and must be, commingled with infirmity. The gold is disfigured by dross till the fires of purification have done their work and full perfection has been attained. As over-bearing heat in the time of summer, so is infirmity felt amid the accomplished ends and purposes of life. And so it is in the teachings of the educated. Lord Bacon by his philosophic labours reflected great credit on the powers of his mind, and did great good to others; but there was a want and feebleness in his own life, a chaos and an inconsistency.

How feeble is man! The sighing winds affect him, short journeys reduce his strength, and tasks of labour, whether physical or mental, exhaust his energies. Pain weakens his frame, and sorrow wearies him, and makes him long for the shades of quiet and the abode of peace. Hunger and thirst ofttimes oppress him, poverty mars the fair picture of happiness, and sheer misfortune weighs down his highest expectations. The wintry blast pierces his body and chills the blood in his veins. The

heat of a summer's day makes him wish for autumn's coolness and the evening shades. The seeds of disease undermine his constitution; and having accomplished as an hireling his day, he meekly bows to the stern commands of the grim messenger. Not only is there feebleness in man's nature, but also in his views, feelings, and actions. In his views, because it is not given to him to know the mysteries of the kingdom, or to have a full conception of the works and ways of God, "whose ways are past finding out." In his feelings, because in the most thoughtful and perfect of our race we see the traces of indifference and the eruptions of carnality. In his actions, because being necessarily feeble he cannot do as his soul desireth. Such is man. His feebleness is felt, his ignorance apparent, and the poverty of his doings known to God.

And yet how great. Great in the attributes of his mind and the duration of his soul. The renewed man is great in his aspirations after God. The Rev. James Dawson, in his "Faith," page 88, says, "The devout Christian endeavours to make every intellectual exertion on whatever subject he is engaged a strictly religious and spiritual act. He seeks to commingle his thoughts with the thoughts of the Infinite mind, and humbly to sympathise with the infinitely good and universal Ruler in his acts and plans," &c. Those aspirations which are truly good and approved by heaven are truly great. But is he not also great in his thoughts? His greatness consists not in the strength of his material frame, but in holy thoughts and acts of wisdom. So great that he can fly away in thought to God, and consider in a small degree the nature of the Divine being. So great that by the aid of Divine revelation he can stand on the mount of contemplation and look back on the workings of grace in days of yore. He can notice and appreciate the workings of God's providence and mercy; but his greatness stops not here. He can pierce the gloom of futurity, can think of the coming of Jesus to judge the world, and the consequences thereof. The workings of his mind, the acts of his wisdom, and his clear discernment on many points; the efforts of God to save, and the desperate attempts of devils to retain him, while angels and archangels exult over the prodigal's return, all conspire to say,—how awfully great is man! In the cottage and the palace, in humiliation and exaltation, in his days of grace and career of glory, man is truly a noble being.

W. N.

WITHOUT GOD.

A SOUL without God is like the earth without the sun. Quench in the heavens the orb of day,—how dark, how dumb, and how dead would be the earth below. No flush of morning's rising, no genial heat of high noon, no sun-set glory. Darkly would the rivers flow, the brooks murmur, and the waves of the ocean roll; hushed were all the voices of the groves, shut and scentless the flowers, silenced the sound of busy labour, chained every foot of man, and poor stricken nature would lie cold and still as a corpse, her great vital heart slowly ceasing to beat. As the sun is the light and life of the natural world, so is God to the spiritual. Where he is not there is no true life, no real joy, no lasting peace. Without his presence and friendship the soul is dark and dead, cold and comfortless. It must be visited by an ever recurring gloom, foreboding of disaster and sense of want and dread, afraid of God and his judgments. There may be the short-lived intoxication of pleasure, momentary forgetfulness in the heat of some eager race for the world's prizes, the fitful shining of some delusive hope; but in the pause of sober thoughtfulness the shadow comes back, and night resumes its reign. The soul is lost and undone without God.

Sent by J. BOOTH.

CONSCIENCE.

THERE be five kinds of consciences on foot in the world:—First, an *ignorant conscience*, which neither sees nor saith anything, neither beholds the sins in a soul, nor reproves them. Secondly, the *flattering conscience*, whose speech is worse than silence itself, which though seeing sin, soothes men in the committing thereof. Thirdly, the *seared conscience*, which hath neither sight, speech, nor sense, in men that are past feeling. Fourthly, a *wounded conscience*, frightened with sin. The last and best is, a *quiet* and *clear conscience*, pacified in Christ Jesus. Of these the fourth is incomparably better than the three former, so that a wise man would not take a world to change with them. Yes, a *wounded conscience* is rather painful than sinful, an affliction, no offence, and is in the ready way, at the next remove, to be turned into a quiet conscience.—FULLER.

Sent by J. HAWKINS.

CROWLE PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL.

CROWLE is a country town in the Isle of Axholme, in Epworth circuit, and contains 3,000 inhabitants. Here the line trade is extensively carried on, which furnishes the working class with ample employment, at good wages, this enabling them to live in more comfortable circumstances than those of the same class in many agricultural towns. The Primitive Methodists first visited this place in the year 1820, and took their stand in the market-place and at Cross Hill. They soon obtained a house, then a barn, and in about two years a chapel, which in a short time underwent some improvement. In 1854 it was raised and galleried, at an outlay of £150. For a long time the society was very fluctuating, and suffered much through various causes. On some occasions it had much to do to keep alive; but since the erection of the present chapel the society has taken a firm hold of the town, and with the divine blessing is likely to become a powerful one.

On Monday, Sept. 22nd, 1862, the foundation stone was laid, under the superintendency of the Rev. P. Milson. The following children took part in the proceedings, and gave £1 each, which excited considerable interest:—M. Lyon, S. A. and E. Lawrence, E. Holmes, E. G. and E. J. Story, and S. J. Kelsey. The Rev. T. Whitehead gave the address, and, together with the circuit ministers, spoke at the public meeting in the Wesleyan chapel. The proceeds of the

day were £19 [illegible] T. Greenbury, T. Wannsley, W[illegible] Sanderson, and Mr. [illegible] and Mr. Lyon, officiated at the opening services, which were [illegible] Good Friday, 1863. The proceeds of the tea and the collections were £[illegible]. The proceeds of two Crowle Wharf gro[illegible] meetings, in 1859 and 1862, £[illegible] 12s. Donations—Mr. Lyon £30, Mrs. Lyon senr., £5, Mr. Holmes £5, A Friend £5; other donations £28 8s. 9d., making a total of £250 7s. 7d. The total cost of the chapel and premises was £[illegible]. The chapel is 60 feet by 42, and contains 256 lettable sittings and 164 free seats. At one end is the Sabbath school and at the other the chapel-keeper's house.

About September, 1864, a good revival commenced, which lasted four or five months, occasioning an increase in society, so that we rose from 65 members to more than 100.

In January last year we engaged a young lady, at £40 for the first year, to commence a day school for girls, where a thorough English education is given, together with music and plain and fancy needlework. The school is likely to prove a success, as the income from the school receipts is more than the teacher's salary.

In February last year a contract was entered into with Mr. Pepper, of Thorne, for the building of a new organ, to cost near £100, which was opened in June. Towards this object we received in donations—Mr. Story £30, Mr. Stephenson £10, A Friend, who does not wish his left hand to know what his right hand does, £10, Mr. Lawrence £5, and a few other donations, which, together with the profits of a tea and collections at the opening, left us with a balance in hand of £13 9s., which has been applied to assist in purchasing a piano, maps, &c., for the day school. The organ is Grecian in design, and very handsome in appearance. It contains eleven stops: the great organ seven, and four in the swell; also one and a half octaves of German pedals and two composition pedals. The governess of the day school presides at the organ.

The chapel was re-opened on Sunday, October 22nd, 1865, after having been closed five weeks for painting and cleaning at an outlay of £40. Two sermons were preached to large and attentive congregations by the Rev. G. Stansfield, from Liverpool, who also preached on the following Monday night. The collections and donations amounted to £25 18s. 9d., and we hope to be able to raise the whole expenditure, so as not to add to the debt of the chapel. The front of the gallery and of the platform are painted white, with gilt beading. The columns which support the gallery front and platform are black and gilt marbled. The balustrades to the communion, platform, and the staircase leading to it, are bronzed. All the pews and doors inside the chapel are grained in a neat oak pattern, and the capping to the pews is finished with mahogany colour. The chapel now looks remarkably neat, is decidedly the best building in the town, and an honour to Primitive Methodism. We are also happy to state that every sitting in the gallery is let, and the gallery is frequently filled with attentive hearers.

We tender our thanks to all who have in any way assisted in the undertaking, and above all we give praise to God, who is the author of all good.

B. STANSFIELD.

AVOIDABLE SABBATH SICKNESS.

Continued from page 47.

SABBATH sickness may be brought on by *immoderate eating and drinking both on the day and the previous night.* The life of a gentleman appears to be desirable, for it is a common occurrence among the poor to attempt it. I will allow that often their idea of this life is largely epicurean. A gentleman's life in their view is a life of luxury, finery, pleasure, plenty, idleness. They associate only a good suit of clothes, plenty of good victuals and drink, a fast riding horse, a fair *sized house* and grounds, with the life of a gentleman. Their view is altogether

ensual: the intellectual, military, political, and moral aspects of that life are otally ignored. Now, it is this low view of a gentleman's life that they try to pe. Saturday night being the time for the receipt of their wages, and having hen a goodly sum at command, they get the notion that they are beings of im-ortance, and with an utter lack of gentlemanly intelligence they start upon a emporary life of epicurean gentility. "Oh, missis," (said a girl, the daughter f a wharf-porter, and whose mother took in washing to aid in the support of a rge family of little children, to her mistress) "I do so like to be at home on aturday nights and Sunday mornings." "Why, Mary?" inquired the mistress. Because, mum, we always have hot beef-steaks, suet pudding, and potatoes, nd a quart of porter for supper on Saturday nights, and tripe and sausages, all ot! with nice hot cakes, well buttered, for Sunday morning breakfast." This tatement at first seemed above credence, considering the poverty of the family, ill subsequent information, learnt from the further voluntary remarks of the irl during her stay in the family, left on the mind of the mistress no doubt of ts truthfulness. Thus the large family of a poor man and his wife lived on aturday nights and Sunday mornings this short gentleman's life—as such per-ons are wont to call it—incurring a cost for meat alone for two meals equal to he outlay for a whole week's animal food for my own family, consisting of three dults and three male children. But the want of economy among the poor in he expenditure of their earnings is not the lesson which this incident is here mployed specially to teach; it is rather the physically injurious effects which uch conduct must produce. Can we conceive of poor persons living in the style ndicated, for a few hours only a week, escaping indigestion, biliousness, fulness f the stomach or oppression, and perhaps several other ailments? Hence voidable Sabbath sickness follows.

It must not be supposed that I object to the poor having their treat. Far be t from me to oppose their proper enjoyments. I doubt not the family referred o considered such living a treat simply, and the design was not improper if within the compass of their honest ability; but whether the course pursued and he time selected were proper is open to serious question. And this is the point n the case. Saturday nights and Sunday mornings are not proper times to give ensual treats to families, and any physical indisposition occasioned thereby on the abbath is really avoidable. Instead of making our belly our God, let us make ur God the Lord of the Sabbath.

And lastly, real avoidable Sabbath sickness arises from *extreme nervousness n those persons who are called to officiate in public religious worship.* This section pplies more particularly to preachers of the Gospel. Preaching the Gospel is he work of the Lord of the Sabbath, and is proper and lawful. It is holy work. nd this consideration with some who have to engage therein is the occasion of heir nervousness. Caleb Morris, late minister of Fetter Lane chapel, London, as often afflicted in this way on the Lord's-day; and was seen repeatedly, as arly as six o'clock, A.M., on the Sabbath, pacing the streets of the metropolis eeking a supply for his pulpit. Another Independent minister, in Yorkshire, was ometimes similarly afflicted; and so late as half an hour before morning service e has been known to run to a Wesleyan local preacher of the town to get him to alke his pulpit; while at night he would officiate himself with considerable ower. Constitutionally weak-nerved as some ministers are, with a due con-ideration of the hallowedness and importance of the work in which they are ngaged, it is no wonder that they should be extremely remiss. This is not the eason in the case of others. These are brought into this state on account of mperfect preparation for their duties. A lack of proper preparation creates a eeling of restlessness, anxiety, and fear, which intimidates and distresses the mind. And then with others the congregation, or some part thereof, is a cause f fear. I must confess, that this has sometimes been a cause of great nervous-ess in myself. And what would be amusing if it were not amazing is, that hose congregations, or persons in them, often prove, on acquaintance, to be persons who highly esteem your efforts, and have not the least idea that they are in occasion of any uneasiness. One case in particular I have not forgotten,

and never shall. Permit me to name it, as it may be of some service to extreme nervous ministers. I was preaching a special sermon in a chapel in a sm watering place. During the first singing there entered a stout, gentlemanl looking man, attired in black cloth, with a white cravat, and the little h remaining on his head and face was silvery white. At once I concluded th he was an aged minister, and had come to spy out the nakedness of the land. felt nervous. I instantly became uncomfortably warm. I kept glancing towa him almost involuntarily. I mentally glanced through my sermon as if to assure myself of its quality. What would he think of it? its exordium? divisions? its arguments? its illustrations? its application? its compositic its delivery? All these interrogations, and many more, presented themselves my mind in almost less time than it requires to express them in writing. J prior to the delivery of the sermon, however, I obtained a slight deliverance the thought that it was no use giving way, as I should probably only do wo and that I had better try to overlook his presence, throw my whole mind s soul into the effort, and at least gain the credit of being zealous and earnest. succeeded better than I anticipated, and the word was "with power." T service over, and myself quietly seated in a friend's house, I inquired the na of the minister who was at the chapel. "I don't think there was one there, s but yourself," replied my hostess. I described the person referred to, when, my astonishment, my host said, "Oh, that's our vicar's coachman and gardene "Yes, he was there; he often attends on the Sabbath evening," rejoined r hostess. What a pity that clergymen's servants should be drssed so much l their masters. This fear of man bringeth a snare.

Now, perhaps, some of my brethren are made nervous in the ways alrea mentioned. This is a great affliction, and often renders the hours of the best days, that should be periods of peace, pleasure, and profit, times of turmoil, t ture, and loss. Our personal experience, however, leads us to say, that th affliction in many cases and at most times is really avoidable. Whence come the fear of man, but of pride and vanity? we either fear his unfavoura opinion or court his smiling approbation. The attainment and culture of humil would cure this. Meek and lowly Saviour! clothe thy servants with this gra of thy Holy Spirit evermore. Then, the trembling sense of our responsibili though desirable to some extent as ballast in the "vessels of the Lord," may much escaped, if not quite remedied, by the remembrance of and faith in Master's sufficiency. "Our sufficiency is of God." And, then, our constitution timidity may be overcome by physically strengthening appliances, exerc and diet; and by the avoidance of special strains upon the nerves, such as excessive joy, labour, fasting, &c. Hence, I hesitate not to say, that ve much of the extreme nervousness in those persons who officiate in pub religious worship is avoidable; and should be avoided from the considerations its injury to both themselves and their hearers.

We come now to speak of *fanciful avoidable Sabbath sickness.* This arises, fi *from a disturbed Imagination.* Imagination, in its healthiest state, is not alw a reliable counsellor and friend, but when distorted most deceptive and fa What night dreams are to day realities, the distorted imagination is to tru Imagination is a fearful breeder of sicknesses. I should seriously think, t more than one-half the ills of human life are ills of the fancy. People fa they are poorly. With the irreligious and the lukewarm religionist, these often come on the Sabbath. All the week, when the business of life requi their attention and exertion, they are happily free therefrom, at least, so as no be incapacitated for business, and there is not so much as a complaint hea but the day of the Lord's holiness is ever and anon saluted with words of distr To be sure, the complaint only lasts the day; Monday morning brings g health. The imagination is unable to hatch up illness for a day of lucra profit or of pleasure-taking; the Sabbath-day's sickness, of course, was cured the quiet time at home, or the gentle ramble or ride into the country, or comfortable night's rest. Alas, such fancies! I tremble at the thought *feigning sickness*, and that, too, on the Lord's day. Would it be unjust, if "

n whose hands our breath is" converted feigned into real sickness, and that ickness into death? I should fear for consequences. This affliction on the abbath is obviously avoidable.

And, then, a *disinclination to lawful and pious exercises on the Sabbath is the eason of fearful avoidable Sabbath sickness.* Doing good to man and beast and rorshipping God are exercises lawful and pious on the Lord's-day. The aviour would help a sheep out of a pit, cure a diseased man, and worship in the ample, on the Sabbath. And he is our example. Alas! that so few follow in is steps. Why is it? Not because the exercises are disapproved of, or are hought derogatory to human excellence, but from a disinclination thereto. nd an assumed or supposed sickness is assigned as the excuse. Labourer Batty s very ill in bed, and in very poor circumstances. A kind visit and a little help rom farmer Shaw would be doing good. But farmer Shaw, while fully ac- uainted with the condition and circumstances of his labourer Batty, is not nclined to go and aid him; and as it would redound to his discredit among the eighbouring gentry and farmers if that were known, he must profess inability n the ground which none in charity dare question, of feeling rather unwell imself, and so he will not go out on that Sabbath at all. The question will ise, whether he would have been too sick to get out if the horse, cow, sheep, ig, yea, even a fowl, had been reputed sick or in danger? Ah, selfishness would have cured the complaint which benevolence had ostentatiously occasioned in farmer Shaw. So he was sick on the Sabbath through disinclination to do good to his fellow-creature. This is but one of many such cases. And there is often the same feigned indisposition for a want of inclination to attend public worship. Happily the public mind is so well informed on the subject of religion that it has come to be regarded as heathenish to neglect public worship entirely on the Sabbath, except in case of illness and lawful employment. Would-be-thought respectable and Christian people, therefore, would not, for fear of an aspersion on their character, neglect public worship altogether on the Sabbath. The power of keeping up the appearance of the Christian sometimes exceeds the force of disinclination, and compels the practice of pious and lawful exercises on the Sabbath; but when the latter power occasionally predominates, then the resort is to the subterfuge of feigned bodily indisposition. Hence this kind of Sabbath sickness is really avoidable.

And then, lastly, the *squeamish statements of others are sometimes an occasion of feigned Sabbath sickness.* This sort of sickness is almost invariably contagious; for few persons are decided enough to resist it. Mrs. Spasms and Mrs. Timidity meet at the breakfast table on the Sabbath morning. Mrs. S. says she has had a very restless night, could scarcely sleep, and that she feels very weak indeed. "You don't look well, I am sure," replies Mrs. T., with an expression of some concern and sympathy. "I hope you had a good night, Mrs. T.," rejoins Mrs. S. "Well, pretty good," replies Mrs. T. "Oh! or else you don't look so well as I have seen you; perhaps you took cold yesterday, you really must take care of your health. You don't think of going to divine service to day, do you?" continues Mrs. S. "Well, yes, I did think of doing so," said Mrs. T. "Dear me!" added Mrs. S., "I am sure you are not fit to go. I am persuaded it will make you poorly. Now don't go to day." "Will you?" replies Mrs. T. "I think I shall not venture, for I am not very well. I'll stay to keep you company I think." And so Mrs. Timidity is actually made, through Mrs. Spasms' squeamish conversation, to fancy she is sick, and is therefore justified in absenting herself from the house of God. If this is not fanciful avoidable sickness, pray say what is; and if this is not the sort of sickness which numbers have on the Sabbath, I stand corrected. Surely such is really avoidable.

Now, good reader, I have reached the end of my present thoughts on the subject heading this article. I must leave them for your cogitation and application. I am (praise the Lord) better of my sickness. Duty calls me to lay aside my pen and use my tongue instead; and so good-bye till we meet in heaven, to spend an eternal Sabbath without sickness or sorrow.

THOUGHTS ON THE CANON OF INSPIRATION.—IV.

BY THE REV. J. DOUGLAS, PORTADOWN.

(*Continued from page* 21.)

INSPIRATION as peculiar to the Scriptures was considered in our former pa
Our present inquiry is to endeavour to ascertain how the several book
Scripture were distinguished from authentic, but uninspired product
Doubtless, in proportion as we love the truth and value the Word of God
shall take an interest in all investigations relating to the canonical authori
the Divine Records. The examination of this question may appear dry
tedious, but it is of the utmost importance to the Christian to know that he
"not followed cunningly devised fables" in believing the Scripture record
cerning "the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ," attested by t
who were the "eye-witnesses of his majesty," and to discover that our h
for time and eternity rest immovably upon a foundation as firm as the pillar
heaven. It is one of the primary principles of our mental constitution to rec
with implicit confidence any fact established by competent, honest testimc
We know that we exist, think, and reason, on the testimony of consciousn
and we have no better evidence for our convictions, in the existence of any ob
in external nature, than the testimony of our senses. Their report of facts
tangible realities, so long as they are in a sound and natural state, is the te
mony of the Author of our being; for he has constituted them the mediun
communication between the external world and our minds. The informa
derived from the faithful testimony of other men respecting the events of
past, or localities not visited by us, is as reliable and trust-worthy as that acqu
by our own experience; for their consciousness and organs of perception
similar to ours, and have been conferred upon them for like purposes by
same beneficent Creator. Were we to refuse our assent to everything but w
has come under our own immediate cognizance, we should sweep away all
knowledge of foreign countries and of past ages, and discard the imm
treasures heaped up for our use by the experience of others. The gre
genius, to act thus, would never advance beyond the attainments of childh
Now, in accordance with the operation of this principle of our nature, the gr
on which the present canon is received is Testimony. We have recours
authentic history, and endeavour to ascertain what books were received as Di
communications by the people of God, and even the enemies of Christianity,
lived in the ages and countries in which the sacred writers profess to have li
The contemporaries and immediate successors of the prophets and apostles are
most competent witnesses in this case; and their general consent concerning
books of inspiration furnishes conclusive evidence of the canon, and is the
liable to fallacy. This proof is of the same kind that is adduced in suppo
any historic fact—as the assassination of Julius Cæsar—or in ascertaining
authorship of the Æneid, or the Orations of Cicero. It is well known to all
are competent to investigate the matter that the Bible has suffered less injur
errors incidental to transcribers than the works of any profane writer of the s
size and antiquity.

The term *Canon* literally signifies a *cane* or *reed*, formerly used in measur
and hence, metaphorically, a *rule* by which anything is tested. The Alexand
critics applied the term to those works believed to be the most perfect mode
style and composition. It then came, philologically, to designate the I
Scriptures as the Rule of faith and morals, and the ultimate standard of ap
in all religious controversy.

I. We shall first consider the *Old Testament Canon*. The universal consen
the Jewish nation, to whom were committed the "Oracles of God," ascribes
collecting and arranging of the books of the Old Testament, excepting a few n
and genealogical names, to Ezra, a priest, and "a ready scribe in the law." Si

the Just, who lived about twenty-five years after the death of Alexander the Great, (B.C. 323,) is supposed to have added three additional notes and names; for the genealogy of Zerubbabel is brought down to the times of the Macedonian Conqueror. 1 Chron. iii. 17-24. Josephus gives the number of inspired books. In his first book against Apion he says,—"We have only two and twenty books which are justly believed to be of divine authority, of which five are the books of Moses. From the death of Moses to the reign of Artaxerxes, the son of Xerxes, king of Persia, the prophets, who were the successors of Moses, have written in thirteen books. The remaining four books contain hymns to God and precepts for the regulation of human life." He does not give the names of the books because in his day they were well known. The number twenty-two was designed to correspond with the letters of the Hebrew alphabet. We are certain that the 119th Psalm and the 3rd chapter of Lamentations were in the original written on the alphabetical plan. There can be no difficulty respecting the five books of Moses. The thirteen books of the prophets are the following:—1. Joshua; 2. Judges, including Ruth; 3. Samuel, first and second; 4. Kings; 5. Isaiah; 6. Jeremiah, including his Lamentations; 7. Ezekiel; 8. Daniel; 9. Job; 10. Ezra and Nehemiah; 11. Esther; 12. Chronicles; 13. Hosea, including the other minor prophets, which in all ancient catalogues were reckoned as one book. The remaining four books are the Psalms, Song of Solomon, Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes. These make up the number twenty-two. The Hebrew Bible contains all these books, and but these; and the historic testimony of the Jewish Rabbis furnishes us with means of actually ascertaining the names of the books received by their nation as canonical. The Septuagint (LXX) contains all the books found in the Hebrew Bible. This translation was made from the Hebrew original at the request of Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, 150 years before the birth of Christ, and it proves that the canon was then completed. Jesus and his apostles refer to the Scriptures as being well known and in circulation amongst those whom they addressed. The Israelitish kings were enjoined to write a copy of the law with their own hands for their daily perusal. Deut. xvii. 18-20. Ezra read from a copy to the returned captives. The whole nation became thus acquainted with the names and contents of the inspired books. This is the collection, denominated Scripture, which Jesus enjoined the people to search, and by which the noble Bereans tested the doctrines taught by even an apostle. This canon is designated the "Oracles of God," "Holy Scripture," &c. Of these writings Paul predicates "the inspiration of God." This is the highest degree of testimony in proof of the inspiration of each book in the canon. "If we believe the witness of men the witness of God is greater."

Some theologians demand proof of the inspiration of each separate book of Scripture; but this is absurd and unnecessary, and should be strenuously resisted by every believer in Revelation. The authenticity and inspiration of any book are satisfactorily established, by showing that it is part of the canon of which inspiration has been asserted by Paul. To question it further is to suspect the guarantee of Jesus and his apostles. Internal evidence essentially required in a revelation is only negative; and merely implies that no book can contain anything inconsistent to the Divine perfections as revealed in the Gospel. The books of Esther, the Song of Solomon, and the Chronicles, were, as we have seen, unquestionably in the canon in the time of Christ and his apostles. Now, in conformity to the universal dictum of Aristotelian logic, "Anything whatever predicated of a whole class, under which class something else is contained, may be predicated of that so contained." Paul predicates inspiration of the whole canon; the books of Esther, &c., are contained in the canon; therefore, these books are inspired. Their authenticity follows as a consequence of their being inspired. This, in my mind, settles this long vexed question. Let us believe God without a voucher.

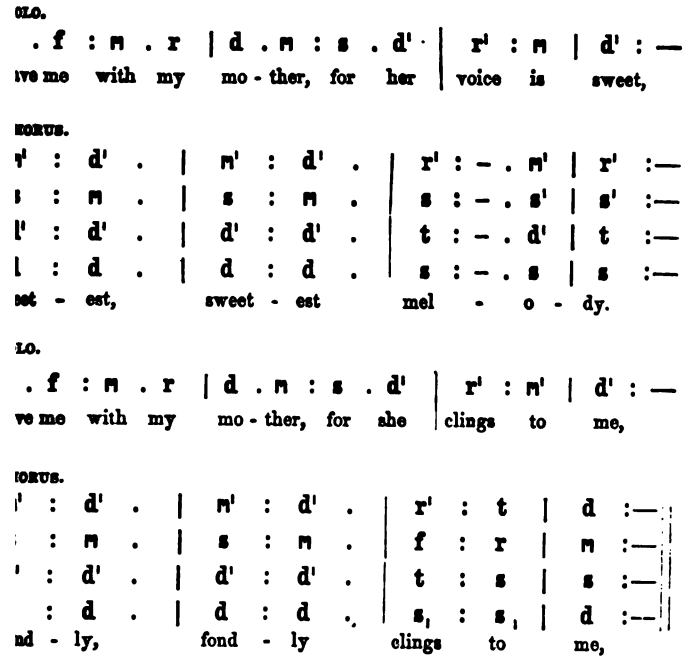
(To be continued.)

LEAVE ME WITH MY MOTHER.

2 Leave me with my mother, for I love her more,
Far more, far more than you know.
Leave me with my mother, for her heart is pure,
Purer, purer than the snow.

3 Leave me with my mother, and her prayers of love,
Fervent, fervent prayers of love,
Leave me with my mother, she is heard above,
Kindly, kindly heard above.

LEAVE ME WITH MY MOTHER.



CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

ON THIRD CIRCUIT.—The first ary of our Sunday School, eet, Bromley, was held on ay, April 10th, 1865. Ser- ere preached by Mr. W. Hier- Sister Russell. On Monday, , a tea party and a public were held, when several very ng pieces were recited, and pieces sung by the choir of treet Chapel, the Rev. G. n the chair; profits, £5 3s. 6d.
W. HOPKINS.

EY, PILLAWELL CIRCUIT.— iversary of this chapel was ober 22nd and 23rd. There ncouraging attendance at the and the collections were Three sermons were preached riter, and the Rev. S. Slocombe, Independent. On Monday evening a public meeting was held. The chair was taken by Mr. G. Dowle. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. Barber, Wesleyan, on the Advantages of Early Piety; the Rev. M. S. Ridley, Baptist, on Christian Union; the Rev. T. A. M'Cready, on the Revival in Ireland in the year 1859. The proceeds of the anniversary were a little over £8, being £5 in advance of those of any previous year. T. A. MCCREADY.

OAKENGATES AND WELLINGTON CIRCUIT.—We have lately held a course of successful missionary services. On November 5th preparatory sermons were preached at Wellington, Hadley, and Ketley, by Mr. H. Huffadine, the Rev. C. Temperton, and the writer. On the four following days,

missionary meetings were held at the above places, and at Shiffnal. The meetings were presided over by gentlemen of the Wesleyan body, with the exception of Wellington, where R. Groom, Esq. was prevented by sickness, but he kindly sent us a sovereign as a donation, and Mr. S. Cadman, one of our lay brethren presided in his place. Each meeting was attended with a divine unction, and ably supported by several of the lay brethren; also the Rev. C. Temperton, our deputation, did us great service.

At Hadley, the chairman, Mr. Fisher, was not satisfied with the collection, but offered to double what the friends could raise by the Saturday following; the result was the sum of £1 7s. 6d. more was sent to my house. At each place the missionary revenue is considerably in advance of last year. Thanks to our kind donors, collectors, and numerous friends who have "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty;" and, above all, thanks to the great Head of the church. "And let the whole earth be filled with his glory, Amen and Amen."

J. ARNOLD.

CONISTON, ULVERSTON CIRCUIT.—Our chapel anniversary sermons were preached by the Rev. T. Atkinson on Sunday, November 12th, to large and respectable congregations. The Sabbath scholars on Monday, the 13th, had an excellent treat. Afterwards upwards of one hundred persons sat down to partake of the good things provided by Mr. J. Hall. After tea a public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by Mr. Goulsworthy; the speakers were the Revs. J. Howells (Baptist), T. Atkinson, J. Wrathall, and Messrs. B. Gribble, J. Date, and G. and W. Rushforth. During the meeting several appropriate pieces were sung by the Nibthwaite choir. The temperance cause has begun to flourish here of late, and several lectures have been delivered by the Revs. J. Howells, T. Atkinson, and J. Wrathall and others, and several have signed the pledge.

T. ATKINSON.

LIVERPOOL, SECOND The fifth anniversary tea the Croston-street Sunday held on the 13th of Nove when upwards of 250 frien to tea. After tea they adj the chapel, where a publ was held, presided over Whittley, Esq., Town The report was of a very character, and showed an i the past year—there bei books 30 teachers, and 2 increase 22, with an aver ance of 202. The meetir dressed by the Revs. G. P. Rawnsley, D. T. M Messrs. Hand and Surri profits of the tea, £6 12s. 7 J.

SOUTH MOLTON STA July last the debt on Sou Chapel was very heavy for A special meeting was calle matter was laid before our and we determined, if reduce the debt £20 by Ch am glad to say this was acc Mr. J. Eddy, of St. Ives, livered two lectures, whic £1 8s. Subscriptions £12 proceeds of Christmas sing A Christmas tree £3. Pr and collections £1 4s. 7s. 1d.

E. W. MA

NEWPORT (MONMOUTHSHIRE).—On Sunday, Decer 1865, special chapel serm preached at Newport, by Re and Mr. H. Davies, of Dowl following day a tea meetin in the chapel. After tea meeting took place presid Mr. Anderson, and address livered by brothers Hanco Wilson, Lane, Davies, Firbank. The proceeds meetings are about £6. W to say that we had about converted to God in our ch place last quarter.

T

BISHPOOL, NEWPORT S On the 1st of January we

meeting at Bishpool. After tea a public meeting was held, under the presidency of Mr. Davies, and addresses were delivered by brothers T. Hancock, T. Coney, T. Lane, and sister Firbank. The profits of the tea were about £2 8s. We have re-missioned this place recently, and have excellent congregations, and have formed a small society.

T. LANE.

PREES GREEN CIRCUIT.—During the year we have held three rounds of missionary meetings, in conducting which we have been assisted by Mr. Thomas of Kidderminster, Mr. Leech of Oswestry, and Mr. Wilkinson of Drayton. The sums raised amount to £22 11s. 8d. In 1864 £40 14s. 9d. resulted from the year's services. The increase of this year over its predecessor is, therefore, £21 16s. 11d.

At Prees in December last year we had twenty four members. This year we have forty-four. In May last it occurred to one of the female members that a "missionary sewing basket" might be originated. The idea was suggested to others. They began to work, and after months of toil and anxiety the treasurer, Mrs. Adams, brought to the meeting £12 1s. We hope this will stimulate others in our circuit to do likewise. The Prees friends never had such a missionary meeting. The working and giving had done them good. Why, Mr. Editor, there is something pleasing about working for God, and the pleasure is intensified when the working results in obvious success.

During the year we have added more than a hundred members to our numbers. We are preaching to increased societies, to enlarged congregations, and in improved places of worship.

E. ILLINGWORTH.

ST. ALBANS' MISSION.—During this quarter we have had two powerful courses of missionary services, and have been favoured with the valuable labours of Rev. Thomas Jobling, General Missionary Secretary, on the Watford and Marlowes side; and the Rev. Mr. French, of Rugby, on the St. Albans and Redburn side. My colleagues—the Revs. T. Bryant and G. Dowson — rendered good help. Other ministers belonging to various denominations at the several places, assisted—especially Mr. Ogburn of St. Albans. The income this year at these meetings is fifteen per cent. a head of last year. The Watford meeting was very great. Brother Jobling's speech here has brought the cause up in the estimation of the town. Mr. Butler presided. But, best of all, several souls were brought to Jesus.

T. RUSSELL.

MISSIONARY SERVICES. — BROMYARD MISSION.—We have lately held our missionary services at Sucley Row, Munderfield, and Rochford. All the meetings were well attended, and a divine influence was shed upon those assembled. Each meeting was addressed by local preachers, and the writer. The urgent claims of the missionary cause having been laid before the people, they freely contributed to advance the missionary income. The total amount raised at these three cottage meetings was £7 2s 1d., being £3 7s. in advance of last year. This mission has raised this year for missionary purposes £20 12s. 9d., being £9 7s. 2d. above last year, and the greatest amount ever raised upon the station.

W. E. NOBBS.

SHIPLEY STATION.—I am glad to inform you that several souls have been converted of late amongst us in this circuit. We have just put a nice organ into Shipley chapel, worth about £150. We obtained it for £49; and the cost of fitting up and tuning was about £16: total cost £65. We opened it on October 26th, and realised at the collections nearly £47. S. B. Reynolds preached morning and evening, and T. Crabtree, Esq. (Wesleyan) in the afternoon.

S. B. R.

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

SAMUEL GUNDY, of Pillawell Circuit was born at Godrich, Herefordshire, 1797. For 39 years he travelled in the broad road that leadeth to destruction. But at this age a gracious providence brought him under the ministry of brother William Wall, one of our old and highly esteemed local preachers, and under the sermon he was awakened to a sense of his danger, and after four days of poignant sorrow he found peace through believing in Jesus. Being now justified by faith he became a truly godly man and a warm-hearted Primitive Methodist. Clerical domination could not endure the introduction of Primitive Methodism into the parish of Godrich, hence it deprived brother Gundy of his employ; but, humble as was his position in life, his genuine and conspicuous piety "killed his neighbour," and ultimately restored him to his employment. For upwards of twenty years his house was a Bethel, and the preachers were always heartily welcomed and devoutly cheered. Suffering from disease of the heart, he was sensible of the approach of his dissolution, and became increasingly spiritual in his conversation. The writer having an appointment at his house about a month before his death, entered freely into conversation with him on the things of the kingdom of heaven, when he said, with uplifted eyes, "I shall soon be there." He died in the full triumph of faith, November 26th, 1864.

R. JAYNE.

MRS. SUSANNA MCLAURIN was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1785. In the seventeenth year of her age she was converted to God. Having experienced this happy change she united in church fellowship with the Wesleyan Methodist Society. She was now settled in God's service, and in his church; and she meekly, but firmly, bore the cross in the name of Him who died for her and rose again. Living an earnest life of faith in the Son of God, she overcame the world, resisting its charms, and rejecting its temptations.

In 1808 she was united in to Mr. MCLAURIN, who die after having lived in happy the subject of this sketch years. In the relations of mother Mrs. McLaurin ad doctrine of Christ by a fait tion to his glory.

About nine years ago M kinson, her son-in-law, ca neighbourhood of Aberdare manager of extensive coal this locality, and Mrs. McL to reside with the family. after this Mr. and Mrs. Will Mrs. McLaurin became m our society at Mountain-a circuit. Here she attended of grace, was warmly attach church, and always rejoic prosperity.

Her health was generally at the last, she was confine tion four days only. Dur days of confinement she happy; and when her class- other persons visited her, sh ed her full confidence in C through him her sure hope ing life. She fell asleep April 17th, 1865, in the 80 her age.

R.

MRS. S. REED was born a Hill, Netherton, Worcesters and died at Birmingham 1865. Her parents were stri and she copied their exan mitive Methodism also exe beneficial influence upon during her juvenile days; as 1844, when Mr. Reed quainted with her, she hab tended the early Sunday prayer-meetings, thus evinci regard for the worship of strong attachment to his pe member of the Christian c was very regular in her att the means of grace, and lover of the house of God. mestic relationships she w industrious, and economical sessed a most amiable and disposition. Her experience

tian was real, deep, uniform, happy, and progressive. Her physical constitution was rather delicate. During her illness her sufferings were very severe, but she endured them with Christian fortitude and patience. Till about three weeks before her death she manifested a strong natural clinging to life. But about this time she was delivered of twins, after which there was little or no hope of her restoration. Her husband affectionately told her that her recovery was considered impossible. On hearing this, she called her beloved daughter to her bedside, and said to her with great composure, "Lizzie, your father says that I cannot get well. You must look up my things, take care of them, and use them when wanted." Soon after this, she said to her husband, "I do not feel so happy as I should like to feel." But knowing that her sufferings were extreme, he said to her, "Do not be concerned about that, love; it is likely that the nature of your complaint will prevent your feeling very happy, but you will feel happier as you draw nearer to the end." A night or two after this she commenced singing, assisted by her husband and brother T. Allsop, and she sang through the following beautiful hymn:—

"Since Jesus has become my happy portion," &c.

The last verse was repeated again and again, during which she waved her hand; and all felt how glorious it was to be there. On another occasion she quoted, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," &c.; and another favourite passage, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee," &c. At times she would say, "How long? how long?" When on one of these occasions her husband said, "It will not be much longer. You must wait patiently the Lord's time." She replied by saying, "To patient faith the prize is sure," &c.

She also quoted those beautiful lines, "Soon my journey will be ended," &c. As she approached still nearer to death, she felt the affliction of her body to press her more heavily; and then she would say, "I'll bear the toil, endure the pain," &c., and "What are all my sufferings here?" &c. She further repeated, "In my Father's house are my mansions," &c. And still further—

"Had I ten thousand hearts dear Lord," &c.

and—

"What is this that steals upon my frame? Is it death?"

On the Friday night she very earnestly requested her mother to meet her in heaven, and said to her, "You must also tell all my brothers and sisters to meet me in heaven." She then called her beloved daughter, and knowing that her situation would be one of trust, she said, "You must be a good girl, and honest in all things, and then you will meet me in heaven. You must be sure to meet me in heaven." On the Saturday preceding her death she said, "Jesus, Jesus. Home, home, home. I long to be there!' &c. On the Sunday morning, just as death was about to "steal her senses and shut her sight," she said to one of our young men, whom she dearly loved, "Thomas, with my last dying breath I enjoin you to stick to the Lord-street church." And to one of the female teachers she said, "You have been an undutiful teacher. Be a faithful teacher, Emma." Her sentences after this were but few, and had become too broken to be understood. She breathed heavily for about three hours, and then gently fell asleep in the arms of Jesus.

P. PUGH.

JOHN SKINNER, aged fifty years, was accidentally drowned on the 22nd of May, 1865, in a well, at the great sewerage outfall, Erith marshes. It is supposed that he was in the water seventeen minutes, when his body was found by means of grappling irons. No time was lost in trying to restore animation; but, alas! all was in vain, for the water had stopped his breath, and quenched the flame which life had fed. He was born at Erith, Kent, and had the advantage of the prayers of a pious mother, who endeavoured to impress upon his young mind the fear of God; and it was evident from his frequent mention of his mother's prayers that she did not labour in vain.

He was convinced of the necessity

of religion, through a sermon which he heard preached in the open air at Plumstead by the Rev. G. Lamb. Up to this time John had been a wicked, dissipated fellow, but in the hands of God this discourse was the means of leading him to find peace through the Redeemer. He was invited to one of our classes, and we well remember his first visit, which was made on the 28th of October, 1858, upon which occasion it was noticed that he smelt of intoxicating drink, but when spoken to about it, he promised to sign the Temperance pledge, which promise I am happy to say was rigidly kept. Those who were intimately acquainted with him know that for Christian virtues, untiring diligence, and an unassuming deportment, he was eminent. The places at which he always found his highest gratification were the bosom of his family, the house of God, the class, the Sabbath school, or the sick room. His qualities for usefulness were not unknown or unappreciated. Of such devoted, yet unostentatious, Christians, the world knows too little; but his loss will be felt. What his dying thoughts and feelings were none but God knows; but this we do know, that God is so rich, so powerful, and unchangeable, and so near at all times and in all places, that those who put their trust in him cannot but be happy and safe. The writer preached his funeral sermon on Sabbath evening, June 11th, 1865, to a crowded and deeply affected congregation. He has left a wife, two sons, a daughter, and a large circle of friends, to mourn his removal, but he has

> "Escaped to the mansions of light,
> And is lodged in the Eden above."

And whilst we deplore the sudden loss of one so esteemed and useful, we hope and pray that his widow and children may receive all needful sustaining grace and power.

G. G. PINDER.

MARTHA PORTER, the beloved wife of John Porter, Primitive Methodist minister, was born at Macclesfield, 1828. While young she was amiable in temper, attractive in appearance, cheerful in conversation, gra manners, with a frank, open nance, and a musical voic attended the Wesleyan cha school, and was the subject strivings of the Divine Spirit. year 1847 she commenced a the Primitive Methodist chape she was more deeply convinc she needed a change of hear service conducted by the Arnold, she sought mercy, a exercising faith in the atonem received pardon, was adopted family of God, and declared Holy Spirit bore testimony v spirit that she was a child She joined our society, be zealous and successful mission lector, and an earnest, per Sabbath school teacher. In F 1852, she was united in mar him who now deeply mourns In her new sphere she soon e determination to be useful by others to Jesus. In the various in which we laboured, she wa in persuading the careless to at house of God, in pointing the to the cross of Christ, in co the sorrowful, and trying to e the wavering; often have the the fatherless, the suffering, distressed, invoked God to b for her sympathy and acts of lence. The space allowed for in this valuable periodical allow us to go through her h each station, but to confirm th statements allow us to give extracts from the letters of he in her last three stations:—

Kidderminster: "Mrs. Po much beloved by our society; years she was with us she hard to improve our congre and the effect of her christian rance was very visible amo Her acts of charity were pr and her daily deportment 'becometh the Gospel of Her death is deeply lament wide circle of friends."—*J. A*

Dawley: "Mrs. Porter wa esteemed; her name to many as ointment poured forth. H as a wife and mother, her te and attention to her children, h

ıeartedness as a friend
, produced a great im-
us all. Since she left
e above qualities have
ıct of frequent remark
Her piety was genuine.
house of God and was
ıttendant; and with re-
hristian experience she
) any I know. Her
the class-meetings was
nd, and scriptural. She
ıt virtue, which in itself
irtues, and that is love:
h."

Mrs. Porter was well-in-
n discernment, naturally
kind, a sound christian,
ır, a lover of the closet,
it to her station. After
re she found there were
ributed; she obtained,
ook-room, a good supply,
d them regularly every
ıoon. She continued in
t work until sickness
to the house. In her
ılaced her confidence in
) was blooming, her end
ras much beloved, and
ıer loss."—*J. Beddows.*

)ur arrival at Bloxwich
ın to fail, and for several
unable to perform her
s. In September, 1864,
friends at Dawley, and
e was seized with pleu-
ery ill for several weeks;
e blessing of God and the
endance of Mrs. Pearce,
s was abundant, she was
that she returned home.
l, 1865, she was again
of affliction, never to
sufferings at times were
ıting to agony, but she
th exemplary patience.
)e restored, for the sake
, for whom she earnestly
he friends who visited
ıtisfactory evidence that
he knew "if the earthly
ıbernacle were dissolved
ing of God, a house not
ds." To one whom she
"I shall soon be better,
)order of the promised
on be where there is no
sorrow nor sighing." On May 31st, 1865, her happy spirit took its flight to "the inheritance of the saints in light." On Sunday, June 18th, her death was improved by Messrs. Nichols and Beddows, when two souls stepped into liberty.

J. PORTER.

MRS. H. MORRELL died at Milford, Belper Circuit, June 16th, 1865, aged fifty-six years. She was brought from satan to God by the agency of one of the early preachers, sometime about the year 1822, and continued a zealous lover of the cause up to the day of her departure to heaven. During the erection of the chapel in 1823, her zeal was manifested very truly; after completing her day's labour she did not scruple to beg from door to door for the house of her God. And as she began, so she continued. The tea meeting never came without finding her tray gratuitously furnished; the Christmas tree always exhibited on its shining branches some fruit of her willing hands. She not only supported God's house but very diligently attended its services as long as she could; and when she could not her heart was there. Some professors are so far from "remembering" and "obeying" those who are over them in the Lord, that they do not even "know them," very seldom attending their ministry. (See 1 Thes. v. 12.) Others know them, but do not esteem them. Our sister both knew them and esteemed them very highly in love, for their works' sake. She never seemed more happy than when entertaining God's servants; and so conscientiously did she support them, that when unable to attend class she requested the leader to bring the class-book to her bedside that her customary contributions might be duly inserted. She gave liberally to the Mission fund, to the Jubilee fund, and to the various local efforts for the reduction of chapel debts, and the like; and a few days before her dissolution she handed the noble sum of £100 to the writer to be given towards the reduction of the Milford chapel debt, so soon as the trustees shall have raised £100 to add to it. What she did was so far from ostenta-

tion that she almost always enjoined secrecy upon the recipients or almoners of her bounty. She remembered the poor. It was affecting to see her sending help from her own bed of pain to those who were similarly circumstanced. Her liberality was the fruit of faith, not as is too frequently the case, the substitute for it. She trusted God with her soul, and found the promise true: and hence was emboldened to trust him with her money also. Her liberal soul was made fat. She feasted on Christ. Her long affliction did not destroy, though it tried, her faith. She suffered patiently. She met death without alarm, for she had the victory through our Lord Christ. A large congregation atte the funeral sermon, preached by writer, thus testifying their respe her memory. Her last lucid mor were employed in thinking of praying for her youngest son. the blessing of the God of the fa less be on him and the rest of bereaved; and may they ever tre the footsteps of her who is "no but gone before," and at length her in Eden's beauteous bowers, v none

"Can tell,
How great our joys shall be."

J. BARFO

LOOK ALOFT.

In the tempest of life, when the waves and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
"Look Aloft," and be firm and be fearless of heart.

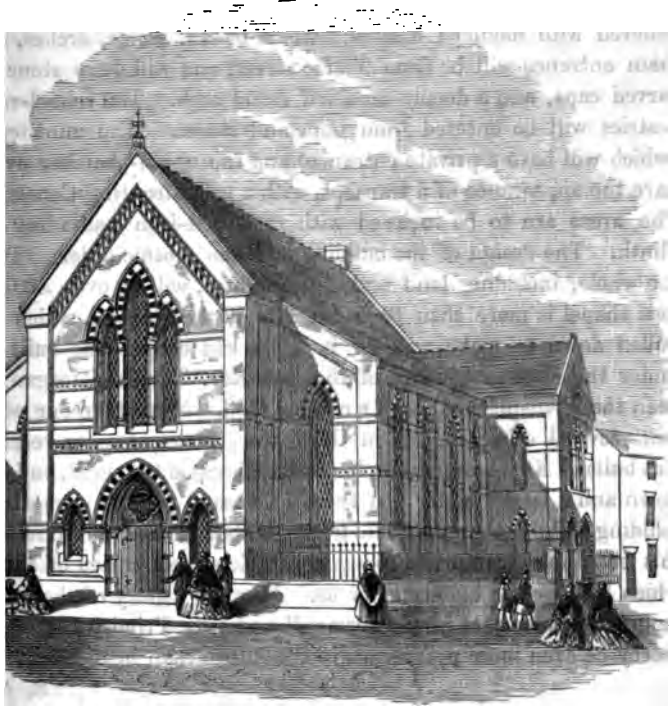
If the friend who embraced in prosperitys' glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee, when sorrows, like clouds, are arrayed,
"Look Aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye
Like the tints of the rainbow but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret
"Look Aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should those who are dearest, the one of thy heart,
The friend of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,
"Look Aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To the soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And Oh! when death comes in his terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart
And a smile in thine eye, "Look Aloft," and depart.

Sent by T.



DERBY PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL.

E above engraving represents the chapel which is now being erected in Traffic street, Derby, and which is to be finished in the course of this year. The Memorial Stone was laid on afternoon, September 26th, 1865, by Thomas William Evans, ?. for South Derbyshire, and Thomas Roe, Esq., the Mayor of The chapel is about 63 feet long and 54 feet wide, and the l be 38 feet inside. The galleries will be circular at one end; cious recess will be formed at the left of the minister for an mber and singers' seats. Ornamental columns will carry the and continue to the roof, supporting arches with enriched and thus forming a nave and side aisles. All the exposed will be lightly stained and varnished. The seats will have ls, and framed sloping backs, and will accommodate 900 persons. nt under the whole, 12 feet high, will contain a large school-

room, vestries, heating apparatus, &c., well lighted and ventilated fr areas. The chapel floor will be raised at least 5 feet above the str pavement. The external walls will be faced with best red bric relieved with moulded blue and white bricks, bands, arches, &c. T main entrance will be from Traffic street, and will have stone colum carved caps, and a deeply-moulded stone arch. The school-rooms a vestries will be entered from Copeland street. The minister's vest (which will have a private entrance) and the organ-chamber over it, w have the appearance of a transept, with a gable fronting Copeland stre The areas are to be inclosed with rich cast-iron palisading on sto plinth. The design of the building is of the Gothic order. The cost the whole, including land and old buildings, will be over £3,000. T new chapel is more than twice the size of the old one, which has be pulled down to make way for it. The old chapel was built in 18· under the superintendency of the late Rev. Thomas Morgan, and been the birth-place of many a child of God. Since then our people h built several other chapels in the town. Nearly twenty years ago was built in Kedleston street, but it soon became too small, and was ta down and a larger built. In 1854 a thousand pounds were expended building a third chapel, which fronts Abbey street; and now, in 18 this beautiful structure is rising in Traffic street, in lieu of the old which had become too strait for us. May the "glory of the latter ho be greater than that of the former," and may Primitive Methodism Derby be even more prosperous in the future than in the past.

S. ANTLIF

FALLEN ASLEEP;

A STORY OF SCOTTISH MARTYRDOM IN 1683.

"SCOTTISH MARTYRDOM." How the words seem to carry our thoughts fa far away, to the land of the mountain and the flood, with its wi mountain fastnesses, its heather-clad moors, its desolate yet grand c hills, its clear blue lochs, its splashing mountain streams, its bewilderi mists, and its picturesque landscapes. With these thoughts come, t remembrances of the time when the Scots fought and bled for libe and religion.

We recall to our minds the poor outlawed creatures, hiding in de and caves of the earth—perishing with cold and hunger—their only l the rock, their pillow the heather or peat moss—daily exposed to tort

and death because of their adherence to the religious faith and principles of their ancestors; and as we remember we thank God that we have not their trials, their persecutions, their distresses.

It was a lovely day in the early autumn. The Frith of Cree was unusually quiet and calm, and reflected back from its bosom the clear blue sky above it. On the land the beautiful harvest gave gladness and rejoicing to both masters and servants, while on the sea a peaceful serenity prevailed. A few ships floated down the Frith with a scarcely perceptible motion, with sails set, looking like some network tracery in a picture. On the shores of the Frith stood a little cottage consisting of merely a "but and a ben." It was humble and very small, but inhabited by a couple who had learned that a man's riches consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth, but rather in that true contentment of spirit, which, while "having nothing yet possesseth all things." Janet Smith and Nanny Nivison were grandmother and grand-daughter. Janet had passed the three-score years and ten allotted to mortals, and was now upwards of eighty—feeble, blind, and bent. She was entirely dependent on Nanny, who was just in the bloom of her teens—young, healthy, and kind-hearted. These two were the sole inmates of the little mud cottage on the shores of the Frith of Cree.

As we said it was a fine autumnal evening, and attracted by the beauty of the prospect, Nanny sat in the doorway, gazing out over the expanse of the waters. Door and window both were open, so that Janet too could enjoy the look out. A fishing smack had just gone by, which had hailed them in cheery tones, and another could be plainly descried making its way up. But the thoughts of the two women were not on the mariners then—nor on the scene before them, nor on the loveliness of the evening. Nanny was thinking of a brother who was then—as she believed and hoped—far away. Thomas Nivison was following in his father's steps as an adherent to the Covenant. That father had been shot for his refusal to attend at the parish church and conform to an Episcopalian mode of worship, and his son Thomas could not forget his murder. On arriving at man's estate he openly avowed himself a Covenanter, and declared his determination to abide by the Presbyterian faith. For this declaration he was outlawed, and a price set upon his head. Knowing that it was certain death to remain in his Galloway home, he went forth, none knew whither, hiding in dens and caves of the earth by day, and travelling by night. Nanny and her grandmother supposed that Thomas had gone to America. Indeed, a rumour to that effect had reached their ears, and thankfully they heard it, believing that there at least he would be safe to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. It may seem strange to us of the present day, to read this, but it is

nevertheless true, that in Scotland—not quite two hundred years ago—torture, confiscation, imprisonment, and death were resorted to in order to force an Episcopal Church upon the people. The descendants of "the Covenanters,"—those who signed the "Presbyterian Solemn League and Covenant"—to this day rehearse by country firesides and "ingle-stanes" the tales of persecutions and cruelty handed down by their forefathers.

"What were ye thinking of, Nanny?" said old Janet, as she noticed a look of anxiety and fear creep over the girl's face. "Was Tammas in your mind then?" "Indeed he was, grandmither," replied Nanny. "I wonder if he is safe—or where he is? Mr. Gordon assured me that he had actually sailed for America."

"Well, Nanny, child, an if he is gone o'er the water, what need ye to fear for him? Sure he will be better far there than ever he would be at home. Here he would be hunted like a partridge upon the mountains, not daring to set his foot inside his ain house—there he will be a free man, and none will dare molest him, because he does not choose to listen to a surplieed priest. I canna see the need o' sorrow on his account. Better let him go there, than be killed like a dog in Scotland."

"You say right, grandmither," replied the young girl. "And when I come to think it over, I feel glad he is gone. I cannot bear the idea of his being shot by those brutal dragoons. They tell me that Douglas and his band are at Wigton, lying in wait for all suspected persons."

"God help the poor creatures that fall into his hands" replied Janet. "I am glad we are living in this quiet, lonely spot. Surely no soldiers would deem it worth while to persecute two helpless women like us."

"And yet they did old Elspeth Wallace, grandmither" replied Nanny. "You know they took away her cow, and tied lighted matches between her fingers."

"Ay, ay, I do," replied the old woman with a groan. "May the Lord preserve us from falling into such hands! When he shall come to make inquisition for blood, surely he will not forget the cries of his humble murdered ones."

Quietly the two retired to rest, little dreaming of any intrusion. Nanny offered her simple petitions, with which were blended remembrances of her exiled brother, and then tried to compose her mind to rest.

About midnight, however, she became aware of a stealthy, subdued tapping at the cottage door. Half frightened she called out—

"Who's there?"

"It's me, Nanny. It's Thomas."

"Oh, Thomas!" she gasped, and in another moment she admitted him. Old Janet became aware by the stir that something unusual had occurred, and eagerly inquired the cause. By this time Nanny had struck a light, *and Thomas* revealed himself to his grandmother.

"The good Lord help us!" was the old woman's exclamation. "Do ye
en the awful risk ye are running, Tammas, in coming here?"
"Yes, grandmother, I do; but home is home all the world over; and
could not rest without seeing you both once more."
"But," interrupted Nanny, "we thought you were gone to America.
e hoped you had arrived there by this time."
"I did hope to have been there now," replied the fugitive, "but the
sel in which I sailed was wrecked off the Isle of Arran, and there I
ve been ever since, helping the fishermen, and getting a day's
ployment where I could."
'How did you come home?" inquired Nanny.
'I got on board a fishing-smack bound for Creetown, and got there
s morning. I hid myself in the linns all day, and since dark came on
you."
'Are you sure no one saw you?" said Nanny, fearfully.
Her apprehensions of danger were lively, and the more so because
stantly fed by news of the doings of the soldiery.
'Well, I cannot be sure," replied the poor fellow. "Just as I was
hiding, a smuggler—I know he was—nearly stumbled over me, and
en I taxed him with his doings, he threatened to inform on me for a
venanter. If he does I am done for. Where are Cleavers and the rest
them?"
'I canna say where Cleavers is," replied Janet; "but Douglas is at
igton, with his troops. If that man fulfilled his threat, they could be
e before the morning."
At this Thomas Nivison started up. Poor hunted fugitive! How
stantly present to his mind was the idea of capture and death. So
uld it be to yours, and mine, were we driven to hide in the mountains,
re to baffle for months and years pursuers who were bent upon taking
r life. Wary and cautious enough were these poor persecuted ones,
d we cannot wonder at it, constrained as they were to meet stratagem
h stratagem.
'Can they? Then I am a lost man! for as sure as I am here that
low has told them by this time. He threatened that he would. Had
known they were so near as Wigton, I would not have come home for
e world."
Down he sat again, and the three poor creatures looked at each other,
if mentally considering the best course of action. Nothing but flight
instant flight—appeared available.
"Oh, Tammas!" groaned the old woman, "the Philistines killed your
ther without law or mercy, an' they willna scruple to do the same wi'
e son."

"Not they," replied Thomas, "and glad of the chance to get me. They will never forget the wound I gave Rory Ferguson that time. I suppose they will follow me up till they finish me. Look at me," and he drew himself up: "I am destitute of money, clothes, and food. I cannot dare to travel by day, but am obliged to spend it crouching in the heather, or covered with damp moss, and that alone is enough to bring me to a speedy grave. Well then, if I live through that, I am liable any day to be made a mark for six or eight bullets. Is it not enough to make any man desperate?"

"Ay, it is, it is," sobbed Nanny, who, however, had the presence of mind to pack up, amid her tears, nearly all the food in the house for her brother to take with him.

"And now I must be going," said the young man, "I thought I could have stayed here to night, and perhaps, for a few days, but I dare not expose you to the soldiers' wrath. It is bad enough for me, but would be ten times worse for you. Good-bye."

With the words he wrung the hands of his two relatives, and taking up the little bundle of eatables, stepped out into the dark still night.

Nanny and Janet, after talking awhile of Thomas, who, until now they had believed safe in America, again tried to compose themselves to rest.

Morning broke fine and grey. Almost with the first dawn of light Nanny was up and astir. Just as she was going to the little spring which ran by the side of the cottage, she was startled by observing a company of soldiers galloping towards the little pathway leading to the cottage. The foremost one accosted her,—

"Where's Thomas Nivison? Do you know anything of the rascal's whereabouts?"

"My brother, sir?"

"Yes, your brother, if he be so. I knew he had a sister somewhere in these parts, and I have received information that he is lurking about here. Now, if this be the case, he will have to be unearthed, for we'll pull down every sod in the old cabin yonder, but what we'll find him."

"I hope you will never find him," replied Nanny steadily. "I cannot tell you where he is."

"But you can tell us if he has been here lately," said the officer. "Did he not come home last night?"

"I cannot tell you that. I dare not inform upon my own brother."

"Oh! I see," replied the officer, who was no other than Douglas himself. "I see. Here is a little nest of Covenanters, snugly pitched in a quiet corner. We'll see if we can't burn out the secret, though. Once more,—will you inform me of your brother's whereabouts?"

"I cannot, sir."

"Will you tell me when you last saw him?"

"That I cannot do," she firmly replied, all alive as she was to the probable doom which awaited her.

"Very well; see to her a couple of you there," he said, as he strode on, and passed into the cottage.

By the time he reached it, old Janet was curiously peeping forth to see who her visitors were. The sound of voices in the garden-path had aroused her, and hastily dressing herself, she was just groping her way towards the door, when Douglas met her.

"Good morning, Mother Cantaway," he said with a sneer. "Look here, I want that precious scoundrel of yours, Thomas Nivison, I have the warrant for his apprehension, and if I catch him, its little mercy that he'll get I promise him. Is'nt he your grandson?"

"He is my grandson," replied the old woman feebly and fearfully. "His father was my own eldest son."

"And he was one of your whining, canting Covenanters," brutally remarked the officer. "I remember him well."

"And so will God remember those who have murdered him," said Janet. "Dinna think because he seems to be quiet he forgets."

Douglas burst out with an oath.

"That won't go down with me, old woman. I received trustworthy information last night, that this grandson of yours was seen loitering about here, and of course he would come in. Now, what time was he here?"

"I canna satisfy you on that point."

"But you shall,—and if you won't by fair means, you shall by foul. Tell me at once—when did he leave, and which way did he take? If you tell me that, you and your grand-daughter shall be left unmolested, but if not"—and the silence supplied his meaning.

"As truly as God is in heaven," said the old woman, slowly and solemnly, "I canna tell you. What! do ye no ken that it would be against nature for me to inform upon my ain flesh and blood? I canna tell you."

"You mean to say that you can tell me, but you won't!" Douglas vociferated. "Is not that it?"

"What I ken about Thomas Nivison, I canna tell you or anybody else," replied Janet.

"Very well, then, take the consequences," and he strode away to his soldiers.

Again he tried to extract the facts relating to Thomas's recent visit from the trembling girl; but in vain. Neither persuasion nor threats

availed with her. Douglas' rage was unconquerable. He seemed ready to use any means to attain his end.

After conferring with a subordinate officer for a few moments, he issued orders for two stakes to be driven down into the Frith, at unequal distances from the shore. The tide being out the soldiers experienced but little difficulty in obeying this command. He watched them perform it, and then turned again to the old woman, who remained all this time inside the cottage door, asking as often as she dared for Nanny. She—poor girl—witnessed these preparations with wonder and terror.

"Now, old woman," he said, "I have had a couple of stakes driven down into the sand out yonder. I shall just tie you to one of them and that girl outside to the other, unless you tell me all you know about Thomas Nivison. If you are tied there you will certainly be drowned as the tide advances. Choose quickly."

"I can die, but I canna tell," she replied firmly.

"Then die!" he said, as he turned on his heel.

In ten minutes more the poor old creature was secured to the post. It was placed so far out, that she could feel the first flow of the tide. Even then it had commenced coming in.

Now it was Nanny's turn. Weeping and beseeching, she saw her grandmother fastened to the stake, but she would not give way. She would not inform upon her brother. No: she would sooner die.

So she had to die. She was led out to the nearest stake and securely fastened to it. Douglas anticipated that the sight of her grandmother's death would have terrified her into a confession, but the sequel proved how little he understood a woman's love, or a woman's faith. Weak though she was in physical strength, compared with either of those brawny troopers, she was yet far beyond them in moral courage and Christian confidence.

The tide was rolling in. It reached Janet's knees, and splashed Nanny's feet. Ever and anon, a dragoon rode out to the old woman, to question her, but she was firm. Besides, she felt that she was going fast. Earth had now little attraction for her.

Presently her head sank upon her bosom. Janet Smith gave up the ghost, literally chilled to death. Nanny watched her grandmother die and then calmly waited her own fate. By-and-bye the waters rose higher—higher—higher—until they reached her chest. Douglas himself rode out to her. His questioning was, however, all in vain. She said she could die, but she could not inform. With an oath he left her.

Presently the tide reached her chin. The waters played and rippled round her mouth. It would not be long now. One of the dragoons less brutalised than his fellows, rode out to her, vainly hoping to save her

life. Although he could get nothing definite from her lips he called out to his commander—

"Oh, sir! she has said it."

"Said what? Has she told where her brother is?"

"No—no," repeated the drowning girl. "No—no—never—nev—," and the waves closed her voice in death. A few minutes, struggling—a few bubbles on the surface—and Nanny Nivison was no more one of earth.

You may say, "Could these things be?" and almost question the veracity of the story. You need not. Scottish history attests the truth of the circumstance; and the annals of the Covenanters preserve the honoured names of Janet Smith and Nanny Nivison to this day. In the vicinity of Wigton and Creetown the tale is still told by greyheaded sires to their wondering children. The story has been enshrined among the traditions of that locality, and if it had not, the Christian Church would not willingly let it die. It loves to retrace these mementoes of dark persecuting ages, and thankfully contrast them with our own peaceful times, when we can sit under our own vine and fig-tree, none daring to molest or make us afraid.

Sent by H. C. YEADON.

CHRISTIAN ABILITY.

MAN turns about everything, handles all heaviest bulks, masters all hardest difficulties, by using a small power so as to get the operation of a power greater than his own. He gets an immense ability thus, where his sufficiency is not restricted. And his Christian ability is of just this kind. In this mode of statement the very supposition is, you perceive, that we have no ability in ourselves, more than simply to turn ourselves into the track of another more sufficient power, and so to have it upon us. The power we have as persons, in religion, is not a power of self-impulsion, but only a steering power, though it is a very great power at that. For when we so use it as to hold ourselves fairly to God's operation, as we hold a ship to the winds, that is sufficient, that will do everything, turning even our impossibles themselves into victory. Our inability to regenerate or new-create ourselves cannot be too strongly stated. As little can our ability, when regarding the fair adjustment and perpetual offering of ourselves to God's operations.

Glance a moment here at the analogies of our physical experience. Great, overwhelmingly great, as are the forces and weight of nature, what

do we accomplish more easily than to turn about their whole body, an bring them into manageable service?—doing it always by some adjust ment or mode of address which acknowledges their superior force. W do not manage a horse by the collar, but by the bit. We do not rais the winds ourselves that serve us by blowing on the mill, but we let thei blow as they list, only setting the fans of the wheel to get advantage o them. We have no power to handle ships at sea by their bulk; they ar turned about by their helm withersoever the helmsman will. But helms do not impel ships: and if there were no other kind of power moving on the sea, they would only swing dead logged upon the waters, making never a voyage. We have a way, too, of taking that power called steam into service and management—doing it never by gathering it up into our arms and holding it in compression, but by raising it in heated folds of iron, and turning it through cocks and conduit pipes into points of lifting or expansion, where it does the work of many winds and waters, conquering, in fact, both oceans and their storms. We bring in thus all the great powers of nature, and set them to doing almost miracles for us, by only just offering ourselves to them in a way that steers them into our service. The great art now of all arts, that which is changing and new-creating the modern world is, at bottom and in some real sense, a steering art. All our machineries—and where is the end of them?—are only so many adjustments, by which the great bulks and masses of force in nature are steered into methods of use.

Prepared by such analogies, our dependence in the matter of religion ought to create no speculative difficulty; and I really do not believe that it does, unless it be in some few exceptional cases. And yet we seem to have as much difficulty as ever in making that practical adjustment of ourselves to God, which is necessary in any and every true act of dependence.

Thus a great many, admitting quietly the fact of some such ability as makes them responsible, take it really upon themselves to do, out and out and by their own force, all which they are responsible for. It is as if they were setting themselves to steady and move on the general bulk of the ship, seizing it by its body. What tremendous weights and fearfully complex forces the soul contains, and how many and fierce the storms may be that have broken loose in it, under the retributive damage of sin, they do not sufficiently consider, daring even to hope that they can gather it into the sweet unity of order and health by their own self-governing power. It turns out, of course, since they can govern but one thing at a time, that while they are governing that one a hundred others are breaking loose; and these lusting, rasping, raging, tumultuous, wild forces of evil, driving like fierce winds and tossing like mountain seas

are too much, of course, for any human power of self-government. The helm power only is ours—the executive is God's. He can govern the soul, its grudges, lusts, ambitions, bad thoughts, all at once. He knows the state of harmony internally, and can settle us in it as a state of rest. He has inspirations, when he gets into our love, that make all duty free. He can settle assurance and confidence in us. He can give peace in the sealing of his forgiveness upon us. Revealing himself in the soul, he can fill its horizon with light. What is wanted, therefore, in us—and nothing more is possible for us—is the using of our small helms so as to make our appeal to God's operation. Self-impelling, self-renovating power we have none; but the helm power we have, and if we use it rightly it will put us in the range of all power, even the mighty power of God. Hence the great call of the scripture salvation is, "Come unto me," "Come unto God," because the coming unto God is the coming unto God's operation, and the receiving of what his divine power will work in the soul when he is templed in it.

In the same way there must be a clearing of a thousand particular and even smallest things that will steer off the soul from God. When the helm of a ship gets foul, or so tangled in ropes or weeds that it cannot traverse freely, it will even steer the ship into wreck instead of holding it to its course. So exactly is it with the soul. An old grudge adhered to steers it for ever away from God. Any mode of profit, whose fairness or beneficence to men we distrust, but will not give up, will do the same. Adhering only to a party that we begin to doubt the merit of takes away the possibility even of confidence towards God. In the same way, the dread only of being singular, the going after popularity, the fear of men's opinions, the cringing of the soul to men's fashions,—all these give over the helm of one's life to others, that they may turn it where they will,—always away, of course, and still away from God.

When the helm is practically set, honestly gauged for God, God will be a perfect open harbour to it. All that we can do is simply to trust ourselves ever to God. Doubtless faith is somehow wrought by God, but none the less acted by us, being the sublimest and completest mortal act of dependence possible, in which the soul ceasing from itself, turns away to God, comes unto God. Whereupon, as God meets it, accepts it, and pours himself into its open gates, it is filled with His inspirations and the working of his mighty power. The reason why so many fail is, that they undertake to do the work themselves, heaving away spasmodically to lift themselves over the unknown crisis by main strength—whereas it is the work of God, and not in any other sense their own than that in coming to God, by a total trust in him, they are to have it in God's working.

In just this way, also, it is, that so many miscarriages occur aft conversion. Nothing was necessary to prevent them, but simply carry a steady helm in life's duties, thus, there will be some who g tired of the helm,—to be always at their post, praying always, gaugi their motions carefully to meet their new conditions, keeping th courses set exactly by their conscience, and allowing no slack times indulgence, becomes wearisome as certainly as they lose out the spi that makes exactness liberty, and then they take away their hand, as were to rest themselves, and so far will consent to do what no sailor ev dares—let the ship steer itself.

At the same time it must not be forgotten that multitudes of disciple fall out of course for no less positive reason than that they actually ste themselves out of God's operation. One goes into an employment, th right of which he is not sufficiently sure of to have a good conscience it. Another galls himself in a right employment by the conscious wrong manner in which he carries it on. A third goes into compa that consciously does him injury, yet he continues to go. A male di ciple turns himself to the pursuit of honour, a female disciple to th worship of fashion; one to the shows of condition, the other to the mo personal vanities of dress. Thousands, again, will let their lusts a appetites get above their affections, their bodies above their minds. Son are nursing their pride, and some their envy, driven of fierce winds by th gustiness of one, eaten out and barnacled by the water vermin of th other. These now, and such like, are the small helms which all you ke turning who turn yourselves away. You ask why it is, half grieving that you fall away from God so often, and lose the savour of his frien ship so easily. But the very simple fact, if you could see it, is, that y really steer yourselves away, allowing yourselves in modes of life th even turn you off from God, as by your own act. You not only forg or neglect the small helms of guidance, but you actually turn them th wrong way. A ship cannot keep, or get back into, its course witho being steered. So exactly is it with the soul. Oh, if you could but u your dependence rightly, finding how to really and truly depend, wh power and victory would it bring. How certainly, too, and tende would your God be drawn to you, putting all his power upon you, if only saw you carefully gauging your small duties so as to guide yours into his help. Remember his promise, "He that is faithful in that whi is least." Nothing draws the heart of God like that. No man ca keeps the way of liberty in a heedless, hap-hazard life. Come unto G unite yourselves to God, and the doing power you have is infinite! a is none the less yours because it is his. Come to Jesus, your bless all-perfect Brother; cling fast to him, ask him to let you go with h

and keep him company, and all the transforming moral power of God shall be with you. Here it is that so many of God's mighty ones became mighty—Moses, Elijah, Paul, Luther, Cromwell.

Extracted by J. MILNER.

HOMELY TRUTHS.—PRAYER.

"*And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.*"
—Matthew xxi. 22.

WHAT is prayer? It is simply presenting our sincere requests to GOD, who is always ready to hear and answer our petitions and bless our souls. By engaging in this delightful exercise we are very much advantaged; and the more we pray in faith, the more blessings we receive. The Lord has often blest us in answer to our prayers; and the reason why we do not receive blessings in far richer abundance is, because we have not prayed in faith, as we should have done. If our faith ascends to God, he disappoints it not. With thoughts wandering to and fro we may have presented our cold, formal, languid petitions at the throne of grace, as though we cared little whether blessings were given in answer or not, and have gone from the throne disappointed and unblest.

But do we not remember how different it has been when in faith we have gone to Christ, and from the throne of grace have returned baptised with the Holy Ghost, realising the blessedness of that truth, "It is good for me to draw near to God." Fresh courage has been given us, renewed strength we have received; we have been made holier, happier, and stronger in zeal and love.

Have we not too often gone to the throne of grace seeking favours at the hand of God, and yet have not ventured to believe that God gave us the blessings we asked? The seeking ask for pardon,—do they believe God gives it? The believer asks for more holiness, a growth in grace, increased zeal, perfect love, for more of the spirit of Christ, and constant protection in his service,—do we believe God answers our prayers? We ask God to bless and save our children, our relations, and friends,—do we believe he will do it?—that he does do it? We ask God to convert the scholars of our Sabbath schools, to save the members of our congregations,—do we believe he hears our prayers, and answers them? Why, time after time, do we present our requests at the throne of grace doubting God's word? Are not "the promises of GOD yea and amen to them that believe?" And yet, as Christians, children of God, we go to

Him with weak faith and wavering minds. What is it keeps us from exercising that strong confidence God asks, and such as the prophets and apostles, and fathers and martyrs of old exercised? If a friend, whose word we can trust, promises a favour, to be conferred at a certain time we rejoicingly wait the appointed time, fully expecting then to receive it. God promises pardon, and will the sin-sick soul continue to doubt? Why should we not believe whilst we are thus speaking to him? God promises sanctification and a constant indwelling of his spirit—and shall any of us continue to doubt? O "Lord, increase our faith." Christ says, "Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Why should we not, as a church and a people, ask the Lord to save souls in abundance, believe his word and at once receive the blessing?

"'All things for which you pray in faith,'—
That Christ hath purchased on the tree—
'Ye shall receive,' the Saviour saith;
God giveth them most liberally.

"Believe in Him who for you died;
Trust in His arms yourself to place;
E'er shelter in His bleeding side,
And you shall see Him face to face."

J. CLARKSON.

MAN THE LIFEBOAT.

THE writer recollects, with mournful vividness even after the lapse of many years, a calamity at one of our summer watering places. It was the quiet Sabbath; the morning had been bright; the sheeny wave danced in the sun's warm smile. In the spacious offing were gallant ships of many nations riding at anchor. Glad notes resounded from many sylvan songsters. It was a lovely scene—like Eden, ere the serpent, sin, blighted its glory.

Suddenly the wind changed, "flew into the north-east," as sailors say, a hurricane commenced, the waves mounting, crested with foam, and scattered by the lashing wind. The vessels pitched and tossed heavily, and one or two slightly moored small craft were dashed on the beach near the spectators, who were gathered to watch the grand and terrible storm.

From one of the vessels abruptly rose the piercing cry, "Man overboard!" In a moment all eyes were turned to the spot, and a human

form was seen manfully breasting the furious elements in the direction of the shore; but the dominant waves bore the struggler rapidly outward, and ere boats could be lowered a fearful space sundered the victim from help.

Above the shriek of the storm and roar of the waters rose his rending cry. It was an agonising moment. With bated breath and blanched cheek every eye was strained to the struggling man. No one asked if he were Churchman or Dissenter; the universal spirit of sympathy was there, leaving no room for puny thoughts. Manfully did the brave rowers strain every nerve in that race of mercy. Right earnestly did their brawny arms pull to near their sinking fellow.

"Blessings on the dauntless spirits, dangers thus who nobly brave;
Ready life and limb to venture, so they may a brother save."

But all their efforts were in vain. One wild shriek of despair, and the victim went down. A piercing cry, "Save him! save him!" rang through the hushed crowd; and into their midst darted an agitated man, throwing his arms wildly into the air, shouting, "A thousand pounds for the man who saves his life!" but his starting eye rested only on the spot where the waves rolled remorselessly over the perished. Oh the look that settled on his face when hope lay dead! The storm went down, and, like a forgiven child when its passion is spent, nature smiled, unheeding the desolation wrought in its short but stern career. We subsequently learnt, that he whose strong cry broke the stillness of the crowd, was captain of the ship from whence the drowned man fell, and that he was *his brother*.

This is just the feeling now wanted in the various ranks of those bearing commission under the great Captain of our salvation,—"Save him, he is my brother." He is perishing for whom Christ died.—Save him! O for the moving cry to peal over the world—"Save him! he is my brother." This would usher in the glorious day, when "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our God, and of his Christ."

"Man the lifeboat! man the lifeboat! Christians, up, and succour send!
See, the shattered vessel staggers; haste ye, haste, assistance lend!
There's a storm, a fearful tempest; souls are sinking in despair;
There's a shore of blessed refuge; try, oh, try to guide them there."

Sent by ANNIE HINCH.

SOMETHING MORE AWFUL THAN THE JUDGMENT.

A CELEBRATED preacher of the seventeenth century, in a sermon to a crowded audience, described the terrors of the last judgement with such eloquence, pathos, and force of action, that some of the audience not only burst into tears, but sent forth piercing cries, as if the judge himself had been present and about to pass upon them their final sentence. In the height of this excitement the preacher called upon them to dry their tears and cease their cries, as he was about to add something still more awful and astonishing than anything he had yet brought before them. Silence having been obtained he with an agitated countenance and solemn voice addressed them thus:—"In one quarter of an hour from this time, the emotions which you have just exhibited will be stifled, the remembrance of the fearful truths which excited them will vanish, you will return to your carnal occupations or sinful pleasures with your usual avidity, and you will treat all you have heard as a tale that is told."

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Said a minister once, when I gently hinted to him that he had not preached the gospel that morning, 'No, I did not mean to preach to sinners in the morning; but I will preach to them in the evening.' 'Ah,' said I; 'but what if some of your congregation of the morning should be in *hell* before the evening?'"

THE THREE R's.

THE Rev. Rowland Hill used to like Dr. Ryland's advice to his young academicians,—"Mind, no sermon is of any value, or likely to be useful, which has not the three R's in it,—

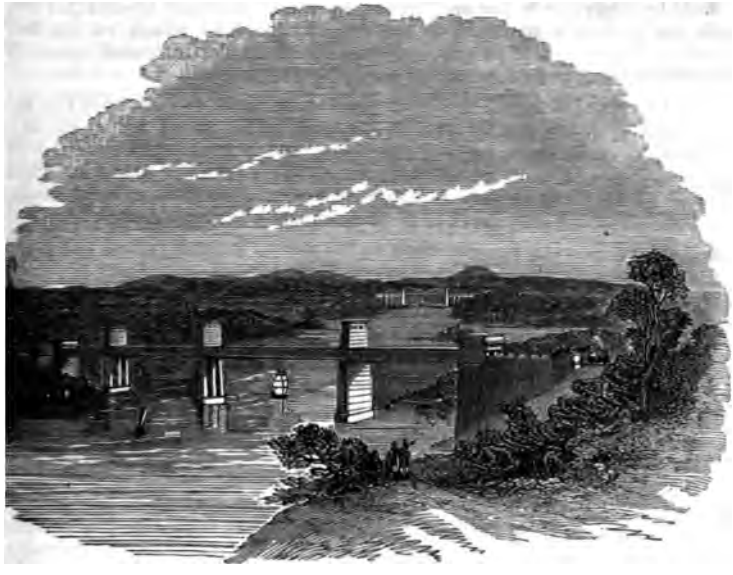
"Ruin by the fall."

"Redemption by Christ."

"Regeneration by the Holy Spirit."

Of himself (the Rev. R. Hill) he remarked,—"My aim in every sermon is, a stout and lusty call to sinners, to quicken the saints, and to be made a blessing to all."

Life of Rev. R. Hill.



THE BRITANNIA TUBULAR BRIDGE.

IT is a question if any other country in Europe, or even in the world, can be found where two bridges of such gigantic appearance stand so contiguous to each other, as is the case in the romantic locality of North Wales. The particular spot at which the Britannia Bridge spans the Menai raits,* linking together Carnarvonshire and the Isle of Anglesey, is about a le nearer Carnarvon than the Suspension Bridge. The shores are of the ne precipitous and shelving character at both places, and although the stream broader than at the Suspension Bridge, being about eleven hundred feet ross at high water, this was one of the narrowest spots that could be lected; in consequence of which the ebbing and flowing torrent rushes through ith such violence, that, except where there is a break-water, it is often possible for a small boat to pull against it; besides which, the gusts of wind hich come over the tops, down the ravines, and round the sides of the neigh-uring mountains, are so sudden, and occasionally so violent, that it is as ngerous to sail as is difficult to row; in short, the wind and the water,

*Menai Straits is an arm of the sea, separating the Isle of Anglesey from Carnar-nshire on the main land of Wales, through which, imprisoned between precipitous ores, the waters of the Irish Sea or St. George's Channel are not only everlastingly brating backwards and forwards, but at the same time, and from the same cause, are ogressively rising or falling from 20 to 22 feet with each successive tide, which vary-g its period of high water every day, forms together an endless procession of aqueous anges. The straits extend about 14 miles in length, measuring from Bay Glas to bermenai. The name of Menai, or rather Mainau, signifies narrow water; and though the breadth of the Straits is 2 miles, immediately within the Bar of Carnarvon, t a little southward of Porthaethwy it does not exceed 200 yards.

sometimes playfully, and sometimes angrily, seem to vie with each other exhibiting before the stranger, the utmost variety of fantastic changes which is in the power of each to assume.

Near to this place is the spot where Suetonius Paulinus crossed the Strai with his Roman army, A.D. 60, previous to his fatal attack on the Briti Druids. His Infantry passed over the Menai in flat-bottomed boats. H Horse passed partly by fording and partly by swimming.

About two miles from the site of the Bridge is PLAS NEWYDD, the seat the late Most Noble the Marquis of Anglesey. This grand edifice stands o gentle slope above the margin of the Menai, and is beautifully shaded with extensive forest of wood of unknown date. This splendid mansion, which built of marble, is an elegant modern structure, and exhibits a great display judicious taste. The windows in front command a most romantic view.

In 1821, George the Fourth, when on his way to Ireland, visited this mansio and was received with every demonstration of respect and attachment by th noble proprietor. Her present Majesty, when Princess Victoria, accompanie by her amiable Mother, the Duchess of Kent, resided here during the summe of 1832. The late Duke of Cambridge was, at one time the occupier of the Mansion. The Duchess of Cambridge occupied the seat so lately as 1850. It is now the residence of Lady Willoughby.

Britannia Bridge is about 4 miles from Bangor; 5 from Beaumaris; 7 from Carnarvon: 22 from Holyhead; 18 from Conway; 9 from the Slate Quarries; and 15 from Llanberis, Snowdon. In the middle of the Menai Straits stands the Britannia Rock, which at high water is covered to a depth of ten feet, although at low water it protrudes above the surface from 10 to 12 feet: it had long been considered as a grievance by boatmen and travellers incompetent to forsee the important service it was destined to perform. It is from this rock the Bridge takes its name, the centre tower being based upon it. It and the Anglesey shore consist of chlorite schist, a very hard, untractable kind of rock, worked with great difficulty. The rise and fall of the tide is ordinarily twenty-one feet, and its velocity very great, often as much as eight miles and a quarter in an hour; from this, and the circumstance that no coffer-dam was used, and therefore few hours only could be consecutively spent on the rock, some months were passed in laying the bottom course of the tower. It was commenced in May, 1846, the first stone being laid without ceremony, by the late Frank Forster, Esq., Resident Engineer.

The stone is a hard carboniferous limestone, called Anglesey marble; it abounds in fossils, and is capable of receiving a very high polish. Some specimens of it are very handsome. It has already been manufactured into diversified ornaments, such as ladies' brooches, rings, buttons, inkstands, and various curiosities. It is obtained from quarries opened for the purpose, on the sea shore of Penmon, at the northern extremities of the Island, where it occurs in great abundance, and in convenient strata of every thickness, from three or four feet downwards. The stones are split off with great dexterity by iron wedges, and wrought into shape by heavy steel picks. Some of the stones in the work are not less than twenty feet in length, and others weigh from twelve to fourteen tons. A great portion of the interior masonry, however, is built of red sandstone, from Runcorn, in Cheshire. This is a very soft stone, and easily worked, but at the same time very durable, especially when not exposed.

The piles of masonry on the extreme points of the Bridge, are called *Abutments*. They are battered similar to the towers, and are 173 feet in length, and of width corresponding to the towers, viz., 55 feet at the level of the bottom of the tubes. That on the Anglesey side is 144 feet 2 inches high. In the Carnarvonshire Abutment, owing to the ground at this place being much higher, the masonry is not of that immense altitude which makes the Anglesey Abutment *so conspicuous*. Its total height is 87 feet, 7 inches.

The raised part of the Abutments, in which the ends of the tubes are supported, are continuous across the railway, forming, in fact, complete towers of smaller height than, but otherwise similar to, the towers described in the following pages.

The remainder of the Abutments are built of stone-work externally, but built up internally with longitudinal and cross walls, and intermediate arches of brick work. Over the two parallel spaces formed between the longitudinal walls, corresponding with the two lines of railway, cast-iron girders are fixed to support the roadway. The continuations of the Abutments are surmounted with parapet walls of solid masonry of considerable height, each of which terminates at the extremity of the Bridge with a projecting pedestal.

The four colossal statues of Lions, which in pairs terminate the land ends of the abutments that on each side of the Straits laterally support its approaching embankment, are each composed of eleven pieces of the same marble as the towers. The appearance of these noble animals is grand, grave, and imposing; lifting their limestone foreheads in the face of every train, defying the tempest and the storm, guarding the entrance to these caverns of wonder. They are of Egyptian character, and are truly admirable in design and workmanship. Their size is liable to be greatly mistaken, until they are nearly approached, and the reader will be astonished to know that their length is 25 feet 6 inches, and their height 12 feet 8 inches, though couched; the greatest breadth across the body is about 9 feet; the breadth of each paw is 2 feet 4 inches. The weight of each is about 70 tons. They were modelled by J. Thomas, Esq., of the new Houses of Parliament, and prove the versatility of his genius.

The Towers are three in number. The sides of these stupendous masses of masonry are tapered or formed with a straight batter, by which the size of the upper parts are reduced, and greater firmness given to the mass, with a corresponding boldness in the character of the design. These works are of the following general dimensions: The Carnarvon and Anglesey Towers are alike in their dimensions; each being 62 feet 6 inches, by 39 feet 6 inches at the base, and 55 feet by 32 feet at tube level. Their height is 184 feet 7 inches from high water. Total height of the Carnarvon Tower, 190 feet 1 inch; total height of the Anglesey Tower, 204 feet 9 inches. They contain 210 tons of cast iron, in beams and girders.

The Britannia Tower weighs about 20,000 tons, and which, from being roughly hewn, displays on the outside the picturesque appearance of natural rock, is a conglomeration of 148,625 cubic feet of Anglesey marble for the exterior, 144,625 of sandstone for the interior, and 387 tons of cast iron beams and girders worked in, to give strength, solidity and security to the mass. It is 62 feet by 52 feet 5 inches at the base; and 55 feet by 45 feet 5 inches at tube level. Its height from high water is 199 feet 6 inches. Total height from its foundation is 221 feet 8 inches. The stones in all the Towers are left with a rough or quarry face, except at the angles, where they are dressed to a square arris, and in the recesses, and the entablature at the top, where they are dressed to fair face all over. This circumstance, coupled with their immense size, gives them a truly noble appearance. The total quantity of stone contained in this stupendous work is no less than 1,500,000 cubic feet.

Friday, June 22, 1849, was the day appointed for depositing the last stone of the Britannia Tower, for the reception of which a space apparently small, as seen from the shore, was left in the top tier on the northern side. The occasion excited much interest amongst many hundreds of visitors and the multitudinous workmen. The ascent to the top of the Tower by a succession of steep and long ladders, without a rope or rail, was an arduous adventure; but it was accomplished by a goodly company, amongst whom were two ladies, daughters of J. Nowell, Esq., one of the contractors. All being prepared, and the mortar spread by J. Hemmingway, Esq., R. Stephenson, Esq., engineer-in-chief, did the needful with a handsome silver trowel, presented to him by Messrs. Nowell, Hemmingway,

and Pearson, contractors for the stone work. The trowel bore no inscripti usual in such cases, it being considered by the donors that the adhering n would convey a more expressive emblem of the solidity of the work tha eulogistic device. The stone (which was about five tons weight) being in its place, and adjusted, interesting speeches were delivered by M Stephenson, Hemmingway, Claxton, Forster, Wild, Clark, and Greaves.

The Tubular Bridge is pre-eminently a work of our era: it is one of complicated efforts of skill which no previous period of the world's h could command. No one appears to have dreamed of such a thing before. a work which Egypt and the ancients might have been proud of, but could have executed.

The design of the Britannia Tubular Bridge had its origin from the pe difficulties to be encountered and overcome in carrying the Chester and Hol Railway over the great arm of the sea, known as the Menai Straits. T when taken in relation to the erection of the ordinary form of bridge, su the suspension and the arch, were found to be almost insuperable, owing difficulties of the site, the great extent of the stream, and the height at v either would have to span the intervening space, so as not to interfere wit vast navigation—vessels of large size and in full sail continually trading u down—and at the same time to establish adequate means of communicati the great mercantile transport between London and Dublin. Origina was intended permanently to appropriate one side of Telford's celel Suspension-bridge, which, with its light and beautiful tracery, spans the S about a mile below the site of its more massive successor; but it soon b evident that so light a fabric would not answer for heavy trains; that th could never be considered complete, or commensurate with the requireme the public, unless carried by a rigid instead of a flexible structure ove stream; and the idea, moreover, of using the Suspension-bridge was altog abandoned on an intimation from the Commissioners of Woods and Forest they objected to the use of the Suspension-bridge at all.

Mr. Stephenson then proposed an arched bridge, about a mile to the sou Carnarvon side of Telford's Suspension-bridge, on a site admirably adapte the purpose, there being a huge rock in the centre of the Straits, sufficient base for the ponderous pier. It was determined by the aid o natural foundation, to throw over a large iron bridge of two cast-iron arches o large dimensions, from 400 to 450 feet span. The height of both arches wa 100 feet at crown. This project, or proposal, met with a strenuous opposition Admiralty insisting on a height not merely of 100 feet at the crown of the but close to the piers, conceiving that the structure would otherwise int injuriously with the navigation: these conditions rendered the constru absolutely impracticable. The design was therefore abandoned.

Some *new* expedient of engineering was therefore required, and an en bold and skilful enough to conceive such an expedient, and to apply it. engineer was found in Mr. R. Stephenson. An immense tube, upwards of tons in weight, suspended in the air, and through which railway trains s pass, was a magnificent conception. Approximate calculations were immed made, and the results of those calculations were such as to satisfy Mr. Steph of the perfect feasibility of the work. When the description of bridg explained to the Committee of the house of Commons, the plan was re with general incredulity. Mr. Stephenson, however, was satisfied that the was practicable, and he stood by it.

It will be borne in mind that the Britannia Bridge is divided into four the two principal extending from the tower on the Britannia Rock to the t on either side of the Straits, and being each 460 feet in the clear, and the extending from these smaller towers to the embankment, being each 230 f the clear. The bearing on the centre tower is 45 feet, on each of the interm towers 32 feet, and on the abutments 12 feet, as seen in the engraving. Sev

feet six inches was the bearing on the abutments originally determined, but twelve feet have been found sufficient.

The total length of the tube is 1513 ft. Total length of tubes for both lines of railway 3026 ft. Greatest span in the clear 460 ft. Height of tubes in the middle 30 ft. Height of tubes at intermediate towers 27 ft. Height of tubes at the ends 23 ft. Extreme width of the tubes 14 ft 8 inches. Number of rivets in one tube 998,000. Number of rivets in the whole bridge 1,996,000.

An official return of the cost of the Britannia Tubular Bridge.

Cost of Masonry.		
Pedestals and Wing Walls, on the Carnarvon side	£17,459	
Carnarvon Tower	28,626	
Britannia Tower	38,671	
Anglesey Tower	31,430	
Pedestals and Wing Wall, on Anglesey side	40,470	
Lions	2,048	
Total cost of Masonry		158,704
Cost of Iron Work.		
Wrought Iron used in Tubes	£118,946	
Cast Iron in Tubes and Towers	30,619	
Construction of Tubes	226,233	
Total cost of Tubes		375,799
Miscellaneous Expenses.		
Pontoons, Ropes, Capstans, Painting Materials	£28,096	
Raising Machinery	9,782	
Carpentry and Labour in Floating, Raising, and Completing Bridge.	25,498	
Experiments	2,986	
Total cost of Miscellanies		67,362
Total cost of the Entire Structure.....		£601,865

Several important items have been added to this enormous sum since the aforesaid "Return" was made.

THOUGHTS ON THE CANON OF INSPIRATION.—IV.

BY THE REV. J. DOUGLAS, PORTADOWN.

(Continued from page 87.)

II. We shall now give a succinct view of the proof adducible in support of the canonicity of the several books of the *New Testament*. Both Jews and Christians have appropriated the term *Scripture* to the sacred writings. It was therefore impossible for Timothy or the primitive disciples to mistake its correct signification in any of the apostolic epistles. Peter (2 Peter iii. 15, 16) denominates the writings of Paul by the appropriate designation, *Scripture*. This shows that the apostolic letters were in circulation, and received as of equal divine authority as the scriptures of the prophets. Now these epistles form part of our New Testament. The Old Testament was publicly read in the synagogues for the instruction of the people; and the churches of Colosse and Thessalonica are charged with the solemnity of an oath to read Paul's letters, called Scripture, "to all the holy brethren." As the Jews had collected their sacred writings into one book, the early Christians would doubtless collect all the well-attested

inspired writings of evangelists and apostles into one volume, and in contr tinction to the canon of the former dispensation denominate it the New Cove or Testament. This anticipation is verified by authentic history with as n certainty as the battle of Marathon, or the heroic defence of the pass of T mopylæ by Leonidas and the three hundred patriotic Spartans.

During the first three centuries the four Gospels and the apostolic epi were referred to as standards of appeal in all matters of religious controv Origen, A.D. 230, gave a catalogue of the sacred books in circulation in his which corresponds with those in our New Testament. Athanasius, abo century after, delivered a list containing all our books. He says,—"In t alone the doctrines of Revelation are taught: let no man add to them, or anything from them." Jerome, A.D. 392, in his Latin translation of the Testament has all the books, and none else, found in our version. Dr. Lar in his "Credibility of Christianity," cites catalogues from fourteen diff writers in the fourth century, who gave separate lists of the books venerat divine, each of which corresponds with our New Testament. Justin Ma A.D. 170, states that the writings of the prophets and the apostles were re the assemblies of the Christians as different parts of the word of God. Se translations, in different oriental languages, of ancient date, have been discov containing all the books, and none else, as we have them in our English ver The ancient Syriac, called "Peshito," believed by the best Syriac schol have been made before the close of the first century, contains all our b except the Revelation and the second and third epistles of John. These, prob had not been written at the time of the translation—a proof of its great quity, for they also have been discovered written in the same language character. No books are found in the Syriac and Armenian versions but which we possess. These facts are most important, and they refute arrogant allegation of the church of Rome, which affirms that the church the Reformation are solely indebted to her for the word of God.

THE APOCRYPHA forms no part of the canon, for the following reaso The term means *hidden*, *obscure*, or *doubtful*. The Talmud, or oral law o Jews, never recognised the Apocrypha as inspired; and several learned Ra expressly reject it. It is not found in any copies of the Hebrew Bible. Jos declares that his nation never received it as of divine authority. It wa written in Hebrew, the language in which the greater portion of the Old T ment was written. And Jesus never charged the Jews with suppressing part of the scriptures, as he did with corrupting them by their tradition was not included in the canon during the first three centuries, and neither C nor his apostles in any way refer to it. There are also many internal ma its human origin. It commends suicide, 2 Macc. xiv. 41-46. Some of its w confess their liability to err,—others that in their time there was no prop Israel. The prologue to Ecclesiasticus disclaims all pretensions to inspir Magical incantations, which are prohibited by the recognised scriptures approved by one of the archangels,—Tobias vi. 1-9. It contains several hist contradictions. Compare 1 Macc. vi. 4, 16, with 2 Macc. i. 13-16. It incul doctrines contrary to the written word. All the divine communications harmony with each other. God cannot contradict himself. For these re the Apocrypha has been excluded from the canon, as being a human excre

TRADITION is also excluded from the canon. The Jews affirm that God an oral law to Moses, which he communicated to Joshua and the priest and which was transmitted through succeeding ages till the time of Judah named Hakkadosh, or the Holy, who lived about the middle of the s century. As the temple was then in ruins and his nation dispersed, he comm to writing a digest of all the traditions which he could collect. The produ consists of six books, or sixty-three tracts; and it was received with the hi respect and confidence by the Rabbins, who wrote commentaries on every of it. This is the famous MISHNA of the Jews. The commentaries were GEMARA, or "Completion." The Mishna and Gemara together constitut

celebrated Talmud, or oral law. There are two having the mishna for the principal text, the Jerusalem and the Babylonish Talmuds; but the latter is much larger than the former. The Rabbins affirm that the scriptures are only to be understood according to the interpretation of the Talmud.

The Romish church avers that she has been entrusted with an oral tradition from the times of Christ and his apostles, and that the word of God is only to be interpreted according to it and the writings of the fathers. What a strong resemblance there is between these two apostate religious systems. It is not in evidence that God has enjoined any doctrine or ordinance by means of oral tradition. He directed Moses to commit to writing everything connected with the legal dispensation and worship. And the beloved disciple avers that, "These things were written that we might believe that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing we might have life through his name." John xx. 31. The superiority of a written to an oral communication is palpably evident. All mankind had terrible evidences of the character of the true God in the irresistible surgings of that shoreless ocean which submerged the world of the ungodly. They had the advantages of the light of nature, and occasional oral communications from the Supreme Being; yet this did not preserve them from sinking into the depths of the ignorance and immorality of idolatry. Jesus condemned traditions as nullifying the dictates of the written word. Some texts have indeed been cited in which the word occurs as countenancing the doctrine of tradition. But the argument grounds upon the misconception of the term, PARADIDOMI, from which PARADOSIS, the word in our translation rendered *tradition*, is derived, which means *to deliver*, without any regard to the mode of transmission. This acceptation is in accordance with New Testament usage,—"Brethren, stand fast, hold the traditions which ye have been taught, whether by *word* or our *epistle*." 2 Thess. ii. 15. Here the word applies to both written and oral communications. All the texts in which this term occurs are explicable on this principle.

The internal evidences of the inspiration of the scriptures, furnished by themselves, such as purity, pathos, and rhetorical majesty of style, their sublime morality, and their complete adaptation to man's necessities in this vale of tears, and his aspirations as a denizen of immortality, are foreign to the present inquiry, and are best appreciated by those who by faith "have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

ON BACKBITING.

WHAT a pity it is to see so much of this evil in our churches. It is an hinderance to the cause of God; for while it does no good to those who practice it, it is hurtful to those who are its objects; and its prevalence produces an impression on the minds of others which is calculated to cause them to exclaim, sarcastically, "See how these Christians live." I think it would be well if those who are addicted to this evil would turn to the inspired volume, and read how the Holy Ghost has placed backbiters among the most desperate characters. See Romans i. 29-31. It would be well also if every Christian would adhere to the following rules, drawn up for the government of his own conduct by the shrewd and pious Charles Simeon.

1. To hear as little as possible what is to the prejudice of others.
2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it.
3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.
4. Always to moderate as far as I can the unkindness which is expressed towards others.
5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard a very different account would be given of the matter.

T. MARTIN.

AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST.

2 There is a soft a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head
And find repose—in heaven.

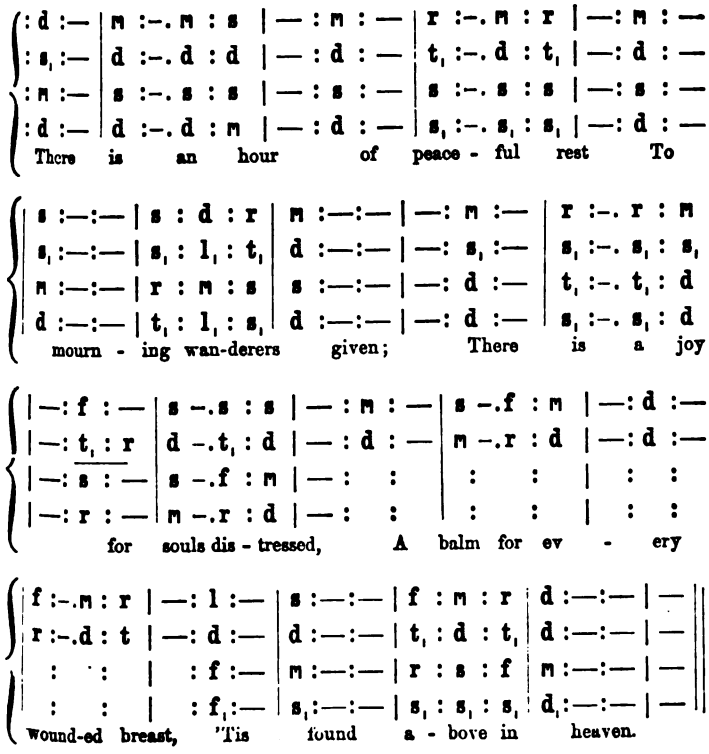
3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

4 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

5 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given:
There, rays divine disperse the gloom—
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST.

Key G.



CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

OAKEN GATES AND WELLINGTON. Dear Editor,—You will be pleased to receive the following information on the progress of the work of God in the Oaken Gates and Wellington station. On Sunday night, January 14th, 1866, a scene was witnessed in Coalpit Bank chapel of the most interesting character, while the writer was preaching on "the gospel of the grace of God." He had not proceeded far in his discourse when the power of God was manifested, and a cry for mercy was heard from a female in the gallery, deeply distressed and anxious to be saved. She cried aloud, "Lord, save me," "God be merciful to me a sinner," and "Lord, help me;" and then she called upon the congregation, "O pray for me!" Her cries were truly heart-rending. No sooner was she discovered than her father and husband hastened from the singers' pew into the gallery, joined her in prayer, and pointed her to the Saviour of sinners, and shortly she received joy through believing. Preaching for the night was brought to a close, many fervent prayers were offered, for the church was now quickened into fresh zeal and activity, and like

men who understood their work, they rallied their forces, and it was soon apparent that victory was on Israel's side. The influence of the meeting increased, and while some fled as though some evil beast was pursuing them, others remained to weep over the past and pray for mercy; and at the close of the meeting it was found that six had given up sin and given their hearts to the Saviour. In other parts of the station signs of an encouraging character are visible,—"the arm of the Lord is revealed." Our congregations are increasing, our prospect is cheering, and the prayers of the station are for still brighter and better days.

J. ARNOLD.

WIRKSWORTH.—Our chapel at Middleton, by Wirksworth, has recently undergone several improvements. The interior has been stained and varnished, a vestry built, and the front of the chapel neatly fenced off with low stone wall and palisades, with ornamental columns and gates. Re-opening sermons were preached in this chapel in the afternoon and in the Independent chapel in the evening of Sunday, Dec. 24th, and on Christmas-day a number of friends sat down to tea, after which the Rev. P. Daykin delivered a lecture to a crowded and attentive audience, subject, "Missionary Scenes," illustrated by 20 coloured diagrams. The outlay for the improvements is £40, the whole of which has been realised.

P. DAYKIN.

MARKET RASEN CIRCUIT.—The first course of Missionary services for the present year has just been held. February 4th, 1866, preparatory sermons were preached at Rothwell, Thousway, Stainton-le-vale, and Walesby, by the Revs. T. Campey, of Hull, S. Oates, of Retford, and Mr. J. Barkworth, of Grasby. One precious soul was converted at Stainton. Public meetings were held at these places during the week, and addressed by the Revs. T. Campey, S. Oates, T. Giles, R. Harrison, and our old f Surfleet. The meetings v interesting and profitabl and the financial produce was in advance of last yea raised being £11 18s. 1d.

RAMSGATE.—The anniv Ramsgate Sabbath schoc February 4th and 5th, 18 were preached by the Re nick and W. Dunham, an examination of the child in the afternoon by Mrs. Monday, February 5th, af treat and public tea, a ver meeting was held, when ac delivered by the ministers and the children enlivenec by their recitations and the conclusion the Rev. on behalf of the teachers presented Mrs. Dinnick handsome Bible, as a toke teem and appreciation of connection with the schoc influence rested on the we are most happy to stat the year four of the sei have been converted and a bers in society. Our scho ishes, and numbers at p children. The proceeds versary amounted to £4.

J. I

CHURCH STRETTON I am happy to say that ou meetings for the past ye quite a success. In form raised about £13 or £14, half was retained to assis fund; but for 1865, with effort, we realised a littl £25, and sent it all to fund. This is about 2s. of our members. And I r our friends are beginning earnest, and intend that nothing behind 1865.

J.

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

MARIA THOMPSON was born at Crowle, in Yorkshire, in 1836. She was blessed with pious parents, who endeavoured both by precept and example to train up their children in the fear of the Lord. When about a year old she removed with her parents to Grimsby, in Lincolnshire. She was sent to the Sabbath school as soon as convenient; and while under the care of a pious teacher the Dayspring from on high visited her, the true state of her heart was discovered to her, and in true humiliation she sought and found the Lord. At the age of thirteen she became one of the lambs of Christ's flock. At this time she united with the Primitive Methodist society at Grimsby, and by a holy walk she preserved a conscience void of offence. She was diligent in her attendance at the means of grace, by which she preserved the life of God in her soul. As a daughter she was obedient to her parents, and shared largely in their love. She was gentle, kind, loving, and peaceable, and much beloved by all who knew her. When about the age of sixteen she went to live with an old lady in the town of Hull, who was a member of the Established Church, which Maria was required to attend at least once every Sabbath-day; but she went to a Primitive Methodist chapel the other part of the day. Being more than twenty miles from home, and not having a kind friend to take her by the hand, we are not aware that she ever met in church-fellowship while in Hull. As our dear sister was obliged to remove from place to place, she was not connected with any church for a number of years. She however attended regularly the public services of God's house, and kept aloof from those vices to which youth is so much exposed. She thus lived a strictly moral life until the month of March, 1864, when a course of revival services was held in the chapel at Winlaton, in the Newcastle circuit, which she attended; and while listening to the glad tidings of salvation the gospel came with power to her heart, and she became reassured of her interest in the great atonement. She now gave herself afresh to God, and became identified with his people, and henceforward was a consistent Christian. Prayer was her delight, the Bible her companion, the Holy Ghost her guide, and the house of God her banqueting-house. Her illness extended over a period of ten weeks, during the most of which she was confined to her room and her bed. Whilst suffering under the chastening hand of God she exemplified the most Christian resignation. About a fortnight before her death her husband took her into the open-air, and the change seemed so great that with rapture she expressed her admiration of the wonderful works of God; she said, "O how beautiful to the eye, and how sweet to the smell; but this is nothing to be compared with heaven. There the tree of life grows, there the streets are paved with shining gold, and there my Jesus is. O, George, let us be ready for heaven!" As her life drew near to a close she seemed to ripen for the heavenly garner. As a wife and mother she was affectionate and kind, and during the last days of her earthly pilgrimage she frequently exhorted her husband to train up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The day before she died, when one of her neighbours was standing by her bed-side, she said, "Do you see Jesus, Mary Ann? I do," and clasping her hands, she said, "I shall keep firm hold of him:" she added, "Don't weep for me, I am going to heaven to be with Jesus, a far better place than this." A few hours before she died she saw her husband and friends weeping, when with ecstacy she said, "O, George, do not weep for me, I am going to be with Jesus, which is far better." A few minutes before she died she fervently exclaimed, "Hallelujah, hallelujah to Jesus!" and thus finished her course in utterances of praise. May we all meet her in the happy home above. Amen.

M. PICKERING.

CELIA REEVES, a native of Portsmouth, recently died at Southampton in "sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection." Her parents were Wesleyan Methodists, and by family prayer, pious

admonitions, and a bright example, they threw a restraint over our sister, which, happily, preserved her from those follies to which the young are so exposed. In 1810 she was married to one who, though not religious, was decidedly moral, and who was subsequently converted in our chapel at Alderney. Being captain of his own vessel he and his beloved partner lived, for some time, in comparative affluence. In 1845, as they were sailing about forty miles off Cape Clear, near Bantry, he calmly and peacefully expired in the arms of Jesus, and was buried at Four Mile Water, Ireland. In the loneliness of widowhood our sister returned to Southampton. Here she attended our religious services, and one Sabbath afternoon while our friends, with a few emigrants to a distant land, were singing that striking hymn, commencing with—"I'm often led to wonder, and wonder o'er again," etc., Celia was enabled to cast her soul by faith on the atoning blood of Christ, and then she loudly extolled redeeming grace. Her smiling countenance and hearty greetings rendered her, subsequently, an attractive member of our society. The last two years of her life were spent in severe suffering, but in "patience she possessed her soul." She never took her medicine without offering prayer to God. In our pastoral visits we were gratified with her unequivocal replies to our inquiries respecting her spiritual state, with her tears of joy, and hearty responses of "Glory to God." For the spiritual interests of her family she was specially anxious. To her son she said, "Support the cause of God, always give your mite." Just previous to her death, while her class leader was praying by her bedside, she threw out her arms and said, "Shout the victory, shout the victory!" Among her last words were,—"I am happy, gloriously happy! Christ is precious to my soul!" Thus, after having spent upwards of seventy years in this world, a considerable portion of it in the service of Christ, her sainted spirit soared to join the blood-washed before the throne of God.

J. WRIGHT.

JAMES BAILEY was one of the earliest members in what is Gates and Wellington cir a member of Old Park soc converted to God under t the late Mr. J. Bonser. I qualified for any official he was not idle. He wall and maintained a good the church and the world many years the companio chers in missioning, and er his brethren the significan title of "the preachers' p his last days, when he attend the means of grace delighted to recall those of the past, and he was gr by any news of the prospe gress of the work of God. in his house for twenty-e in departing he earnestly it should continue to mee he was gone. The infir had crept upon him, but to the last firm in the fai and love of his Redeem pressions and sentiments friends, attendant upon hi from him and cherish, ground for their convicti is right," and that the Sav with his last words on ea fully spoke, "is precious and for ever. He was Pit Bank, Wombridge, Sal converted A.D. 1822, die 1865.

THOMAS BURNETT was borough, near Louth, in Lincoln, and died at Bonl 1865, in the forty-eightl age. His death was sudc pected, being caused by lightning while returni field in which he had be violent thunderstorm ragi His father was a membe mitive Methodist commu introduction into Lincol despite his godly exam grew up ignorant of h know is life eternal, till, i providence of God, he wa Ulceby, in the Barton-or cuit, where he associat people, was convinced of

prayer meeting found salvation. Brother Burnett now became a labourer in the Sabbath school, in which he was useful, being beloved by both teachers and scholars. As a husband, a father, and a Christian, he was exemplary. He was regular in his attendance on the means of grace, showing by his conduct that he loved the institutions of God's house. For some years our preachers found a comfortable home at his house. Prior to his death, those who associated with him, saw in him a ripening for glory. He has left a devoted wife and three children to mourn their irreparable loss.

W. STEWART.

WILLIAM JOHNSON, of Kirton Lindsey, was born at Wintringham, Lincolnshire, in January, 1819. In the early part of his life he lived after the course of this world. Having to leave home and enter on farm service he was engaged at South Ferriby; there he frequently sat under the ministry of the late Mr. Clowes, Mr. Harland, and others. He was at times the subject of very deep religious impressions, and at this period the gospel came to him not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost. But yet he did not fully yield himself to the Lord until about twenty-two years ago, when he was residing at this place. After his conversion he maintained a steady, even course for a considerable time; but evil company unhappily induced him to go astray. Upwards of fifteen years since he again decided to be on the Lord's side, and he made a full surrender of his soul to God. A few years ago he was appointed by the circuit quarterly meeting to sustain the office of an assistant class-leader. He entered upon his duties tremblingly, but was very faithful in the discharge of them. He was frequently the subject of unspeakable joy when advising the members in reference to the course they should pursue when attacked by satan, or when assailed by wicked men. No weather hindered, no company detained him from the house of prayer; nor was he, I believe, known to suffer little difficulties to keep him away from either the preaching service or the class-meeting. Upwards of two years since a Sabbath school was established in this place. Brother Johnson was appointed one of its superintendents; he was regular in his attendance, and was much beloved by the teachers and scholars. His last act, before having to take to his bed in the affliction which was unto death, was to obtain subscriptions on behalf of the Sabbath school fund, previous to the anniversary. He was laid aside finally by affliction on the 29th of May, 1865. The writer visited him several times during his few remaining days. How heavenly was his conversation. His favourite theme was Jesus and his manifested grace. He heartily praised God for all his mercies, especially for his strong confidence in the Redeemer and the blessed prospect he had, through faith in his name, of a glorious immortality. He joined in prayer with great fervency of spirit; his Amens pierced our very hearts, and his soul was filled with the love of God. He said, "I am quite clear from all distressing doubts respecting my acceptance with God. I feel as free from condemnation as if I had never sinned at all." Throughout his affliction he was wonderfully preserved from the power of the enemy; and the Lord blessed him with the utmost tranquility. On the 9th of June he changed mortality for life eternal, leaving a widow and four children to lament his loss. His remains were accompanied to the grave on the following Sabbath by a vast concourse of people.

J. BYWATER.

ANN, the wife of John Slinger, was born at Bradford, Yorkshire, April 29th, 1809. At an early age she was sent to the parish Church Sunday school, which was taught in a room in the old market-place, and thereat she attended regularly for many years. When the Primitive Methodists first missioned Bradford she was at the school, and being attracted by their lively singing in the streets she felt uneasy till she got out of the school. The missionary took his stand on a stone in the old market place. She was much taken up with the service, and often afterwards attended the meetings of the society. When the chapel was built in 1824 she took a

sitting, and attended regularly, but it was not until 1832 that she fully gave herself to the Lord. She joined the class, which for many years was led by the preachers, and was seldom absent from her meeting. Her first quarterly ticket she received in November, from the late Rev. Robert Woodhall. He who has to lament his unspeakable loss, joined the same class in June, 1837; and in August, 1841, they were united in marriage. He found in her all that she professed to be,—a Christian at home and abroad. Very few excelled her in patience, and she was indeed a confidential friend. She was much respected by her neighbours and a large circle of friends. She generally enjoyed good health until the time the chapel was burnt down, when a little trouble connected with its rebuilding took great hold of her. She never fully recovered after her health began to give way. The first serious attack, however, was in December, 1863. Medical aid was applied for, but she never found any real benefit therefrom. She kept gradually sinking till an inflammation of the stomach, bowels, and liver, took place. But the ultimate cause of her death was cancer in the stomach. During the last few weeks of her life she suffered very much, but bore it all with great patience: she always found the Lord to help her. A few weeks before her death she was taken very ill, and all that were present thought that her end was come. She calmly said, "This is like death. If this be death, all is well." She was always willing that the will of the Lord should be done. Many friends visited her during her last illness and always found her calm and with much of heaven about her. For the last month or three weeks she took only a little cold water, and for the last eight days she could not take anything. She spoke very little for the last week. I told her if she could not speak to leave us a token if she felt happy by lifting up her hand; and during the last few hours of her life her hand was often uplifted. She calmly departed this life on Sunday morning, a little before five o'clock, June 25th, 1865, aged 56 years.

J. SLINGER.

WILLIAM WILKINSO
in the Maryport circ
October 24th, 1829, and
1865. In early life he
influence of restraining
he never associated with
in their unhallowed pu
steady and moral in all h
When about eighteen
was brought under seric
his soul's salvation, and
at the close of a camp-m
Maryport in 1848, he fou
God, and thenceforth ide
with the Primitive Me
some years he met in cla
but as it was two miles
preaching at Flimby wa
by our people, he was a
nected with the Wesley
at that time being a l
them). In August, 18
to the writer to have
sioned by us, which in
complied with, and a
revival was the result,
was formed, and broth
appointed leader. A sh
he became an exhorter
a local preacher. In A
neat and commodious
opened, in the erection
took deep interest, and
trustee and the treasure
offices he sustained till
death. As a preacher
endowed with much pul
he rendered good servic
and revival services, in
short addresses. He
amiable in disposition,
by his brethren. His l
home of the preachers,
gave them a cheerful
May last a younger a
brother (the principal s
parents) died of small
was much affected by
death, and his parents b
his brother's support, fro
his parents he gave up
went to reside with the
weeks after he was attacl
which soon prostrated hi
mind, and during his il
but little. In his n
moments he uttered prai
almost his last words wer

n!" and he then fell asleep in
ged thirty-five years, leaving
and three children, and aged
to lament their loss.

A. DODDS.

BUGDEN, the beloved wife of
Bugden, was suddenly called
savenly home July 20th, 1865,
Farm, near Spettisbury, in the
rcuit, in the 62nd year of her
he was born at Berwick St.
in the county of Wilts, about
er, 1803. During her youth
bited excellent morals, but she
stitute of saving grace till after
iage in 1829. For about three
e resided at Woodkeats, near
ury, Dorsetshire, aud while
r husband was converted at a
eeting among the Wesleyans;
his persuasion she attended
ns of grace, and under the
g of a Wesleyan local preacher
awakened to a sense of her
dition, which was speedily
by her conversion to God.
th united with that body for
time, till they eventually re-
o South Farm, near Spettis-
hey then attended our chapel
ed our society. Our beloved
s a sincere and piously devoted
for twelve years. She was a
r of the services of the sanc-
nd adorned her Christian pro-
fession; and though living a mile distant from the house of God, she seized every opportunity of being there to unite in the hallowed exercises of prayer and praise. She highly esteemed the servants of Christ and her fellow members. During the last four years of her pilgrimage she suffered considerably, but she patiently endured, as seeing him who is invisible. She was an excellent wife, mother, and neighbour. Her last visit to the sanctuary was on Sunday, July 16th, when in the prayer meeting she earnestly prayed for her family, and especially for a son in the Indies. On the following Thursday morning she was suddenly seized by the hand of death, and while leaning on the bosom of her husband, without a struggle or a groan, she calmly fell asleep in the arms of Jesus. Our departed sister had at times felt some timidity about death; but her fears were subdued by a kind providence granting her an easy and short passage over Jordan.

Her death was improved by the writer on Sabbath evening, August 6th, 1865, to a large and attentive audience, with good effect. O may her surviving husband, family, and friends meet and greet her and each other in the climes of immortal bliss and glory. Amen.

E. HANCOCK.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

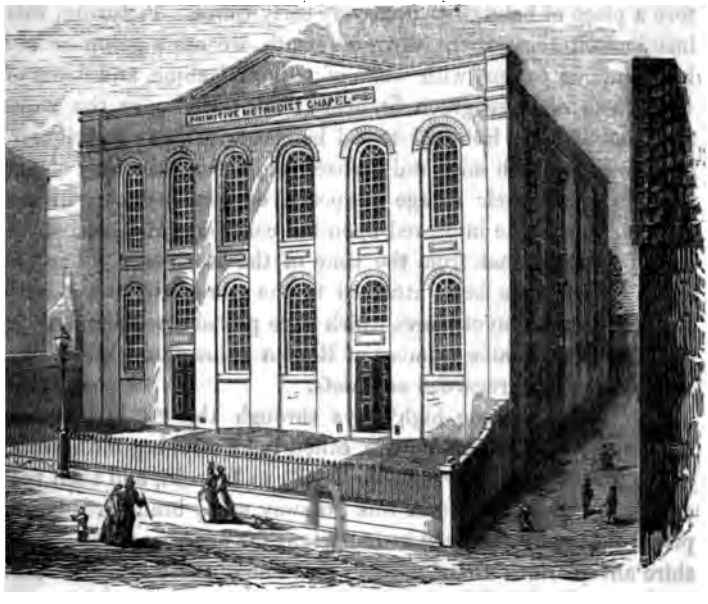
HARK! from the deep of heaven a trumpet sound
Thunders the dizzy universe around;
From north to south, from east to west it rolls—
A blast that summons all created souls;
And swift as ripples form upon the deep
The dead awaken from their dismal sleep;
The Sea has heard it—coiling up with dread,—
Myriads of mortals flash from out her bed!
The graves fly open, and with awful strife
The dust of ages startles into life!

All who have breathed, or moved, or seen or felt;
All they around whose cradles Kingdoms knelt;
Tyrants and warriors, who were throned in blood;
The great and mean, the glorious and the good,
Are raised from every isle, and land and tomb,
To hear the changeless and eternal doom.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

That final woe, that fearful tragedy,
That death of the submissive Lord of Life,
That ignominy of the Prince of Light,
How startled it the alarmed universe!
Now came the scene, while Heaven and Earth look'd on,
And Hell rush'd shouting from her bursting gates.
There hung the sufferer, quivering and pale,
As the dread agony came stealing o'er;
Yet with His holy countenance serene
As the Divinity within shone thro,'
And that last prayer came forth from dying lips,
Like mournful music, "Father, O forgive!"
Then the bright sun stood reeling in the sky,
And all his beams back to their centre flew;
And night came on at noon, and while earth quak'd
Heav'n hung black drapery o'er the universe.
O that tremendous hour! the bony dead,
Ghastly and pale, arose, and glided from
Their tombs with noiseless haste, and shiv'ring fled.
Then angels wept, that never wept before,
And ev'ry harp was hush'd nor dared to speak,
While groups of whisp'ring seraphs up above
Stood with droop'd pinions in the shining streets.
Then hell exulted in her savage joy,
And fiendish yells of triumph, on the roar
Of the eternal fires, rose clamorous
And loud.
And hark! from th' empurpled hill
There came, in tones of more than mortal sound,
Piercing the darken'd air, the wailing cry,
"My God! O why hast Thou forsaken me?"
Plaintive and loud it rang, the gazing crowds,
With white and upturn'd faces, shuddering heard,
And those that trod in near Jerusalem
Stood still to listen; and e'en waken'd dead,
Half risen from their sepulchres, shrank back
Till that mysterious plaint went echoing by.
Then was the hour of darkness, and the power
Of the malignant Foe, bruising the heel
Of Him who should for ever bruise his head.
But hark! another, a triumphant cry,
That made all hell rush madly from the scene,
And wak'd the slumb'ring music of the skies:—
"Tis finish'd," from th' expiring Saviour sounds,
"Tis finish'd," ring celestial harmonies,
"Tis finish'd," shout the voices of the spheres;
And Heav'n's wide portals backwards flash, and out
Pour the angelic throngs, the dazzling hosts,
Sweeping in bright procession as they sing
Redemption's theme, th' astonishing display
Of God's free love, the sacrifice for man,
Th' escape from death, the lift to endless Life!

HANNIBAL.



LOUTH PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL.

LOUTH, a town in the county of Lincoln, is pleasantly situated at the eastern foot of the wolds, on the banks of the small river Lud. It is the emporium of a rich agricultural district. It is twenty-es E.N.E. of Lincoln, fifteen miles S. of Grimsby, thirty-three . of Boston, thirty-four miles E. of Gainsborough, and 148 miles ondon. It is connected with the sea by a navigable canal, twelve ı lenth, which was cut a hundred years ago, at a cost of about). Hence, vessels can trade regularly from Louth to London, nd various parts of Yorkshire, carrying out corn and wool, and ; in timber, coals, groceries, &c.

h bears the appearance of a modern town; there are but few architectural remains. But there are not wanting evidences of y ancient character of the place. It cannot be ascertained r a town existed on, or near, this site before the domination of the s. But it was the custom of our savage forefathers, whose

instinct appears to have been quick in proportion to the depressi their mental powers, to pitch their settlement near hills, for def water, wood, and other conveniences. From the natural character o neighbourhood Louth was probably a selection of this kind, and tl fore a place of habitation from very early times. Picturing, then, ir imagination the ancient town of Louth, we see a group or two of built huts or cabins, with walls of twig and slime, and doors of ru with roofs of loose green branches from the elm or the willow; for inhabitants, a hundred naked beings, with bodies variously pai and bedaubed with mire and herbaceous juices, while they communi to each other their savage purposes, of war or sport, in a jabb tongue, but a little improved upon the confusion of Babel.

It is certain that from the time of the Romans a "local habit and a name" have been attached to the site of the present town. this the designation of places which were probably named from the pe and the considerable number of Roman coins found in various par the town may be regarded as proofs.

The Romans made high ways through the "oaken heart" of kingdom. One of these ways, called the Fosse, beginning in Corn swept through the "girth of the land" to Lincoln, and then took a course to Scotland. From this Fossway many branch roads were c places that were regarded as important for military purposes. Linc shire antiquarians are of opinion that one of these branches passed to Louth. The woody hill on the south side of the town has rec the appellation of the *Julian Bower*, it being supposed the Romans h military station there. Some regard it as the site of a drui temple.

While excavations were being made in the market-place in 1822 se ancient coffins were discovered, which were formed of scolloped oak t It is likely they had lain there since the time of the Saxons. A ce line of circular holes down the lids was indicative of some p superstition.

The authentic history of Louth dates as far back as the time of Ed the Confessor, the last king but one of the Saxon period. The descri of Louth at that time is a sufficient proof of its having existed considerable period before. In the time of the heptarchy Louth w form the south-eastern limit of Mercia.

The name of the town has had various forms, such as Lue, Loo, L Lovvthe, Loute, Luthe, Low, Lowth, Lid, Lidda, Ludda, Ludes, Luda. In the charters relative to the town the name Luda is commonly used. All these forms of the name are easily identified the name of the river *Lud*. But whether the town was originally na *from the river*, or the river from the town, is unknown.

Roman Catholic times, several religious fraternities existed in the . There were *four guilds of the Holy Trinity, our Lady, St. Peter, Corpus Christi, and the Chantry of John de Luda.* They were led in the 14th and 15th centuries, and most of them richly wed by various benefactors. Until the new distribution of church rty at the conquest, among the followers of William, the Arch- p of York claimed Louth.

1139 Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln, founded an abbey in Louth , about a mile E. of the town, for monks of the Cistercian order. n in its glory it stood on several acres of land, and was inclosed in a . Some fragments of the massive walls are still standing. To gaze ich remains cannot fail to awaken in us strong emotions. The s snatched back to those days of ignorant pomp, when every stone i is now wasting to dust, was surrounded with a thousand echoes, very clod bore the impress of the busy feet of men, whom time has lten, and therefore taught us to forgive. We think of the austerity e devout—the wily forecastings of the ambitious—the barefooted r—the silent toil of inferiors who, in the eyes of many, were honoured than kings—and the fatherly vigilance of the white- ed abbot, who once found a home, a sure retreat within these

er Henry VIII. had suppressed the monasteries and other religious s there was a serious rebellion in Lincolnshire. In this rebellion i took a prominent part, putting forth every effort for the restora- f those institutions. Though a general pardon was granted to the gents, after they were overpowered and had laid down their arms, yet ensive had the Louthites become, that the vicar, two priests, and other persons, who were regarded as ringleaders of the rebellion, drawn to Tyburn and hanged and quartered.

ring the civil wars between Charles I. and the Parliament there i skirmish at Louth, the issues of which were in favour of the ionwealth. Sir Charles Bolles, who had raised a troop of cavalry our of the royal cause, was glad to escape death by hiding himself the bridge which spans the Lud in Ramsgate. This game being the soldiers marched off to Winceby, where they dealt out to each the hardest measures of the sword. It is said, that just before attle, Cromwell slept one night in Louth, in a house on the south f the market-place.

the struggles of Nonconformity Louth again came into notice. Mr. , a clergyman of the town, in high repute as a scholar and a ian, and much beloved by the people, was, in consequence of omitting of the prayers (Neal says for not reading them all at once), indicted

at the assizes in 1634 before judge Anderson. This lord of misrule displayed much violence on the occasion, threatening to hunt all the puritans down. Mr. Grantham, baptist minister, was treated more like an assassin than a minister.

Louth is now a neat, clean, well-built market town, nearly a mile in length, with a population of about 10,500. It has a corn-exchange, a town hall, a session house, and a house of correction, for the division. A large market hall is now in course of erection. The parish church is a beautiful edifice of the latter part of the 14th century. There are two churches of more recent date. All the clergymen are of the Puseyite stamp, and a thousand times more anxious, judging from their conduct, to put down dissent than destroy Popery, drunkenness, and other social evils. The Independents, Baptists, Wesleyans, and Free Methodists, have all good chapels here.

The Primitive Methodists visited the town about forty-five years ago. The Rev. T. King was one of the pioneer missionaries. He and his fellow-labourers were honoured with great success in this neighbourhood. The word ran and was glorified. Societies were formed, and soon Louth became the head of a mission station.

As usual, our first chapel was the largest; for our friends worshipped in the open air. They did not escape persecution. The servants of satan raged, showing how their master hated the doctrines of the cross especially when these doctrines were brought before hundreds of his miserable captives in market-places and camp-meeting fields. The Rev A. F. Beckerlegge was taken before the magistrates, charged with disturbing the public peace, by conducting a procession at a camp meeting It was thought that the issues of the trial would be against us, and would seriously damage our cause; but they turned out to be the reverse.

We have had several little chapels in the town, and some that have undergone several transformations. One Sunday night, when one of them was filled with people, the whole of one side, the foundation of which had been partly undermined by an ill-disposed neighbour, fell down. It was providential that not one life was lost, nor one limb broken; and that the whole congregation escaped without anything more serious happening them than a few being a little scratched, some squeezed and all pretty well frightened.

Primitive Methodism has now a good position in the town and the neighbourhood. It has had the advantage of being supported by two influential gentlemen: the late J. Maltby, Esq., of Louth Park, and W. Byron, Esq., of Stewton House. The former was the General Missionary Treasurer for a number of years. He died in peace about *two years ago.* The latter gentleman still lives, and labours with

abated love for the welfare of our Zion. To him and his excellent
e our cause is much indebted. They have stood by it through good
ort and evil report, through honour and dishonour—weeping when it
been low, and rejoicing when it has been in prosperity. The Lord
g spare their lives, and grant them every blessing they need in their
lining years, and a complete meetness for eternal glory.

The present chapel (shown in the engraving), was built in the year
50, under the able superintendency of the Rev. H. Knowles. It is
leried all round, and will seat 1,000 persons; 314 of the sittings are
e. Beneath one part of the gallery there is a school vestry, which might
thrown to the chapel, to accommodate 150 persons more. The
stees have property on one side of the chapel, consisting of two
ool rooms and a number of class rooms. Some alterations in the
pel and vestries are required, and we hope will soon be made. A
acher's vestry is much needed, a platform instead of a pulpit, better
ommodation for the choir, and a more commodius school room for
large tea meetings, missionary breakfasts, &c. As soon as possible
must have a day school. Most of the schools in the town are under
control of the church party, who do everything they can to proselyte
children and poison their minds against Dissenters. The Lord look
on this little hill of Zion! "Arise, O Lord, unto thy rest; thou and
ark of thy strength. Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness;
d let thy saints shout for joy." Psalm cxxxii. 8, 9.

JOSEPH WOOD.

ETERNAL PUNISHMENTS.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

EVANGELICAL Churches believe and teach that the finally impenitent
ll "go away into everlasting punishment;" that if men slight their
portunity of exercising repentance toward God and faith in our Lord
sus Christ, they will be condemned to endless remorse. This is
jected to on various grounds presently to be examined. I undertake
prove that *society does in this matter precisely what it condemns in the
vernment of Almighty God.* If God punishes the finally impenitent
ever, man does the same thing, and does it *necessarily;* necessarily,
cause of the demands of the moral universe without, as well as the
actions of the moral principle within.

It is objected that there is no *proportion* between time and eternity,

and consequently that to punish man eternally for doing wrong in short lifetime is inequitable. While it is not denied that punishmen due, it is contended that there should be some proportion between crime and the penalty.

In answer to this objection, let us read the law of proportion in light of human procedure. If I understand it properly, it amoun this—that a day's crime should be met by a day's punishment; that man who does wrong on a Monday should be punished on Tuesday, restored to confidence on Wednesday. "Not exactly that," the obj replies; "but," he continues, "say that a day's crime should be me a month's punishment, or a year's". Indeed! What is the propo between one day and a month, or one day and a year? Does not depend on the *nature* of the crime? For example, a man picks a poc would the objector say that a month's imprisonment would be enou Another man takes away a life: would the objector say that a y punishment would suffice? But why should the one be punish month and the other a year? It is urged that the *nature* of the c determines that. Indeed! After all, then, it is not a question of but a question of *turpitude*. In reality it would appear that the *tin* which a crime is committed has nothing to do with the questio punishment. Nor should it have anything. Imagine a criminal pl ing that, as he took away a fellow-creature's life in a moment, he sh be punished according to the *time* he occupied in the awful deed! V it requires less time to destroy a life than to break a house; but on principle of proportion (which proceeds entirely on the question of ti the burglar should undergo longer punishment than the murde What would be the *right* proportion of time between breaking a h and the length of punishment? I shall show presently that so knows nothing about such proportion—ignores it entirely—and woul speedily disorganised if it proceeded upon any such principle in the of an impenitent felon.

Those of you who insist upon proportion, answer this inq Thirty years ago a man forged your name for a thousand guineas did it in an hour; a few dashes of a practised pen and the deed done! That man never owned the act, never uttered a penitential w was sent to prison for ten years, and now he is in society; have forgiven him? have you restored him to your confidence? have invited him to the society of your children? is he once more at desk? You answer, *No;* but what becomes of your own argu founded on *proportion?* Remember the man was confined ten year a deed, done in an hour! Was not that enough? Think of an multiplying itself into ten years, and say whether you can reason

demand *more*. But you say the man is *impenitent;* precisely so, and that is the very basis on which the divine adjudication proceeds. You say that if the man had truly repented of his sin, and had brought evidences of his sincerity, you would have forgiven him; be it so; this is the Gospel itself, the very thing which your misjudged Creator does; for "if we *confess* our sins, He is faithful and just to *forgive* us our sins." The sum of my answer is this, If a man continue to be *impenitent* respecting any crime, he is as guilty of that crime on the *last day of his life*, as he was in the very hour of its accomplishment. Time has no influence upon his guilt. It is purely a question of the heart and life. And so *long* as he is impenitent he ought to be marked and avoided. Society does this; society punishes (more or less lightly, more or less directly) all impenitent offenders against its laws, and punishes them throughout their whole lifetime, which is as much of eternity as its retributive influence can compass.

Look at this question of proportion in another light. A man who has maintained a good reputation for half a century as a pure, upright, noble man; who has figured on countless subscription-lists as a benefactor of the poor; whose name was the synonym of benevolence;—has been detected in the commission of a crime. That crime was being attempted secretly. The perpetrator little imagined that any eye was upon him. The fact is published, and how does society treat the tower which the man was fifty years in building? How? Why, society throws it down, and forgets half a century of goodness in one day's discovered villainy! Where is the law of *proportion* in this case? Why not take off *one day* from the fifty years' reputation, and regard the crime as but a spot on the sun of a brilliant life? By so doing society would be rendered insecure, all guarantees of morality would be loosened, and character would be shaken at its foundations.

This argument of proportion is utterly fallacious. No crime is self-contained. All actions have influence. What is done in an hour may affect men through all generations. Long after the pebble is at the bottom of the lake the circles multiply and expand on the surface.

A second objection will help us still farther to see the fallacy of the argument founded upon proportion. It is argued that as virtue is its own reward, and vice its own punishment, so the sinner is sufficiently punished while upon earth, and need not have hell superadded. I answer—if there is anything in this argument, it holds equally true of *heaven*, and, therefore, as virtue is its own reward, man is sufficiently honoured here, and need not be called into heavenly felicity. By parity of reasoning, this latter position is impregnable. I shall not, however, rest the argument on this obviously true position, but shall maintain *that*

punishment is not regenerative. The whole issue may be staked u declaration. The objector makes his fatal mistake in imagin punishment may *regenerate* the criminal. Many religious pers err on this point. Hell itself, if it were allowed to be immediate final, could not convert man to Christianity! It might terrif impose terrible restraints upon them—but as to changing the h bringing rebellion to its knees, it might be as powerless as a storm.

Take an instance: a felon has undergone a term of imprisonm he may *leave* the prison as great a felon as he *entered* it. The me of his having been in gaol for six months does not make him an hon The law could touch only his *body*, his *heart* all the while might be further schemes of crime. Punishment in itself is not a regenera does the objector himself think so. Would the objector admit suc into his house, or wish him to be the companion of his sons? I the objector himself feel unsafe in the very presence of such a m this moment in one pocket you have money and in another a gol now hear me,—*the person who is sitting next to you is a ticket man!* You start! Be calm, I pray you! Remember your own faced and amiable philosophy, which teaches that vice is its own ment, and therefore the man has been tormented, and remem you insist on *proportion*, and that this man has been in the col has earned a fair reputation there! Still, one hand is on the mo another on the watch. Why, if punishment necessarily regene heart, the man is as good as you are and as much to be trusted. him home! Hold friendly intercourse with him upon colonial lif punish the man *for ever;* where is the *proportion* between a day and life-long infamy? *Where!* The objector denies the very advocates! He would have God's *infinite holiness* do what his n *morality* cannot do! He would have the *Sun* overlook defects v own *rushlight* brings into startling prominence! He would hav embrace a filth from which a *pauper* would recoil. Remember question is one which appeals to your *moral sense*, not to your *ph* not to your *benevolence*, but to your sense of right and wrong *you*, whose moral faculty has been blunted and perverted, tu horror from the idea of fraternising with an impenitent convict, he, whose purity is infinite and unchangeable, look with benig man whose heart is full of uncleanness, whose lip is burni blasphemy, and in whose hand is the rebel's weapon? "Yet house of Israel, the way of the Lord is not equal!"

The objector fails to see that the argument which he founds u being its own punishment is practically denied in all the penal

ments of society. If vice is its own punishment why should the thief be imprisoned or the murderer executed? Why not leave each to the tormenting remorse of his own reflections? Why add the punishment of the treadmill to the scorpion-thong of conscience? The fact is, that vice has its own punishment only to a very partial degree. By the repetition of crime the conscience is hardened. The young thief trembles as he touches the lock at midnight, but the veteran burglar is as steady in the darkness as at noonday. The sinner, therefore, has merely to *repeat* his crimes in order to escape their punishment; for he who now blushes in anger may one day be calm in murder!

A third objection alleges that Almighty God should issue a universal amnesty; should throw open every prison door in the universe; should say to devils, "You are *forgiven*," and to lost men, "Receive your *liberty*." This would be pronounced kind, benevolent, magnanimous! This, it is suggested, would be worthy of *God*. Think of it! Every devil liberated; every lost soul at liberty; the son of perdition mingling with the sons of God! Such is the picture, and it is more pictorial than philosophical. To the objection a twofold answer may be returned:—

1. *An amnesty could not work any moral change.* This is the forgotten point, or the point misunderstood. Suppose the monarch were to issue a universal amnesty, and that to-morrow every convict were unchained, every thief once more on the highway, every murderer again at large, every incendiary free; what then? Would the convict, the thief, the murderer, the incendiary, be good members of society? Would they throw off their *nature* in throwing off their prison garments? No, truly. The amnesty, instead of being a blessing, would be a curse; liberty would be turned into licentiousness; and virtue would be thrown down in the streets. If the insane idea of a universal amnesty were suggested, all virtuous England would protest against it; fathers and mothers would pray that the day of its fulfilment might never dawn; such an amnesty would be like the lifting up of flood-gates that waters of destruction might overflow the land.

What, then, would God's amnesty do? Would a demon be less a demon on one side of a prison door than on the other? Does the *door* make the demon?

2. This leads me to repeat that *forgiveness requires the consent of two parties.* An enemy cannot be turned into a friend without the concurrence of the man himself. It seems easy to say, "I forgive you," but what does forgiveness amount to if the party addressed should be impenitent and obdurate? You may say, "I shall not do you any injury: I shall let you alone;" all that can be done is merely *negative.* Do you urge that Almighty God should do this? Be it so; to be *let alone* by

God is to be orphaned; to be outside heaven is to be in hell; not t within the brightness of his smile is to be quaking under the outer d ness of his frown!

Few things are more flippantly spoken about than *forgiveness.* thought that forgiveness is independent of repentance. You may pa an offence against *yourself*, but you cannot pardon an offence ag *righteousness.* You may rise superior to the merely *personal* considera but if you trifle with the demands of morality, your very forgiveness sin, and your magnanimity is a fraud.

It comes to this, then, that even God Himself cannot forgive a si apart from the sinner's own will. Is it anything merely *personal* Almighty God denounces? Can the sinner do God any harm? Can mightiest chief in all the armies of hell pluck one star from the sk keep back the light of the sun, or dry up the springs of water, or fo the seasons to visit the earth, or reverse the succession of day and ni Is God alarmed for his *physical* government? He? Why, he weig the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance, and he taketh u isles as a very little thing! He? Why, he sitteth upon the circle o earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers before him the glance of his eye he could wither the universe; by a word he c remand all beings into nonentity. Understand, then, that they ar offences against *power* which he remembers and punishes, but offe against *holiness.* He has to maintain the public virtue of the univ He can smile at the hand which smites his throne, but not at the which rejects his law. That is a poor and mean idea of forgiv which takes note of the *personal* element alone; and that only i true idea which goes back to great principles, and forgets the per and perishing in the spiritual and everlasting.

For example: a child disobeys his parent by breaking open a doo intruding into a forbidden room. Is it the injury against the *door* the parent feels so deeply, or the *disobedience* against his will? Do dwell on the *physical* injury or on the *moral* offence? Were it me question of the door, the matter would be forgotten in a moment, o ferred to with a smile; but as an infraction of parental auth it wounds the heart and assails the foundations of domestic governm Even so, with infinite exaltation of meaning, is it with God. He at the *motive.* He judges only by the *spirit.* So that while he despise the mightiest *physical* rebellion which Lucifer could lead, he weep over a child's first lie, a heart's first sin.

The judgment of the sentence of eternal punishment is most cl apprehended when viewed in connection with the *atonement.* Hell to me most just and necessary when I view the universe from

Saviour's cross. In proportion as the heart realises the mystery of redeeming love does it rise in Godlike indignation against all sin. Did my Saviour suffer all this? Did he leave the glories of the celestial state, and sojourn as a man upon the earth for man's sake? Did he become poorer than the wandering bird and the hunted fox, that he might make man rich? Did he die that we might live? What is the meaning of this darkening sky? What of those opening graves? What of that bursting rock? Why that look of anguish past all utterance? Why that cry deeper than the wail of orphans or the shriek of those who have no helper? All this for man's sin! All this that man might be saved! What then shall be done with those who revile that cross, who count that blood unworthy, who care not for that wounded side, who deafen themselves against that rending cry? *What?* They "shall go away into everlasting punishment." Is is not *right?* They "shall go away into everlasting punishment!" Does not conscience answer *Amen!* They have slighted all that God himself could do for them; they have broken down the guardian wall of his love; they have leaped over the barriers which he erected for their safety; and to *what* have they leaped? To *what?*

THE INFLUENCE OF ONE.

Having tarried a few days in a beautiful village of the West, I embarked in a vessel which was crossing one of the great lakes. Three other individuals had taken passage, and night coming on found us waiting for a breeze.

About nine o'clock, as the sails were hoisted, another passenger came on board. When we had cleared the harbour he entered the cabin, and seemed to suppose that he was alone; for we had all retired to our berths. The lamp was burning dimly on the table, but it afforded sufficient light for me to discover that he was young. Seating himself beside it, he drew a book from his pocket and read a few minutes. Suddenly, from on deck, was heard the voice of the captain uttering oaths, terrific beyond description. The youth arose, laid his book on the chair, and, kneeling beside it, in a low whisper engaged in prayer. I listened attentively, and though his soul seemed to burn within him, I could gather only an occasional word or part of a sentence, such as "mercy," "dying heathen," "sinners," &c. Presently he seemed in an agony of spirit for these

swearers, and could scarcely suppress his voice while pleading with G to have mercy on them. My soul was stirred within me. There was sacredness in this place, and I was self-condemned, knowing that I al professed the name of Jesus, and had retired with my fellow-passenge to rest, not having spoken of God, or committed myself to his care.

Early in the morning I was awakened by a loud voice at the door of t companionway,—"Here! whose tracts are these?" followed by oth voices in threats and imprecations against tract distributors, Bethe temperance societies, &c.

I thought of the young stranger, and feared they would execute th threats upon him, but he calmly said, "Those tracts, sir, are min I have but a few, as you see; but they are very good, and you m take one if you wish. I brought them on board to distribute, but y were all too busy last night." The sailor smiled and walked aw making no reply.

We were soon called to breakfast with the captain and mate. Wh we were seated at the table, "Captain," said our young companion, " the Lord supplies all our wants, if neither you nor the passengers obj I would like to ask his blessing on our repast." "If you pleas replied the captain, with apparent good-will. In a few minutes the co was on deck, and informed the sailors, who were instantly in an upro and their mouths filled with curses. The captain attempted to apolog for the profanity of his men, saying, "It was perfectly common amo sailors, and they meant no harm by it."

"With your leave, captain," said the young stranger, "I think we c put an end to it."

Himself a swearer, and having just apologised for his men, the capta was puzzled for his answer; but after a little hesitation replied, " might as well attempt to sail against a head wind as to think of such thing."

"But I meant all I said," added the young man.

"Well, if you think it possible, you may try it," said the captain.

As soon as breakfast was over, the oldest and most profane of th sailors seated himself on the quarter-deck to smoke his pipe. The youn man entered into conversation with him, and soon drew from him history of the adventures of his life. From his boyhood he had followe the ocean. He had been tossed on the billows in many a tempest; h visited several missionary stations in different parts of the world, an gave his testimony to the good effects of missionary efforts among t natives of the Sandwich Islands. Proud of his nautical skill, he length boasted that he could do anything that could be done by sailor.

"I doubt it," said the young man.

"I can," answered the hardy tar, "and will not be outdone, my word for it."

"Well, when a sailor passes his word he ought to be believed. I know a sailor who resolved that he would stop swearing; and did so."

"Ah!" said the old sailor, "You've anchored me; I'm fast—but I can do it."

"I know you can," said the young man, "and I hope you will anchor all your shipmates' oaths with yours."

Not a word of profanity was afterwards heard on board of the vessel. During the day, as opportunity presented itself, he conversed with each sailor singly on the subject of his soul's salvation, and gained the hearts of all.

After supper he requested of the captain the privilege of conducting worship in the cabin. His wishes were complied with, and soon all on board, except the man at the helm, were assembled. The captain brought out a Bible, which he said was given him in early life by his father, with a request that he would never part with it. We listened as our friend read Matthew's account of Christ's crucifixion and resurrection; and then, looking round upon us, he said, "He is risen—yes, Jesus lives; let us worship Him."

It was a melting scene. Knees that seldom bowed before now knelt at the altar of prayer, while the solemnities of eternity seemed hanging over us. After prayer we went on deck and sang a hymn. It was a happy place, a *floating Bethel*. Instead of confusion and wrath, there were sweet peace and solemnity. We ceased just as the setting sun was flinging upon us his last cheerful rays.

The captain, deeply affected, went into the cabin, lit his lamp, took his Bible, and was engaged in reading till we had retired to rest.

After this, for three days, we regularly attended family worship, and had much interesting conversation on various subjects; for there was nothing in the religion of the young stranger to repress the cheerfulness of social intercourse. From his familiarity with the Bible, his readiness in illustrating its truths, and presenting its motives; and from his fearless but judicious and persevering steps, we concluded that he was a minister of the Gospel. From all he saw, he gathered laurels to cast at his Master's feet, and in all his movements aimed to show that eternity was not to be trifled with. A few hours before we arrived in port we ascertained that he was a *mechanic—a village carpenter.*

Before we reached the wharf, the captain came forward, and with much feeling bade him farewell; declared that he was resolved to live as he had

done no longer—his wife, he said, was a Christian, and he meant to go and live with her: and added, "I have had ministers as passengers on my vessel, Sabbath-days and week-days, but never before have I been so touchingly reminded of the family altar where my departed parents knelt." As we left the vessel, every countenance showed that our friend had, by his decided, yet mild and Christian faithfulness, won the gratitude of many, and the esteem of all.

We soon found ourselves in a canal boat, where were about thirty passengers of various ages and characters; and my curiosity was not a little excited to learn how my companion would proceed among them. The afternoon had nearly passed away, and he conversed with no one but myself. At length he inquired of the captain if he was willing to have prayers on board.

"I have no objection," said he, "if the passengers have not; but *I* shan't attend."

At an early hour the passengers were invited into the cabin, and in a few minutes the captain was seated among them. After reading a short portion of Scripture our friend made a few appropriate remarks, and earnestly commended us to God.

As soon as he rose from prayer, a gentleman, whose head was whitening for the grave, said, "Sir, I should like to converse with you. I profess to be a Deist. I once professed religion, but now I believe it is all delusion."

"Sir," said the young man, I respect age, and will listen to you; and as you proceed, may perhaps ask a few questions: but I cannot debate, I can only say that I must love Jesus Christ. He died to save me, and I am a great sinner."

"I do not deny that men are sinners," said the old man, "but I don't believe in Christ."

"Will you then tell us how sinners can be saved in some other way, and God's law be honoured?"

We waited in vain for a reply, when my friend proceeded:—"Not many years since, I was an infidel, because I did not love the truth, and was unwilling to examine it. Now I see my error; and the more I study the Bible, the firmer is my conviction of its truth; and that there is no salvation but through a crucified Redeemer."

As the passengers sat engaged in conversation, one of them at length turned to our young friend, and related the circumstances of a murder, recently perpetrated by a man in the neighbourhood, while in a fit of intoxication. To this all paid the strictest attention. The captain joined them to hear the story, the conclusion of which afforded an opportunity to the stranger to begin his work. He was the advocate of

rance as well as religion, and here gained some friends to this

ut," said he at length, "though intoxication occasions an immense
it of crime and misery in our world, I recollect one instance of
r with which it had no connection." He then related, as nearly
n remember, the following story:—
a populous city of the East was a man who seemed to live only
good of others. He daily exhibited the most perfect benevolence
is his fellow-men; sought out the poor and needy, and relieved
vants: sympathised with and comforted the sick and the afflicted;
though he was rich, his unsparing beneficence clothed him in
y. He deserved the esteem of all, yet he had enemies. He took
rt in politics, yet many feared that his generosity was a cloak of
on, and that he was making friends in order to secure to himself
ins of government. Others feared that his religious views, con-
l with his consistent life, would expose their hypocrisy. At length
k trial was held by an infuriated mob, and he was condemned and
death."
Where was that?" "When was it?" "Who was it?" was heard
several voices.
t was in the city of Jerusalem, and the person was none other
the LORD JESUS CHRIST. By his enemies he was hung upon the
and for us guilty sinners he died."
ry eye was fixed upon the young man, and a solemn awe rested on
countenance. He opened a Bible which lay upon the table, and
the account of Christ's condemnation and death; the captain
d to him as a signal for prayer, and we all again fell on our knees,
he wept over the condition of sinners, and for the sake of Christ
ght God's mercy upon them. Here again was a floating Bethel.
the morning, the stranger was not forgotten; and he evidently did
rget that there were immortal souls around him, hastening with
o the bar of God. During the day he conversed separately with
ndividual, except an elderly gentleman who had followed him from
o seat, and showed much uneasiness of mind; the realities of eter-
were set before us, and the Holy Spirit seemed to be striving with
hearts.
the mantle of evening was drawing around us, our friend requested
terview with the aged man.
es, yes," he said, "I have been wishing all day to see you, but you
talking with others."
acknowledged that he had tried to be a Universalist; and though he
not rest in that belief, he never, until the previous evening, saw

his lost condition. "And now," said he, "I want you to tell me what I shall do."

The young man raised his eyes to heaven, as if imploring the Spirit's influences, and then briefly explained the nature and reasonableness of repentance and faith, accompanied by a few striking illustrations in proof of the justice of God in condemning, and his mercy in pardoning sinners.

The old man saw the plan of redemption so clearly that he burst in tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, my soul, my soul! How have I sinned against God! I see it—I feel it; yes, I have sinned all my days."

"But Jesus died to save sinners," replied the young man; "will you, my friend, give him your heart?"

"O yes, yes! if I had a thousand hearts he should have them all," was the answer.

The young man turned away and wept. For some minutes silence was broken only by the deep sighs of the aged penitent. There was something, in an hour like this, awfully solemn. Heaven was rejoicing, I doubt not, over a returning prodigal. As he stood alone and wept, he reiterated again and again, "Yes, I will serve God; I will, I will." After a time, his feelings became more calm, and lifting his eyes towards heaven, with both hands raised he sang:—

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

And then again he wept, and said, "Yes, O Jesus, precious Saviour!"

The time had come for our young friend to leave us. By his zeal in his Master's service he had stolen our hearts, and all pressed forward to express their friendship in an affectionate farewell.

Such was the influence of *one* individual, whose unwavering purpose it was to *live* for God. He felt for dying sinners; and, relying on the help of the Holy Spirit for success, laboured for the salvation of souls around him.

Will not the reader solemnly resolve, in God's strength, that henceforth, *whether at home or abroad*, he will make the glory of Christ, in the salvation of men, the one object of his life? When Christians universally shall do this, we may expect soon to hear the song of Zion float on every breeze: "Hallelujah! The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ."

Sent by J. T. Robson.

THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

HE particular spot at which the Suspension Bridge spans the Menai Straits, linking together Carnarvonshire and the Isle of Anglesey, is about a mile nearer Bangor than its gigantic rival, the Britannia Bridge. The shores are of the same precipitous and shelving cha- t both places, but the stream is considerably narrower than at the a Bridge, being only about 600 feet across at high water.

Suspension Bridge is 1 mile from Britannia Bridge, 2 miles from the y Monument, 2¾ from Bangor, 16 from Conway, 5 from Beaumaris, Carnarvon, 23 from Holyhead, 9 from the Slate Quarries, and 15 from n.

irst step towards the erection of this truly magnificent bridge was n the month of May, 1819, by blasting, and removing the inequalities rock called Ynys y Moch (Island of pigs), to an even surface, in order thereon a solid foundation for the north main pier, on the Anglesey his natural rock is situate about 120 feet from the Anglesey or north- the Menai Straits; which, at that time, was accessible only at low The intermediate space, between the Anglesey shore and the rock, was with a temporary causeway of stonework, wide enough on the summit t of a railroad for sledges, drawn by horses, and which, being con- r elevated above high water mark, afforded the workmen an oppor- f passing and repassing to their various occupations, at all times, without e.

emporary causeway being completed, and the superfices of the rock

(Ynys y Moch) rendered even by the aid of masonry, the first stone, about three tons weight, was laid in the centre of the north pier, without ceremony, by W. A. Provis, Esq., the resident engineer, on Tuesday, the 10th day of August, 1819. Late in the autumn of the same year the preparation for the foundation of the south main pier, on the Carnarvonshire side, was begun. After excavating the beach to the depth of seven feet, a solid mass of firm rock was fortunately met with, on which the present south main pier rests its ponderous weight.

The height of each main pier is 100 feet from high water line to the level of the roadway; from thence to the apex of the suspending pier, 53 feet, tapering gradually in pyramidical form. The south main pier, from the extreme depth of its foundation, exceeds, considerably, in quantum of masonry and workmanship, its gigantic rival on the opposite shore. Each stone from the bottom to the top of the suspension piers is bound together with iron dowels, to prevent the possibility of their being separated or bulged by the immense pressure and weight of the suspension chains. It is proper to observe, that the two main piers are not formed of a solid bed of stonework all the way up; on the contrary, eight hollow squares, four in each pier, were left near the centre of the abutments, commencing above high-water-mark, and continued up, perpendicularly, nearly to the level of the road-way, which, as the pier advanced in altitude, were regularly worked within, and closely cemented with mortar, in the same manner as the external part of the pier. This method of forming wide abutments adds greatly to the strength and solidity of the interior of the work, by binding the masonry more closely together.

Each of the small piers, from high water mark to the spring of the arch, is 65 feet.

The four arches on the Anglesey side, and the three on the Carnarvonshire side, were begun early in the spring of 1820, and completed late in the autumn of 1824. The span of each arch is 52 feet 6 inches. The arches through which the carriages, &c., pass, are 9 feet wide, and 15 feet to the spring of the arches, where the lamps are placed.

The roadway consists of two carriage-ways (up and down line) 12 feet in breadth, with a foot-path, of 4 feet in breadth, in the centre between them, inclosed all the way by an iron railing on each side, to secure passengers from any accident, which might otherwise occur, in case of horses proving restive; and it also affords personal protection from carriages and horned cattle passing along the roadway. The floor of the road is formed of layers of wood, well covered with pitch, and then strewn over with granite broken very small, forming, by its adhesion to the pitch, a solid body impervious to the wet. A light lattice-work of wrought iron, to the height of about 7 feet, prevents the possibility of accident by falling over, and allows a clear view of the scenery on both sides, which can be seen to great advantage from this height. The form of the suspended roadway is somewhat convex, rising gradually from the end to 3 feet at the centre, which gives it a most graceful appearance. From the main piers to the extreme ends of the bridge, the road falls at the rate of 1 foot in 25. The length of the suspended part of the road, from pier to pier, is 555 feet. Total length of the bridge, 910 feet. The road is 100 feet above high water line. A ship of 300 tons burthen, with all her sails set, can pass under the bridge, and have several feet to spare.

The extreme length of the chain, from the fastenings in the rocks, is 1710 feet. The chains, 16 in number, consist of 5 chain-bars in each length; each chain-bar is 10 feet long, 3 inches wide, and 1 inch thick, with 6 joint-plates at each end, 1 foot 6 inches long, by 10 inches broad, and 1 inch thick, secured by 2 bolts at each joint. The total number of chain-bars in the cross sections of the chains is 80. The number of chain-bars (consisting of 5 bars to each length) in one chain is, 935; in the 16 chains, 14,960. The number of plate-joints which unite the chain-bars, 4,488, each weighing 35lbs. The number of bolts, 4,488 each weighing 56lbs. The number of suspension or vertical rods

n each line is 199, total in four lines 796, weighing each 100lbs. The sus-ended part of the road rests upon 111 sleepers, 222 trust-rods, and 222 king-osts. The total weight of the iron-work, 4,373,281 lbs.

The appearance of this enormous weight of chains, bolts, and bars, suspended n the air across the sometimes glassy surface and sometimes rolling waves of he Straits, connecting the tastefully-planted banks of Carnarvonshire and nglesey, is beautiful and grand.

The first chain was thrown over the Straits of the Menai, by means of ma-hinery, on the 26th of April, 1825; and the sixteenth, or the last chain, on the th of July, the same year.

On the completion of the first chain, three of the workmen had the temerity o pass along the upper surface of the chain, which forms a curvature of 590 eet. The reversed sine of the arch is 43 feet!

On the 6th of May, 1825, a son of the "last" sat down quietly on the centre f the curved part of the upper suspension chain, with his feet resting on the ne below it, and in that position actually went through the regular process of aking a pair of small shoes, which he afterwards sold for a sovereign. He as led to suppose that the shoes were purchased for public exhibition, at the ritish Museum.

The suspension power of the chains is calculated at 2,016 tons, and the weight o be suspended, exclusive of the cables, 342 tons; leaving a disposable power f 1,674 tons.

The general opening of the bridge took place on Monday, January 30th, 826. The Royal London and Holyhead mail coach, carrying the London ail bag for Dublin, passed over at one o'clock A.M. Early in the morning, oaches, carriages, gigs, cars, a long train of horsemen, and thousands of pedes-rians, passed over, shouting, whistling, singing, &c. Cannons, stationed at ach side of the bridge, were discharged during the day. A band of music layed merrily, enlivening the scene, and cheering the hearts of those who came o gaze upon this new wonder of the world. Flags of every description floated n the breeze. Thus nearly six years were occupied in building this noble tructure; about one year less time than was required for the erection of Solo-on's Temple, and two years more than was occupied in the completion of he Britannia Bridge.

HOW TO RAISE SEVEN THOUSAND POUNDS.

HROUGH the blessing of God upon the Primitive Methodist connexion it has so rown that it can now point to nearly 150,000 members in church fellowship, nd count its chapels, rented rooms, and other preaching places to the number f 6,125. In connection with these members and places of worship, we have a oble band of Sabbath scholars, amounting in all to more than 215,000. To hese we now address ourselves.

The connexion to which you belong is engaged in a great and glorious under-aking: that of spreading the gospel, both in our own country and in lands eyond the seas. Our Missionary Committee has sent many earnest and devoted en to New Zealand, South Australia, Victoria, Queensland, New South Wales, anada, Ireland, and other parts; and from those lands have been wafted the rnest cry of the toiling missionary and the piteous wail of the perishing illions for more and yet more labourers to be sent into the fields, "white eady to harvest." But not only is there a cry for help from those places here our missionaries have already lifted the banner of salvation, but from

almost all parts of the world. Ethiopia is stretching out her hands unto God. The poor dark-skinned African, so long the subject of oppresion and wrong, kneels upon his burning sands, and with hands uplifted, heart oppressed, and eyes o'erflowing, sends forth the touching prayer, "Come over, and help us." Yes, yes, he is waiting to throw away his idols, and to receive that Gospel, which alone can break the spell of his dark superstitions, and chase the midnight of his soul. Africa, with its population of about two hundred million souls, has not one Primitive Methodist missionary. Nor is this all, for it is so scantily supplied with christian labourers of any denomination, that, taking the country as a whole, there is only one to every 300,000 of its inhabitants. What a fact! Three hundred thousand people, and only one Missionary! It has its priests of superstition, and its doctors of witchcraft by thousands: but alas! whole districts without one single missionary, or a copy of the Bible. Well may we cry, "O Lord, how long?"

Again: if we turn to India we find a population of nearly one hundred and fifty millions, wrapt in all the night of gross heathenism. Missionaries of the cross have laboured, and are still labouring here, and not without considerable success: but oh, how few their numbers,—and not one Primitive Methodist missionary among them! How long shall this be? The Hindoo is yearning for something better than the miserable dogmas of the priests of Brahma, and the cruel and revolting rites of the blood-stained Juggernaut. Go, christian missionary, and haste to tell him of one who—

> "Comes from thickest films of vice,
> To clear the mental ray;
> And on the eyes oppress'd with night,
> To pour the light of day."

Tell him of that loving Saviour who "gave himself a ransom for" him. Yes, priest-ridden and superstitious as he is, for him the Saviour died. Hallelujah! The Hindoo may yet forsake his funeral piles, his barbarous rites, and bloody festivals; and turning his eyes from these, may be led to "behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

We cannot stay now to tell you of the great wants of other countries, such as China, Japan, and other "dark corners of the earth," which are "full of the habitations of cruelty." Let us just remind you of the fearful degradation of our own far-famed London. It is, indeed, a very great and wealthy city, and its praises are sounded throughout the distant nations of the earth. But London is a very wicked place, and much needs the help of all Christians, that the most wretched of its population may be brought to hear the sound of the gospel and to feel its power. Just let me tell you that in London as many shops are open on the Sabbath-day as would form a street sixty miles in length; and it is computed that in that city not less than £40,000 are spent in intoxicating drink every Sabbath-day. What a fearful state of things! We could tell you other facts, equally sad, but space will not permit. Surely something must be done speedily to improve the moral and religious state of London. Our Missionary Committee is very desirous that some of its missionaries should be stationed in the densely populated districts of this city; and so by family visitation, tract distribution, and the preaching of the gospel, help to stay these torrents of pollution and woe. It is anxious also to send forth missionaries to Africa, and indeed to all parts of the earth; for as the earnest John Wesley said, so says Primitive Methodism, "The world is my parish." But the question arises: If this is the spirit of the connexion, why is it that we have not our missionaries and mission-stations multiplied many fold? I will try to tell you; and it is this which leads me to appeal to you, the scholars and teachers of our Sabbath schools. In order to send and maintain additional missionaries, we need additional missionary money. It cannot be done without. The following is one way to obtain this necessary increase in the missionary revenue. Let every school be supplied with a missionary box, and then, we ask, will not every scholar put one half-penny into

once every month? If all will do so, they will raise in one year the
m of *five thousand, three hundred, and seventy-five pounds.* Who does
"I will do my part"? If, in addition to this, the teachers encourage
iren, by adding their penny per month to the store, it will then swell
nt to the pleasing sum of *seven thousand, two hundred, and seventy*
ds !

very superintendent and every teacher be in earnest, and very much, if
f this sum will be raised. Seek to instil into the minds of the children
r missions, and that love will awaken untiring zeal. Think of the many
sionaries which this sum would enable your committee to send forth,
ious truth !) these might be useful in saving thousands of souls.

clusion, it may be added, that the plan reccommended is being tried in
r's circuit and so far with pleasing results.

lod may baptise our connexion with true missionary zeal, is the earnest

A PLEADER FOR MISSIONS.

TRICKS IN TRADE.

EDITOR.—I have lately had occasion to think a little on this subject,
ve decided to send you the result of my meditations. You will say
ave not written upon it philosophically; but I have looked into it
ly to perceive that it is a very serious thing for religionists to dis-
s it has unmistakeably put into the hands of our enemies a weapon
been powerful for evil in all ages. The infidel and the sceptic are
y alluding to it, and the conduct of the conscientious moralist has in
instance rebuked that of the worldly-minded professor. However,
ve a good view of our subject; and in its consideration we shall not
: readers with us to Paradise and weary them with wordy pictures of
appiness when a resident in Eden; but we must go back to the time
consequence of his transgression, the Lord said unto him, "Because
t hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree
ommanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it, cursed is the ground for
; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also
les shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the
the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the

From that hour Adam and his posterity have had to struggle and
world around them for the necessaries of life; and just in proportion
ave exerted themselves in the world has been (as a rule) their success
he Scriptures say, "If any would not work neither should he eat,"
postle speaks of being "not slothful in business;" hence there is a legiti-
hod of exercising our talents in the activities of life; but more of that
owever, man was not slow to perceive that his superiority in intellect
nent was in itself a means of securing the comforts of social life, and
tions of his depraved heart soon led him to tread down every principle
uness that remained in him, and for worldly ease and temporal pros-
take advantage of every possible opportunity to better himself at the
f his fellows. To carry out his scheming subtleties he has not hesi-
laspheme his Maker's name, to weave into his general conversation
ofane utterances, which are supposed to ensure his sincerity and truth-
it which in reality are only a cloak for his base designs and heartless

trickery. In the antediluvian world "the imaginations of men's hearts were only evil continually," and after the waters of the deluge abated the enemy rose again, and soon became as rampant as ever. In the apostle's writings there are many allusions to the dissembling practices of the heathen, and in all ages mankind has made no scruple in resorting to unworthy measures to practice deception in the world. But I question if in any age there was so vast an amount of crafty scheming in the businesses of life as there is to-day. In these days men do indeed "glory in their shame." In the clubs, the bar-room, and the parlour, they boast of their disgraceful conduct, and delight themselves in recounting their many deeds of infamy, and together will take stock as to the best possible means of entrapping the young and unsuspecting in the future. In every department of active life this may be seen. In political affairs, in the commercial world, and in all the various branches of industry around us, there is to the observant eye a regular system of chicanery and trickery carried on. I have no desire or space here to mention certain artifices that are being practised, but I may say I do not believe in what the worldlings call "neat tricks." I well remember reading of a Quaker who had a valuable vessel at sea, the time for her arrival at port having passed he wrote to an underwriter in an insurance office to effect (if it could be done) an insurance on the missing ship. Before the policy arrived the merchant received information of the vessel. He immediately dispatched a note to the underwriter, saying, "If thou hast not insured the vessel thee need not, for I have heard of her." The man had not effected the insurance, but unwilling to lose so large a premium, instantly filled up the policy, and returned the answer, "The withdrawal is too late, the insurance has been effected, and the premium must be paid." He received from the quaker the following reply, "Friend, I am sorry for thee, for thou wilt be a great sufferer, I have heard of the vessel, certainly, but vessel and cargo are both lost." Now in this instance the crafty Quaker was both covetous and false, and the insurance agent was also the "biter bit." But our position as a preacher of the gospel is a standing protest against these practices. We professedly go into the world to expose evil and denounce sin. Hence, the inquiry might be made: Are such things carried on in the professing Christian world? We have no desire to shirk the question, therefore we answer unhesitatingly, yes! they are. With the Bible in our hands, we see how it has been with religionists in all ages. No thoughtful Christian man can justify Jacob's conduct to Esau or David's to Uriah. Mr. Wells may talk as he does about Rahab's lies, but our hearts detest such full blown antinomianism. In the New Testament the Saviour exposed the villainy of the Pharisees and hypocrites, whose sordid motives were so conspicuous in their attempts to be and do anything so as to gain and retain the offices of state and religion. Ananias and Sapphira were struck dead for their wickedness. Simon was severely rebuked by the apostle because he sought to purchase the gift of God with money, and amongst professors of our day, there is, I fear, a deal of petty trickery going on. I know the question might be, and often is, raised as to the possibility of getting on in the world without it; and it is asked whether men must alter their plans or shape their policy to the ever-changing opinions of religious enthusiasts. But to such objections I would reply, 'Tis Scripture precept, not mere human teaching, which is binding in the matter. The Scriptures speak plainly on the subject, "Whatever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them." "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Now men may turn and twist these passages as they please, and tell us plainly that the state of society renders them altogether impracticable; but we say then the greater need for our exertions in the cause of truth, for we maintain that the Scriptures are right, and the world, to use a familiar phrase, needs turning upside down. We must suffer for conscience' sake if we would be in the true sense of the term Bible Christians. I can conceive of the difficulties that an honest and conscientious man has to grapple with, surrounded by a wife and family, to all human appearances nothing before him

ut the poor house or parish; but the same blessed book that directs him in his usiness, assures him of the smile and approbation of one who has all things in is hands, and who will withhold no good thing from them that walk upightly. Let us never connive at the shameless conduct of some professors. low in the name of reason or religion can a form of worship be acceptable to od when there is a regular violation of his holy and righteous laws? Such ain oblations and sacrifices are an abomination unto the Lord. We have heard f a professor who, on one occasion, addressed his servant as follows: "John, ave you watered the vinegar, treacled the plums, and sanded the sugar?" Yes, sir!" "Then you may come to prayers." This may seem an easy way f serving God and Mammon, but such hypocrisy both God and man will rightously condemn. I could mention other cases of a similar kind, but I forbear, nd conclude with a few general observations. And first I would say, let us ee to it that we in no wise encourage or sanction trickery in high quarters. was once taking tea with a wealthy gentleman when he alluded to this ubject, and asked my opinion about the Scriptural precept of doing unto thers as we would they should do unto us. I gave him what I believed to be he sense of the passage. He struck the table a blow with his fist and remarked hat such an interpretation was unreasonable, it could not be practiced, and he ould "best" any man that fell in his way that was such a fool as to be duped y him. This is, I fear, the opinion of his class generally. Hence, I say let s not mince matters. Let us protest always under every circumstance, in ny quarter, against a practice which is diametrically opposed to the plain eachings of the Word of God. And secondly—Let us in our ministrations enerally comfort God's people, who are struggling around us to maintain an onest independence, and conscientiously to discharge the duties of life. We now of many instances of this kind. Many a man is to day lower in social tatus than he might have been, but for his honest purpose and independent pirit. Such men are too noble to truckle to the so-called class above them, nd any attempt to win them over by flattery, by appeals to their neighbours, r any similar mean and unworthy arguments, will only secure their intensest corn and highest indignation. Hence, I say, let us stand by such men. They re the glory of our race. If Christians generally were of a like spirit, all the reat questions of the day would soon be considered and settled. Let us tell hese men that God is smiling on their manly Christian conduct, that all the ruly noble in the land are sympathising with them, and taking with us the romises of God, let us go forth to encourage them not to be weary in well oing, for in due reason they shall reap if they faint not. A glorious heaven waits those who by "patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and ionour and immortality."

"Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

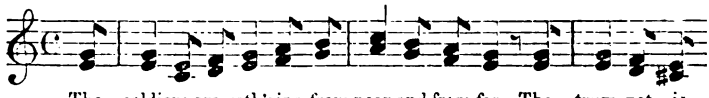
H. TURRALL.

SECRET OF PULPIT SUCCESS.

THE true secret of pulpit sucess has been well said to lie, not in grace of manner, nor richness of voice, nor fulness of matter, nor even all these combined! but in that indescribable unction which is obtained by prayer, by profound meditation upon Divine truth, by a deep conviction of the overwhelming importance of eternal things to speaker and hearers. This is the ineffable anointing of the Spirit, which no man can counterfeit and which no people can mistake.

MARCHING ALONG.

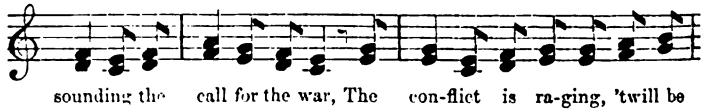
KEY. C. *Duet.* A. CULL.



The soldiers are gath'ring from near and from far, The trum-pet is

.s | s :m.f | s :l .t | d' :t.l | s : .s | s :f .m

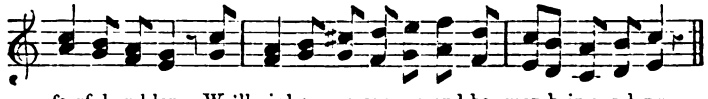
.m | m :d.r | m :f.s | l :s.f | m : .m | m :r .de



sounding the call for the war, The con-flict is ra-ging, 'twill be

| f :m.f | l :s.f | m : .s | s :m.f | s .s : l .t

| r :de.r | f :m.r | d : .m | m :d.r | m .m : f .s



fearful and long, We'll gird on our armour and be march-ing a-long.

| d' :t.l | s: .d' | l :t.de' | r'.m' : f' r' | d'.t : l.t | d': ||

| l :s.f | m: .s | f :s .s | f.s : l .f | m.r : d.r | m: ||

Marching a-long, we are marching a-long, Gird on the armour and be

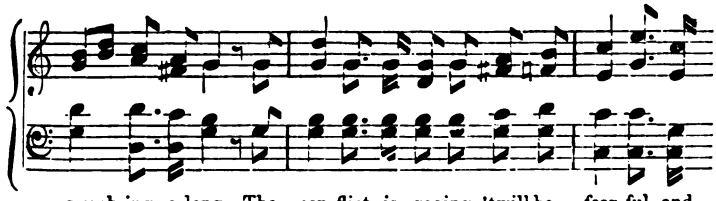
r' :s .,s | s :d' .r' | m' :d' .,d' | d' : | d' :t.d' | m' .m' : r' .d'

s :s .,s | s :s .s | s :m .,m | m : | l :se.l | d'.d' : t .l

t :t .,t | t :d' .t | d' :s .,s | s : | fe :r'.r' | r'.r' : r' .r'

s :s .,s | s :m s | d :d .,d | d : | r :r .r | r .r : m .fe

MARCHING ALONG.—Continued.



march-ing a-long, The con-flict is raging, 'twill be fear-ful and

t	r'	: d'	.l	| s	: .s	r'	:s .,s	| s .s	: l	.t	d'	:m' .,d'
s .	t	: l	.fe	| s	: .s	s	:s .,s	| r .s	: re	.f	m	:s .,m
r'		:r' .,d'		| t	: .s	t	:t .,t	| t .t	: d'	.r'	d'	:d' .,s
s		:r .,r		| s	: .s	s	:s .,s	| s .s	: s	.s	d	:d .,d

long, Then gird on the armour and be march-ing a-long.

s	: .d'	| l	:t .de'	| r' .m'	: f'	.r'	d'	.t	: l	.,t	| d'	:
m	: .s	| f	:s .s	| f .s	: l	.f	m	.r	: d	.,r	| m	:
d'	: .d'	| d'	:l .l	| l .l	: r'	.l	s		:s	.,s	| s	:
d	: .m	| f	:l_1 .l_1	| r .r	: r	.f	s		:s_1	.,s_1	| d	:

2 The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver nor turn from the way;
The Lord is our strength, be this ever our song,
With courage and faith we are marching along.
Marching along, &c.

3 We've listed for life, and will camp on the field,
With Christ as our captain we never will yield,
The sword of the Spirit, both trusty and strong,
We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along.
Marching along, &c.

4 Though conflicts and trials, our crowns we must win,
For here we contend 'gainst temptation and sin:
But one thing assures us we cannot go wrong,
If trusting our Saviour, while marching along.
Marching along, &c.

5 Then, let us press forward, and hope to the end,
While we battle for truth, we have always a friend;
If we triumph, we'll join in the Conqueror's song,
So, with joy in our hearts, we'll go marching along.
Marching along, marching along,
With joy in our hearts we'll go marching along.

CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

LIQUIDATION OF CHAPEL DEBTS. POOLE CIRCUIT.—It is a pleasing fact that chapel debts are becoming less fashionable. Our chapel in the town of Poole was erected in the year 1842, under the superintendency of the Rev. G. Price, at the cost of more than £276. But as the congregation and society at that time were not large, and were principally composed of the working classes, a heavy debt remained on the property. The different ministers who have been in the station have endeavoured to reduce the debt. About ten months since Divine providence disposed an influential and respectable gentleman of the town to seek an interview with me; and being desirous of knowing what amount of debt existed on the chapel, he was informed that it was £143. He then very kindly promised to give us one half of the sum provided we raised the other. Of course this liberal offer was gladly accepted, and the old-fashioned mode of soliciting donations commenced. Our General Chapel Fund Committee kindly promised £15. C. Jupe, Esq., of Mere, gave us £5, and the two members for the borough, H. D. Seymour, Esq., and C. Waring, Esq., two guineas each. A. S. Hodges, Esq., £3. 11 0. The Trustees and friends have subscribed liberally and we have appealed to the christian sympathies of other persons, and our appeal has been met by individuals connected with every Protestant denomination in the town and neighbourhood. Special sermons were preached in the chapel February 25th, by the Rev. W. Hazell, and a forcible sermon was preached in the afternoon by the Rev. J. H. Osborne. The congregations were good, the collections liberal, and a gracious influence was felt. On Monday, February 26th, a public tea, gratuitously provided by the members and friends, was held in the Temperance Hall, when about 120 persons sat down to the repast. After tea, A. S. Hodges, Esq., was called to the chair, and he gave an excellent address; earnest and thrilling addresses were also delivered Revs. G. J. Cooke, J. H. O W. Hazell, Mr. G. Curtis, and Bartlett. An excellent anthe sung after each address, and al collection was made. I the the financial statement, and v thanks were given to different concerned. The Doxology clo meeting, and the respectable a was dismissed deeply intereste the impression that the debt chapel was cancelled. The t friends, and ministers desire to sincere gratitude to all who hav in the long desired object.

We are happy to state that th on two other chapels have b duced during the past year.

E. HANC

CHINNOR CIRCUIT.—We h held a course of Missionary m and we did pretty well in matters, the total amount for t places being £8 3s. 10d., which i 10d. in advance of last year, and double that of 1864. I trust laid a foundation for still success next year. Rev. H. Pl our deputation, and served t efficiently. We had a good att at each place, and very gracious ces attended the preaching and ing. I trust much good wa

G. B

MORRISTON, SWANSEA STA At this place a beautiful little was erected in 1859, at a cost c Our esteemed friend, Mr. N who took a most active part erection, was very anxious to free from debt before he was c his rest. Efforts were accc made, and last year we paid c and this year £5., so now the c out of debt. Several souls ha converted here of late. I joi society last week, and the congr has increased.

J. SHEP

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

WILLIAM RAY was born at Westfield, in the County of Sussex, Jan. 4th, 1843. He lived a strictly moral life from his youth up, and attended our preaching services in his father's cottage. In the month of January, 1865, whilst we were holding some revival services for a week, at Westfield, he was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, and he at once joined society. From that time he maintained an unshaken confidence in the Redeemer. I visited him several times in his last illness, and always found him rejoicing in the promises of his God. He was scarcely ever tempted during his affliction; but he enjoyed a settled peace and calm assurance, and departed this life June 21st, 1865, saying as he entered Jordan, "I am coming, Lord."

G. H. FOWLER.

MRS. WATTS, the wife of the Rev. W. Watts, was born June 4th, 1839, and died July 3rd, 1865. She was the youngest daughter of Richard and Rachel Clark, of Hessle, in Hull first circuit. Having been blest with pious parents, members of the Primitive Methodist society, there can be no doubt they often presented her to God in the arms of faith and prayer.

By what means she was brought to God, or the date of her conversion, I know not; but I find from one of her quarterly tickets she must have joined our society at least some twelve years since. She always entertained the greatest respect for her first class leader, and would often speak of him in the highest terms. The Lord permitted him to be present at life's closing scene, to see that his labours had not been in vain.

The writer first became acquainted with her in 1863, and shortly after we were united in marriage. Our union was of short duration, less than two years; but short as it was, it was a happy one. Her health was delicate, through an injury a short time previous to our marriage. When health and strength permitted, the means of grace were her delight, and when sinners were seeking for pardon she would labour hard to lead them to the Saviour. As a lover of the cause of God she always considered it a duty to help to support it. Her class money she always paid up before or at the end of the quarter, whether present or absent. When collections were made, and she was not present, her mite was always forwarded. Whenever the servants of God came beneath our roof, nothing she had was too good for them. On April 4th, 1865, she removed to her own home in Yorkshire, from which she was never permitted to return. Her death was somewhat sudden and unexpected. On June 14th she was delivered of a daughter; from that time she never rose again. On Sunday evening, July 2nd, a change took place, which indicated that her end was very near. Her sister, who had come that day to see her, and was just about to return, she clasped in her arms, and said to her "Good bye, this is the last time we shall meet in this world; mind and meet me in heaven." A few moments after this parting scene, a cloud that had seemed dark over her mind burst, and her soul was filled with light from heaven. Previous to this she had been unable to speak in a tone above a whisper, but now she shouted praise to God, in such a manner as is seldom heard. During the night she would cry out, at intervals, "the bleeding Lamb, the bleeding Lamb;" at another time she informed us that the sainted spirits of some of her relatives, who had died a few years before, were there, and apparently she was trying to clasp them in her arms. One of the last sentences she was heard to utter was "If this—," and here her strength failed, then making another effort she said "If this be death, all's well." She lingered on a short while, and then resigned her spirit into the hands of him who gave it. May her partner and the infant she has left behind meet her in heaven.

W. WATTS.

Mr. Hezekiah Pearson, of Quarry Bank, was born at Amblecoat, Nov. 17th, 1799, and died at Quarry Bank, in the Brierley Hill circuit, July 8th, 1865. In early life he was convinced of the necessity of a change of heart, and was converted amongst the Wesleyan Methodists in the year 1826, and he continued a member with them for a time, and then became a member with the Primitive Methodists at Quarry Bank, where he continued a member till his death. In the year 1840 he was appointed a class-leader; this office he sustained with profit both to himself and the members of his class, till affliction disabled him for performing its duties. His addresses to the members were short, pointed, pithy, and faithful. He had a happy method of leading them into faith. In the year 1864 he was called upon to exercise the passive graces of religion. Affliction and adversity were the furnace through which he passed; hence he had much to exercise his faith, but it stood the test. He was never heard to murmur. Affliction was to him a means of grace. He had strong confidence in God, and could say, "None of these things move me." Whenever I visited him I found him patient under suffering, clear in his acceptance, cheered with his prospects, and submissive to the divine will. At one time he said to me, "I feel Christ very precious, my soul is now happy in the Lord." At another time, when I referred to his pains, he said, "God is love; I cannot grumble." About six hours before his departure from this life brother Henry Dunn visited him, and read the 34th psalm, when he was quite happy, and exclaimed "Bless the Lord." His last words were, "Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!"

W. Cartwright.

Thomas Barwick, of Dearham, in the Maryport circuit, exchanged mortality for life on the 18th July, 1865, in the 56th year of his age. About the year 1843, or 1844, he was led to attend the services of the Primitive Methodists in Dearham, and under their ministrations he became concerned about his soul's everlasting interest; but he was at first like Nicodemus, he expressed his how such a thing as the nev could be. While conversing brother John Ritson on this Br. Ritson related to him the which the Lord brought him knowledge of salvation, and he d him to the following scripture, confess our sins, he is faithf just to forgive us our sins, cleanse us from all unrighteou The Holy Spirit impressed the on his mind; and as soon as an opportunity he retired to hi and while confessing his sin, and ing for mercy he was enabled to for forgiveness and to obtain with God. He then united w society, walked consistently w profession, and for 21 years no r was ever brought on the cause t him; but he was exemplary diligence to promote its best in After his conversion he impr the attainment of spiritual kno and manifested in his life the that is from above. For severa he was society steward, chape surer, Sunday school secrectary ant class leader, and steward periodicals, at Dearham. His at to these duties, and the general in which the church held him place, lead us to regard his rem a great loss to us in our circui death was sudden. On Sunda 16th, he was in his usual place chapel, and earnestly desired the to meet during the week to at some society business. That n he did not live to see. On the l he was at a tea and public m connected with the Reading F the village. He had pre been a little indisposed, and retiring to rest he became alar ill; and he died at 10 o'clock lowing night. Though for som he suffered much, yet he was ca remarkably happy in his soul. told the doctor had little hope recovery, he said all was ri was ready. One brother who to see him spoke of his death happiest he had ever witnessed last words that were understoo "Come, come, come, Jesus!"

A. I

Mr. JAMES PADDOCK was strictly moral in his conduct previous to his conversion. Twelve years he walked in the path of life, marching up to glory and to God. During the last ten years of his life his name very worthily had a place on the Oswestry circuit's plan. He was a man of strong mind and deep piety, of a meek and quiet spirit, much respected and beloved by most who knew him. His path was rough and thorny in consequence of affliction, for fifteen years; but he believed his lot to be one of special providential appointment, and through the consoling power of divine grace he was enabled to bear all with christian submission and fortitude. After having some conversation with a good brother on the subject of christian perfection, he retired to bed to slumber away the hours of night, apparently in his usual health. He slept—but alas—it was the sleep of death. Thus suddenly and unexpectedly his spirit was called away by our triumphant Head to join the church of the first-born in heaven, July 19th, 1865, at Black Park in the Oswestry circuit, in the 33rd year of his age. He lived well, died prepared, and rests in heaven.

J. LANGFORD.

MRS. BUTTRICK, wife of the Rev. John Buttrick, of Holme Bank Lodge, in the Bradford circuit, departed this life suddenly, but safely, on Tuesday, July 25th, 1865, aged 40 years. From early life she was possessed of an amiable and devout disposition. Her parents were pious members of the Wesleyan society, and she enjoyed the inestimable benefit of their counsel, example, and prayers. By them she was taken to the house of God to share the priceless privilege of divine worship and the ministrations of "the glorious gospel." They sought to train her and the rest of their children up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; nor were their efforts in vain. At the early age of between 17 and 18 years she yielded her heart to God's control, felt "the mystic joys of penitence," and realised "the favour and the peace of God," and at once identified herself with the class that met in her father's house; and therein she continued during eight years, standing in the grace into which she had had access by faith in the Lord Jesus, and rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

In 1850, having received honourable overtures from the Rev. J. Buttrick, with him she entered into the married state; and in her he proved the truth of the wise man's saying, "whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing." She was ardently attached to the cause of God and the christian ministry, and would have gladly gone to a foreign mission field, had providence opened the way. In early life she was an active and successful missionary collector. Immediately after her marriage, she united with her husband's people, and made herself most perfectly at home and happy with them; and her husband never once heard her say that she had a preference for the society that she had left. And during the term of their itinerancy she never murmured or complained either about persons or things. It was doubtless a great trial of mind to her that her husband was compelled, in the midst of life, through failure of health, to relinquish the active work of the ministry, and to seek a place in the superannuation list; but in submission and patience she possessed her soul, believing that it was an event over-ruled by him that is "too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." The Rev. James Calvin, with whom her husband was stationed at Scarborough, says, "We call to mind her many virtues and excellences, the nobleness of her soul, the upright and honourable course of her life, her attachment to God's cause and the ministry, her urbanity and benevolent disposition, and how she liked to see others happy." Her husband says, "I never knew her have a wrong word with either neighbour or member. She would have punished herself to oblige other people." She was in a vigorous state of health up to within a day of her death. On Monday morning, July 24th, she gave birth to a fine healthy baby, but soon after she was overtaken with violent and convulsive fits, and within 24 hours after realising an increase to her family, she passed from

earth away into the "realms of the blest," leaving a husband and five young children to lament their unspeakable loss.

"How vain the things beneath the skies;
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!
But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain."

R. SMITH.

CHARLOTTE SPANNER was born at Shorwell, in the year 1805, and died at Ryde, Isle of Wight, August 14th, 1865. She was converted in our chapel at Ryde about 14 years ago, and became a useful member of society. The preachers were always welcome to her home; and she contributed to the best of her ability for the support of God's cause. Her house was opened for prayer meetings, and several conversions have been witnessed there. She was unexpectedly taken from us by the hand of death. On Friday, August 11th, she attended to her work, and at night retired to rest as well as usual. About 12 o'clock she was taken very ill, her sufferings became intense, four medical men were called in; but all efforts to save her life were unavailing, and on the following Monday morning death released her from her sufferings. During her short but painful affliction she manifested christian fortitude and resignation. She believed that her end was near; hope illuminated the valle and she expressed herself go, and, longing to depart Jesus. We trust that ou eternal gain.

H. G.

MARY JANE HANDS di Isle of Wight, August 21st, 32 years. She was conve about 10 years ago, in a p ing, held at Newport. Sh removed to Ryde, and beca ber with the Wesleyans. useful in God's hands in t husband to a saving know truth; and as he preferre tive Methodist society, joined it about two years removed to Newcastle in united with our people th spring they returned to again took their former pla Our deceased sister was pious, and devoted membe She was taken ill last July her, and found her rest "Rock of Ages." Her an quires were quite satisfacto asked, about an hour befor "Do you love Jesus now plied, "Yes, more than ev do you love him?" "Beca his blood for me." The which she was heard t were, "My hope is abov mine."

H. G.

WHO'LL BUY SHARES?

Not a Utopian South Sea dream
  Are we with haste pursuing,
Which at the first has fortune's gleam,
  But at the last brings ruin.
Not in a home gigantic fraud,
  A phantom railway bubble
Of sounding words and glittering gaud,
  Ending in loss and trouble.
Not in a rotten Joint Stock Bank
  We wish your means invested,
Where wealth from every class and rank
  Regardlessly is wrested.
These are uncertain, doubtful, vague,
  Investments without pleasure,
Which, if a loss, they prove a plague—
  If gain, a wasting treasure.

Our's is a mine, a glorious mine,
  Full ready for the winning,
Where all in earnest may combine—
  It wants but a beginning:
Not in a far off distant land
  Are we a myth pursuing,
For here a child may understand,
  May see and know what's doing;
Nor on an old man's dotage tale
  Are our great hopes dependant:
Our efforts will not, cannot fail,
  Success is aye attendant.
It is a mine of far-famed worth,
  Its veins are never scanty;
A stratum of the richest earth,
  For evermore there's plenty.

Yes! testimonies vast declare,
  Fearless of fine for libel,
No mine with it can e'er compare—
  With God's blest book, the Bible.
No petty troubles, toils, and pains,
  Tend ever to dishearten:
This mine, we know, pure ore contains,
  And dividends are certain.
From east to west, from north to south,
  Where men will work believing,
Returns of everlasting truth
  They duly are receiving.

The Royalty was God's free grant,
By him the lease was given—
In life to meet man's every want,
And make him meet for heaven.
But whilst we are with this boon blest
Forget not the condition:
"Go teach the world," was the behest;
Let us fulfil that mission.
Alike we cannot labour all,
To give the truth extension,
But when the miners make a call,
It should have our attention.

Here, in the Sunday school, this shaft
With purpose constant, steady,
The teachers bore, pursued their craft,
With labour ever ready:
They week by week perform their task
In scanning God's blest pages;
No recompence from you they ask—
To heaven they look for wages:
And if they give their labour free
We cannot draw their purses.
Then who's to pay the debts, you see
Our Treasurer disburses?

Will you buy shares? This little vein
I pray you do not scoff it:
In after years you're sure of gain,
'Twill yield a handsome profit.
Yes, many a youth has here been blest
By precept, if not money,
And when the ore's put to the test
'Twill make his life-time sunny.
Then who'll buy shares? The scrip we give
Will satisfy at present,
And fill your bosom whilst you live
With feelings ever pleasant.
Oh, do buy shares! They are of worth,
And are by God receipted:
The measure which you mete on earth
Such measure will be meted.

R. B.

THE NEW ORPHAN HOUSES, ASHLEY DOWN, BRISTOL.

ON Sabbath mornings may be seen long files of children, both male and female, slowly wending their way along Maudlin Lane and Park Row, Bristol, to the chapel in Great George eet. The boys and girls are very neatly and becomingly dressed, with hing to distinguish them from others in their general appearance, ept that the fact of between 200 and 300 children being clothed alike, lences that they are under one common superintendence. Every one hese children is without either father or mother. If the curious nger were to follow these little ones home from the place of worship, would arrive within about two miles distance, upon Ashley Down, at rge pile of buildings, within garden ground of its own, planted with atoes up to the very walls. These buildings form the "New Orphan use, Ashley Down," erected in 1849, under the direction of the Rev. orge Muller, for the reception of children of both sexes and of all ages, m the very earliest infancy, born in lawful marriage, who have lost h parents, and who are in destitute circumstances. These are the y recommendations requisite for admission; candidates' names are

entered down, and as vacancies occur they are admitted, in the order their application, without partiality or distinction of sect or creed, a without payment of any kind. Once within its enclosure, they are fe clothed, and educated, with more than parental attention, till they c be placed out, or returned to their friends, qualified to make their w honourably and usefully through life. Nothing here is concealed from vis tors; school-rooms, kitchens, scullery, wash-houses, store-rooms, bak house,—all are thrown open without the least reserve, that the public m judge for themselves how the superintendent and his assistants discharge th solemn responsibilities they have taken upon themselves. No ticket admission is needed, no recommendation from influential friends, t secure the privilege of inspection. The decent mechanic and the millio naire are equally welcome, and treated with equal courtesy.

We met at the door, on the occasion of our visit a pretty numerous par of all ranks in life, waiting for admission. When the doors were opene we found ourselves in a very small hall, from whence a stone staircas leads up into a spacious room in the central building, where the visito wait for their guide. A large iron cylinder, coming up through th centre of this room, from the basement to the roof, serves most admirabl the double purpose of heating and ventilating. This room is very plain though neatly furnished; it is a perfect square, with the four angles take off by the width of the windows, which we found looked into large pitche play-courts, with covered sheds for the children's use in wet weathe One court we saw was appropriated to infants of both sexes; a numb of whom were toddling about under charge of two or three older girls another to girls; the third to boys; while the fourth window overlook that part of the garden through which the visitors approach. We h barely time to make these observations when our guide entered, and to charge of the forty or fifty who had by this time assembled. Those w arrived after this time would wait for another cicerone; and when neede three parties, at intervals of half an hour, are taken round in one day.

We followed our conductor first into the Infants' Dormitory, a spacio lofty room, as clean as whitewash and scrubbing brush can make perfectly lighted and ventilated, with rows of iron bedsteads down ea side, and one row down the centre, which we may observe is the gener arrangement of dormitories. Some of these bedsteads had close railin round them, the occupants being so young as to need this protectio against falling out. From the dormitory we proceeded into the Infant Day Room, where we found a tribe of little things, under the care of nurse. Ranged round one side of this room are a number of little bask beds, for the use of the youngsters when tired of play.

We were taken in succession through the Boys' and Girls' Dormitorie

anged on the same plan;—iron bedsteads, with rails at foot, on to hang the clothes at night, and to turn the mattresses over a urs in the day for airing; white counterpanes. Each bedstead is red, as also is each child; and adjoining the dormitories are rooms up with wardrobes, divided into pigeon-holes and numbered, in the children's clothes are kept, folded up with the greatest neat- These wardrobes are under the care of six children, who take this n weekly rotation, so that in regular turn each child learns these of neatness and regularity. At the end of each Dormitory are the ntendents' bedrooms, with small windows allowing for the full in- n of the children.

m the bedrooms the visitors are taken to the various workrooms; rls are taught to make their own clothes, and to do useful house- ork; the Boys assist in the garden, and also knit and mend their cks. A certain number take these various duties in rotation each we found in one room about half a dozen boys, under the care of le, quietly and busily engaged in the very necessary employment ning stockings, which attracted the sympathy of the female part of mpany most wonderfully; we are ourselves quite unqualified to judgment of this part of their education, but if we may depend the criticisms which we heard expressed, their proficiency was hing their kind teachers could wish. One lady advanced in life, ite carried away by her enthusiasm;—"One thread up and one down, is the very perfection of darning;" and when we ventured tly to inquire if there were anything peculiar in this method of ting stockings, she proceeded to inform us that it was a super- nt plan, adopted in her younger days, but like many other good ys, too much neglected now-a-days; and here to her delight she it taught and practised in all its pristine excellence. "One thread l one thread down," the warm-hearted lady several times repeated, he could hardly enough expresss her astonished admiration, that so nt a system should be practised by these young lads.

Store-rooms, the Kitchens, the Sculleries—all are thrown open to blic; and throughout all we see the most beautiful order and spot- rity;—"a place for everything and everything in its place" seems otto of the whole establishment; and though at first, a stray it may cross the mind that perhaps some of this may be prepared Wednesday afternoon visitors, yet a little reflection must con- us, that as this inspection comes every week, there can be no time ting in company order. The grand secret of this beautiful internal ion is, that the social machinery is never allowed to get out of

We observed before, that there are covered sheds for the use of

the children in wet weather: and in the younger department are pigeon-holed cupboards for putting away their toys, when out of use. They were well-furnished with nearly every description that a general shop could supply, and we estimate the love that provides the dolls and the little carts and horses for these little fatherless ones, as highly as that which supplies the barrel of meal and the maps for the school-room.

The instruction embraces all the branches of a sound English education; the boys and girls have separate school-rooms, and there is an Infant School for the young children. The writing of both boys and girls struck us as particularly excellent, and both boys and girls sung several simple pieces very correctly; we have no doubt that the other branches of their education, which the limited time of their visitors does not enable them to take cognizance of, is attended to quite as thoroughly and as satisfactorily as the parts of which they are enabled to judge. It must be kept in mind both by the reader and the visitors that these Wednesday afternoons are not intended for exhibitions to set off either the Institution or the proficiency of the children. We take it rather that, as Mr. Muller is the sole responsible manager of this vast undertaking, without a Committee to share his labours, and anxieties, he adopts this simple and effectual way of allowing the world to see and judge how he discharges the arduous duties he has taken on himself.

The Washing-places, we observed, are furnished with Baths, and on the walls is hung each child's little bag, numbered, with comb and hair-brush. The most scrupulous care is evidently bestowed to ensure the thorough cleanliness of both persons and linen, as well as to guard against the communication of any infectious juvenile complaints from personal contact. In the general construction and arrangement of the building, we noticed that while nothing has been spared that could promote the health and comfort of the children, the strictest economy has been studied in avoiding expense for mere show.

In going through this interesting establishment we were most forcibly impressed with the entire absence of a PAUPERISED look in the dress and appearance of the children. The hair of the girls is kept beautifully neat, such as we could fancy a MOTHER'S love had attended to; and there was a cheerful looking-up at the visitors, and a heart-smile on the young faces, which proved indisputably that both in Principal and Assistants the spring of action is LOVE, and that the presiding and pervading spirit which rules through the entire establishment, is the LAW OF KINDNESS. In fact, it is impossible to help being thoroughly convinced that the best of practical management exists in every department, and that every one engaged in the work is admirably fitted for its duties, and has a hearty unselfish love of the work for its own sake.

We learn, indeed, from Mr. Muller's Journal, that his fellow-labourers
this work are like-minded with himself, and that the remuneration
ey accept, measured by ordinary standards, would be deemed quite in-
lequate for services which we may well term invaluable, seeing they are
yond all price; inasmuch as no amount of money can purchase HEART-
rvice. Indeed it is this beautiful adaptation of means to ends, this
y working, if we may so term it, of the internal machinery of the
tablishment, which impresses the visitor with the conviction not only
at every one engaged in the work must be admirably fitted for its
ties, but that Mr. Muller has, in an eminent degree, that rare gift of
crimination in the selection of the best instruments for the work needed
be done, which marks him as specially raised up and fitted for the
portant position he occupies, as the superintending Head and Director
this vast establishment.

The question naturally arises, from whence come the funds to supply
e wants of these 300 children? for, though the individual cost of each
ild is but about £10 per annum, yet the aggregate sum needed is large.
hat influential ladies and gentlemen are on the committee of manage-
nt? Where is the list of annual subscribers and donors? There are
directors! There is no committee of management! There is no list
subscribers! nor is there any person to whom any one can apply at
y stated period, and say, "Your subscription to the Orphan House is
w due." It has been an invariable principle from the commencement
the Institution NEVER TO TAKE CREDIT FOR ANYTHING, and NEVER TO
AL TO THE PUBLIC, OR TO APPLY TO INDIVIDUALS FOR ASSISTANCE;
t solely to rely upon the free-will offerings that are given or sent.
d this is an enigma to the wise and calculating of this world. That
is supported is self-evident—and we conceive that the explanation of
continued maintenance is as simple as it is extraordinary.

Some thirty years since Mr. Muller and his brother minister, the late
r. Craik, came to labour in Bristol. Mr. M. had not been long here
fore he became deeply impressed with the lamentable condition of poor
hans, abandoned to misery and vice, growing up to be pests to society,
d ripening fast for the prisons and the hulks. Their wretchedness
elt on his heart, and he made it a subject of earnest and continued
yer, that he might be assisted to do somewhat to lessen it. Means of
own he had none; he was without influence, for he was a stranger,
ept to a very few. He therefore simply made known his intentions,
give personal attention to this matter if opportunity offered, and
iently, though anxiously, awaited the result. If means should come
he would take it as a token that God owned the work and would
port him in it. He had faith to believe that if it were really God's

work God would supply the means for carrying it on; if, on the hand, funds to commence it were not forthcoming, he must conclud the undertaking had not the divine sanction, so far, at least, as l individually concerned. Under any circumstances he felt it to duty not to incur any debts. Slowly, and in trifling sums, did tions come in, but he received all as an answer to his prayers, and the amount warranted, rented a cheap house in Wilson-street; orphans were taken in, and from that day to this never have their st failed. Often have they been in the greatest straits, and, excep fast and unshaken faith, the whole work has seemed in danger of c to a dead lock from want of funds. Sometimes, aye even in th quarter of an hour, when, unless help had come in, some nece could not have been bought for the children, a parcel or a lett arrived with the needful supplies. But, true to the principles upon he set out, that God would be honoured by being alone looked help, never has Mr. M. at any time communicated his difficulties earthly friend, although there are doubtless many pious and w individuals who largely contribute to this work, and who would ha it a privilege to help on such occasions. Sometimes it has hap that while engaged in prayer for help, a letter with £50 has arrive an unknown friend in the East Indies; at another time, an ind going to his business has felt as it were impelled to go out of his w leave two or three sovereigns at the Orphan House. How are account for such remarkable coincidences of help coming in the t need, and that not once, or twice, or thrice, but for a period of years? It may be said by some that it was by a lucky chance that came in at some particular time, or that a gentleman thought particular morning that he would go round and leave a little mo the Institution; but that such lucky chances should continually for a period of twenty years, would be a chance so marvellous justify the remark that no one is so credulous as the unbeliever confess that we can see no other solution of the enigma than that the Bible supplies, and as that does explain it simply and easily, why we puzzle ourselves with going elsewhere? We profess to be a Ch nation, and to believe in the truth of the Bible, and that Bible ass that the hearts of all men are in God's disposal, and he can in them as he will. Now here are 300 helpless children collected to to be trained for usefulness in this world and for happiness in the How truly it may be said of them, "These wait all upon Thee tha mayest give them their meat in due season. That thou givest the gather; Thou openest Thine hand, they are filled with good." should it be difficult for a Christian to believe that the Father

fatherless, who cares even for the sparrows, is mindful of the wants of these little ones? We think, however, that we cannot do better than quote the words of Mr. Muller himself, taken from a report issued in June, 1856.

"Let it be especially observed by the godly reader that not only does this work continue to exist, after more than twenty-two years, carried on solely through the power of prayer and faith in the Living God; but also year by year its operations have been extended. Unbelief is thus put to shame. It is plainly proved, that the work of God can be carried on simply by trust in God. If *our work* is indeed *the work of God*, faith and prayer will be found efficient agents; and if they are *not* efficient, we may well question, whether we do *indeed* make use of them; or, if we do, whether the work, in which we are occupied, is *truly* the work of God.

"Notice here also, that not only was I enabled, simply through prayer and faith, to procure means for a greater amount of operations than during any year since March 1834, but, over and above all this, I was able to add to the Building Fund during this year £6,238 1s. 3¼d. whilst the income for the support of the Orphans was £4,070 18s. 1¼d., and the income for the other objects £4,279 6s. 6¼d. The total amount, therefore, which the Lord was pleased to send in during the past year, was £14,588 5s. 10¾d. Behold, dear Reader, how effectual this way is for the obtaining of means; for the amount is large. Behold too how pleasant a way it is; for I have not to encounter unpleasant refusals in applying for money. Behold how cheap a way; for it involves none of the heavy expenses usually attendant on the collection of contributions; for all I do is, to make known the work in which I am engaged, by means of the Reports, which are for the most part sold for the benefit of the Orphans, and they actually brought in during this year, as the audited accounts show, a little more than they cost.

"But, perhaps, you say, Yes, it is just these Reports, why there is nothing at all remarkable in the matter. Our reply is: We do not pretend to miracles. We have no desire even that the work in which we were engaged, should be considered an extraordinary one, or even a remarkable one. We are truly sorry that many persons, inconsiderately, look upon it almost as a miraculous one. The principles on which we are acting are as old as the Holy Scriptures. But they are forgotten by many; and they are not held in living faith by others; and by some they are not known at all; nay, they are denied even to be Scriptural by not a few, and are considered as wild and fanatical. It is ascribed to my being a *foreigner* that I succeed so well, or to the *novelty* of the thing, or to some *secret treasure* that I have access to; but when all will not

account for the progress of the work, it is said, The Reports produce it al
My reply to these different objections is, My being a *foreigner*, lookin
at it naturally, would be much more likely to hinder my being intruste
with such large sums, than to induce donors to give. As to the *novel*
procuring the money, the time is long gone by for novelty, for this
June, 1856, and the work commenced in March, 1834. As to the *secr*
treasure that I have access to, there is more in this supposition than th
objectors are aware of; for surely God's treasury is inexhaustible, and
have *that* (though that alone) to go to, and have indeed drawn out of it
simply by prayer and faith, more than £113,000 since the beginning o
the work. But now as to the last objection, that the *Reports* are th
means by which all the money is obtained: let us consider this a little
for I do heartily desire that the reader may not lose the blessing whic
this Institution is intended to convey to his soul. My reply is, there i
nothing unusual in writing Reports. This is done by public Institution
generally, but the constant complaint is, that Reports are not read. Ou
Reports are not extraordinary as to the power of language, or as t
striking appeals to feelings. They are the simple statements of facts
These Reports are not taken by me to persons, and accompanied wit
personal application for means: but they are simply sent to the donors
or to any other individuals who may wish to have or purchase them. I
they produce results, which Reports generally do not, I can only ascrib
it to the Lord.

"I do not mean to say, that God does not use the Reports as instru
ments in procuring us means. They are written in order that I ma
thus give an account of my stewardship, but particularly, in order tha
by these printed accounts of the work, the chief end of this Institutio
may be answered, which is to raise another public testimony to an un
believing world, that in these last days the Living God is still the Livin
God, listening to the prayers of his children, and helping those who p
their trust in him; and in order that believers generally may be benefi
ed, and especially be encouraged to trust in God for everything th
may need, and be stirred up to deal in greater simplicity with God r
specting everything connected with their own particular position an
circumstances; in short, that the children of God may be brought to th
practical use of the Holy Scripture, as the word of the Living God.
But while these are the *primary* reasons for publishing these Report
we doubt not that the Lord has again and again used them as instr
ments in leading persons to help us with their means. For as I co
tinually stand in need of considerable sums, and as even hundreds
pounds go but a very little way, I entreat the Lord day by day, an
generally several times every day, to supply me with means, and to spe

to the hearts of his dear children, and to constrain them by the love of Christ to help me, out of the means with which he has intrusted them; and so it comes to pass, I doubt not, that the Lord again and again works by his Spirit in the hearts of those who have read or heard the Reports. But whether we are supplied with means through the Reports or irrespective of them; in either case it is God who is working for us, and it is to this I desire to direct the mind of the Reader."

The first house was rented and opened in April, 1836, with twenty-six children; adjoining houses were taken from time to time, until in 1845 Mr. Muller was led to see the desirableness of having a separate establishment in a healthy locality, and expressly adapted for the object. By the end of May, upwards of £11,000 had been received towards the Building Fund; and in June, 1849, the New Asylum on Ashley Down was opened. However capacious, even this soon proved totally inadequate to answer the demands made for admission; and in 1851, Mr. Muller came to the conclusion that it would be desirable to provide, as soon as it could be accomplished, accommodation for One Thousand children altogether, by the addition of two detached wings for 400 and 300 respectively.

See a further account under the second engraving this month.

THE REDEEMING SAVIOUR.

A SERMON. BY THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."—1 Cor. i. 30.

A TEXT of Scripture, opened up in the light of truth and deep Christian experience, spreads over a space transcendantly greater than that of the Scripture which enunciated it. And a Christian heart, in proportion as it uses a text of Scripture rightly, is itself more copious, rich, and genuine than the text of Scripture itself. For the letter is dead; and if there be life, it is in the human being. The letter killeth. It is the spirit that maketh alive. And if this is so in human experience, what must be the disproportion between a divine emotion and any outward expression of it? How far must any external manifestation come short

of the riches of any feeling of God, whose outburst is like the overflow of the sun itself! These thoughts naturally spring from our text. It is declared by the Apostle here that Christ is made unto his people *wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.* Not very much in just reading it; but wonderful in that contemplation which we give to it after experiencing it.

In Paul's writings, *wisdom* always signifies that quality which springs from the moral nature. It is the deep spiritual condition of insight that constitutes wisdom with him. It is never *knowing;* it is always *being.* The Jews were a sensuous people. They always asked that their religion might be reduced to the shape of an ordinance; and they asked that the divine power itself might be in the shape of a sign or a miracle.

On the other hand, the Greeks were an intellectual people, and in one line of their development they lived away from the material towards the metaphysical and the abstract. They loved the fruit of reasoning, but without regard to utility or moral quality. It was simply a luxury with them. Both missed the centre, for true wisdom springs from the understanding, inspired and controlled by the moral feelings. A right feeling is higher in the scale of the mind than a right thought; and a thought is, in the design of God, everlastingly the servant of a feeling. In the order of nature, first and lowest is sensation; next, and rising, is perception; then comes reflection, in which lies knowledge; and then, last and highest, comes emotion. There are sensuousness, fact, knowledge, truth, and virtue. And it is of transcendant importance to know which is the highest part of the mind, for our idea on that point will determine largely the way in which we shall educate ourselves. Is it sensation, including all pleasure and physical excellence? Is it intellection, including art, learning, philosophy? Or, is it the moral nature, including all nobleness, purity, love, and magnanimity? Which direction does the mind blossom and fruit in?

Christ teaches us that wisdom is something higher than knowledge, or than capacity of thought. It is goodness in the most comprehensive sense of that term: goodness, not decrepit, blind, and helpless, but goodness strong, and young, and active, using the intellect and the senses as its hands and feet, as its servants, as its soldiers. Goodness, sitting in the soul, has supreme command, employing all the powers of the soul as its obedient officers of court. This is the mind's conception of the highest state and the highest truth.

In the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians, the Apostle expresses the same thing. "Though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing." This

far stronger than we are wont to conceive: for he does not say that ne possession of genius and taste, and mental power, leaves us second a rank; but that these things, without the quality which they were to erve, without the central element of love, are simply nothing. The hole is lost if that is lost. Like a golden candlestick without a candle, ike a luxuriant vine without grapes, like a blossom without fruit, is isdom that lacks the essential thing for which it aims—moral goodness. In missing that, it misses the end of its creation, and is nothing.

This, then, is the first quality mentioned—*wisdom*—signifying the highest moral quality, in distinction from a mere knowledge of truths and facts. *Christ of God is made unto us wisdom.*

The next quality enumerated is *righteousness.* I am inclined to consider righteousness as that integrity of mind and character that has especial regard to the laws and conditions under which one is educated. I know this is not the signification which is usually given to it from the pulpit. This is an idea that was understood by the Jewish mind; for the Jews had been reared under complex and multidudinous laws and ordinances, and their thought of integrity was largely a thought of obedience to the instruments by which integrity was to be produced. A righteous man, therefore, in their estimation, was one whose conscience had acquired the habit of an established and uniform obedience to the laws of right conduct. And, lifting this thought higher than the Jewish contemplation, righteousness is fulfilling the conditions for which men live in this life; is obedience to the laws of nature, of society, of the household; making a man a good son, a good father, a good neighbour, or a good citizen, whether he be subject or magistrate. For instance, you have seen men that did not profess to be Christians, but that everybody respected and revered, they were so just, so upright, so good in all the relations of life. And yet, in these very cases, you have known that there was a feeling that there was something higher than that which these men have attained. On the other hand, you have known men to be eminently endowed in spiritual experiences, but so faulty in their earthly relations and social connections as to bring dishonour on the name of religion.

There are two spheres of life—the inward and the outward. Righteousness in a man I take to be integrity in the understanding, obedience to all external conditions, making him in all the educatory scheme of life conscientious, and making him obedient to the lowest natural, and civil, and social laws. You may say that this is a secular form of righteousness. Well, we are secular beings. You may say that it is earthly righteousness. Of course, because we are earthly beings. And *righteousness* is the designating term of perfection in men's earthly relations.

The next quality mentioned is *sanctification*. If you think of man more largely than as a creature of time and space, you will remember that he has a little republic of his own; that he has his own reason, his own social affections, and his own moral nature; and that there is inwardly a life of every man, aside from that which there is outwardly; that there is a harmony of man's faculties aside from his harmony with laws and institutions; that there is a harmony of one's internal being. Now where a man's conscience forms an element harmonised within, so that it is consistent with the laws of his own interior being, he is sanctified. There is righteousness where a man is trained to obedience to his outward relations, and there is sanctification where a man's conscience is harmonised with his inward relations. A man may be perfect in outward obedience, and he may be perfect inwardly in conscientious harmonies.

Then there is *redemption*. When by the course of life a man has attained at last this outward and this inward harmonisation, it is a question who shall gather them. It is of some consequence, when fruit is ripe, that there should be a hand to take it off the tree and carry it into the house to honour and use.

Now, the whole question is not solved and settled when a man goes on and ripens. Is he to drop and to add one more to that long chain of things in this natural world which ripen, and perish, and turn to soil again, and only reappear after having been transformed and incorporated into some other thing? Is man but the highest form of a series which beginning in earth, goes back by revolution to earth again? Is it peculiarly the Christian faith that, at the point of man, this long series takes another development. And when a man has gone through the whole circuit, and is perfected, then comes redemption. Then comes the hand of God to take the ripened soul, and bear it into other conditions, where that which has been wrought here shall appear as the new seed of a better organisation, and where, under more favourable conditions, it may start again for a higher and nobler development in the other life.

Christ, then, is made unto us, first, wisdom—moral wisdom. Secondly He is made unto us righteousness, or that influence by which we are harmonised with natural, civil, and social law. Thirdly, He is made unto us sanctification. We are systematized, made symmetrical, within. And, finally, he is made unto us redemption, lifting us out of this school-house world, and putting us in the Father-house above, as a child is carried home after having been sent away to school.

But now comes the most difficult question: It is said that Christ is *made* unto us, wisdom. It is difficult, for two reasons: First, because as Christ developed from the material towards the spiritual, so language

developed from the material towards the spiritual. Language is made first for the lower nature. Afterwards we give it the sense of higher spiritual things. And thus are introduced into the higher economies of life laws and habits that belong only to the lower. There is an infelicity of the instruments by which we express spiritual truths. This infelicity has been adopted by theology. And we have been taught that there was a literal transfer of Christ in various ways. It is said by some that, when Christ is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption, God, by a special act of grace, transfers from Christ to His disciples all these elements.

I can understand how some things may be made and transferred. My baker makes his loaf and transfers it to my table; and in some sense it may be said that he is bread unto me. I can understand how a man may manufacture a watch, or build a house, or paint a picture, and transfer it to me. I can think of a long line of physical things that men may make, transferring the benefits thereof to others. But can you transfer a moral quality as you can a physical thing? Is there not a difference between moral life and physical life? A master can transfer his ferule to his pupil; but he cannot transfer learning to his pupil in the same way. The laws that act in the one case are different from those that act in the other.

It is supposed that, because God could do anything, He *did* do anything. It may be that God can do what He pleases, abstractedly considered; but that is not the question. The question is, "What is the way in which God pleases to act?" Neither from the analogies of human life, nor from the import of Scriptural teaching, are we allowed to infer that God manufactures moral qualities in Himself, and then takes them out of Himself and transfers them to us. There is no authority for supposing that these qualities are first moulded, shaped, and perfected, and then transferred to us; and that then, having been supplied with the necessary machinery, and having been put in order, we go on working.

Then there is a stumbling on psychological difficulties with reference to the transfer of these moral qualities from God to men, on account of the supposition that there is an imputation of them. And what is imputation? It is ascribing to a person attributes which he does not possess. And this considering that a man has what he has not, and treating him as if he had, is a lie. Whether it be God, or angel, or men, when a thing is not, to act as if it was, is lying. There is no lying, if that is not lying. When a man is not virtuous, to treat him as if he were; when a man is not wise, to act as if he were;—is to do falsely. We stigmatise this niggardly, mean quality of indirectness in men; and yet, we take it, and make it lordly, simply by associating it with God.

While, if there be a mind that refuses all guises, and sees things just as they are, it is the mind of God, whose lightning eye flashes annihilation to fables and lies, and who is infinitely sincere because infinitely true. God does not impute any quality to a man that he does not possess. *If* you say that God takes his righteousness and puts it in us, it is absurd. And if you say that God imputes to us qualities that we have not, it *is* wicked and infamous. And yet, these things have been taught, with much pious clothing, and much good intention, and much earnest conscientiousness. That is to say, such are the ways in which men, in an unpractised age, attempt to solve the inherent difficulties of the subject.

What, then, must we do? Let us look at some of the analogies. Is there any process which may be said to be the analogue from which those ideas are drawn? I think so. Do you love song? Are you fond, in the midst of periods of labour, of moments of musing and singing? Where did you get that fondness? Go back with it. Do not you recollect her peaceful face, her beauteous form, who dawned earliest upon your knowledge and infancy—your mother? Do you not remember how, as she spun that buzzing wheel, she uttered snatches of sweet melody? and how, at times, the inward thread was spun, when she forgot to spin the outward? Can you not now recal the time when, after her work was done, she took you to the twilight window of the west, and instructed you, half talking and half singing, and awakened your higher faculties and enriched your soul? Are you not conscious that under your mother's magic touch some parts of your being were opened in such a way that your inward experiences were more than any outward element of joy? Did she not develop in you the seeds and beginning of that which in after-life has gone on expanding? Your mother began it in you; and when it was begun, she inspired, and directed, and stimulated, and educated, and carried it on. And was not she thus made unto you taste, and imagination, and devoutness? That is to say, did she not make herself the inciting cause of results which you wrought out by your own faculties according to the laws of the mind? Do not you remember your shiftlessness and your heedless ways? Do you not remember how, instead of putting things in their places, you put everything down just where you happened to be? Do you not remember the chiding that you received, and the mortification that you felt? And do you not recollect how, after weary years, when you were about thirteen or fourteen years old, habits of order, and regularity, and neatness began to be developed in you? You would have been lazy and slovenly all your life long, if there had not been somebody to take you and train you. Not to *teach* you, but to *train* you; to reduce teaching to habit in you. Was not your parent in that case *made unto* you training?

Now, when it is said that Christ is *made unto us wisdom*, it is not meant that God takes his wisdom and puts it in us, or that he imputes wisdom to us; but that he takes all the resources of divine wisdom, and, the whole force of his government, educates us towards the ideal of true wisdom.

When it is said that Christ is *made unto us righteousness*, it is not meant that God takes an abstract quality called *righteousness*, and puts that in us; but that he is educating and stimulating in us an honest, conscientious, and manly obedience to all the laws and conditions under which we are being developed in this life.

He is *made unto us sanctification*. He that knows the mind which he made, and how it is to be harmonised, is made to us sanctification. That is, he gives the power of his government to the development of inward harmony in us.

And he is *made unto us redemption*. He that formed us into life will reach forth and take the completed work, and transfer it to the heavenly condition, so that it shall go on again, above this life, beyond death, without tear or sorrow. Here are sorrows innumerable; but there will be pure joy. Now, sorrow is joint teacher with joy, and the mightier of the two; but it will not be then.

Now, what is the thought expressed in the passage of our text but this: that God who is infinite in thought, and being, and power; who is universal governor; who makes and supervises a whole retinue of natural laws; whose Providence creates the whole human family, and guides them, and controls them, and rewards them, and punishes them—that He is leading men and developing them in the direction of wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. And if I got nothing but that out of the Bible, and really believed it, it would be enough. I had almost said that I would be willing to suffer all that the men suffered through whom the Bible was wrought out, to come to the full knowledge and faith of the fact that God sits in heaven as a sovereign, that government is in his hand, and that he exerts his influence in this world from age to age, to the end that men may be trained into wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and final redemption.

For things do not look so. There are many analogies in the other direction. Fatal doubts spring up in our minds. We come to think that we are creatures of natural laws, without a God, and that we are governed by physical forces solely. We do not realise that there is a supernatural government which is higher than all material governments. Men say, "As the seed returns to the earth, so the insect returns to the earth; and so does the bird; and so does animated creation, up to the highest specimens of animals, the dog, and the horse; and where is the

evidence that man does not follow the analogy, and go back to the earth;

Now, what I want to show is, that man is not of that unhappy series of living creatures which perish: that man comes from God when he enters the world, and goes back to God again when he leaves it. Annihilation is the worst hell that can be imagined. Anything but annihilation. By all that there is of pride, or hope, or aspiration, deliver me from the bottomless pit of annihilation. And the truth that there is a government over us, which, taking men at the lowest estate, carries them up to higher and higher conditions, and at last brings them to a state of glorious perfection,—that truth is worth all the groans, and tears, and blood that it took to make the Bible. And it is the teaching of the Lord Jesus Christ, who brought immortality to light in the world.

I abhor that perversion of natural science which is taking place. I am willing to acknowledge my relationship to the animal kingdom below me: I am like the animals in part; but I have that which they have not. They have a glimmer of reason; they have a hint of inward feeling; but they have not the things themselves. They have the intimation of them; but in their full development they have them not. A moral nature they have not: but man has had a moral nature from the beginning. His moral ideas, though limited, were as perfect six thousand years ago as they are to-day. Conscience was just the same then that it is now. The higher sentiments were fashioned in this world as completely in the primitive period as they have been since. Man is something more and higher than, and something different from, the animal kingdom. Though in some respects we resemble the animals, and are subject to the same laws that they are; yet, unlike them, we are immortal, and destined to glory hereafter.

And this is the truth that my soul wants, and that I long for. And when I hear the apostle say that of God Christ Jesus is made unto us and unto me wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, there is an enclyclopædia opened up, by which I see what is the drift of the Divine decrees, and on whose page I read, flaming at every word, blessed immortality; death dead; God living. I read that all apparent evils, all wars and revolutions, all rapines and conflicts, all strifes of good and bad, all attritions and rollings in society, are a part of our education, and all tend in one direction, belonging, as they do, to that government by which God gives the whole force of his nature, and all the power of his nature, and all the power of his universe, to the educing in men, according to the laws of their own minds, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. The whole drift of the Divine government, in all the world, we are told, from beginning to end, is to develop in men wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and final redemption.

NEW ORPHAN HOUSES, BRISTOL.

MR. MULLER took up his residence in Bristol, in the year 1832. In 1835 it lay much at his heart to establish an Orphan House. He says,

"It has appeared well to receive only such destitute children as have been bereaved of both parents. The children are intended to brought up for service; if boys, for a trade; and, therefore, they will be ployed according to their ability and bodily strength in useful occupations, thus help to maintain themselves. Besides, they are intended to receive a in education; but the chief and especial end of the institution will be to k, with God's blessing, to bring them to the knowledge of Jesus Christ, by tructing them in the Scriptures.

'I was reading Psalm lxxxi., and was particularly struck more than at any e before, with ver. 10, '*Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.*' I then fell on knees and asked him for much. I asked in submission to his will, and hout fixing a time when he should answer my petition, I prayed that he uld give me a house, *i.e.*, either as a loan, or that some one might be led to the rent for one, or that one might be given permanently for this object; likewise for suitable individuals to take care of the children. Besides this I e been since led to ask the Lord to put it into the hearts of His people to l articles of furniture for the house, and some clothes for the children. en I was asking this petition I was fully aware what I was doing, *i.e.*, that I asking for something which I had no natural prospects of obtaining from brethren whom I knew, but which was not too much for the Lord to grant. ill now mention how he has been dealing with me in these respects." Mr. then names the numerous sums of money and useful articles which he had

subsequently received. The first sum was one shilling, the total amount to the year 1835 was £184 2s. 6d., with the conditional offer of a house as a gift, which cost the owner *two thousand six hundred pounds*, and many articles of furniture and clothing.

In 1836 Mr. M. took a house, No. 6, Wilson Street. In April, the first children were received, and on the 21st of this month the institution was opened by a day being set apart for prayer and thanksgiving. For sundry reasons Mr. M. considered it highly desirable that an Infant Orphan House should be established. He remarks, "I have at last after repeated prayer, come to the conclusion, in the name of the Lord, and in dependence upon him alone for support, to propose the establishment of an Infant Orphan House." A convenient house for this purpose was taken, and on November 28th, the first children were admitted.

To this time £770 0s. 9½d. had been actually given, and £40 promised, besides numerous articles of furniture, clothing, provision, &c., "without," Mr. M. remarks, "one individual having been asked by me for anything, that the Lord's own hand might be clearly seen in the matter, and that the whole might clearly appear as an answer to prayer." At the close of Dec., 1836, he had a balance of £373 4s. 8½d. in hand.

1837. In April of this year there were sixty children in the two Orphan Houses. A friend, who in May of this year had given Mr. M. forty pounds for the Orphans, and whom up to that time he had never seen, in the following July gave a second donation of four hundred and sixty pounds, being altogether £500.

1838. "From the commencement of the establishment of the Orphan Houses, up to the end of June of the present year, the hand of the Lord was seen in the abundance with which he was pleased to supply me with the means for maintaining nearly one hundred persons. Now the funds which were this day twelvemonth about £780, are reduced to about £20; but thanks be to the Lord, my faith is as strong or stronger than it was when we had the larger sum in hand; nor has he at any time, from the commencement of the work, allowed me to distrust him." For some months after this Mr. M.'s faith was sorely tried, as funds came in but very slowly, and in small amounts. But the Orphans had never lacked anything. They had always good nourishing food, the necessary articles of clothing, &c., &c.

The whole number of Orphans who had been received from April, 1836, to Dec., 1838, amounted to 110.

"God's blessing has most manifestly rested upon this work. 1. *Without anyone having been asked for anything by us*, the sum of £2,111 5s. 4½d. has been given us, *entirely as the result of prayer to God*. 2. Besides this many articles of clothing, furniture, &c. 3. Without my solicitation, three medical gentlemen (one for each house) have given their attendance and medicines gratuitously. 4. We have a comfortable assurance that a few of the Orphans care about their souls. 5. There is not one of those who have died, of whom we are without hope, as it regards their eternal welfare." "The total income for the Orphans, from Dec. 9th, 1836, to Dec. 9th, 1838 (two years), amounted to £1,341 4s. 7d.; the total expenses to £1,664 4s. 0¾d. There was two years ago a balance in hand of £373 4s. 8½d., now the balance is reduced to £50 5s. 3d."

1839. Many trials of faith during this year, in regard to funds to meet daily wants, still the balance in hand on December the 9th was £46 8s. 1d., the total expenditure, £960 9s. 2¾d.

1840. Mr. M. remarks of this year that though the trials of faith had recurred more frequently than during any previous year, and though often reduced to the greatest extremity, yet the Orphans' wants had been fully supplied.

At the close of this year there were 91 Orphans in the three houses; the total number from the commencement was 126.

1842. Mr. M. was absent from home for a few weeks during this year.

during his absence £98 15s. 7d. had been given, besides clothes, books, provisions, &c., and a great quantity of trinkets, viz.: 31 brooches, 2 gold clasps, a pair of gold bracelets, 33 gold rings, a silver gilt vinaigrette, 16 pairs of gold earrings, 2 gold crosses, a gold chain, 3 lockets, 2 watch hooks, 2 ornamental ladies' combs, 3 ornamental gold hair pins, 2 silver cups, above 30 necklaces, and many other ornaments, also 60 old silver coins.

1843. This year a *fourth* Orphan House was opened.

1845. This year Mr. M., for various weighty reasons, first contemplated the erection of an Orphan House to accommodate 300 Orphans; this he states was the result of much thought and prayer. "On the 36th day after having begun to pray, I received £1,000 towards the building of the Orphan House." An architect offered to *gratuitously* furnish plans, elevations, &c.

1846. The total amount which had been given for the building fund during the year, was £6,304.

1848. The total amount received for the building fund to this year inclusive, was £11,062 4s. 11½d. This sum was sufficient to meet all the expenses connected with the purchase of the land and the erection of the building.

1849. June 18th, "to-day, as the fruit of the prayers of three years and seven months, the children began to be moved from the four Orphan Houses in Wilson Street, into the New Orphan House."

1850. Jan. 31st, "it is now seven months and thirteen days since the Orphans began to be received into the New Orphan House. The expenses for them have been since then £1,520, and yet, we have this day more in hand than when the house was opened." "December 5, the New House is now inhabited by 300 Orphans."

1851. Mr. Muller now contemplated the erection of an additional house to accommodate 700 Orphans. "For several weeks past I have had no doubt that the Lord would have me to serve him in the erection and fitting up of another Orphan House for 700 Orphans, and I am quite decided on doing so under his help. The means requisite to accomplish this object, though the building be quite simple, cannot be less than £35,000. I do not mean to begin the building until I have the means requisite in hand."

On November the 12th, 1857, the new building was opened for the reception of 400 out of the 700 Orphans.

Mr. M., having received a much larger amount than was necessary for the erection of a house for 300 Orphans to complete the 700, as was originally intended, determined to build a house which should accommodate 450, making a total in Nos. 1, 2, 3, of 1,150 Orphans. The building of No. 3 (for 450 Orphans) was commenced in July, 1859, and on March the 12th, 1862, it was completed, and open for the reception of children. The amount expended in the building and fitting up of the Three Orphan Houses was *forty-one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight pounds*; the whole of which sum was contributed before the completion of the buildings; Mr. M., never under any circumstances, incurring a debt.

The current annual expenses in connection with the three Orphan Houses, as by the published accounts to May, 1864, amounted to £11,418 12s. 7d., leaving a balance in hand of £7,380 2s. 3½d. "*Without anyone having been personally applied to for anything* by me, the sum of *one hundred and ninety thousand one hundred and forty-one pounds, fourteen shillings, and threepence farthing* has been given to me for the Orphans; besides, also, a great variety of articles of clothing, furniture, provisions, &c., for their use."

Mr. Muller now contemplates the erection of a fourth and fifth Orphan House, to accommodate 850 additional Orphans, which will comprise a total of 2,000 children under his care.

By his Report for 1864, it appears that he had a balance in hand for the Building Fund of £19,321 7s. 1½d.

Mr. M. states that the contemplated enlargement for 2,000 children will require £50,000; but that he does not intend to wait 'till he has the whole

amount, but to take steps towards the erection of No. 4, when £25,000 shal have been contributed.

Since March 12th, 1862, 727 Orphans have been received; 990 were waiting for admission in May, 1864.—We have no more recent account.—*Editor.*

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

THERE are two sorts of influence belonging to man; that which is active or voluntary, and that which is unconscious; that which we exert purposely, or in the endeavour to sway another, as by teaching, by argument, by persuasion, by threatenings, by offers and promises, and that which flows out from us unawares to ourselves. The importance of our efforts to do good, that is, of our voluntary influence, and the sacred obligation we are under to exert ourselves in this way, are often and seriously insisted on. But there needs to be produced a more thorough appreciation of the relative importance of that kind of influence or beneficence which is insensibly exerted. The tremendous weight and efficacy of this, compared with the other, and the sacred responsibility laid upon us in regard to this, are felt in no such degree or proportion as they should be; the more stress, too, needs to be laid on this subject of insensible influence, because it is insensible, because it is out of mind, and, when we seek to trace it, beyond a full discovery.

The influences unconsciously exerted will almost never disagree with our real character. They are honest influences, following our character as the shadow follows the sun. They go streaming from us in all directions, though in channels we do not see, poisoning or healing around the roots of society, and among the hidden wells of character. If good ourselves, they are good; if bad, they are bad. And since they reflect so exactly our character, it is impossible to doubt our responsibility for their effect on the world. We must answer not only for what we do with a purpose, but for the influence we exert insensibly. To give you any just impression of the breadth and seriousness of such a reckoning, I know to be impossible. No mind can trace it. But it will be something gained if I am able to awaken only a suspicion of the vast extent and power of those influences, which are ever flowing out unbidden upon society, from your life and character.

Histories and biographies make little account of the power men exert insensibly over each other. They tell how men have led armies, established empires, enacted laws, gained causes, sung, reasoned, and taught—always occupied in setting forth what they do with a purpose. But what they do without a purpose, the streams of influence that flow out from their persons, unbidden on the world, they cannot trace or compute, and seldom even mention. So also the public laws make men responsible only for what they do with a positive purpose, and take no account of the mischiefs or benefits that are communicated by their noxious or healthful examples; because no human government can trace such influences with sufficient certainty to make their authors responsible. But you must not conclude that influences of this kind are insignificant because they are unnoticed and noiseless.

The Bible calls the good man's life a light, and it is the nature of light to flow out spontaneously in all directions, and fill the world unconsciously with its beams. So the Christian shines, it would say, not so much because he will, as because he is a luminous object. Not that the active influence of Christians is made of no account in the figure, but only that this symbol of light has its propriety in the fact that their unconscious influence is the chief influence, and has the precedence in its power over the world. And yet, there are many who will be ready to think that light is a very tame and feeble instrument, because it

noiseless. An earthquake, for example, is to them a much more vigorous and effective agency. It rocks a whole continent. The noblest works of man—ities, monuments, and temples, are in a moment levelled to the ground, or wallowed down the opening gulfs of fire. Little do they think that the light f every morning, the soft, genial, and silent light, is an agent many times more owerful. But let the light of the morning cease and return no more, let the our of morning come, and bring with it no dawn; the outcries of a orror-stricken world fill the air, and make, as it were, the darkness audible. The beasts go wild and frantic at the loss of the light. The vegetable growths turn pale and die. A chill creeps on, and frosty winds begin to howl across the freezing earth. Colder and yet colder is the night; the vital blood of all creatures at length stops congealed, the heart of the sea is frozen, the very globe itself, too, and all the fellow-planets that have lost their sun, are to become mere balls of ice, swinging silent in the darkness. Such is the light, which revisits us in the silence of the morning. It makes no shock or scar. It would not wake an infant in his cradle, yet it perpetually new-creates the world.

So the Christian is a light, even "the light of the world;" and we must not think that, because he shines insensibly or silently, as a mere luminous object, he is therefore powerless. The greatest powers are ever those which lie back of the little stirs and commotions of nature; and I verily believe that the insensible influences of good men are as much more potent than what I have called their voluntary or active, as the great silent powers of nature are of greater consequence than her little disturbances and tumults. Every good man has thus a power in his person, more mighty than his words and arguments, and which others feel when he little suspects it. Every bad man, too, has a fund of poison in his character, which is tainting those around him, when it is not in his thoughts to do them an injury. He is read and understood. It is not mere words which turn men; it is the heart mounting uncalled into the expression of the features; it is the eye illuminated by reason—the look beaming with goodness; it is the tone of the voice, that instrument of the soul which changes quality with such amazing facility, and gives out, in the soft, the tender, the tremulous, the firm, every shade of emotion and character. The same is true of bad men. The doors of your soul are open on others, and theirs on you. You inhabit a house which is well-nigh transparent; and what you are within, you are ever shewing yourself to be without, by signs that have no ambiguous expression. If you had the seeds of a pestilence in your body, you would not have a more active contagion than you have in your tempers, tastes, and principles. Simply to be in this world, whatever you are, is to exert an influence—an influence, too, compared with which mere language and persuasion are feeble. You say that you mean well; at least you think that you mean to injure no one. Do you injure no one? Is your example harmless? Is it ever on the side of God and duty? You cannot reasonably doubt that others are continually receiving impressions from your character. As little can you doubt that you must answer for these impressions. If the influence you exert is unconsciously exerted, then it is only the most sincere, the truest expressions of your character. And for what can you be held responsible, if not for this? Do not deceive yourselves in the thought that you are, at least, doing no injury, and are, therefore, living without responsibility; first make it sure that you are not, every hour, infusing moral death insensibly into your children, wives, husbands, friends, and acquaintances. By a mere look or glance, not unlikely you are conveying the influence that shall turn the scale of some one's immortality. Dismiss, therefore, the thought that you are living without responsibility; that is impossible. The true philosophy or method of doing good is here explained. It is, first of all and principally, to be good—to have a character that will of itself communicate good. The Christian is called a light, not lightning. In order to act with effect on others, he must walk in the Spirit, and thus become the image of goodness; he must be so akin to God, and so filled with his dispositions, that he shall seem to surround

himself with a hallowed atmosphere. It is folly to endeavour to make ourselves shine before we are luminous. If the sun without his beams should talk to the planets, and argue with them till the final day, it would not make them shine: there must be light in the sun itself, and then they will shine, of course. And this, my brethren, is what God intends for you all. It is the great idea of his gospel, and the work of his Spirit, to make you lights in the world. Shall I say more? Have you not already felt, my brethren, the application to which I would bring you? We do not exonerate ourselves; we do not claim to be nearer to God or holier than you: but ah! you know not how easy it is to make a winter about us, or how cold it feels! Our endeavour is to preach the truth of Christ and his cross as clearly and as forcibly as we can. Have we none among you that preach against us in your lives? We do not accuse you—that we leave to God and to those who may rise up in the last day to testify against you. We may have accusations to meet of our own, and we leave you to acquit yourselves as best you may. I only warn you here of the guilt which our Lord Jesus Christ will impute to them that hinder his gospel. *Extracted by* J. MILNER.

THE TWO DEATHS.

I HAVE been called by God's providence to stand by several death-beds; of two I would speak particularly. Ere I do so I would refer to that preparation for this solemn event, which many, too many, alas! think they have made.

When all is fair and sunny, when the eye beams brightly and the pulse beats healthily, when loving hearts beat for us, and willing hands work for us, how apt we are to think that all will be well when the dread messenger comes; it is so easy to say "peace, peace," when God's word says "there is no peace." See well to it, dear readers. Nothing will bring peace when the soul, making away from the bonds that bind it to the body, is in a few seconds to stand face to face with its Creator. Nothing but *being in Christ*. We may *live* with him in our heads only. We may pass as his disciples, because his name is ever on our lips; but if we have not Christ in our hearts when we *die*, we shall wish we had never been born.

There was a man in my Bible district that I knew well; he had been in good circumstances, and had been a professor, but he had deeply fallen; drink having been the primary cause. At the time I visited him he was miserably poor, and his knowing me when a little child, drew me towards him, so that I was often in his dwelling, endeavouring to speak a word in season. I had not seen him for a month, when one Sunday I heard suddenly he was dying. I hastened from my class to see him; unwashed, unshaven, surrounded by dirt and rags, how miserable he looked; bending over him, I took his hand, thinking him unconscious. I said, "Do you know me?" "Yes," he replied, "you are," repeating my name. "I am so very sorry to see you so ill," I remarked. "Oh," he said, forgetting at once his bodily pain in his mental agony, "the Almighty has got me before him so," putting his hands in front of his face, "and he is laughing at my calamity, and mocking now my fear cometh." Deeply shocked, with a prayer for help and guidance, I pointed, with streaming eyes, this great sinner, to his great Saviour; I repeated the ever new, ever life-giving words, "God *so* loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" (that blessed "whosoever"). I told him of his Saviour's great love, of his undying pity; and after remaining a little longer I left, in order to send the town missionary. The *next* day he died, and though we saw him several times, yet there was very

e in his death. This was a death bed under God's frown. Now turn ther, brightened by his smile.
been nursing an aged relative a month, who was an humble follower rd Jesus, yet an heir of "that inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and h not away," ("fadeth not away." The preciousness of this assurance, in here all is change and mutation, and where passing away is written on ing thing).
y before she died, I had been reading by her bed; little did I think that e hours should pass, her ransomed spirit would be with him, "whom ot seen," she loved; yet so it was. Speaking about the twenty-third it I had just read, I remarked, "You are not afraid to die." Throwing ms in an attitude of praise, she responded, "Oh no, the love of God is rfully great to me." Nothing more passed then, the drowsiness of s coming on: in the course of a few hours I gave her her last refresh- l with my "good night" kiss, I retired to rest at her side. At two the morning I awoke, looked up at her—she was gone, the messenger ı her in her sleep, sitting just as I had left her, three hours before, her ded, a smile full of peace, lighting up her face—a silent, yet eloquent that all was well.
read her favourite psalm, the ninety-first, but I see how entirely the omises made to the faithful were verified in her case, with "long life" atisfied; and feeling nothing of the cold river, through which she was he was shown the salvation of her God.

How lovely was that death,
So quiet and so true,
May we so live, that when death comes
He may take us as in a sleep.

would die the death of the righteous, we must live the life of the , or we are madly deceiving ourselves. E. H. C.

A WARNING TO BACKSLIDERS.

nown to the writer, who in early life became impressed with the need m, decided to serve the Lord, and for this purpose united with the ıtered the sabbath school as a teacher, and for some time served Christ s of life, and diligently instructed the rising race in divine things; ıt the Apostle recommends—"a teacher of good things." Through in- in intoxicating drinks he was gradually drawn from the path of right. dmonished, he yielded to the temptation, forfeited his position in the ndered himself unfit to be a guide of youth, and from that time his down to death; habitual intemperance brought destruction before he . On one occasion, in company with others, he was taking that which book says is not for kings or princes to drink, and having passed the noderation he was incapable of walking safely, and while attempting ng a passage into which the cellar doors opened he reeled and fell ne of the open door-ways and was killed. Thus ended the life-work o once bade fair for heaven. Reader, hast thou wandered from God? n without delay; or, hast thou hitherto withstood his Spirit, lightly his warnings, slighted the offers of his grace? then haste at once to ol and implore forgiveness. Remember, "whoso despiseth the word stroyed: but he that feareth the commandment shall be rewarded."

J. QUARMBY.

HEAVENLY HOME.

HEAVENLY HOME.

KEY E ♭.

m :-.f	s :—	m :-.f	s :—	l :-.s	s :-.m		
d :-.r	m :—	d :-.r	m :—	f :-.m	m :-.d		
d' :-.d'	d' :—	d' :-.d'	d' :—	d' :-.d'	d' :-.s		
d :-.d	d :—	d :-.d	d :—	d :-.d	d :-.d		
Heaven-ly	home!	heaven - ly	home	Pre - cious	name	to	

r :—	— :.m	m :-.m	m . m : m . m	l :—	— :.l		
t :—	— :.d	d :-.d	d . d : d . d	d :—	— :.f		
s :—	— :.s	s :-.s	s . s : s . s	l :—	— :.d'		
s_1 :—	— :.d	d :-.d	d . ta_1 : l_1 . s_1	f_1 :—	— :.f_1		
me;		I	love to think the time	will	come	When	

FINE.

s :-.s	f : r	d :—	—	. r	r :-.r	r :- . r	
m :-.m	r : t	d :—	—	. t	t :-.t	t :- . t	
d' :-.s	t :s.f	m :—	—	. s	s :-.s	s :- . s	
s_1 :-.s_1	s_1 : s_1	d :—	—	. s_1	s_1 :-.s_1	s_1 :- . s_1	
I	shall rest in	thee.		I've no	a - bid -	ing	

m :-.m	m :-.m	f :-.f : l :-.s	m :—	—: .m	m :-.m		
d :-.d	d :-.d	r :-.r : f :-.m	d :—	—: .d	d :-.d		
s : .s	s :-.s	t :-.t : t :-.s	s :—	—: .s	s :-.s		
d : .d	d :-.d	s_1:-.s_1: s_1:-.s_1	d :—	—: .d	d :-.d		
cit - y	here; I	seek for one to	come;	And tho'	my		

D.C.

m .m :m .m	l :—	—: .l	s :-.s	f : r	d :—	— :	
d .d :d .d	d :—	—: .f	m :-.m	r : t	d :—	— :	
s .s :s .s	l :—	—: .d'	d' :-.d'	s :s.f	m :—	— :	
d .ta_1:l_1 .s_1	f_1 :—	—: .f_1	s_1 :-.s_1	s_1 : s_1	d :—	— :	
pil-grim-age be	drear,	I	know there's rest	at	home.		

Heavenly home! Heavenly home!
There no clouds arise,
No tear-drops fall, no dark nights dim
Thy ever-smiling skies.
This earthly home is fair and bright,
Yet clouds will often come;
And oh! I long to see the light
That gilds my heavenly home.

Heavenly home! heavenly home!
Ne'er shall sorrow's gloom,
Nor doubts nor fears disturb me there,
For all is peace at home.
I know I ne'er shall worthy be
To dwell 'neath heaven's bright dome;
But Christ, my Saviour, died for me,
And now he calls me home.

CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

QUARRY BANK, BRIERLY HILL CIRCUIT.—On Sunday, April 1st, 1866, three sermons were preached, two by the Rev. R. Bowen, of Cwm, and one by the Rev. J. Guest, of Brierly Hill. Appropriate pieces were recited and hymns sung by the children. The congregations were large and attentive, and the collections amounted to £24, being a considerable advance on any anniversary we ever had. W. CLARKE.

NEWBURY CIRCUIT. — On Easter Sunday the anniversary of the Wash Common Branch of the Newbury Sunday school was held, when two sermons were preached; that in the afternoon by the Rev. W. Wainwright, and that in the evening by Mrs. Tasker. The chapel was filled to overflowing, and after each sermon suitable pieces were recited, and hymns sung by the children in a very creditable manner. A gracious influence pervaded the meetings throughout. The collections exceeded any previous ones. The Lord has lately been pouring out his Spirit in a special manner at this place. Several have found peace through believing, among whom are eight or nine of the scholars. B. J. TIDBURY.

BRIGG SABBATH SCHOOL. — The anniversary of this school was celebrated on Sunday, March 25th, and Friday, March 30th. On the former day the Rev. J. Waumsley, of Hull, preached three sermons, to large and attentive congregations, and several of the scholars recited interesting pieces and dialogues. On the Friday, Mr. W. Sharrow, (sailors' missionary), of Hull, preached in the afternoon to a large congregation. Tea was provided by our female friends, and about 240 partook of the good things provided. After tea a public meeting was held, Mr. J. Ball took the chair, and addresses were delivered by Mr. Sharrow, and the Rev. W. Garner. The scholars again recited and sang charmingly. The proceeds of the tea and collections amounted to the very noble sum of £17 7s. 11d., being £2 17s. in advance of last year, and more than was ever raised at an anniversary here. Our school is steadily increasing. D. F.

MILE END, COLCHESTER STATION. —Mile End is a small village adjoining Colchester, containing about 500 inhabitants. The Rev. R. Key first missioned it, and built a chapel in 1840. The chapel being in a very dilapidated state, the friends resolved to pull it down and build a more commodious one in its place. In the afternoon of Monday, April 2nd, 1866 the Rev. W. Hammond preached in Mr. Wright's barn, (kindly lent for the occasion), after which the foundation stone was laid by Mr. J. Wright, when an address was delivered by the Rev. S. Smith, of Sudbury. At half-past five o'clock tea was provided in the barn, when 230 sat down and partook of the social cup. After tea a public meeting was held, and addresses were delivered by Revs. W. Hammond, J. Smith, S. Smith, and other friends. The collections, subscriptions, &c., including the profits of a previous tea meeting, amounted to over £20. To God be all the praise!

A. E. HAMMOND.

CHALVEY, MAIDENHEAD STATION. —DEAR EDITOR,—We are pleased to inform you that the anniversary services of the above chapel were held on April 8th and 9th. The Rev. T. Russell, of St. Albans, and the Rev. C. Robbins, of Slough, (Independent), officiated on the Sabbath. On the Monday a public tea was provided in the chapel, to which a goodly company sat down, after which a meeting of a most interesting character was held. Mr. J. Hatton, of Bedfout, presided, and the Rev. T. Russell gave a brief account of his labours and successes: Messrs. A. Ives, J. Wilson, J. Curtis, (missionary), Rev. J. Fuller, and the writer, addressed the meeting. We have now £82 debt on this chapel, towards which, at this anniversary, we have raised nearly £9, and £15 more were promised for another meeting in October, which we consider, for a small society and village, a noble sum. By the end of the year the friends purpose reducing the debt to £50. E. J.

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

) HULBERT, of Stanton, in sbury Circuit, was born in 1791. The former part of is spent in sin, but in the it pleased the Lord to con- of his state; and ultimately by the Spirit, and through the the ministers of our con- the cross, where, by faith, ed pardon, joy, and peace. his conversion he opened for the preaching of the This was the means of p some of his neighbours m; but he trusted in God led. In the spring of last gh in his 74th year, he was to load hay, when on a e waggon moved and vio- ipitated him to the ground. ken up and carried to his me of his work-companions. sciousness returned, he was ng other things, whether he see any one, and he replied, e but Jesus." The next day spirit quitted its mangled t is now, doubtless, among rn in heaven.

W. J.

ABETH SMITH, daughter of Mary Crookes, was born at near Sheffield, March 8th, was married to Mr. Smith ber of 1855, and they lived the sweetest harmony. Her he prime of life has been n of unspeakable grief to ing relations and friends. rrow not as those without ickness was comparatively he was not unprepared. She meek and quiet spirit, which ht of God, of great price." ance upon the means of xemplary, her character con- spirit thoroughly Christian, erality limited only by her relating her experience at neeting she was naturally equently she was always ear. She had most humili- of herself, and at times self-condemning spirit, in- piring to her privilege to "rejoice in the Lord," and to "walk in the light of his countenance." In her brief, but severe illness, her natural timidity was overcome, and she surprised all who visited her, by ready and copious citations of the Scriptures and hymns, by her declaration of trust in the atoning blood, and by the fervour of her exhortations. In her affliction she was graciously sustained by the consolations of religion. Her soul thirsted for God, for the living God, and she panted for entire conformity to his image. I visited her a few days before her death, and found her in a most happy state of mind. I asked her if Jesus was precious to her; she replied, "Bless him, he is precious." I said, "You feel you rest in Jesus;" she said, "I do." "You are fully resigned to his will and willing to wait his time?" She sang—

"We'll wait till Jesus come," &c.

She was particularly anxious that her parents and husband should begin at once to live in the fear and service of God. We trust her earnest wishes and fervent prayers will speedily be realised in their personal conversion. She died in peace on May 23rd, 1865, aged 32 years.

R. BRYANT.

FRANCIS HANSON was born in November, 1811, and died June 3rd, 1865. It pleased God to lay a heavy affliction upon him, which for six or seven years rendered his life a continued scene of suffering and distress, such as is known only to few. It was given to him to glorify God in the furnace. In 1862, when our people missioned Crabtree, Mr. Hanson opened his house for worship, and the various services conducted within that house have been a means of blessing to the neighbourhood. As a Christian, our brother was exemplary in character and attendance on the means of grace, and in his experience and prayers there were a holy earnestness and freedom of access, that made all feel they were the natural converse of a renewed heart with a Father in heaven. His departure was sudden, and somewhat

unexpected. He had been doing several little things during the day towards facilitating the tea at the laying of the foundation stone of our new chapel at Crabtree on the coming Monday. While reaching down his razor from the shelf to shave himself, he broke a blood vessel, fell down, and never spoke again. Because of his pious, earnest, devoted, consistent life, we have hope in his death. He leaves a widow and six children to mourn his departure.

R. BRYANT.

JOSEPH BALL was the son of William and Mary Ball. He was born at Edge Green, in the county of Lancaster, September 19th, 1836. In early life he was surrounded by Christian influences at home, which exerted a moral restraint upon him, and preserved him from open impiety. He was naturally reserved, but, at the same time, he was an affectionate son, and a loving brother. He had a great desire for learning, but was not favoured with much schooling, having to commence work when he was very young. He was very fond of books, and procured a very respectable library, and devoted much of his leisure to reading. He delighted to obey his parents, both before and after his marriage; he always consulted his father before taking any important step. He obtained the pardon of his sins when he was about eighteen years of age: by the efforts of God-loving parents he was brought to Christ. He joined his father's class at Golborne, in the Lymm Circuit, and was a member of that society till he exchanged mortality for life. In his religious life he did not make much noise or show; yet, he "walked worthy of the vocation wherewith he was called." He abhorred every thing low and mean, and was careful of speaking of other people. By his Christian courtesy he obtained the esteem, not only of the Golborne society, but of the whole neighbourhood where he resided. He loved the cause of God; and was ever ready to help with his purse as well as his prayers. We have known instances when he has cast his last penny into the treasury of the Lord. Being diffident he did not labour very much in public; but he took interest in the Sabbath scho was employed some years as a His race was s on run, and his soon obtained. In his afflic was fully resigned to the will and not a murmur escaped His sufferings were very seve in the midst of all, when the sc were read, his countenance was up with joy, and when pra made he heartily responded. Christ was precious, and h spoke of heaven in very t terms. A few days before hi he asked his father and the w sing for him—

"From every sin and sorrow fr
I shall the King of Glory see.
All is well, all is

Only a very short time be departure, he called his mothe bedside, and said, "Would like to go to heaven with me! retained his consciousness to t and quietly fell asleep in Jesus 5th of July, 1865, in the 29th his age. He has left to mourn a widow and two little childre

J.

MRS. REBECCA PETCH was t of Mr. Leason Petch, who is preacher and class leader an at Ashby, in the Scotter Mrs. Petch was born at Brum Ashby, on the 11th June, 1830. she was but four years of mother died, leaving her with who was somewhat unstead who, of course, did not look spiritual interests of his d Nevertheless, God did not for for early in life she became the of deep religious impressions. age of sixteen she was induce tend class, but did not obtain surance of her sins being forgi the spring of 1850. From the her conversion to the day of he she lived a very consistent and life. No one trait stood out life more prominently than but a constellation of exc formed her character; and th knew her best admired he Gentleness of manners, swee disposition, reverence for G

· in walk and conversation
ed her. She was a good
ffectionate mother, and a
iend. During the latter
· life she was the subject of
:tion and bereavement; but
rials God was her stay. As
r near, her piety became
ed and luminous. Her de-
ser communion with God
dent and constant: she
or full salvation. After
with Mrs. Hird (a member
; Ashby) on the subject of
tification, she was enabled
for that blessing; and at
r era in her Christian ex-
mmenced: her perception
of salvation became more
listinct, her peace became
d, her love more ardent,
e and resignation became
t. She was now sinking
eath the withering hand
ry consumption. Four of
n had died and gone to
ng the last twelve months,
e expected soon to follow
joy she felt at the thought
them in heaven was indes-
Her state of mind altogether
easing to her friends. The
re swept of cloud, and her
. well nigh full. It had
rivilege—yea, a treat—to
k, and to feel the influence
the room. Her happiness
ect of death was such, that
nished at herself. When
der of her children and
l around her, she exclaimed,
I be happy when leaving
hildren? and *yet I am*
yet I am happy." When
yed for her husband and
d exhorted them to meet
n, the room was filled with
uence, and she shouted
r and over, until all were
eath the power. Then,
he prayer, "come Lord
e quickly," and "Lord
e my spirit," her happy
en to heaven. This was
ly, 1865. Brother Petch
and four children within
ths.

J. STEPHENSON.

WILLIAM DOBB, was born at Eakring, Notts, in July, 1790, and lived according to this world, until 1819, when, through hearing the Wesleyan preachers in his sister's house, he was converted to God. He united with the Wesleyan society, and occasionally led the class; but when the Primitive Methodist preachers, Messrs. Blaides and Bailey, visited Eakring, he was attracted by their lively, earnest way of worship, and spoke favourably of them amongst the members of his own society, in consequence of which he was left without a quarterly ticket, and no longer regarded as a member. Being thus thrown adrift, he offered himself to the missionaries, was joyfully accepted, and was thus, to use his own words, "the first fish caught in their net at Eakring." This was in 1822. He forthwith opened his house and barn for preaching; and his home was the home of the preachers for ten years. Persecution waved its terrors over his head; he was threatened with ejectment from his house and employment, unless he turned out the preachers. But he stood firmly, and God suffered none to hurt him. Yea, circumstances so changed, that in process of time, the clergyman, who had been the principal instigator of the persecution, became quite friendly towards him. The work of God flourished under his fostering care, a chapel was built, of which he was a trustee; and it became too small and had to be enlarged; and the society before his death numbered upwards of fifty members and seven local preachers. He was a local preacher and class leader for several years. The Sunday before he died, he said to one of his grandsons, "Jesus will help me through." A few hours before his death, he fixed his eyes on the top of the room. His wife said, "Dost thou see Jesus?" "Yes, I do," he quickly replied; and affectionately pressing her hand, bade her be faithful and meet him in heaven. He died July 31st, 1863, aged seventy-five years. We may add that he was very jealous for the honour of the Lord Jesus Christ; and any preacher who concluded his public prayers without using the words, "for Christ's sake," could safely reckon on being reproved

for the omission, as soon as he got to the bottom of the pulpit stairs. To the Saviour whom he loved, he is now gone. May we meet him there.

WM. HURT.

MRS. SARAH WESTON, of Calne, Chippenham Circuit, departed this life on the 31st of July, 1865. About twenty-nine years she had been a member of the Primitive Methodist Connexion, and during that time, although surrounded with difficulties of various forms and varieties, she retained her integrity. While under affliction her leader visited her frequently, and on one occasion he asked her how long she had been converted to God. She exclaimed, with a heart full of love, "Twenty-nine years; and blessed be God, during that time I have never lost the evidence of my acceptance in the beloved, but have felt throughout the quickening, dignifying, and sanctifying power of God in my soul." The night before she took her exit, she was found by her leader exulting in her Saviour's love. The family were cited together, and he prayed with her for the last time, and when parting, promised to meet her in heaven. She continued in a happy frame of mind until the next morning, when death freed her spirit, and she passed away.

B. TONKIN.

MRS. PRISCILLA ROSE was born in the parish of Bromhan, near the town of Devizes, on the 2nd of January, 1844, and was converted to God among the Primitive Methodists when about twenty years of age; and from that time to the end of life she lived in the enjoyment of God's favour. A short time before her death her affliction was exceedingly distressing, but she was graciously sustained, always submissive and resigned, never uttering a murmur or complaint, but happy and triumphant. When asked if she was prepared for life's close, without the least hesitation she would say, "To die would be gain." She would often sing,—

"Ah, lovely appearance of death!
What sight upon earth is so fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe
Can with a dead body compare."

As the closing scene dre
countenance was lit up
earthly radiance, and sh
"Glory! glory! glory!"
diately fell asleep in the
Saviour.

B.

JOSEPH WILSON, of Mid
Hetton Station, was brou
about three years ago. He
to go to a class meeting
salvation there, and soon g
tionable evidence of the h
that had taken place. Co
years there was something
in his steady movements i
From the time of his con
the church of God, he was
sistent and devoted. He w
ful young man, and an orn
profession. He was a regu
of the means of grace, wh
him wells of salvation an
spiritual refreshment. At
equally attentive to relig
and his most Christian ex
salutary influence on those
He was also a teacher in
school, and he delighted i
and sought to promote the
the school. He felt an
the mission cause; he bot
substance and collected
this important object. Ho
for a young man to be d
every way he could; he w
most by those who knew h
career in the church wa
progressive in spiritual lif
weakly constitution, but
affliction patiently; he o
God for the enjoyment of
a bright hope of eternal glo
Those who visited him in
testify that he departed t
with Jesus, with triump
August 19th, 1865, at a
years of age. Let young
the Lord and be useful.

M. A. D

GEORGE SPENCE, of New
ton Station, was born at
the County of Durham.
fifteen years of age, his
moved to Newbottle, w
mained until his death,

Saturday, August 26th, 1865.
a member with us twenty-
rs. He was steady, regular,
istent. He would not know-
end, neither was he soon of-
In all his doings in the so-
ntleness and meekness were
ed. He was a lover of that
the Christian church to which
nged. He did not find fault
tle things. The erection of
and the prosperity of our
re always most gratifying to
lis religion and profession were
rk. He had chosen the better
was never taken from him.
ed God, and he served the
in every way that he could.
cised his capacities in the
school, where he found agree-
able employment for them. He was twelve years the society steward. The least that can be said of him in this capacity is, that he was a useful and "faithful steward." He willingly performed the duties which this office involved. He was obliging to all. He was in the service of one master for about forty years; and was much respected, both by his master and numerous friends. His death is much regretted. As he lived so he died: his end was peace. He was hurried away with only three days illness, but he was ready. For to him to live was Christ, and to die was gain. "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the son of man cometh." He was fifty-five years of age.

M. A. DRUMMOND.

THE SEASONS.

Beauteous spring-time, how I love thee!
Robed in sunbeams, clad in flowers;
All seems bright, beneath above thee,
Songsters hail thee from their bowers.
Oh, reign of beauty, of delight,
Enchanter of the ear and sight,
All seasons have their charms to show,
But none of them such charms as thou.

Thou 'mindest me of childhood's years:
Like them thou minglest smiles and tears;
Thou art the dawn of nature's life,
With her rich beauties thou art rife.
Like childhood, too, thou dost disclose
The flower that soon in beauty blows;
Like childhood thou art blithe and gay,
But like it thou must pass away.

Glorious summer! beauteous, bright,
In nature's richest garments dight,
A charm around thee thou dost throw,
Which gladdens all things here below.
Touched with thy magic wand the earth
To all her glories now gives birth;
And from thy dawning to thy close,
Creation with thy beauty glows.

Thou 'mindest me of youth's bright days,
When pleasure charms and gilds our ways,
And care and sorrow glide away
Like gathering clouds beneath thy ray.
Like youth in beauty thou art clad,
Like it thou makest all things glad;
Like youth thy charms soon pass away,
And hasten on life's little day.

Golden Autumn! thou'rt rich and grand,
Thou com'st to all with open hand;
Scatter'st the fruits of earth and tree,
And all creation welcomes thee.
All natures smiles beneath thy sway,
The song-birds pour their richest lay;
Beauty, grandeur, now prevail,
Oh, glorious season, thee I hail.

Thou 'mindest me of manhood's years;
Thy gathering clouds are like its cares,
Thy changing leaves are like its joys,
Which earthly care or trouble cloys.
Thy produce represents to me
The fruit of manhood's iudustry;
Thy fading beauties tell me too,
That manhood fades as well as you.

Hoary Winter! disrobed and bare
Is all creation, once so fair;
And desolation reigns around
Where beauty at each turn was found:
And yet I love thee; for to me
Nature's long sleep thou seem'st to be,
From which she will again arise,
And with her beauty charm our eyes.

Oh, thou dost 'mind me of old age,
The close of this life's pilgrimage,
When earthly joys will flee away,
And cheer not life's declining day;
When tired nature sinks to sleep,
And, wrapt in slumbers long and deep,
Dreams of a world beyond the sky,
Where flowers bloom, but never die.

The Quiver.

RECOGNITION OF THE BEING AND ATTRIBUTES OF DEITY.

No. I.

OWLEDGE is the most glorious characteristic distinction of human ture, and elevates man to the peerless sovereignty of all the tribes of th. His capacities for the acquisition of it, and his endless advance- nt in the arts and sciences, prove that man, even in his fallen state, something truly noble in his constitution—he is like a royal palace ruins. The study of the sciences refines and invigorates the mind, ands the intellectual faculties, and generates an aversion to vulgar reations and pursuits. If to trace the unbounded power and exqui- skill exhibited in the most minute, as well as in the mightiest, parts creation, yields us inexpressible delight, what science can in dignity pare with that which treats of the glorious Author of all the mar- lous wonders we behold? As matter of mere speculation, the ntemplation of the being and attributes of God, as manifested in his rks and in his Word, is the most sublime subject that can occupy our ellects, and is most calculated to ennoble and deepen the finer sus- tibilities of our moral nature. It is written, "This is eternal life, t they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom u hast sent." The most momentous issues are involved in our owing the character of the Creator of the universe in his paternal ation to his spiritual offspring—that of a REDEEMING GOD.

That there is a God is the clearest dictate of reason. The Bible umes his existence without proof as a primary, and essential condition creation. A self-existent Being, eternal, omnipotent, and infinitely e, is a cause adequate to the production of all things; and we cannot ceive of any other cause sufficient for their organisation. This may illustrated by a reference to the law of gravitation, discovered by Sir ac Newton. Before this illustrious astronomer could positively affirm existence of this law beyond the surface of our planet, he tried if it uld fulfil the conditions presented by the phenomena of the celestial lies. Now, the existence of the Deity satisfactorily explains all the nomena of nature, whilst Revelation asserts that "He was before all gs, and by him all things consist," Col. i. 16, 17; "Through faith understand that the worlds were framed through the word of God, so t things which are seen were not made of things which do appear," b. xi. 3.

Two methods of proof of the existence and attributes of the Deity e been adopted by learned men: First, the *a priori*, or meta- sical argument, adduced by Dr. Samuel Clarke, and which is said to

have given satisfaction to the mind of Sir Isaac Newton. The second denominated the *a posteriori*, which, from traces of design and intelligence discoverable in all the realms of creation, infers the existence of a designer. The *a priori* argument, or that which from the assumed existence of a God possessed of such and such attributes, accounts for creation and the multifarious phenomena it exhibits, as effects justly to be inferred as emanating from him,—is too abstruse for the comprehension of most readers. It has been called in question by Dr. Thomas Reid, Dr. T. Brown, and Lord Brougham. Some of them declare that they cannot fathom it. Dr. Alexander Carson, in the fifth volume of his works, says, "That it is not just, may fairly be suspected from its being totally overlooked by the apostles when they speak upon this subject." The Bible recognises the validity of the argument *a posteriori*: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work:" Paul adds, "Because what may be known of God is manifested in them; for God hath showed it unto them. For the invisible things of HIM from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things which are made, even HIS eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse," Rom. i. 19, 20. Inspiration here avers that creation is a revelation of the being and attributes of ONE GOD, the rejection of which leaves the heathen world inexcusable. The universe is that which manifests the Author of the universe.

That we and innumerable other beings exist there is palpable and abundant evidence from the testimony of consciousness and our senses. The records of geology point to periods when there was no life upon our planet; but through countless ages it was tenantless and void, tempest tossed by the jarring elements of chaos. Whence, then, originated all the diversified forms of that life which robes in its mantle of green vast tracts of our globe, sending forth from smiling meads and painted parterres the balmy odours of morning? Whence emanated that life that now peoples our atmosphere, islands, and continents; that gambols in the joyousness of conscious existence in earth's babbling brooks, majestic rivers, pellucid lakes, and expansive, fathomless oceans? It is self-evident that nothing can of itself begin to exist. That which has not existed from eternity must be the effect of an extrinsic cause; but science shows that through mighty eras of the geologic periods there were no organised beings; and that the present existing orders are of comparatively recent date. Some being, therefore, eternally self-existent, must have been their creator. This great first cause is denominated GOD. That he is not a mere random abstraction, but possesses life and intelligence, is as obvious as that men possess them; for he could not communicate to his creatures that which he does not himself

possess, though he may possess many attributes which, from the infinite perfection of his nature, are incommunicable. That he is eternal with respect to futurity is obvious from his self-existence and omnipotence, for nothing can cause his existence to cease; and that he will not of his own will cease to exist the essential rectitude of his nature is a sufficient guarantee. What an overwhelming thought is eternity! What intellect can grapple with it?

THE SPIRITUALITY OF GOD is an asservation of scripture. It is also evinced from the indications of thought, design, and intelligence everywhere exhibited throughout the vast domains of nature. The human mind, with all its various faculties, principles of action, and the energies it exerts over the organs of the human body, is the most perfect image of the Deity within the range of our investigations. The marvellous beauties scattered over the face of external nature; the infinitude of worlds moving with inconceivable velocity in perfect order and harmony through the illimitable regions of space, are most sublime and glorious objects: but a human soul, perfect in all its faculties, its understanding enlightened, its affections rightly controlled and directed, is infinitely more glorious, and approaches more nearly to the nature of the being and attributes of Deity. Hence, the study of psychology multiplies with accumulating force the evidences of the spirituality of God. Now, thought and design are not the known properties of matter, but of mind—or spirit. The known properties of the former are extension, figure, impenetrability, inertia, attraction, and repulsion. The qualities of the latter are thought, memory, judgment, love, pain, pleasure, and several others known to consciousness. We can only conceive of qualities, or attributes, subsisting in a *substratum;* and we know absolutely nothing of the essence of either matter or mind. If the qualities of any substance be changed we believe that its essence is changed. When our blessed Lord, for instance, turned the water into wine, those who witnessed the display of his miraculous interposition knew that it was wine, and not water, that the attendants bore to the nuptial guests, by the change of properties effected in the substance by omnipotence. The term substance implies a basis which *stands under* qualities as their support. The science of chemistry renders it highly probable that all material things are the combinations of elementary atoms, arranged according to immutable laws; and consequently their properties subsist in an essence, or substratum of atoms. Any variation in the arrangement of the elementary atoms produces corresponding changes in the properties of the combinations. Sir Isaac Newton remarks that water composed of broken, could not be the same as that which consists of entire, particles; but the properties of mind are essentially different

from those of matter; therefore, the substance in which they i and of which they are the properties, must be essentially different. mind should be a mere aggregate of qualities without a spiritua *stratum* in which they inhere, is an absurdity too gross to be se entertained. Matter is inert and void of thought; but the aut all things possesses intelligence and power, consequently he must immaterial being.

It is the evidence of design exhibited in every part of creatio affords to all men of every degree of mental capacity proofs existence and character of God. The adaptation of parts to a par design is evidence of an intelligent cause. But design is appar every department of nature within the reach of our investigations design cannot be without a designer. Every man is conscious t wills, plans, and exerts power over the voluntary members of his that he avails himself of the properties of external matter, arr them in the order in which experience shows they act for the a plishment of his designs. He observes similar indications of i gence in the muscular energies of other bodies constituted as his so that in contemplating anything exhibiting traces of desi concludes it did not make itself, but is the effect of a designing Now, we have evidence of a more satisfactory kind in every re creation of the existence, intentions, power and will of an all-per Spirit. We live and move in the midst of a vast workshop, mani every conceivable description of mechanical contrivances—a cab most glorious pictures, models for the imitation of the highest efl human genius. By the aid of the microscope, the cells and v organs of plants, their functions for absorbing the gases of the phere, which contribute to their development, fructification, and prop are detected; and all are evidential of an infinitely wise mind. The frames of animals are constructed on mechanical principles, having of various kinds, arrangements for propelling them over the sur our globe, or through the air and waters, suited to their res habitudes, thus exhibiting traces of design. The adjustment of the petal and centrifugal forces that maintain the orbitual revolution planets and systems of astronomy; the distances of the several c and the angular inclinations of their axes to the planes of their the balancing with mathematical exactitude the antagonistic law bind in permanent proximity satellites, and magnificent rings, wl ceaselessly round their primaries; of binary and tertiary suns, witl princely retinue of worlds, rolling afar upon the high field of in sity around their common centres of gravity; the beneficent of the vicissitudes of the seasons, and the alternations o

nd night, all proclaim with stentorian voice the incomprehensible isdom and power of Jehovah. Worlds, and systems, and clusters, rise n sublime perspective before the telescopic eye, fading away in the un-thomable depths of space, until even thought itself fails in its mightiest fforts to plunge across the gulf by which we are separated from these tupendous manifestations of divine intelligence. In scanning the ysterious agencies of the ethereal or imponderable bodies—such as ght, heat, electricity, and magnetism, the subtilties of their natures, he almost infinite velocities of their motions, and the functions they erform throughout the empire of material things—the wisdom and ower of that Being who wields with giant strength the orbs of nmensity and bends all the elements of nature to his will, bewilder nd overwhelm us with awe. The more deeply we search for the vidences of Deity in the vast amphitheatre around us the more do they rowd upon our astonished vision. Blind chance, or a random ab-traction, could not have elaborated out of nonentity such a magnificent, armonious universe. "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in isdom hast thou made them all." The deductions of reason corro-orate the testimony of scripture, that "God is a spirit."

Other proofs of the existence of Deity may be adduced from the niversal consent of mankind. There have been few nations, if any, hat have not had some kind of deities. This implies the truth of the ivine existence; for such belief is either instinctive, and therefore the ork of God upon the heart, or it is the result of divine communications, orrupted through the roll of centuries by tradition. No matter how en may differ respecting the true character of the Supreme Being, or he approved forms of approach into his presence, religious worship rounds upon the intense conviction that there is a God. There is not n the whole circle of the human sciences any one truth confirmed by so many irresistible proofs as the existence of Deity. It is, therefore, urely the duty of rational creatures to become acquainted with his haracter, manifested in his Son Jesus Christ. How tremendously awful nust it be for those who have denied his existence, or rejected his over-ures of love and mercy, to plunge into eternity. How cheering to now that this God is in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not mputing unto men their trespasses. Dear reader, "believe on the ord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

(I shall in future papers consider the natural and moral attributes of)eity.)

Portadown. JOHN DOUGLAS.

FRAGMENTARY THOUGHTS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS.

"*Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures.*"—1 Cor. xv. 3.

By "the Scriptures" we here understand the sacred writings of that well known book, the Bible, which is *the book*. And it is according to the prophecies, types, and declarations of this inspired volume that "Christ died for our sins." And we know of no event that has ever transpired amongst men, whether for the benefit of nations, countries, or individuals, that has produced so much excitement in heaven, earth, or hell, as this fact,—the death of Christ. And

> "Of all the events revealed, or ever known,
> This claims our highest praise to God above:
> Angelic tongues of highest order fail
> A thousandth part of this deep truth to tell."

So that when ministers have preached their thousands of sermons on this subject, and book writers have written their numerous volumes on the same theme, the subject will still remain inexhaustible.

The person here referred to, namely, Christ, is he to whom the apostle refers when he says, "God was manifest in the flesh;" and again, "There is one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus," the very person who "hath redeemed us from the curse of the law." This Christ is God's anointed son, and man's divinely-appointed Saviour. And his life and death are the two leading features of Bible history, and he is the principal topic of all gospel preaching. Take Christ out of the Bible, and it is a lamp without a light; take him out of the Gospel, and you will leave a vacuum nothing else can fill. Hearken, while divine revelation asserts, "The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world;" and the ever blessed Gospel declares that, "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." And this reconciliation was effected when, "by the grace of God," Jesus "tasted death for every man."

The justice and the holiness of Almighty God demanded that a sacrifice should be offered for the sins of a guilty, fallen world. And a suitable sacrifice could be found only in the person of his son Jesus Christ, for whom he prepared a body, Heb. x. 5. And he "freely delivered him up for us all," for he "gave his Son to be the propitiation for our sins," which was the most striking proof he could give of his deep interest in man's salvation. And here we see "mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other." And man becomes justified and saved through the blood and death of Christ. In Christ we find an all-sufficient sacrifice, for he is "the Lamb of God

hich taketh away the sin of the world." And whether mankind will ceive him or not as the sacrifice for their sin, "there remaineth no more crifice for sin." And it was this sacrifice in which all the patriarchs, d prophets, and saints of the Old Testament trusted for salvation, and rough which they were saved.

And to the holy scriptures we are mainly indebted for the knowledge hich we have respecting the glorious fact that Christ has "given himself ransom" for us. Yes, he who was "the brightness of the Father's ory and the express image of his person," condescended to take upon mself our nature, for the purpose of suffering and dying in it in our ad. And all this was necessary, for "without shedding of blood is no mission" of sins; therefore the Saviour shed his blood as the price paid our redemption. He came "to give his life a ransom;" and saith apostle, "By his own blood he hath entered in once into the holy ce, having obtained eternal redemption for us."

Listen for a moment to the song of the redeemed in heaven, and as y direct their worship to Christ and strike their harps to the anthem, hear those beautiful words distinctly uttered, "Thou wast slain, and t redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, d people, and nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and ests." Yes, it was by "the offering of the body of Christ once for " that "people and realms of every tongue" were placed in a salvable dition, and in that position are now to be found.

And it was "while we were yet sinners Christ died for us," and "gave mself for our sins," and in so doing "he humbled himself and became dient unto death, even the death of the cross." Be it understood t it was not his reputation that he sacrificed to save the world, it was his own blood, his very life. St. Paul says that he "offered himself;" and we have it on his own authority that he gave his life for for he said, "I have power to lay down my life, and I have power to e it again." This was a right belonging to Christ which no mere ature ever possessed; and St. Peter says, concerning him, that he ce suffered for sins," and in so doing he pleased his Father, for says us, "I do always those things that please him." And surely in sacri- g his life for man's sin he made no mistake; hence he said on one asion, "Therefore doth my Father love me because I lay down my " And we hesitate not to say that however dear the Son was to the her, without the sacrifice of his Son's life for man's sins, he could have saved a guilty world.

History informs us of a certain lawgiver who was desirous to preserve ar as possible the purity of his people, and to accomplish this ct he enacted a law that whoever should be found guilty of the sin

of adultery should lose both his eyes. Soon after the making of this la his own son was found guilty of its violation, and as a just judge th father condemned him to lose both his eyes, but to save his son from th entire loss of sight he commanded the executioner to pluck out one his own eyes and then one of his sons; thus the law was satisfied. An this may help us to understand how the eternal God "gave his only b gotten Son" to die "for our sins according to the scriptures."

Christ not only "purchased the church with his own blood," but hath actually died even for the wicked—*all the wicked*, even those wh have perished from off the earth, died in their sins and gone to the p of perdition.

Strange as this doctrine may appear to the Antinomian and the Un versalist, it is no more strange than true. It does not follow that becau a king may make a great feast for all his subjects, and send his servan to invite all to come to it, that all will come. And no more does argue that because Christ died for all, that all will avail themselves of t full benefit of the Saviour's death: for, for more than 1800 years past t Saviour has been complaining of millions of the human race, "Ye w not come unto me that ye might have life," which language implies th they might have come to Jesus and been saved if they would.

From the fact that Christ died for our sins we infer—

1st. *That he was sinless.*—For nothing less than a holy being co atone for man's sins; but he was perfectly holy. In his person and l we meet with perfection in all its completeness. St. Peter speaks of h as "the just" dying for the unjust. St. Luke mentions him as t "holy child Jesus," while another inspired penman refers to him as o "who knew no sin." Elsewhere we read that he "did no sin, neith was guile found in his mouth." And St. John positively asserts th "in him was no sin." Therefore he was fully competent to perform t errand on which he came; and as he finished his human life upon ear and the hand of death was upon him, he exclaimed, "It is finished And this cry rang through heaven, earth, and hell.

> "'Tis finish'd!' man the traitor lives;
> The ransom's paid, and God forgives."

Such being the case, we infer—

2nd. *That polluted man may be cleansed from sin.*—Christ, "thro the eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot to God," to "purge y conscience from dead works, to serve the living God," Heb. ix. 14. A how explicit is divine revelation on this point, "The blood of Je Christ his son cleanseth us from all sin." And in heaven the ransom sing, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his o

" and it is the privilege of God's sanctified ones upon earth to sing ne song. All the saved in heaven have "washed their robes and hem white in the blood of the Lamb." And this washing of robes ace in our world, for without holiness no man shall see the Lord.

"Then let me live, and let me die,
To Him who lived and died for me;
That I may rise with him on high,
To life and immortality."

Christ's death we infer—

That man everywhere may have eternal life.—Almighty God have all men to be saved and to come unto the knowledge of the ' And "he that believeth shall be saved," no matter as to his f residence, or the colour of his skin, or his circumstances in life. et us hasten to tell the monarch on his throne, the beggar in the the poor man in his cottage, the rich man in his mansion, the in his mine, the sailor in his vessel, the fisherman in his boat, the man in the field, the mechanic in his workshop, the prisoner in his ıd the traveller on his journey, that "Christ died for our sins, ac- g to the scriptures," and let us urge them to believe—

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."—

ıus obtain a meetness for the heavenly world, where—

"Every tear is wip'd away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest."

W. Birks.

BLACK HEARTS.

the Rev. George Whitfield was preaching to the negroes of Ber- he told them they had *black hearts*. One of his hearers expressed rprise that he should say so, when a black brother said to him, ı no understand it, he means black with sin." Of course Mr. eld had no intention of insulting the poor negroes, as if their black

skins were evidence of black hearts: he only meant to fix attention on an important truth. But let us put a case:—

Suppose that on a given Sabbath, when all our places of worship are full, the complexion of each one should suddenly change, so as to become the exact index of the state of the heart, the greatest sinners in the sight of God having the blackest face. Why, what a change would come over the audiences! What confusion and mortification there would be What pulling down of "falls," drooping of heads, and raising of handkerchiefs there would be. The people would be afraid to look at one another. A great deal of deception would suddenly be removed. Some, perhaps, dressed in rich silks and expensive broad cloths, drawn to the house of God, it may be, in splendid carriages, and whose consequence had given them the uppermost seats in the sanctuary, would be seen turning very dark. Others, who had a high notion of their own piety, and who were not without the *form* of godliness, would be rather astonished at the ebony-like appearance of their own skin. Persons with very solemn countenances and in a devotional posture would undergo a remarkable change. Ladies, who pride themselves on the fairness of their complexion, whose beauty is unquestionable, and who spend a vast amount of time and money on their toilet, would be amazed and mortified at the extraordinary change of colour that had come over them. Gentlemen, who study the fashions, and dress accordingly, would feel ashamed of their negro-like appearance. In some cases, perhaps, office-bearers in the church, elders, deacons, local preachers, and Sabbath school teachers, would be seen leaving the house of God with their faces wonderfully ebonised. Who can tell but in some of our churches there would be a striking contrast between the whiteness of the clergyman's surplice and the blackness of his face. In others there would be little difference between the colour of the gown and the colour of the skin. And oh, awful to think of! perhaps in some dissenting chapels, Methodist chapels, and even Primitive Methodist chapels, the *minister*, with solemn words upon his lips, standing between the living and the dead, would be seen leaving the pulpit with a complexion as dark as the darkest African. Lord, help us to examine ourselves.

But if, on the other hand, the complexion of every true Christian should put on an exceedingly fair appearance, perhaps some poor care-worn ones whose skin may be burned almost black by being exposed to the scorching rays of a summer's sun, coarsely attired, moneyless, friendless, and houseless, not feeling fit to be in the house of God, and sitting a long way off, on the very back seat, or stool, near the door, might be seen taking a very clear and beautiful complexion!

Reader, what complexion would you take? Remember the day is

coming when the blackness of every unwashed heart shall be exposed to the gaze of angels, men, and devils. Heaven, earth, and hell will all bear witness to the blackness of the sinner's heart. No hearts black with sin can enter heaven. There must be a change. The blackness must be removed. The heart of a wicked man is the devil's workshop, where he blows up the fires of lust, pride, selfishness, &c.; and where he manufactures his hellish wares, which he throws out through the eyes, mouth, hands, feet, &c.: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" "The heart is full of evil;" "For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts."

Ere a man can live happily, die in peace, and enter heaven, Satan must be dislodged from his heart. The fires of anger, pride, and lust must be put out, the heart must be cleansed, and be made a fit dwelling place for the King of kings. How can this be done? Blessed be God, "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." Here is the remedy. "All things are possible to them that believe;" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." The thief on the cross, the jailer at Philippi, Saul of Tarsus, and thousands of others now before the Throne of God in glory, as well as thousands who are on their way thither, were all possessed of "black hearts;" but they found the glorious statement true that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin."

"Ye must be born again," said Christ to the bewildered Nicodemus; and the statement still holds good. It is one thing to have the form of godliness, it is quite another thing to have a clean heart. A man may have the form of godliness, but deny the power. The putting on of a college gown does not make a scholar, nor does the putting on a Christian profession make a Christian. A man may serve the devil in heaven's livery. Preachers, teachers, tract-distributors, and others, may be like a scaffold on which to build up the church, but not being part and parcel of the building, may be thrown aside to be at last burned.

The ivy may cling very closely to the tree, but not being *in* the tree it is but ivy still. And so with the professor of the Christian religion; he may cling very closely to sound doctrine, and good forms, but not having vital religion in his heart he is but a professor. It is one thing to be near the ark, it is another to be inside.

Reader, where art thou? What is the state of thy heart? Is it right with God? If so, "be thou faithful unto death;" if not, seek earnestly the salvation of thy precious soul. Oh, be in earnest, and be in earnest *now;* to-morrow may be too late. "Behold *now* is the accepted time, behold *now* is the day of salvation."

J. VAUGHAN.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

WHAT a picture we have in the every day life of the world, of grovelling, selfishness, worldliness, carnality, and sin! On every hand we see all the powers of the deathless soul prostrated to the most base and sordid purposes. But amidst all this moral and spiritual degradation ever and anon we see a spirit breaking away from the power of sin, escaping from the fetters of worldliness and carnality, soaring towards God, and not inclined to rest with ought but a consciousness of heaven's favour, and the possession of principles truly divine. This is a glorious sight; a soul-seeking happiness and satisfaction in the Deity alone! When such is the case we see a spirit conscious of the wants of its own nature, and seeking relief in the great fountain of pure spirituality. The spirit previously carnal, soaring upward finds a sphere of living congenial to its nature; and the affections being concentrated upon God the truest happiness is possessed.

With many this great fact is an impossibility, or at best only ideal. They cannot believe that men can live holy in this polluted world. Others believe it is a thing to be known and felt, but that it can only be realised by exclusion from all the busy scenes of active life. Hence, many with the purest motives have shut themselves up in monasteries and convents, thinking thus to possess this blessed state. But here a great mistake is made. To obtain the higher life there is no necessity for retirement from the world. In fact, it is in the midst of the hurry and labours of active life that the purity, power, and blessedness of the divine life are developed. It is in the midst of carnality and sin that holiness shines forth most brightly in the lives of the sanctified. It is in the midst of the dishonesty and trickery of the world that the principle of uprightness and truth become most visible. It is in the midst of poverty and social wretchedness that benevolence and charity find room to spread their bounties, and scatter their blessings. Surrounded with hatred, evil speaking, and ill-will, the Christ-like principles of love, kindness, and good-will can be manifested. In one word it is in this polluted sin-cursed world, surrounded with every kind of abomination, engaged in all the strife and combat of this mortal life, that all the features of the *higher life* should be brought to light.

It is a great truth that the more a person knows of God—the more he has of the divine in his nature—the better he is prepared to perform all the duties, and transact all the business of this life. This is the great secret of Christianity. It reveals the fact that it is by hearts changed, natures renewed, spirits sanctified, that we can live and transact all

life's business upon the heavenly and exalted principles of holiness, righteousness, purity, and truth. From souls spiritual and holy, we must as a right result have life in its highest, purest, and most exalted state. And it is a blessed truth, that the power to renew, purify, and sanctify man's impure nature is vouchsafed to the world through the atoning merits of the crucified Saviour. In this glorious truth liveth the blessed hope that this moral and spiritual wilderness will yet blossom as the rose, and the desert become a paradise! It is cheering even now to see here and there amidst the gloom and death of moral night the life and light of God.

The object of all should be to know the sweet perfection of perfect love, to develope as much of the divine as we can in our every-day life. To do so we must soar towards God. He is the fountain, he the source. Let us drink at this fountain, then we shall *live* and impart life all around. We must not be satisfied with aught but God. Like our forefathers we must *live in God*. Thank heaven! we are heirs to the same promises that filled their souls with confidence and might. We may have the same spirit that inspired David's song, and touched Isaiah's lips with seraphic fire.

As Methodists, descendants of Whitfield, Wesley, Fletcher, Bramwell, Stoner, Rogers, Smith, Bourne, Clowes, and many other worthies too numerous to name, let us lift up the standard of holiness, bearing on high as our motto "On to Perfection;" and thus carry out the principle and walk in the footsteps of the worthy dead!

THETA.

TRUTH.

TRUTH is the glory of Time, and the daughter of Eternity—a title of the highest grace, and a note of a divine nature. She is the life of religion, the light of love, the grace of wit, and the crown of wisdom; she is the beauty of valour, the brightness of honour, the blessing of reason, and the joy of faith; her truth is pure gold, her time is right precious, her word is most gracious, and her will is most glorious; her essence is in God, and her dwelling with his servants; her will is in his wisdom, and her work to his glory; she is honoured in love, and graced in constancy; in patience admired, and in charity beloved; she is the angels' worship, the virgins' fame; the saints' bliss, and the martyrs' crown; she is the

king's greatness, and his council's goodness, his subjects' peace, and his kingdom's praise; she is the life of learning, and the light of the law; the honour of trade, and the grace of labour. She hath a pure eye, a plain hand, a piercing wit, and a perfect heart; she is wisdom's walk in the way of holiness, and takes her rest but in the resolution of goodness. Her tongue never trips, her heart never faints, her hand never fails, and her faith never fears. Her church is without schism, her city without fraud, her court without vanity, and her kingdom without villainy. In sum, so infinite is her excellence in the construction of all sense, that I will thus only conclude in the wonder of her worth:—She is the nature of perfection in the perfection of nature, where God in Christ shows the glory of Christianity. May God enable the reader to embrace her with all his heart.—*Breton*, 1616.

Extracted by J. HAWKINS.

GOD'S PECULIAR NAME.

WHEN the Lord speaketh of himself with regard to his creatures, and especially his people, he saith I *am;* he doth not say, I am their light, their life, their guide, their tower, or their strength, but only I *am*. He sets his hand, as it were, to a blank, that his people might write under it what they please that is for their good. As if he should say, Are they weak? I am strength. Are they sick? I am health. Are they in trouble? I am comfort. Are they poor? I am riches. Are they dying? I am life. Have they nothing? I am all things. I am justice and mercy; I am grace and goodness; I am glory, beauty, holiness, eminency, supremacy, perfection, all-sufficiency, eternity, Jehovah—I am whatsoever is suitable to their nature, or convenient for them in their several conditions—I am whatsoever is amiable in itself, or desirable to their souls. Whatsoever is pure and holy, whatsoever is great and pleasant, whatsoever is good and needful to make them happy, that I am. So that, in short, God here represents himself unto us as one universal good; and leaves us to make the application to ourselves, according to our several wants, capacities, and desires, he saying only in general, *I am* —*Beveridge.*

Extracted by J. HAWKINS.

COME UNTO ME.

In these words we have an invitation from one who never changes, "The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

In passing through life we often meet with friends, from whom we get many invitations. But is their friendship genuine? are they sincere in their invitations? or, are they only compliments? We are not always sure what is meant. Inconstancy, selfishness, and deceit often mingle with human affection. Our fondest confidence may be abused, and our brightest hopes destroyed. The most fervent affection has cooled down to indifference; it has been only transient in its duration. No matter what confidence we have placed in the fidelity of our friends, perhaps through their fickleness we have been deceived, and we have found them as broken reeds that afford no support.

But here we have no complimentary invitation, we need not cherish any doubts about its sincerity. It is only for us to accept it, no matter how great our wants, and there is a loving friend waiting to receive us, and able to supply all our needs. One into whose ears we may pour all our sorrows, and upon whose love and faithfulness we may repose with the fullest assurance. We are all pleased to have the friendship of one whom we know to be affectionate and kind. Upon what grounds then are the invitations of Jesus rejected? There is everything in himself to make us love him; and he invites all to come. He will cast none aside, for he says, "him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

"Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
One day kind, the next deceive us,
But this friend will never leave us,
Oh! how he loves!"

S. CLARKE.

A HINT TO MINISTERS.

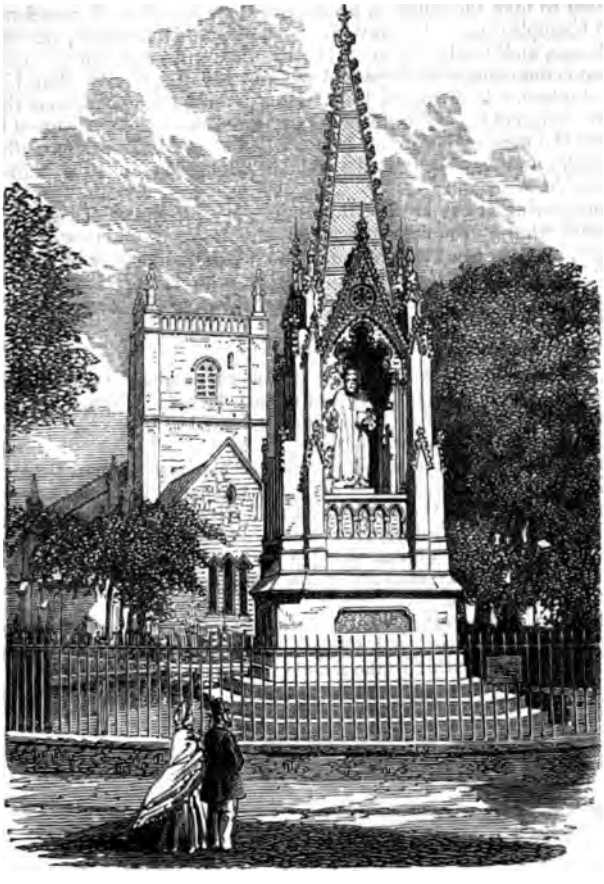
LEIGH RICHMOND says keep in mind that excellent rule: Never preach a single sermon from which an unenlightened hearer might not learn the plan of salvation, even though he never afterwards heard another discourse.

NATURE AND FAITH.

2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.

We wept—'twas *Nature* wept,—but Faith
Can pierce beyond the gloom of death,
And in yon world, so fair and bright,
Behold thee in refulgent light.
We miss thee here, yet *Faith* would rather
Know thou art with thy heavenly Father.
Nature sees the body dead,—
Faith beholds the spirit fled;
Nature stops at Jordan's tide,—
Faith beholds the other side;
That but hears farewells and sighs,—
This thy welcome in the skies;
Nature mourns a cruel blow,—
Faith assures it is not so;
Nature never sees thee more,—
Faith but sees thee gone before:
Nature tells a dismal story,—
Faith has visions full of glory;
Nature views the change with sadness,—
Faith contemplates it with gladness;
Nature murmurs,—*Faith* gives meekness,
"Strength is perfected in weakness."
Nature writhes, and hates the rod,—
Faith looks up and blesses God;
Sense looks downwards,—*Faith* above;
That sees harshness,—*this* sees love.
Oh! let *Faith* victorious be,—
Let it reign triumphantly.
But thou art gone! not lost, but flown,
Shall I not ask thee back, my own?
Back—and leave thy spirit's brightness?
Back—and leave thy robes of whiteness?
Back—and leave thine angel mould?
Back—and leave those streets of gold?
Back—and leave the Lamb who feeds thee?
Back—from founts to which he leads thee?
Back—and leave thy heavenly Father?
Back—to earth, and sin?—nay rather
Would I live in solitude!
I would not ask thee if I *could*;
But patient wait the high decree,
That calls my spirit home to thee.

Extracted by M. A. I



MONUMENT OF BISHOP HOOPER, PROTESTANT MARTYR.

BUT none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." This passage of holy scripture was practi- xemplified in the character of the subject of this sketch.

op Hooper was one of that band of confessors who resisted unto death, g against sin. He was born in Somersetshire about 1494. He was edu- t Oxford, where he became a Protestant, having become acquainted with itings of some of the reformers. Leaving the University in 1539 he be- haplain in the family of a Devonshire gentleman, and afterwards retired ace, whence he returned to England; but being in danger, he escaped to l, and subsequently went to Holland and Switzerland, where he spent ime among the reformed divines.

Under the reign of Edward VI. he became a distinguished preacher in Lon and was nominated Bishop of Gloucester, but when he came to be consecra he refused to take the office on account of some scruples of conscience resp ing the bishop's dress. By way of overcoming his reluctance, he was conf to his house, and finally committed to the Fleet prison, London; and it was till these ceremonies were dispensed with by royal authority that his conse tion took place, which was in 1550. He also held for a short time the bisho of Worcester, and it is said did much good, and was greatly beloved in that cese. In the persecution under Mary, he adhered firmly to the truths he ha long taught, and was burnt at the stake at Gloucester in 1555, suffering d with a noble endurance.

The engraving at the head of this article, is a fac-simile of a monument wl was inaugurated by the authorities and inhabitants of Gloucester on the 9tl February, 1863, in commemoration of the 308th anniversary of this tragic d Beneath the canopy is the statue of Hooper, who is represented in the ac preaching. Two inscriptions describe the object of the memorial: the first follows:

Gloria solo Deo.

"'For the witness of Jesus and for the word of God,' 'not accepting deli ance,' John Hooper, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester and Worcester, was burn ashes on this spot, February 9th, Anno Domini, 1555."

The second inscription records that

"This monument was erected by public subscription Anno Domini, 1862 the site of a smaller one, the gift of James Clealand, Esq., of Bangor, Irela

Bishop Hooper was the author of the "Rich and Precious Jewel," and merous other works on religious subjects. It is a cause for much gratitude we live in a day, when we can worship God, according to the dictates of own conscience, "every man under his vine, and under his figtree, and shall make them afraid."

In the city of Gloucester, which is the head of one of our home mission tions, we have a Connexional Chapel, a rising interest, and a good Sab school, the youths of which take a deep interest in collecting for the missio cause.

I. JOBLIN

AN INFIDEL CONVERTED THROUGH THE AGENCY OF A CHILD.

For many years I had been a follower of strange gods, and a lover of this and its vanities. Although not what the world calls a bad man, I was righteous, and thought I had religion enough of my own that was better tha of the bible. I did not believe in the devil or hell. I believed that, as Go created man, he was bound to save him. I knew I did not serve him, di know him, did not obey him. I did not believe in the entire divinity of Christ, and thought that all Trinitarians were idolaters. You know my early instructions were deep in my heart, though they had been h from sight or thought by pride, and sin, and the world. Prayers wer gotten, God's house was neglected, and worldly morality was the tree brought forth its own deceptive fruit.

ved, so I should have died, had it not been that God remembers his
and is ready to forgive. Now and then better thoughts, and doubts,
would spring up in my mind, which, however, were soon stifled.
rolled on, God blessed me with children. As my boy grew up,
love for him made his mother and myself anxious about his welfare
e career. From time to time intelligence beamed from him. His
ned over the little he had learned of God, and his nightly prayers
ght him by us, from habit and superstition, more than from conscien-
ings. His questions often puzzled me; and the sweet and earnest
n which he inquired of his poor, sinful father about his heavenly
nd that "happy land, far, far away," of which his nurse had taught
what, proved to me that God had given me a great blessing in him.
le feeling of gratitude would steal up in my heart, and fill me with
g like regret, and bring back the time when I loved to hear about
e "happy land."

ater distrust of myself, and a greater sense of my inability to assure
of the truth of the faith contained in the simple little prayers I had
rom my mother, with my brothers and sisters, gradually began to
r me, and make me oftener think. Still I never went to a place of
and had not a bible in the house. What was I to teach my boy?
d him crucified, or Universalism? or let him learn what he could
Jesuits, by whom he had been baptized? Blessed be God, he in his
ose for me!

his little friends died, then another, then his uncle. All these made
ssion on my boy. He rebelled against it; wanted to know "why
done it? it was hard that God should just go and take his friends:
d he would not do it." I, of course, had to explain as best I could.
vening he was lying on the bed partly undressed, myself and my wife
ted by the fire. She had been telling me that S— had not been a
that day. She had been telling what he had been doing, and that
pproved him for it. All was quiet, when suddenly he broke out in a
ng and sobbing, which surprised us. I went to him, and asked him
s the matter?

't want it there, father; I don't want it there," said the child.

t, my child—what is it?"

, father, I don't want the angels to write down in God's book all the
s I have done to day. I don't want it there. I wish it could be
t." And his distress increased. What could I do? I did not believe,
I had been taught the way. I had to console him, so I said—
ou need not cry. You can have it all wiped out in a minute, if you

father, how?"

, get down on your knees and ask God, for Christ's sake, to wipe it
he will do it."

not to speak twice. He jumped out of bed, saying—

er, won't you come and help me?"

ame the trial. The boy's distress was so great, and he pleaded so
that the big man, who had never bowed down before God in spirit
ith, got down on his knees by the side of that dear boy, and asked
ripe away the child's sins; and, perhaps, though my lips did not speak
art included my own sins too. We then got up, and he lay down in
gain. In a few moments he said—

er, are you sure it is all wiped out?"

w the acknowledgment grated through my unbelieving heart, as the
ne to my mouth—

, yes, my son. The bible says, if you ask God, from your heart, for
ake, to do it, and if you are really sorry for what you have done, it
ll blotted out."

A smile of pleasure passed over his face as he quietly asked—

"What did the angel blot it out with—with a sponge?"

Again was my whole soul stirred within me, as I answered—

"No; but with the precious blood of Christ. 'The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.'"

The fountains had at last burst forth. They could not be checked, and my cold heart was melted within me. I felt like a poor, guilty sinner, and turning away, said—

"My dear wife, *we* must first find God, if we want to show him to our children. We cannot show them the way unless we know it ourselves."

After a little, the boy, with almost heaven looking out of his eye, came from his bed, and leaning on my knee he turned up his face to mine, and said—

"Father, are you and mother sinners?"

"Why, yes, my son, we are."

"Why," said he, "have you not a Saviour? Why are you sinners? God don't love sinners. Don't you love God?"

I answered as best I could, and in the silent hours of the night I bent in prayer over that dear boy, and prayed, "Lord, I believe, help mine unbelief." My wife, being a Roman Catholic, would not pray with me over our boy, until, blessed again be God! the Lord's prayer was put into my heart, and we prayed it together, and prayed jointly for ourselves and our child. And God heard our prayers, and received us, as he always does those who seek him with a whole heart, for he has said of such, "They shall surely find Me."

Sent by H. TRELFA.

THE IDOL WORSHIPPERS.

"Turn ye not unto idols: I am the Lord your God."

It was the deep still hour of midnight. A dim light was glimmering from the window of a house, whose exterior seemed to indicate that it was the abode of poverty. Within, beside a few dying embers, sat an old man, whose bending form and snowy locks told that his earthly course was nearly run. He was busily engaged in counting out heaps of shining coin which lay before him. Hour after hour passed away, the grey dawn of morning began to appear, and still he was there occupied in the same employment. He was a miser and gold was the idol of his worship.

In a lofty hall, before a listening multitude, stood a noble looking man, with the seal of intellect stamped upon his brow. Floods of eloquence poured from his lips, holding his numberless hearers spell-bound by their enchantments. For weeks at the same hour, he might be found in that lofty hall, convincing by the weight and truth of his arguments, pleasing by his ready wit and flowery elegance, and culling each day fresh laurels to add to those already won. Every nerve was strained to win applause, for he was a statesman, and ambition was his god.

In his miserable garret which contained but little furniture, and no fire, although it was a bitter winter's night, a young man was writing by the light of a single lamp. Page after page was turned over, still he wrote on, unheeding the lateness of the hour, and the chilliness of his apartment. At last the clock struck the hour of one; then he arose, and with a deep drawn sigh, and a

look that seemed to say he could willingly pass the night in filling its pages, he began to fold up his manuscript. He tried to sleep, but rest was not for him; bright visions floated before him and anticipations of future greatness; for with all an author's hope of glory, he laid his offerings on the shrine of fame.

Before a brightly burning fire sat a lovely maiden. Some beautiful flowers lay withering upon the floor, and at her feet a string of costly pearls, which she had thrown from her in anger, as an unpleasant thought connected with the party she had just left, crossed her mind. Young as she was she felt the insufficiency of such hollow enjoyments, but still she turned to them again, she could not give them up, for she was a votaress of pleasure and bowed to the omnipotence of fashion.

A fair lady knelt by the bedside of a dying infant. As she gazed upon it, tears of anguish rolled down her cheeks, and she felt as if the stroke would be too heavy to bear. Her heart rose in rebellious murmurings, and she vainly strove to say, 'Father thy will be done;' it was in vain, because she gave way to that natural feeling, the idolatry of a mother's love.

It was the first day of the week. The peculiar stillness which seems to belong alone to the Sabbath, making every thing seem more beautiful on that day than any other, was broken only by the tolling of the bells for the hour of worship. The congregation had nearly all assembled and were quietly waiting the entrance of their pastor. He was at home in his closet and at prayer. He besought fervently the help of God, and the favour of his countenance during the day; he asked for a blessing upon his labours, for aid in the performance of his duties, and then he prayed with heartfelt earnestness for the welfare of his people. It was an outpouring of the soul, and as he rose from his knees, he felt the secret consciousness that his prayer was accepted. *He knelt to the only true God*, to him who has said, 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.'

Sent by M. M.

A FEW RATHER COMMON RELIGIOUS CURIOSITIES.

1. A professor of religion, praying with great fervour that God would convert the world, yet never giving a farthing to missions.

2. A man getting shouting happy, and telling how much he loves God's cause, yet fretting and scolding if asked for a little money.

3. A man who professes to have the cause of God at heart, regretting that he is *too poor* to give anything for chapel building, yet spending several pounds every year in drink and tobacco.

4. A Christian man who has a periodical headache returning every Sabbath morning.

5. Professing Christian females, who never take cold except from the draughts from the doors or windows in the house of God.

6. A man who does not expose his health by going to chapels on a stormy Sabbath, yet is so strong and robust on the following Monday, that he can work all day in wind and rain.

7. A Christian brother very much opposed to anything like ornamenting the house of God, such as carpeting the aisles, cushioning the pulpit, &c., yet furnishing his own dwelling with rich carpets, splendid gas lustres, beautifully carved sofas, &c.

8. A Christian brother, whose memory is so bad, that he can seldom carry away any weighty truths in a sermon, let the preacher be who he may, or recollect any kindnesses done him, yet has a wonderful facility for remembering others' faults, and all the little injuries that were ever inflicted upon him.

J. V.

A NEGATIVE RELIGION.

THERE is one class of professors, and that by no means a small one, who remain quite satisfied with a *negative religion*.

They do not profane the Sabbath
They do not neglect the house of God
They do not live without a form of prayer
They do not take God's holy name in vain
They do not defraud their neighbour
They do not neglect the poor and needy
They do not run in the paths of gaiety and folly
They do not frequent the theatre
They do not play at cards
They do not attend races
They do not cast off the fear of God
They are not swearers
They are not drunkards

BUT

They do *not love* God. 1 John v. 3
They do *not* enjoy the love of God in their hearts. Luke xi. 13
They do *not* enjoy vital religion. Rom. i. 1-39
They do *not* give God their hearts. Prov. xxiii. 26
They do *not* delight themselves in God. Ps. xxxvii. 4
They do *not* esteem his word. Job xxiii. 12
They do *not love* his house. Ps. xxvi. 8
They do *not* enjoy the peace of God. Phil. iv. 6, 7
They are *not* temples of the Holy Ghost. 1 Cor. iii. 6-17
They are *not* habitations of God. Eph. xi. 22
They are *not* delivered from the power of darkness. Col. i. 13
They have *not* passed from death unto life. John v. 24

CONSEQUENTLY

They *cannot* be new creatures in Christ Jesus. 2 Cor. vi. 17

And therefore, alas!

They *cannot* enter into the kingdom of heaven. John iii. 5.

"Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith: prove your own selves."

Sent by J. V.

BISHOP BUTLER.

IT is said that in his last hours Bishop Butler, when conversing with his chaplain on those subjects which could then alone be interesting, thus expressed his uneasiness:—

"Though I have tried to avoid sin, and to please God to the utmost of my power, yet, from being conscious of my constant weakness, I am afraid to die."

"My lord," said his chaplain, "you forget that Jesus Christ is a Saviour."

"True," replied the Bishop, "but how shall I know that he is a Saviour *for me?*"

"My lord, it is written, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'"

"True," said the Bishop, "and I have read that Scripture a thousand times, but I never felt its full value till this moment. Stop there, for now I die *happy.*"

RULES OF THE LIFE OF A FELLOW OF A CAMBRIDGE COLLEGE.

The following interesting document, written during his residence at Emmanuel College, was found among the papers of the late Rev. William Law, M.A.
The name of William Law was entered as a Sizar of Emmanuel College on June 7th, 1705. He was admitted to the degree of B.A. in 1708, elected a Fellow of his college in 1711, and created M.A. in 1712. In the year 1716 he vacated his Fellowship and left the University:—

RULES FOR MY FUTURE CONDUCT.

1.—To fix it deep in my mind that I have but one business upon my hands, to seek my eternal happiness, by doing the will of God.

2.—To examine everything that relates to me in this view, as it serves or obstructs this only end of life.

3.—To think nothing great or desirable because the world thinks it so; but to form all my judgments of things from the infallible word of God, and to direct my life according to it.

4.—To avoid all concerns with the world, or the ways of it, but where religion and charity oblige me to act.

5.—To remember frequently, and impress it on my mind deeply, that no condition of this life is for enjoyment, but for trial; and that every power, ability, and advantage we have, are all so many talents to be accounted for, to the Judge of all the world.

6.—That the greatness of human nature consists in nothing else but in imitating the Divine Nature. That therefore all the greatness of this world, which is not in good actions, is perfectly beside the point.

7.—To remember, often and seriously, how much of time is inevitably thrown away, from which I can expect nothing but the charge of guilt; and how little time there may be to come, on which an eternity depends.

8.—To avoid all excess in eating and drinking.

9.—To spend as little time as I possibly can among such persons as can receive no benefit from me, nor I from them.

10.—To be always fearful of letting my time slip away without some fruit.

11.—To avoid all idleness.

12.—To call to mind the presence of God whenever I find myself under any temptation to sin, and to have immediate recourse to prayer.

13.—To think humbly of myself, and with great charity of all others.

14.—To forbear from all evil-speaking.

15.—To think often of the life of Christ, and propose it as a pattern to myself.

16.—To pray privately thrice a day, besides my morning and evening prayers.

17.—To keep from public houses as much as I can, without offence.

18.—To spend some time in giving an account of the day, previous to evening prayer: how have I spent this day? What sin have I committed? What temptations have I withstood? Have I performed all my duty?—*Memorials of W. Law, by Christopher Walton, London*, 1854, pp, 344—6.

WE'LL ALL MEET OUR SAVIOUR.

2 Then we'll live with the angels where no sin can ever come,
In a fair and happy home, a fair and happy home.
And we'll sing heavenly praises where no sin can ever come,
In a fair and happy home. Amen.

3 He has gone from among us with a halo round him bright,
To a land of love and light, a land of love and light,
He has gone, and he calls us with a halo round him bright
To a land of love and light. Amen.

4 He is called our Redeemer, for he suffered for us all.
That no penitent should fall, no penitent should fall.
He is called our Redeemer for he suffered for us all,
And we'll hearken to his call. Amen.

WE'LL ALL MEET OUR SAVIOUR.

Kr E♭.

s	s . d	:	d ., d	d . l	:	l . l	l . s	:	s . l
m	m . m	:	m ., m	l . f	:	f . f	f . m	:	m . f
d	d . s	:	s ., s	f . f	:	f : f	d' . d'	:	d' . d
d	d . d	:	d ., d	d . d	:	d : d	d . d	:	d . d

We'll all meet our Sa - viour, If we keep his sa - cred

s	:-. l ,s	s . f	:	f . m	f	:-. l	l . s	:	s . f
m	:-. f ,m	m . r	:	r . de	r	:-. f	f . m	:	m . r
d'	:-. d',d'	t . t	:	t . ta	t	:-. t	d' . d'	:	d' . s
d	:-. d ,d	s . s	:	s . s	s	:-. s	d . d	:	d . t_1

word, 'Tis the pro - mise of the Lord, the pro - mise of the

m	:-. s	s . d	:	d . d	d . l	:	l . l	l . s	:	s . l
d	:-. m	m . m	:	m . m	l . f	:	f . f	f . m	:	m . f
s	:-. d	d . s	:	s . s	f . f	:	f . f	d . s	:	d' . d'
d	:-. d	d . d	:	d . d	f_1 . f_1	:	f_1 . f_1	d . d	:	d . d

Lord, We'll all meet our Sa-viour, If we keep his sa - cred

s	:-. l , s	s . f	:	f . m	r	:	t	d	:-.
m	:-. f , m	m . r	.	r . de	r	:	f	m	:-.
d'	:-. d' , d'	t . t	:	t . ta	t	:	s	d	:-.
d	:-. d , d	s . s	:	s . s	s	:	s_1	d	:-.

word, 'Tis the pro - mise of the Lord. A - men.

CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

CHAPEL OPENING AT MATLOCK BANK. On Tuesday, February 13th, 1866, our new chapel was opened at Matlock-Bank in the Winster station. It is 42 feet long, 33 feet wide, and 22 feet high inside. The door is in the centre, with two windows on each side, and three windows above it. Its interior is neat and imposing. The seats have sloping backs. All the exposed wood work is stained and varnished. The chapel is lighted with gas. The Sunday school children paid for the gas-fittings at a cost of £10 5s., and also provided the bible and hymn book for the pulpit. The ladies connected with the society provided the cocoa-nut matting and carpeting, for the floor, and Miss Marshall furnished the pulpit with cushion and carpet. The old chapel has been altered by the school committee at a cost of £16 10s., and is made into a good school room for the school which number, over 200 children. The superintendent, Mr. G. Allen, has worked hard in connection

with the teachers, to raise the building and provide for the school.

The Rev. C. C. M'Kechnie, of North Shields, preached in the afternoon of the above day, and delivered an interesting lecture in the evening, subject "The Covenanters of Scotland." The amount raised the first day, including the profits of the tea (gratuitously provided), was £29 1s. 8½d. Mr. Harrap of Leicester, preached on Lord's day, February 18th. The collections amounted to £8 15s. 8½d. The Rev. S. Antliff of Derby, preached on Friday, February 23rd. The collections were £5 3s. 2d. The Rev. W. Price, of Ripley, preached on Lord's day, February 25th. Collections £10 12s. 9½d. Donations sent during the opening services £2 14s. 6d. Total raised at the opening £57 7s. 7½d. Cost of the chapel £561; receipts £316 14s.; leaving a balance of £244 5s. 10s. The opening services were of a very interesting character, and the several speakers were under a good influence.

The thanks of the trustees are hereby tendered to all the friends who have assisted the above in any way, 'specially to Miss Marshall, for managing two Christmas trees which produced £14. To J. W. Evans, Esq., for £10; J. Crossley, Esq., for £10; W. Marshall, Esq., £5; G. Sidebottom, Esq., £5; and Mr. G. Barton, £5. To the managers of two bazaars which brought in £72 0s. 3d.; to the singers who collected at Christmas £12 10s. 6d.; and to the managers of the Hydropathic establishment who allowed the use of boxes therein for the benefit of the chapel. May the sanctuary become the birth place of many souls.

W. WATTS.

NEW DAY SCHOOL AT ADFORTON, LEINTWARDINE STATION.

DEAR EDITOR.—I know you and your numerous readers will be pleased to hear that the good work of the Lord is prospering in this station. This circuit has been gradually advancing in numbers, piety, and chapel accommodation, during the last four years, but the want of a school in which the children of our members and friends could be educated without being corrupted by the dogmas of puseyism, so prevalent in the agricultural was greatly felt. A suitabl which to build a school roon cured of Mr. Brown, (Adfor a central place). The work menced and a spacious room e feet by 25 inside; and 16 fee from the floor to the ceiling. ventilated, has a boarded flo fitted with forms, desks, and is well lighted with five large and has a beautiful entran whole will cost about tw pounds, towards which we s about one hundred and thi opening took place on Frid 30th; the Rev. G. Mitchell, ford, preached in the mor delivered a lecture on *Mart* in the afternoon, after wh four hundred persons sat do excellent tea; after tea, a pu ing was held, Mr. J. Not chair. Interesting addresses livered by Messrs. Dudle Norton, Brown, Evans, Strange, Marston, Nicholas, chell. The room was crow we felt it good to be there. W tender our sincere thanks to Mrs. Nott, of Farlands, for a of £50; to Mr. and Mrs. Letten, for £15; to Mr. Nott, for £5; to Mr. and Mrs. E £10; to Lady Langdale, for to the farmers for gratuitou ing the materials; and to all friends who have assisted in taking; and eternal thanks t the great head of the church, brought us by a way we kne we pray that his blessing m the school, and that it may l blessing to the church and t Amen. W.

MISSIONARY SERVICES, I CIRCUIT.—We have held round of missionary servic year, and I am pleased to t record its pleasing and succe racter. Sermons having bee on Sunday, April 22nd, pu ings were held as follows:— ham St. Paul's, in Mr. Bro At Sudbury, S. Higgs, E Mayor) occupied the chai were favoured with the as

. W. Bentley (Baptist), and
er (Independent); the meet-
lively and the speeches earnest
-hearted. At Long Welford,
. J. Burgess (Independent),
us with his services and the
school room. At Newton
ting was conducted by Mr.
ord, and the speaking was of
earnest and telling character.
tings were the best that have
been held on this side of the circuit. The monetary result of the course of meetings was £8 2s. 11d. which is about £1 in advance of last year. We were favoured with one of our home missionaries, the Rev. J. S. Nunn, of Bardfield, as deputation, and the meetings were attended by the Rev. J. Winkfield, superintendent of the circuit and the writer. S. SMITH.

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

T METCALF, of Chop-gate,
Station, died August 23rd,
He experienced a saving
bout two years ago. His
life had been marked by
ent from the house of God,
gence in intemperate habits.
vement to evil was thoroughly
the converting and renewing
Christ. He became a new
e reign of the flesh gave way
ign of the Spirit. From his
nce amongst us, he was re-
is attendance on the means
. Strictly upright in his
and liberal in his intentions
towards the cause of God.
se which terminated his life
umption. Its symptoms be-
very sensibly felt six months
is death. His last weeks
much suffering; yet he was
to bear it with resignation,
both patience and comfort in
Ghost. His end was peace.
d from us, conscious of the
eptance, and in full assurance
life.

J. FOGGON.

IRD was born at North Lop-
he Rockland Circuit, in the
, and died at the same place,
3rd, 1865, aged 63 years. In
nth year she was converted,
nited with the Wesleyans in
place, with whom she continued till the year 1849, when she united with our society, and continued a consistent and respected member till her death. Her affliction was painful and protracted, but borne with christian fortitude and patience. A few days before her death when questioned about dying, she said, "Death has nothing to do with me;" when nearer her end she said with joyous feeling, "I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad;" when asked by her attendant what she was glad about she answered,

"I'm glad I ever saw the day
When Jesus washed my sins away."

Her end was peace, and she was taken home to heaven after forty-nine years' connection with the earthly church, sixteen of which she had been a mother in our Israel.

G. BELL.

HEPHZIBAH PROUDLOVE entered upon life at Lincoln, February 10th, 1833. Her parents were pious, and her father possessed remarkable powers of mind, which she inherited. She was however deprived of parental care at an early age, and when eleven years old she became a member of the family of her uncle, the Rev. Richard Thompson, with whom she continued to reside until her death. Until her twentieth year she lived according to the course of this world, manifesting great amia-

bility but yet being destitute of godliness. During Mr. Thompson's residence at Middleham a revival occurred, and she among others was led to feel the need of pardon and regeneration. Her repentance was deep and poignant, and her decision to serve God unalterable; but for a season she continued in darkness, being unable to see the way of salvation by faith: but by reading James's "Anxious Inquirer," her doubts and misconceptions were removed, and she trusted in Jesus to the saving of her soul. From this period to her death she pursued a career of holiness and usefulness such as is rarely seen. By aiming at the cultivation of all her powers, and seeking practically to recognise all her relationships, she exhibited a combination of excellences too generally dissociated. She owed much to natural endowment but more to self culture and divine grace. Her religion was not a formal thing, put on for hours of devotion or the solemn duties of life, it was constantly manifesting its presence and power, and evidencing its divine origin by the lovely and ennobling traits it imparted to her character. Her devout spirit, cultivated tastes, expansive sympathies, generous impulses, uncompromising principles, enlightened conscientiousness, and earnest solicitude and toil for the weal of others, associated as they were with true modesty and entire freedom from affectation, made her appear as Carlyle said of John Sterling, "a beautiful human soul." Many have been as gifted but few as good; many have had equal or greater advantages for being and doing good, but few have used them to such purpose. To a superficial observer there was nothing remarkable in her life, so quietly and unostentatiously did she work, but "the day" alone can declare her sacrifices and efforts and their results. She spent much time in prayer and bible reading; she regularly retired to commune with her own heart and talk with God. All prayer was her joy and strength, but secret prayer was the luxury of her soul. She was a devout student of the word of God, of which her knowledge was extensive and accurate; and to this in a great measure is to be attributed her spirituality and desires for u
In every place where her u
stationed she laboured hard
Sunday school, showing sp
terest in the mental and mora
of young women; and on h
annuation and removal to
about five years ago, she
gathered a class of betwixt tw
thirty young females, whom sl
every Sabbath, and some of w
tribute their conversion to he
teaching and pious example.

She was the best sick vi
writer has known. Her h
full of tenderness, her natt
affectionate and confiding. T
tion, however, did not expe
in words and protestations,
herself to the service of oth
the most unselfish and gener
tion. Suffering in any for
forth her sympathies, and fi
has she injured her health, a
much beyond her means, to
and relieve the sick and po
knew the labour she performe
cost at which she accompl
The strain on her frail frame
great, and it is the belief of
the illness that brought he
tomb, was induced by too
and protracted visits to the c
the sick. Repeatedly has she
from hearing a lecture or a s
lie sleepless the whole nigh
might have adopted the beaut
of Mrs. Hemans—

"Yet have I known it long,
Too restless and too strong
Within this clay hath been the o'e
flame;
Swift thoughts that came and w
Like torrents o'er me sent,
Have shaken as a reed this thrilling

The sword was too keen for i
Her unwearied activity pr
state of weakness very favo
the establishment of disease
the spring of 1864 there app
first symptoms of the disea
carried her to the tomb. H
was distressing and protra
suffered much from extreme
her form was wasted to a skel
her breathing was extremely
But there were invaluable l
be learned by the visitor to

leath was in keeping with
tience, resignation, and
arked her conduct during
ness, and when the grim
had so long been gradu-
hing laid upon her his
coming was neither un-
unwelcome. The writer
t daily witness of her in-
and love, and was often
the depth and constancy
us enjoyment. She was
erful. A few days before
e said to him "I can't
; read, (for her eyesight
that she could not see the
only trust and wait; I
; long, I shall soon be at
ater it early—earlier than
hough I always thought
live to be old. And O
f that home, that rest that
ose and satisfaction, is
oul. My very weakness
confidence in God's care.

ıd helpless, I the more belong,
ie to thee!"

rening prior to her death
Mr. Thompson, "Tell
py in the Lord." During
30th August, 1865, she
ajoy sweet peace and a
e, often intimating that
rted friends, and heard
han those of earth; and
ht she breathed out her

M. J.

gain invaded our Church
one of its ornaments in
f Miss M. Harrison, of
ho died in the faith of
mber 29th, 1865, aged
ars. When young she
phan to fight the battle

For several years she
ces of respectable service,
nmanded the respect of
by her probity, diligence,
he afterwards fitted her-
ie place of forewoman in
y and millinery establish-
own. Here she continued
rs, and was taken home
ness to die, for she con-
ı till she literally dropped
at it. The proprietors, though Roman Catholics, showed her the most kindly attentions when she was ill, and when we passed with her body on the way to the house of the dead they closed their place of business. When in her twentieth year Miss Harrison was brought to God through the labours of the Rev. J. Matfin. She afterwards to the end of her life was a consistent member of our Church. She was quiet and retiring in her manner, yet her heart was warm in God's ways and ordinances; she had a positive delight in the means of grace. Her affliction was that dire foe to thousands of young people, consumption. Long, weary, and painful was her illness, but through all she never lost the Spirit's witness within, but always bore testimony to God's grace as sufficient to save and sustain in health and sickness. It was something wonderful to see and hear her triumphant exclamations when God's glory filled her soul. Her leader, Mr. J. Hodgson, and his wife were assidious in their attentions to her, and frequently had those about her to sing some favourite hymn: only a few days before her death she bade the writer sing

"Earth with its vanities no more
Shall pain my weary eyes," &c.

and though her strength was gone and breathing most difficult she mustered her little energy and joined me when I sang—

"O grave, where is thy victory!
O death, where is thy sting!"

She very deliberately made all arrangements for her funeral, and advised her friends on many topics, but was earnest and incessant in her prayers and entreaties that her friends might all meet her in heaven. This seemed her great anxiety, it was almost her last thought. She at last entered the dark valley, but it was lighted up, and as she went she said, "Come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly!" and with the last word she slept in Jesus. The high esteem she was held in was evinced by the crowd who followed her remains to the house appointed for all living.

E. H.

"The Bliss of Dying."

"Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life."—POPE.

"THE bliss of dying" has seldom been experienced in a higher degree than when Sarah Ann Jeffery of Derby "languished into life." That was on Wednesday, October 4th, 1865, in the twenty-third year of her age. That day "fond nature ceased her strife," against consumption which, for many months, had been slowly but resistlessly advancing. Beauty, strength, and youth, yielded to mortal malady. But while the outer nature decayed, the inner was renewed day by day. The physical sufferings, resulting from the ravages of disease, were often excruciating; but they were endured patiently, christianly: and when pain was acutest, joy was sometimes "unspeakable and full of glory." The readiness and ease with which terrestrial things were relinquished were astonishing to the sufferer herself. That she had "no continuing city here" was felt; nor did the feeling pain, because she "looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." The prospect of recognising and rejoining departed saints and former fellow-travellers filled her loving heart with rejoicing. Mary Ann Osgerby, a youthful, but devoted, and very useful christian, who went to heaven sometime previously, was specially mentioned. The permanence of those reunions and the perpetuity of heavenly blessedness, Miss Jeffery anticipated with exceeding gladness. "It will not be for a moment or a day," said she, "but for ever and ever." The curtain of mortality appeared to be drawn aside occasionally that the enraptured young christian might look beyond. The transporting visions lasted three hours once; and, while gazing on scenes celestial, and not knowing that those around her were less favoured, the rapt one cried, "Can't you see those beautiful hills?" &c., &c. The nearer death approached the more extatic became the departing one. During the last days she lingered among us she *often sung*. Among the stanzas which she selected to express her h
ings were the following:—

"Earth has many a scene of so
Toil, and care, and storm;
But there'll be a bright to-morr
In heaven it will be calm.
Soon the conflict will be over,
Only wait awhile;
Heaven's joys will last for ever
Come, then, christian, smile.

Lovely, pretty, golden city,
How I long for thee;
Earthly sorrow ne'er can reach
All in heaven are free."

"On Jordan's stormy banks I s
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy lan
Where my possessions lie," &

"Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammer
Lies silent in the grave."

"Come ye that love the Lord

"In heaven above where all is

"In life's uncertain path I star

When vocal power failed and sing no longer, she reques around to sing; and when her they could not, she e "Shout, then, shout! Help m victory, victory, through the the Lamb." To her mother "don't weep for me. All is is well. All is bright." She father to pray; and while t ances of his afflicted hea ascending to heaven, she e

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows
When "the pains of death we
The tabernacle made of cla

and when the silver cord w loosed, the golden bowl br pitcher broken at the fountai wheel broken at the cistern,' "What is it? I never felt before." And when told th dying, she said, "Then th will soon be over. O death, sting? Bright angels are fr come." She requested her attendants to hold up her ha she shouted victory. In th phant manner her brief trial finished. "O the pain, th dying." "Let me die the de righteous," and let my las like hers.

But how shall we account rapture? Whence sprang this

? What enabled a young
iful female to relinquish
id parents, and lover, and
sublunary without a mur-
iat caused her to contem-
pproach of death not merely
uillity but with transport?
'death has held some men
e all their life-time." The
iou shalt surely die," when
rely spoken have almost
caused alarm. The strongest
ded beneath them. Robust
grown pale while hearing
ave warriors have cowered
women. "Fearfulness and
have come upon them, and
i overwhelmed them. The
death have fallen upon
nd of all terrors these are
t "the king of terrors." But
seen a young and fragile
oid of all fear and absolutely
when told that she was
hence her victory? Philo-
ve endeavoured to sustain
by reasoning. Socrates
when he drank the cup of
toics have concealed their
Sarah Ann Jeffery had no
nceal. And she not only
ut sang and triumphed.
ier victory? It cannot be
e result of philosophic rea-
either was it the courage of
inspired by martial music
ldened by the presence of

In comparative solitude
hed week after week, and
er month, wasted and en-
resistless and painful dis-
nevertheless, she was assured
s throughout, and, when
turous. The source and
l her confidence and bliss,
ianity. "Thanks be unto
:h giveth us the victory
our Lord Jesus Christ."
ristianity which can hush
pation and surcharge with
ie soul of a delicate, dying
his is is the divinest philo-
is the sublimest heroism!
ho read this page possess it!
istianity which could sustain
our deceased sister must be
heaven-given. It can evi-
ain the dying. But it was
hich loudly boasts of anti-
quity; and which consists in solemn ritualism, imposing ceremonial, and gorgeous vestments. No leaning towards popery and puseyism ever characterized her. She lived and died a Primitive Methodist. Her father was and is a devoted and successful class-leader and school-superintendent; and her mother a consistent member. They trained their daughter in their own faith and practices, and she never caused them shame. They knew that outward propriety and the loftiest morality would not constitute meetness for heaven while her heart was unrenewed; and hence they prayed that she might have "the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." Their prayers were answered and their petition granted in the autumn of 1860. The renewal experienced was made evident to others by earnest devotions and a corresponding life, while "the spirit itself testified with her spirit that she was a child of God." But her piety was not demonstrative or noisy. Her life was more remarkable for steady, consistent, persevering piety than for those occasional furious outbursts which characterize some persons. In her last days she said "Some persons might think I had no religion; but I had it in my heart. I knew the rock on which I had built." She knew "in whom she had believed: held fast the beginning of her confidence: and finished her course" with joy. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Reader, you will have to die. Do you desire the death of the righteous? Do you wish to have the *bliss* when you have the *pain* of dying? These two seemingly opposite conditions, can co-exist. They were associated in the "last end" of her whose christian life and blissful death we have contemplated. The pain of dying you must have—the bliss of dying you may have. Victory in death can be realised "through the blood of the Lamb." That blood was shed for you. It sprinkles now the throne of grace. It avails for you. Believe in it. Plead it. Beseech God for Christ's sake to save you. Consecrate yourself wholly to him who died for you. Be a christian indeed. Be holy in life and then you will be happy in death. S. ANTLIFF.

MY LAMBS.

I loved them so
That when the elder shepherd of the fold
Came covered with the storm, and pale and cold
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold,
I bade him go.

He claimed the pet,
A little fondling thing, that to my breast
Clung always, either in quiet or unrest:
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best,
And yet — and yet —

I laid him down
In those white shrouded arms with bitter tears,
For a voice told me that in after years
He should know naught of passion, grief, or fears,
As I had known.

And yet again
That elder shepherd came, my heart grew faint;
He claimed another lamb, of sadder plaint,
Another, she who, gentle as a saint,
Ne'er gave me pain.

Aghast, I turned aside,
There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream;
Her golden locks, with sunlight all agleam,
Her holy eyes with heaven in their beam;
I knelt to pray.

Is it thy will?
My father, say, must this pet lamb be given?
Oh, thou hast many such, dear Lord, in heaven;
And a soft voice said, "Nobly hast thou striven,
But peace be still."

Oh, how I wept,
And clasped her to my bosom with a wild
And yearning love—my lamb, my pleasant child;
Her, too, I gave; the little angel smiled,
And slept.

Go, go, I cried;
For once again that shepherd laid his hand
Upon the noblest of our household band;
Like a pale spectre there he took his stand,
Close to his side.

And yet how wondrous sweet
The look with which he heard my passionate cry,
Touch not my lamb! for him, oh, let me die.
"A little while," he said, with smile and sigh,
"Again to meet."

Hopeless I fell:
And when I rose the light had burne
So faint, I could not see my darlir
He had not bidden me farewell, b
I felt farewell.

More deeply far
Than if my arms had compass
slight frame,
Though could I but have heard
my name,
"Dear mother," but in heaven
the same;
There burns my star.

He will not take
Another lamb I thought, for only
Of that dear fold are left to com
And yet my haunting dreams;
foresee,
My heart would break.

Oh, with what thrill
I heard him enter; but I did not
(For it was dark) that he had robbe
The idol of my soul—he could not
Oh, heart, be still.

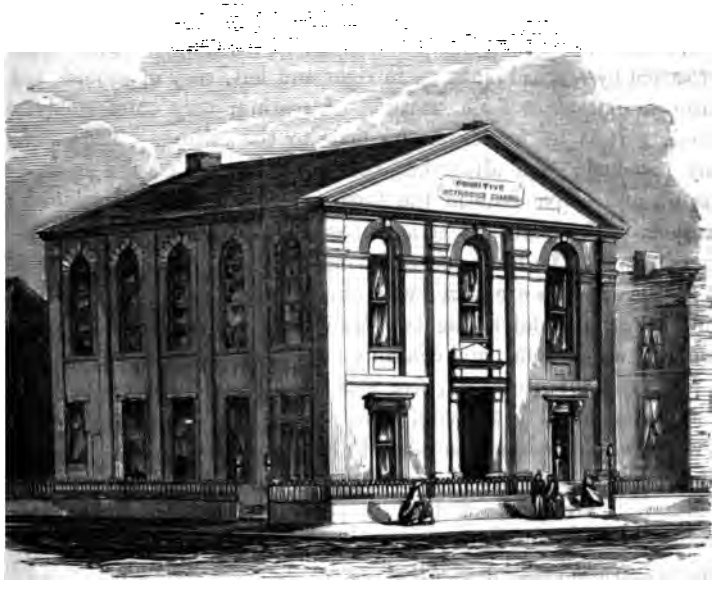
Came morning—can I te
How this poor frame its sorrowfu
kept,
Nor waking tears were mine—I
wept,
And days, months, years that wer
kept:
Alas, farewell—

How often is it said:
I sit and think, and wonder too so
How it will seem when in that
clime
It never will ring out a funeral ch
Over the dead.

No tears! no tears!
Will there a day come that I shall n
For I bedew my pillow in my slee
Yes, yes, thank God, no grief th
shall keep,
No weary years.

Aye, it is well,
Well with my lambs and with thei
ly guide;
There pleasant rivers wander they
Or strike sweet harps upon its silv
Ay, it is well.

Through the drear day
They often come from glorious ligl
I cannot feel their touch, their fa
Yet my soul whispers, they do com
Heaven is not far away.



RIMITIVE METHODIST NEW CHAPEL, BURY, LANCASHIRE.

BOUT forty years ago the Primitive Methodists visited Bury, and held religious services in the open air, then in a cottage, and afterwards in a rented room; and the Lord signally owned ir labours, so that great numbers were brought to a saving knowledge he truth. In the year 1829, the William-street chapel was built, er the superintendency of the late Rev. John Verity. But from the t it was a damp and inconvenient place, and was greatly burdened h debt. Nevertheless, the church under all these disadvantages held well faithfully together; and just before the setting in of the great cotton ine, under the superintendency of the Rev. J. Peet a plot of land secured on which to erect a new chapel, and money and promises e obtained amounting to about £350; but through the distress sioned by the cotton panic, the idea of commencing to build was ndoned until January of 1865, when plans and specifications were pted, and the various works were let to various contractors.

he chapel stands to the left of Walmersley Road, in a good position. 57 feet long and 48 feet wide outside; and is a neat, plain, and

substantial stone building, in the Italian style. The principal front is to the Road; the chief features of which are, four Tuscan pilasters supporting a good bold pediment, in the centre of which is a neat Tuscan porch, which fronts the principal entrance to the chapel. The chapel is approached by a broad staircase to right and left, easy of ascent, and is in the amphitheatre form, capable of seating, very comfortably, 440 persons. It is 24 feet from the floor to the ceiling. The ceiling is richly panelled; and altogether the chapel is one of the most neat, pleasant, and convenient in the town. The pews are all stained and varnished. The platform is a convenient height, and behind it are singers' pews. The front and end windows have stained glass margins, and all the windows are glazed with obscure glass. The chapel is lighted with two ornamental sunlights. The ground floor is occupied by a school and class-rooms, and contains one large school-room 37 feet by 44 feet, and 14 feet high, five class-rooms, and a minister's vestry, averaging about 12 feet square. The whole of the building is heated by hot water, and care has been taken to have good ventilation. The whole of the work has been done by local workmen, under the direction of Mr. J. Maxwell, architect, of Bury. The entire cost is about £1,750; towards which £900 have been obtained by subscriptions, &c. The opening services realised £202.

The opening took place February 15th, &c., when excellent sermons were preached by the Revs. David Hay (Wesleyan); S. Antliff, of Derby; J. A. McFayden (Independent); W. Rowe, of Chester; W. Antliff, of London (Connexional Editor); Hugh S. Brown (Baptist); and Revs. W. Roseman, W. R. Brown, and E. Walker, all of Bury. All the services were marked by a most blessed influence, and the congregations were overflowing. Since the opening our congregations have much improved; and sittings are let amounting to £53 for the year. Our friends have expressed their sympathy in the most practical manner, and to them we desire to express our undying gratitude. We wish to place on record our thanks to J. R. Kay. Esq., J.P., for £50, and the kindly influence of himself and his excellent lady; to J. C. Kay, Esq., for £25; S. Smith, Esq., £10; D. Smith, Esq., £5; H. Taylor, Esq., £5; — Barrett Esq., £5; the Messrs. Driffield, £100; Mr. Eastham, £20; Mrs. Eastham, £5; Mr. D. Eastham, £10; Mr. John Eastham, £5; Mr. Thorley, £10; Mr. S. Dawson, £5; Mr. I. Butterfield, £10; Mr. A. Barlow, £20; Rev. F. Howarth, £10; Rev. J. Openshaw, £5; Mr. J. Whitaker, £5; James Whitaker, Esq., £20; T. Warburton, Esq., £10; Mr. West, £5 (his little boy sent from his death-bed six shillings, saying he should not be able to be at the opening, and on the very day of opening he passed away to the better world) Many others, too numerous to mention, and

even amongst the very poorest of our members, did as nobly according to their means as those whose names and sums are given; indeed, such an example of giving and willing working I have not met with during the 19 years of my ministry. Our mortgagee, Mr. Brown, of Accrington, unsolicited, offered to lend us £500, gave us £5 10s., and otherwise greatly helped us. For the blessing of heaven, and the help our friends have so nobly rendered, we desire to express our warmest thanks; and we pray that this sanctuary may be the birth-place of many souls.

JOHN MOULD.

THE GOODNESS AND PLEASANTNESS OF CHRISTIAN UNITY.

A SERMON, BY THE REV. J. SIMPSON.

"Behold how good and how pleasant *it is* for brethren to dwell together in unity! *It is* like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, *even* Aaron's beard; that went down to the skirts of his garments; as the dew of Hermon, *and as the dew* that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, *even* life for evermore."—Psalm cxxxiii.

OVER since the fall of man this world has been the scene of disunion and strife. The bond which God designed to exist between the members of the human family, the bond of love, has been ruthlessly broken, and instead of peace and goodwill dwelling therein, the worst and basest passions have been suffered to gain the ascendancy. Nations inflated with pride and thirsting for power have lifted up their swords against other nations, and laid them in ruins. Neighbourhoods have been disturbed by outbursts of turbulent passions; whilst the family circle, of which peace and love should ever be the adornment and the joy, has frequently been rent by the hand of strife.

Sin has brought these woes into the world. By it the fairest flowers of human beauty have been withered, the purest streams of felicity polluted, and the Paradise of innocence and harmony has been converted into a Babel of tumult and crime. But God so loved the world, nevertheless, that he gave his only-begotten Son to effect its restoration. He came to reproduce the harmony and love which sin had destroyed, to transform the Babel into a Paradise, and to re-establish goodwill amongst

men. He went about doing good, ever setting before men, in his teachings and example, a pattern of goodness which they might imitate, and he ended his philanthropic career by submitting to the death of the cross.

Before he left the scene of his labours and sufferings he saw, in part, the success of his enterprise. In the hearts of his disciples he beheld the destruction of satan's kingdom and the ascendancy of his love; and, taking his departure to heaven, he left them to assimilate their fellowmen to the image of God, himself undertaking to be with them as their all and in all to the end.

In the hearts and lives of true believers we behold the trophies of divine grace. Love governs them; and this principle pervading them all, they present in their combined character a faint picture of heaven.

It was a company of such which called forth the enthusiastic admiration of the Psalmist. True, peculiar circumstances helped to fan the poetic fire which glowed in his breast. The Jewish nation had long been persecuted and rent. By the rivers of Babylon they had sat and wept in cruel bondage and desolation. But their captivity was now turned. Jerusalem was once more their home; and its temple, the perfection of beauty, had again thrown open its gates to the worshippers of God. Devout men now thronged its courts and its aisles. The high priest, decked in his gorgeous habiliments and bearing in his hand the golden censer, stood by the altar; the incense filled the atmosphere with its fragrance. The song of love and joy charmed the listening ear with its liquid cadences. Heavenly emotions touched and melted every heart. Jehovah overshadowed the mercy-seat, and once more shewing the assembled worshippers tokens of his love and grace, every countenance was kindled into joy; and the Psalmist, filled with transport more than all, threw his emotions into verse, exclaiming,—"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

I.—Let us describe the *Characteristics of a united Church.*

In the text we have a picture presented to our view which for moral beauty and worth cannot be equalled; it is a picture of heaven drawn upon earth; the mind that was in Jesus dwelling in men. It is the entire world renewed and sanctified, in miniature. It is a portrait of what every church of believers ought to be and do; and it gives us to see the blessedness which such a church would realise.

Those whom the Psalmist tells us to admire are called *brethren.* Much does this designation convey: it expresses oneness of origin, identity of nature and wants, common interest, hopes, and destiny.

They are brethren *dwelling together.* This does not mean that they are socially separated from their fellow creatures and located like a com-

munity of monks in a building erected for the purpose; but that they are united together in heart and church fellowship, professedly and spiritually separated from the world, and combined to work out the moral and spiritual regeneration of their own nature and that of their fellow-men. In thus dwelling together they act their proper part and carry out the behest of high heaven.

They are also brethren dwelling together *in unity*. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and goodwill towards men" is their motto. Amongst such no jealousy, no envy, no selfish feeling exists. They live in peace, in happy, heartfelt fellowship and love.

To make this subject practical it will be needful to endeavour to draw the character of a church of the kind thus set before us, and in doing so we observe—

1. That the church is a *new creation;* in other words, its members have undergone a divine change. The fall of our first parents destroyed the harmony which would have continually existed amongst men, and introduced those elements of selfishness and illwill which have given rise to all the bitterness, wrath, and disorder, which now disturb and desolate the world. The alteration of this state of things involves or requires the conversion of man's moral nature. His carnal mind, "which is enmity against God," and from whence issue "wars and fightings," must be renewed, and a "new heart and right spirit" must be substituted. This is tantamount to a new creation. Hence the change which man must undergo before he can become a citizen of the "new Jerusalem" is called "regeneration," and a Christian is styled a "new creature." When David sought this change he prayed that a "clean heart and a right spirit" might be "created within him;" and Paul regarded all who had become heirs of God as having been raised from the dead,—so thorough and radical is conversion. Till this change is effected man's heart cannot feel the flow of pure, disinterested love, neither can the spirit of Jesus be manifested, for before his image can be reflected it must be possessed. Brethren dwelling together in unity are therefore converted men, the Spirit of God having quickened and renewed them. New elements have been introduced into their moral nature, giving them spiritual longings, sympathies, and joys, and binding them together as with a three-fold cord. Although as men they constitutionally vary, yet as Christians they are essentially alike, being governed by the law of love. This is the secret of unity, the spring whence flow all the streams of Christian fellowship.

2. Amongst brethren dwelling together in unity we discover *a lively sense of each other's necessities.* One soul pervading the whole, an interchange of good feeling takes place between them. Heavenly love glows

in each breast, and all feel and reciprocate the sacred influence. It is this that constrains them to seek each other's welfare. "We will do thee good" is each one's language. Coldness of feeling is destroyed, jarring strings are broken, petty disputes arise not, or if they do, they are soon allayed, and each finds his bliss in doing good to all.

3. *Forbearance* is another characteristic of a united church. Where a number of persons are joined together, each possessing constitutional peculiarities and holding sentiments on some points diverse from the rest, an exercise of forbearance and the cultivation of a charitable spirit are duties at once reasonable and necessary. Except such a course be taken unity and peace cannot be maintained. To make all men constitutionally alike is not the aim of the Christian scheme, nor is it the purpose of the Holy Spirit to bring his subjects into a oneness of view and sentiment on matters not essential to salvation. Of this a united church is aware; hence provision is made for the maintenance of unity in the cultivation and exercise of a forbearing spirit.

4. *Combination of effort* is another feature of a united church. church is united to do something, and that something all the members combine to accomplish. They are not partizans, striving for the predominancy of party interests, one portion labouring to undo what another portion, with equal zeal, effects; but all with one heart and mind are "striving together for the faith of the gospel." Their language is, "What course ought we to take to promote the cause of our Redeemer?" and whatever method is adopted is patronised by all. The plans of action may not at all times and in every case harmonise with the opinions of each member, but the minority wisely falls in with the decision of the majority, knowing that if the church must not work until all are agreed with respect to the plans of action, it must remain idle, and the world perish in the arms of the wicked one.

5. A united church *is submissive to discipline.* All societies, whether religious, moral, or political, have rules for their guidance; and obedience to these rules is called discipline. This is necessary both for the peace and the prosperity of the church. A body of men without rules to regulate and govern them, would present a strange aspect; like a rope of sand they would lack cohesion and strength, and like a ship at sea without a rudder, would be without the means of guidance. Rules then, are necessary for the unity of the church; but rules are worse than useless unless they are attended to. Without due submission to rule division and distraction prevail. Examine the causes of disunion in churches, and it is almost certain that you will find that one principal cause was either the neglect of discipline or the refusal of the church to submit to it. On the other hand, a united church has a sacred regard

for its rules; it works according to preconcerted plans, and in an orderly, systematic manner, thus securing harmony, peace, and success. Personal interests, party prejudices, and cherished opinions give way to the higher considerations of duty and general good. Principle, not feeling, is the star that guides the members, hence they are united, they "dwell together in unity."

Suffer a few reflections:—

Brethren attending to the points upon which we have touched are certain to dwell together in unity, for the means they adopt, the principles they cherish, necessarily lead to that end. Not that there is not at any time the occurrence of anything which threatens to distract and divide them. Like all other churches they are subject at times to trial, and persons may creep into their midst whose imperfections or sins may endanger their peace; but alive to the importance of unity, and holy principles being in the ascendant, the threatening storm is soon hushed, and the church once more floats on the waters of peace. The members of such a church are jealous concerning their peace, they know that to be happy and successful they must be united, and therefore they watch, with commendable anxiety, lest the enemy schism should get amongst them and sow tares in the field. "They pray for the peace of Jerusalem."

Such a church is an ornament of society. Its members are living epistles of the religion of Jesus. They grow in grace, they live in peace The world is never gratified by hearing of their quarrels; on the contrary, it is forced to say, "See how these Christians love one another."

"A church such as you have described," it may be said, "is a rarity." The assertion, alas! is too true. But such churches do exist, and all churches may be of the like character. The fault does not lie in the defectiveness of Christian principles, but in those principles not being carried out. This we believe is the great cause of disunion in churches. There is not a living up to gospel duties, piety is allowed to descend almost to the freezing point, and becoming carnal the members walk as other men. It invariably happens that such are the first to create disunion. Ever since the formation of the Christian church, it has been the aim of satan to thrust such persons into it, whom he has employed in the disreputable work of sowing discord amongst brethren. In the spiritual exercises of the church they take little or no part, and to its funds they contribute as little as possible, whilst, should they happen to be officials, they are certain to be at its business meetings where they are the first to find fault, first to mark out work for others to do, and the last, the very last, to take part therein themselves. Wrangling is their

element, and to sit on the crest of the stormy wave, like the p seems to be the perfection of their bliss. "Offences must come, bu unto them by whom they come."

It is but honest to observe that ignorance sometimes involves a pious man in temporary strife. Not understanding human nature, h not make proper allowance for the imperfections of his brother hence follow brief seasons of shyness, or contention. But in such the mind of Christ at length prevails, and the peace of God once rules the heart and mind. Some are, also, apt to put opinions in place of graces, or to look upon weaknesses as sins, and hence to those who differ from themselves in statement, or who may not be s and meek as is desirable, as unworthy of a place amongst the h salvation. Such mistakes now and then mar the peace of the b churches: but where the principles and practices we have nam cherished as a rule, the strife is but partial and short-lived. Leavi part of the subject, we pass on to notice—

II.—*The Excellences of a united Church.*

The Psalmist describes a united church as being a good and pl thing: and he uses very beautiful and expressive figures to illustr assertions. Let us notice them:—

1. The *goodness* of Christian unity he likens to the "dew of H and the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion." Or recently visited the Holy Land, and whose graphic descriptions o he saw now lie before us, says, speaking of early morning in Pal "Nothing can exceed the buoyant, exhilarating atmosphere. The of night, which are so heavy that any garments left out become sat with moisture as if soaked in a tub of water, seem to invigorate t as well as the vegetation. There is consequently a youth, life fragrance, in these mornings which cannot be surpassed even higher valleys of Switzerland, when the air is such that one can b it as a positive luxury. It is at these times, when the grass is with dew, and the flowers give out their odour, and the air is cc clear as crystal, and the body is refreshed with sleep, that one mc joices in existence, and blesses Providence for the great mercy of in the Holy Land." We observe—

(1.) *That dew is refreshing.* The valleys of Palestine are duri day flooded with the scorching heat of a vertical sun; hence were for the copious dews, which fall with unceasing regularity every vegetation would languish and die; yea, man himself would perisl the dew, like an angel of mercy, comes to the languishing eart silently ministers thereto refreshment and health. Equally goo spiritual sense, is christian unity. Like dew it cheers and revi

anguishing spirit. Many christians have proved this. The toils and anxieties of the world have often tried your graces to the uttermost, and as the Sabbath has approached you have "panted and thirsted for the living God." The Lord's day has arrived; its calm has soothed you, and, as you have entered the place where God's honour dwelleth, the sight of your brethren has done you good, for no discordant spirit was in the place, nor did the breath of animosity pollute the air. A heavenly feeling pervaded the place, and then while hymns of praise and the devout breathings of longing hearts, all animated by the Spirit of God, ascended to the skies, the love of God descended like the dew of Hermon into your hearts, refreshing and strengthening you. Brethren, ever remember that the charm of public worship lies in the communications of divine influence. It is not, as the rationalist would have it, the action of mind upon mind, or the melody of the service of song, or the eloquence of the preacher, nor yet the truths which he utters, nor all these put together, which make the assembling together of the saints useful to each; but mainly in the action of the Holy Spirit on the mind and heart; and that Holy Spirit acts with the greatest freedom, and fulness, and power in a church that dwells together in unity.

(2.) *Dew sustains vegetable life.* It does more than merely give refreshment to the ground and the fruits thereof; it sustains life also. Where rain seldom falls, life would perish but for the copious dews which nightly descend. These replenish the streams and the wells, and thus the inhabitants are supplied with an essential of life. A united church is to the spiritual what dew is to the natural world—a life-giving power. A church has within itself the elements of a life which is spiritual and eternal, and this is maintained and propagated by its unity. Let a church lose this, and it ceases to be powerful. Yea, it becomes worse than useless, for the members of a disrupted church, like the inhabitants of a city without water, pine and die; but a loving church, like a fountain of water, imparts life and joy to all around. Such a church is not only an ornament, it is a blessing also. For let it cease to exist, and the world would perish. Were it possible to shatter the church into fragments, and to prevent her revival, everything that now blesses the world by imparting to it physical comfort, mental light, moral power, and spiritual life, would expire, and nothing but disorder, misery, and sin would be the portion of mankind. But so long as the church retains her unity, so long will she maintain her purity and strength; for unity is but another name for the mind that was in Christ; and hence she will continue to exert a powerful, irresistible, and saving influence on the world at large, drying up the streams of iniquity and misery, and pouring forth a tide of life and peace through the world.

2. The *pleasantness* of a united church is likened unto the preci ointment upon Aaron's head. What does this emblem shadow forth?

(1.) This ointment had a most *fragrant odour*. Being composed myrrh, sweet cinnamon, sweet calamus, cassia, and olive oil, it emitte most delicious fragrance when poured on the head of the High Pri And as it was pleasant to be where this fragrance existed, so it pleasant to be where brethren dwell together in unity. There i beauty, a charm, in a united church. Its pleasantness may be f What a contrast there is between a united and a divided church. L at it when distracted with party feelings and factious efforts: the "bea of the Lord" does not rest upon it; the incense of prayer and pr does not ascend from pure hearts; no divine unction attends the mi trations of the word; believers are unwatered and unblest, and sinn are not converted to God. The few earnest and true men are filled w grief, and "hang their harps upon the willows." Everything we an air of poverty and desolation; all is cold and lifeless. But look church in which union of heart exists, what see you there? a ban brothers. A complacent smile mantles every countenance, and a h unction attends every spiritual act they perform, for they have po with God. Cemented together, "no weapon formed against the prospers. The world may persecute such a church, but it cannot dest it. Like the king's daughter, such a church is glorious within. Pe dwells within her walls; prosperity, with her golden horn, reigns in palaces; and God, who sitteth between the Cherubim, pours fo his blessings. Sinners are converted to the Lord. Never do her meml meet without being made glad; nor do they separate without exclai ing—

> "I have been there and still would go,
> 'Tis like a little heaven below."

(2.) *The oil was diffusive.* It was poured upon Aaron's head; it down upon his beard, and then dropped from the skirts of his garme its diffusiveness causing a larger emission of its sweetness! Wha beautiful illustration of christian love! It runs through the wh church, and as it flows it blesses. It penetrates into the remotest cor of the heart, and fills the soul with the pleasures of heaven. But th seems to be, in this part of the similitude, a still more beautiful precious idea. Aaron was a type of Christ; and as from his head scended the precious ointment which filled the temple with fragrance from Christ, our High Priest, there descend into the church those sw and precious graces which make glad the city of God. And christian attracts, draws down those graces. No principle arrests the attent

and approval of Jesus like love, and therefore when he sees that principle reigning supreme amongst his people, his love, like the Aaronic oil, drops down upon them.

(3.) *The oil was sacred.* It was a composition kept expressly for the anointing of the priest, and the sacred utensils of the sanctuary, and was used to indicate that they were set apart unto the Lord (Ex. xxxi, 23.) Still more sacred is Christian unity. It is divine. It is produced by the Spirit of the Lord, who sheds it abroad in the heart, and it at once secures and manifests the consecration of the heart and life to the service and the glory of God: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another."

3. It is both *good and pleasant* for brethren to dwell together in unity, because as the last clause of the text intimates, upon them "God commands his blessing, even life for evermore." A loving people are God's beloved people: like John they lean upon his bosom; and he commands his blessing, even life for evermore to rest upon them. A church may be renowned for opulence, or for secular influence, or for talent; but unless it possesses, in addition, brotherly love, the smile of God will not, cannot rest upon it, neither will life for evermore be its portion. It possesses not the elements of spiritual life; it is corrupt, blind, and dead. On the other hand, a church may be poor, little and unknown, neither its ministers nor its members may be courted or recognised by the world; but if love knits its members together, animates its devotions, and binds all to Jesus, there life for evermore exists. What this blessing is we cannot tell. It is life for *ever* and *more*; it perpetually exists and perpetually increases. So long, therefore, as the church loves so long will it live, it cannot die, it cannot decay, it cannot become weak. It is sure to weather every storm, to defy persecution, to rise superior to every difficulty, to outlive death, to survive the tomb, and to come out of the fires at the last day, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

We have now seen the nature, characteristics, and happy tendencies of brotherly love or christian unity, and it only remains for me to urge upon you the necessity of cultivating this principle. To be benefited by Christian graces we must possess them, and to honour God by Christian duties we must perform them. Endeavour then to maintain the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace. Seek to possess the mind that was in Christ. He prayed for his enemies; he pitied and forgave the weaknesses of his friends. Do likewise. We miss our way most frequently by not suppressing in their origin feelings of resentment. If a brother offend us, let us remember that it is contrary to the spirit and letter of the Gospel to offend him in return; and let us rather cherish

that disposition which, when repentance takes place, cheerfully give hand of reconciliation, and when repentance is not shewn leads t pray for the offender. Remember that there is no error into which brethren fall, but into which you yourselves may glide: and as would that others should do unto you, do ye also unto them. O not the sun to go down upon your wrath. Aim to secure the spi forgiveness. Think that your peace of mind is intimately conn with the dispositions you cherish, and the acts you perform, and nothing is more disastrous to the happiness of the soul, than er of heart. Bring to your aid every motive that can influence, and virtue that can assist you in enlarging your Christian charity. R the sublime truth, that love is the fulfilling of the law. Remember the unity of the entire church depends upon the love of its indiv members; and believing this fact, write upon the tablet of your h and upon the door-posts of your chapels—"Brotherly love shall con here." Then God, seeing his own image in you, will comman blessing to rest upon you, which is life for evermore.

THE RECOGNITION OF DEITY.—No. 2.

UNITY.

God has revealed himself in his works and in his word. The har exhibited in the order of the universe, in the relation of parts to par effecting definite results, is a proof of design and of the existence o one designer. The gradation of being by which the various departs of nature merge into one another renders it impossible to ascrib department to one Creator and another to another creator. S fluids, and gases, are but different forms of the same substances. W conscious of design in ourselves, when we arrange and modify ma things, so as to render them subservient to our purposes. There ar a proportion and a similarity in the works of the same individual. style and phraseology of an author are recognised in all the produc of his pen. The peculiar lineaments of the artist and mechanic traceable in all the efforts of their genius. Now this unity of desi manifested throughout all the realms of creation, and is demonstrat the existence of one God. There is a certain character in the opera

of the divine mind, which everywhere announces, amidst an infinite variety of detail, an inimitable unity and harmony of design, which we shall illustrate by a few examples.

The gradual development of the *nervous* system of animals, from the microscopic animalcules to the sagacious mammalia, man himself included, attests oneness of design. The *alimentary* system, and the concomitant organs, are additional illustrations. The teeth of animals bear a relation to their food, so that a canine tooth, adapted for the carnivorous tribes, has never been found in any of the ruminant orders, nor associated with a hoof fit for supporting the weight of the body, which would be totally useless as a weapon for a beast of prey. The alimentary organs are uniformly furnished with such quantities of the gastric liquor as are suited to the chemical composition, solidity, or solubility of the food on which the creature subsists. The skeleton and organs of motion, in their relation to each other, and the contour of the animal, exemplify harmony of design; for there is hardly a bone that could vary in its surfaces, curvatures, or protuberances, without corresponding variations in other bones; so that a skilful naturalist, from the appearance of a single bone, is able to describe pretty accurately the size and form of the animal, and the order to which it belonged. Yet there are barriers impassable, which secure the identity of the species throughout every succeeding age. This relation of the several parts of creation, the adaptation of the organs of all sentient beings to their habits, and the entire absence of any trace of irregularity or eccentricity throughout the mighty amplitudes of nature, demonstrate that the many thousand varieties of conscious existence are the productions of the same God.

Unity of design, as well as the infinite wisdom of the designer, is obvious in the employing of the same thing to accomplish several distinct and important purposes. The moon not only fills her "silver horn," as she walks forth amidst the sparkling gems that burn on the azure vault of heaven, to dissipate the gloom of midnight,—but she rolls the tidal wave into our bays and harbours, multiplying the commercial intercourse of nations. The atmosphere is not only the medium essential to animal and vegetable life, but with its breezes it tempers the heat of summer, and the rigours of winter. It is the vehicle that bears along the vapours in buoyant and fleecy magazines, the limbec that yields the gentle distillations of the dew, and the refreshing showers. By its refrective properties its diffuses light over earth and sky; it supports combustion, its undulations waft to us the sentiments of human language, and all the melodies of music and song. The sun is the fountain of light and heat to our globe, and to all the planetary worlds circulating in his princely train; he is the great physical agent in evolving the dynamical laws that bind

them to their orbits. He produces winds and other disturbances in the electric equilibrium of the atmosphere. He emits his vivifying action on the chemical elements of nature, elaborating from dead inorganic matter the vegetable kingdom, so essential to the support of animals, as well as the great source of those vast deposits known as coal strata. These are a few illustrations which clearly attest the existence of *one* intelligent, almighty Being.

But this analogical proof accumulates in force if we extend our researches beyond the surface of our earth. Sir Isaac Newton showed, in direct contradiction to all the ancient systems of astronomy, propounded and adopted by the unrivalled sagacity of the great sages of antiquity, that the phenomena exhibited by all the celestial bodies are regulated by the same laws which influence the falling of an apple. The laws of motion which prevail upon our earth prevail equally wherever we are capable of discovering motion. The annual and diurnal revolutions of our globe are exemplified by every planet and satellite of the solar system. The primaries bear the same relation to their secondaries that the sun bears to that vast retinue of worlds that do homage to his mighty behests. Jupiter and Saturn, with their concomitant moons, are miniature representations of that astral system of which they are members. There are several indications of the existence of orbitual motion to the utmost bounds of the material universe. Some stars undergo a regular periodical increase and diminution of brilliancy, involving in some cases a complete extinction and revival. One of the most remarkable is *Omicron*, in the constellation Cetus, first noticed by Fabricus in A.D. 1596. It appears about twelve times in eleven years. When at its greatest brightness, which it retains about a fortnight, it appears as equal to a star of the second magnitude. It then gradually decreases till it becomes completely invisible. After some months it emerges from its obscurity, and attains its former splendour. Algol is another of those periodic stars, which at times is equal to one of the second magnitude. In about four hours it is reduced to the fourth magnitude, and in the same space of time regains its former brightness. This variation of light is believed to be occasioned either by a greater number of dark spots on one side of the disc of the stars than on the other, similar to those detected on the sun's disc, and hence a revolution upon their axes; or they move in very eccentric orbits, the major axes of which are pointed towards the earth; or, finally, the obscuration is occasioned by the revolution of an opaque body, which, when interposed between us and the stars, cuts off a portion of their light. To an observer, placed at the distance of one of the fixed stars, the revolution of one of our larger planets would produce a

porary obscuration every fourteen hours. On whatever principle se phenomena may be explained, they are proofs of the permanent ivity, in these illimitable regions, of the laws of motion existing in our rld, and which secure the equilibrium of our system amidst the various illations of its respective members.

The orbitual motion of the *binary stars* is additional evidence of ity of design. Sir W. Herschel announced that two, three, and r suns revolve round each other, or rather round their common centre gravity, just as our earth and moon revolve round theirs. The ob- vations of this singularly accute man have been confirmed by many inent astronomers since his times. And what is still more astonish- , the visible glories of the firmament are all being borne along through ndless space, circulating round some remote but magnificent centre, logous to the orbitual motions of the several members of our system nd the sun. Maedler of Dorpat says in his work entitled, "Central n," "that Alcoyne, the principal star in the group Pleiades, now upies the centre of gravity, and is the sun about which the universe, luding our astral system, is all revolving." Indeed, it has been com- ted by several eminent mathematicians that the sun, and his retinue worlds, pass thirty-three millions of miles per annum of that mighty it, in which they revolve round this "Central Sun." The discovery the clusters denominated *nebulæ*, carries us upwards through another ending step in the magnificent scale of progression. The nebulæ olved by the telescope are composed of stars, manifestly of the same d as those seen by the unaided eye, and with the increasing powers of the escope the subsequently resolved ones are seen to be but clusters of stars nd together by the mutual law of gravitation. The celebrated monster escope of the Earl of Rosse, which I had the privilege and honour of ing, has resolved into distinct stars, several nebulæ classed by Sir . Herschel as the chaotic luminous matter, from which by gradual ndensation originally came the suns and systems which crowd the avens. Those which no telescope has yet resolved bear the same lation to those that have been resolved, and will appear in the eye of eternity as distinct clusters of suns. The universe is thus demonstrated be the emanation of the same Creator, who has given birth to all its ining spheres that blaze and roll on the ethereal arch. To believe in a rality of Gods is treason against the Lord God of Creation. But let be remembered that the absolute *unity* of deity is only known from the timony of Scripture. "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord." I am the first and the last, and beside me there is no God." Jehovah, this moment, presides in high authority over all worlds, and his

energies are felt in the remotest regions of space, yet is he mindful of sinful man, and he gave his Son to be our Almighty Saviour, and sent forth his Holy Spirit to carry forward the dispensations of his grace, and to make us meet for the mansions of the celestial.

Portadown. JOHN DOUGLAS.

NAUTICAL SERMONS.

When the celebrated George Whitfield was once preaching to the seamen at New York, it is said he used the following bold apostrophe in the course of his sermon:—

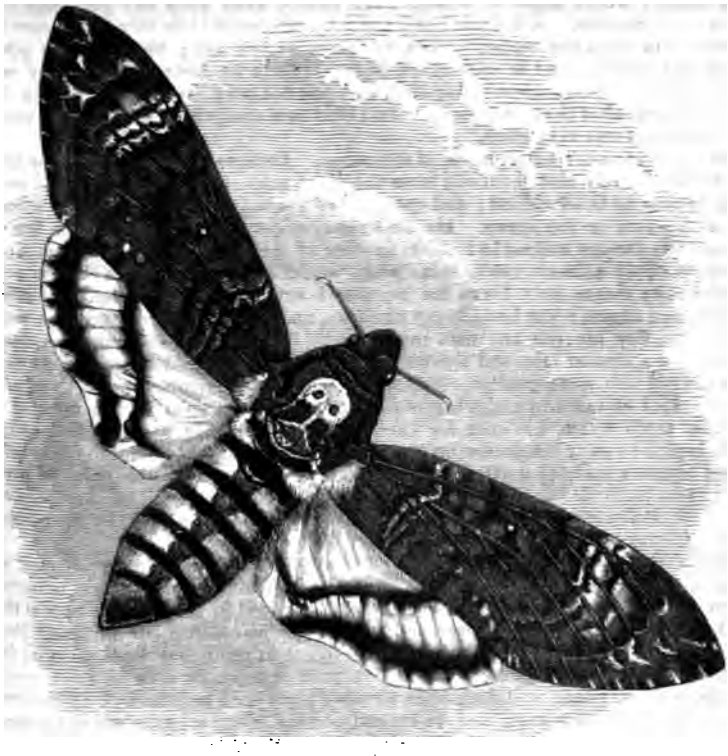
"Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden louring of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Hark! Don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves rise, and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam ends! What next?"

It is said that the unsuspecting tars, reminded in this striking way of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of magic, arose, with united voices and minds, and exclaimed "*Take to the long-boat.*"

Sent by J. HAWKINS.

CHRISTIAN RESIGNATION.

A CHRISTIAN friend visiting a good man under great distress and afflicting dispensations, which he bore with such patient and composed resignation, as to excite his friend's wonder and admiration; inquired how it was that he was enabled to bear his trial with such resignation? The good man replied, "The distress I am under is indeed severe; but I find it lightens the stroke very much *to creep near to Him who handles the rod.*"



DEATH'S HEAD MOTH.

ENTOMOLOGY.

ENTOMOLOGY is the name given to one of the physical sciences; the term is composed of two Greek words, namely ENTOMON, insect, and LOGOS, discourse; hence the term simply means discourse about insects, or the science of Entomology is the science which only includes insected animals, or insects.

As a rule, the animals which are the most serviceable to the human family have been the most attractive to man. The noble horse, cows, sheep, and many other beautiful creatures which have ministered to the necessities of our race, in all ages, have justly claimed the attention and admiration of all right minded men. It is well to pay kind attention to those noble creatures of God. But are we to be so narrow-minded and selfish as to study the works of God, and consider them important, only in proportion as they minister to our animal appetites and general comfort? Shall we be surrounded by millions of living things, which throng the air, sport in the dust, and revel on every tree, plant, and flower that grows on our native soil, without turning our earnest attention to these wonderful works of our Maker? We know that many ignorant people will say, "Insects! what good are they? Do they not annoy us by night and by

day? They damage our fruit trees, spoil the beauty of our plants and flowers and destroy whole fields of wheat. We cannot even keep our garments fr from their ravages. Kill them! kill them by wholesale! the sooner our count is free from them the better." Yes, kill them if you can; but God has giv them an existence, and in spite of all human efforts to destroy them they w live. We should ever remember that God has not only made them, but he h said of them, that they are good: "And God saw everything that he had mac and beheld *it was* very good."

We dislike man's selfish mode of reasoning. Because a few insects annoy hi he would entirely blot them out from the great map of being. Man in his pri forgets that he is an animal; and speaking of his body only, as much an anim as is the cow or the sheep. He does not consider that it is a common law animal life for one animal to trouble another of the same or of a different kir Suppose other animals could talk, what would they say of man? The co would say: "man only loves me because I supply him with plenty of mil butter, and cheese; yet he kills my children, and after I have served him we he takes away my life and eats my flesh." Little lambs and innocent shee would tell a similar tale, and the whole animal kingdom would rise against ma and charge him with cruelty. Man never feels much sympathy for the shee whose wool he takes to make himself a coat of; but as soon as the *larvæ* of certain moth touch his coat for the purpose of making a house to live i man begins to pour vengeance on the moths, forgetting that the moths have onl acted towards him as he acted towards the poor sheep. But man says, "I hav a right by being at the head of creation to take either the wool of the sheep the flesh of the cow." And the moth might say, "I have a right by the instin of my nature, given of God, to take a part of your garment."

With regard to insects destroying our plants, fruits, and flowers, it must b remembered that most of our plants, flowers, and fruit trees have been imported from other countries; and eggs of insects deposited in the embryo buds at th foot-stalks of the leaves, were carried with the plants into our gardens. Pr bably there is not a plant but some one insect in particular feeds upon it; f instance, one of our common butterflies always deposits its eggs on the comm nettle, and its young will feed upon no other plant with satisfaction. Therefo by increasing the plants, and trees, and flowers of our country we at the sam time have been increasing the number of insects. Had the plants not been broug to our country it is probable that many insects would never have visited u But the Botanist rejoices when a new plant is discovered and introduced in our gardens, and the Entomologist rejoices at the introduction of the new inse with the plant. But should the insects swarm around the new plant and destr it, they would only in so doing carry out the great law of their life. In doi this they vex and annoy the botanist; but that which annoys in England mig have been a blessing to the country from which the plant was brought. He the plant is scarce, and we wish to keep it; but there the plant is abundant, a probably the very despised insect was designed to save that country from exuberance of vegetable life.

But it is said that insects infect our houses and disturb our comforts. Grante the very presence of insects in our houses induces cleanliness. They do come but cleanliness and industry will drive them out. If it be said that in all ca cleanliness is not enough, we would reply, that there are other means of pr vention. We will give by the way, the old English preventive:—

> "While wormwood hath seed, get a handful, or twaine,
> To save against March to make flea refrain;
> Where chamber is swept and wormwood is strown,
> No flea for his life dare abide to be known."

Let it be distinctly understood that our houses are not intended to be hous for insects; many of them by their restless movements against our windo

show us that they want to get out of prison. Let them go to the meadows, bushes, and streams; let them dance and sport in the sun. Do not show needless cruelty towards them, for their life is very short. Millions of them after they have commenced the perfect state do not live over a few weeks at most, and some rise to fly in the morning sun and end their life with the day.

(To be continued.)

J. P. BELLINGHAM.

FRAGMENTARY THOUGHTS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS.

"*God sent his only-begotten Son into the world that we might live through him.*" 1 John iv. 9.

THE first person in the adorable Trinity is here represented as sending the second person in the Godhead on a visit to our world. Elsewhere we read, "The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world;" and amongst all the persons whoever came from heaven to earth on errands of mercy and goodness, none ever came on so important an errand as Christ did. The very announcement of his birth was "tidings of great joy." The period of his advent was just the right one: "When the fulness of time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law." By "the fulness of time," we understand the right time, when the world most needed him, and felt its need of him, when mankind was in expectation of him, and in the most prepared state to receive him.

It is true that many centuries prior to his birth the holy patriarchs and prophets of Old Testament times had wished to see "God manifest in the flesh," but their day was too early for this grand display of infinite love; therefore, they lived and died without the sight. But the day did arrive when heavenly intelligences were sent from heaven to earth to make known the Saviour's incarnation, to inform a guilty world that Christ was born a babe in Bethlehem, and that Job's living Redeemer had begun to live among men upon earth, as a man with men. In the birth of Christ, the goodness and the glory of God are wonderfully displayed. We wonder not that angels should sing "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men." We are not astonished that the shepherds, who heard this animating and soul-stirring song, should say to each other, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us." We cannot be surprised at Mary pondering these things in her heart. And it is no subject for marvel that the shepherds, after they had been to the little city to see "the infant of days," should return home to their families and friends "glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them." O what condescension is exhibited on the part of Christ, in the fact, that "though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor." Such condescension has never been witnessed in any other person. Here is disinterested love to a fallen world; and we wonder not that angels should wish to look into this sublime subject. In it we see the justice, mercy, and infinite love of God; and united to these, we have the incomprehensible wisdom of Almighty God displayed. Hear it, ye who were incapable of atoning for your own sin and procuring for yourselves everlasting life,—

"Christ's wondrous death my life ensures;
His wondrous rising, death destroys."

The high price paid for man's salvation was the blood of Christ: Therefore a certain poet sings, –

"We triumph through the crucified;
And died with Christ, with Christ shall rise."

The apostle Peter says, "Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things such as silver and gold; . . . . but with the precious blood of Christ: as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." Then as our redemption to Christ belongeth, "Blessing and honour, and glory, and power, for ever and ever be given to him." For through him we may have life, spiritual life, the best kind of life, everlasting life, life for the present life, and life for the life that is to come: "The gift of God is eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ." And this life comprehends the justification of our person before God, and the sanctification of our nature in his sight. It is a life of holiness, peace, happiness, and usefulness in the present evil world; and then hereafter, a life with God, and angels, and saints in heaven. Jesus says respecting his servants on earth, "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish." The grace of God dwelling in the believer's heart is spoken of by St. John, as "a well of water, springing up into everlasting life," and he who possesses this water in his soul can with pleasure look forward to the time when he shall enter into God's more immediate presence where there are fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore." To all his true followers Jesus says, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

We would therefore urge our readers to "lay hold on eternal life:" for, for you the "Prince of life" was killed, the "Lord of glory" was crucified, "and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Reader, think, seriously think, of what Christ hath done to save thee from eternal death, and to put thee in possession of endless life.

We have read of a bishop who lived in the seventh century, and who was very poor, but he was desirous to purchase liberty for some captives, and having no property by which he could procure their freedom, he actually *pawned* himself, and by this noble act he restored to a poor widow her only son. But Christ, by laying down his own life, has purchased liberty for every slave of sin, and he offers this liberty to all who will come unto him. Millions of souls have come to him and have obtained rest, and their hearts have been made glad in possession of spiritual life and liberty, while their tongues and their lips have shouted his praise.

A little slave girl, who was put up for sale at an auction mart in a southern slave state, attracted the attention of a kind hearted gentleman, who was passing by and saw the tears rolling down the child's cheeks; and fearing lest she might not fall into good hands, he determined to pay down a goodly price for the sweet creature, in order that he might give her her freedom, (she had been born in slavery). Having paid the required sum for her, and the parchment of her deliverance having been signed, she looked at him with fear. But when he told her that she was free, and was about to leave her, she then began to feel what freedom was, and with her first breath she said "*I will follow him; I will follow him; I will serve him all my days! For he has redeemed me; he has redeemed me!*" And when strangers visited that gentleman's house, and were struck with her readiness to do her master's service by day or by night, and inquired as to the cause of her willingness to serve, she had only one answer to give, and she loved to give it: "*He redeemed me; he redeemed me; he redeemed me!*" Then if this little girl was so grateful for such freedom, how much more grateful ought we to be for our redemption effected by Jesus Christ "who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity"? &c.

tus ii. 14. We would therefore entreat you to "glorify God in your body, l in your spirit, which are God's." 1 Cor. vi. 20. Take God's Son as your ly Saviour:—

"Jesus, my life, my light, thou art;
Thy word is in my mouth, my heart;
Lord, I believe,—my spirit save
From sinking lower than the grave."

'He that believeth hath the witness in himself;" and

"When Christ victorious from the grave,
Ascended up on high;
He gave to all his saints a pledge,
That they should never die."

W. Birks.

FAREWELL SERVICE AT THE JUBILEE SCHOOL, YORK.

OUT ninety boys, besides ministerial students and teachers, being about to arate for the midsummer vacation, a number of them not to return to the ool, I thought it desirable to hold a religious service with a view to improve occasion in a suitable manner, and to promote the spiritual benefit of all cerned. And as nine of the ministerial students were about to leave us for itinerancy, it occurred to me that it would be well for each of them to ver a short address. I arranged accordingly, and the service was held on nday evening, June 14th, 1806, under the trees on the lawn at the west of the school. The brethren had only about an hour's notice of the service, could not, therefore, make much preparation for the occasion. Under the umstances, much variety, and elaborate addresses could not be expected. e speeches were plain, pointed, and earnest addresses, and were delivered in olemn and impressive a manner, as to rivet the attention and affect the heart most or all present. Judging that if printed in one of our connexional odicals, they would prove interesting, and in many other respects beneficial nany of our people, next day I requested the students to write the substance hem, keeping as near to the oral addresses as they could remember. They e done so; and the addresses follow this brief introductory note in the order which they were delivered. I flatter myself that few of those who give them undid perusal will think that the students have been unfitted for usefulness ile at the institution. The addresses present no display, no attempt at undue ty; but are earnest efforts to promote the direct spiritual benefit of the rers, and will, I hope, commend themselves to the judgment and hearts of st of our people.

John Petty.

FIRST ADDRESS.

My dear boys,—many persons on reviewing their past lives wish they were ng again. They see that they have wasted a great deal of precious time, many duties unperformed, and committed many sins. They think if they ld begin life again, they would spend the time they have squandered away he improvement of their minds and hearts; that they would be more dutiful their God; and that they would guard against those actions which brought uble on themselves and their friends, and which have proved so many dark ts in their past lives. But no matter how they may lament the time they re wasted, they cannot recall a single day of it; the opportunities for per-ming past duties will never return; the dark spots in their past history will ays remain. They may mourn over the past, but they cannot alter it.

You, my boys, are yet young. Be determined that you will improve your e. Let your lives not only be free from blemishes, but be distinguished by

piety and usefulness. And then, when you become middle-aged, or old men, should the Lord be pleased to spare you to old age, instead of looking back on your past lives with shame and sorrow, you will look thereon with pleasure and delight. In order to do this, it is necessary that you should be converted, live in harmony with the teachings of God's word, and be guided by the Holy Spirit. Seek, then, to be truly converted, and labour to secure God's direction and approval in all you do.

You know that those who are converted are the happiest. What a blessed thing it is to be able to say, "My sins are all forgiven. I am a child of God and an heir of glory. My heart glows with love to thee my Saviour; and if I were to die, I know that thou wouldst take me to heaven, to be with thee for ever." Those who can say this have the "peace which passeth all understanding." They have "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Those who live as directed by the word and spirit of God are likely to prosper in this world, and be honoured and respected by those with whom they will associate. Those who do not are likely to suffer shame and sorrow.

You are soon to enter on the active pursuits of life. What will be your special callings I know not; but this I know, that the influence you will exert over others will be great. The happiness of your parents, and those to whom you may become related, will to a great extent depend on you. Ah! and there is a more solemn thought than this, namely, the eternal destiny of others may be affected by the influence of your lives. If you be truly religious, others may become religious through your agency, and go to heaven, when otherwise they might go to hell. On the contrary, if you be not religious, the influence of your lives may prevent others from becoming religious, and thus they may lose their souls partly through you. O my boys! would you be a blessing, and not a curse to the world? Would you be the means of saving, and not ruining others? Would you not all like to be a blessing to the world? Would you not like to have the assurance that some persons have been saved by your efforts? Can you bear the thought of being a curse to the souls of your fellow men? For the sake of the world, as well as for your own sakes, be true Christians.

It is also your *duty* to love and serve God. What do you think of a boy who does not obey his kind, judicious father? You must regard him as an ungrateful and wicked son. But how much more wicked and ungrateful it is to sin against your heavenly Father, who gave you life, with all your powers of body and mind, and in whom "you live, move, and have your being." You must see that it would be very wrong to use the powers God has given you in sinning against him. Then think, too, of the relation the Divine Being sustains to you, as your Redeemer. A relation this, on which no one can properly meditate without astonishment, if not with overflowing gratitude. Christ died to save you from hell, and exalt you to heaven. O do not spend your days in sinning against this gracious Redeemer, but rather love and serve him all your lives.

This, my boys, is the last time I shall address many of you. I have prayed for you frequently; I shall pray for you still. I wish you all to love the Saviour, because I love you, and the blessed Saviour who died for you. O may your lives be spent in his service, then if we should not meet again on earth, we shall meet around his throne in heaven.

J. CHARLTON.

SECOND ADDRESS.

There is always something painfully interesting in the parting of friends. When a breach is made in the family circle by some of its members removing elsewhere, painful emotions are naturally felt. When one is about to leave his native land to go abroad, these emotions are more intense, as friends may then have the impression that they shall meet on earth no more. From emotions of this kind I presume none present have been exempt. I, at least, have not. I well remember, when at the age of thirteen, I left the parental roof to enter upon active life, it was with a sorrowful mind and heavy heart. And did not you, dear boys, when you first left home and parted *from friends*, feel some pain of mind. And now after having been together for a short

time at school, we are on the eve of separation. Our meeting together to-night reminds us that we are about to part. And though we are not members of one family, though we do not feel so accutely at parting as if we were such, yet we are friends, and the thought of parting is somewhat sorrowful. For when at the close of this service we part, it is most likely that we shall never all meet again on earth. But we *shall* meet again; if not on earth, we shall meet at the bar of God. That meeting will be far more important than this. Then the whole human family will be assembled. Then the object of our gaze will not be a fellow-mortal, but our blessed Redeemer, who died for us, and who will then be the Judge of all the earth. Clothed with ineffable majesty, he will then be seated on a throne of perfect justice. The books will be opened. and all the actions we have done while residing here, all we did before, and all we shall do hereafter, will be brought to light. "Therefore, seeing we look for such things," how earnestly should we seek to ascertain if we are so living as to meet with divine approval. Will some of us be found on the right hand, and others on the left? Shall we have to rise up in judgment to condemn each other? Shall we be separated for ever? Some be driven down to hell with the wicked, and others be exalted to heaven with the good? Will that awful sentence, "Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels," ever be pronounced upon any of us? God forbid that it should! But it may be so: there is a danger of it,—and the only way by which we can escape this danger is by turning to God in penitence and faith, and henceforth living to him. Nothing on earth is so important as this; yet strange to say, nothing is more neglected. But, my dear boys, I entreat you not to forget it.

You are excited and pleased that you are going home. I am sorry that some of you are not preparing for a home above. I can rejoice with all of you that you are going for a time to your earthly homes; but I could weep for some of you, because you are not seeking a home in heaven. The thought of seeing your parents affords you joy; the thought that some of you are negligent about meeting your heavenly Parent gives me grief. And I would remind you that while we look upon things temporal, we should not forget those that are eternal. While we are careful about time we should not be careless about eternity. For the things of time will soon pass away. Your parents will soon grow old or die. The time will soon arrive when you will see their lovely countenances and hear their kind voices no more. Should you outlive them you will have to commit their bodies to the dust, and hide them from your view. Your peaceful homes will be broken up, and in this respect you may be left alone in the world.

But there is a better home above—an eternal habitation! An inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away!

A home in heaven! what a joyful thought! Secure a meetness for it, and you will never be homeless. There is a Parent more loving than your kindest earthly ones,—an everlasting Friend. Let him be your Father and Friend, and you will never be friendless and homeless. He is the everlasting One, and neither life nor death,—nor any other creature, shall separate you from him.

O my young friends, would you be happy here and hereafter? Would you be respected by all who know you? Would you mend this bad world, glorify God, and secure a home in the skies? Then repent of your sins, and give your hearts to God. Some of you have not yet done this; but if you would not bury your talents in the earth, and hereafter plunge yourselves into hell, do it at once. "To-day, if you would hear his voice, harden not your hearts." If those of you who have believed and been converted, would resist the temptations to which you will be exposed, escape the fascinating charms of an alluring world, shun the lusts of the flesh and the snare of the devil—*live near to God.* Would you go forth in the name of your Redeemer—

"To point sinners to the purple flood,
And cry, 'Behold, the Lamb of God.'"—

then strive to be like him, and seek his help and spirit. Once more I urge you all to prepare to meet your God. May he grant us each grace so to live that when summoned to his righteous bar, we may all be placed at his right hand, shine with him in his glorious kingdom, never to part again, but be "for ever with the Lord."

"O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of All."

A. KITSON.

(To be continued.)

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER.

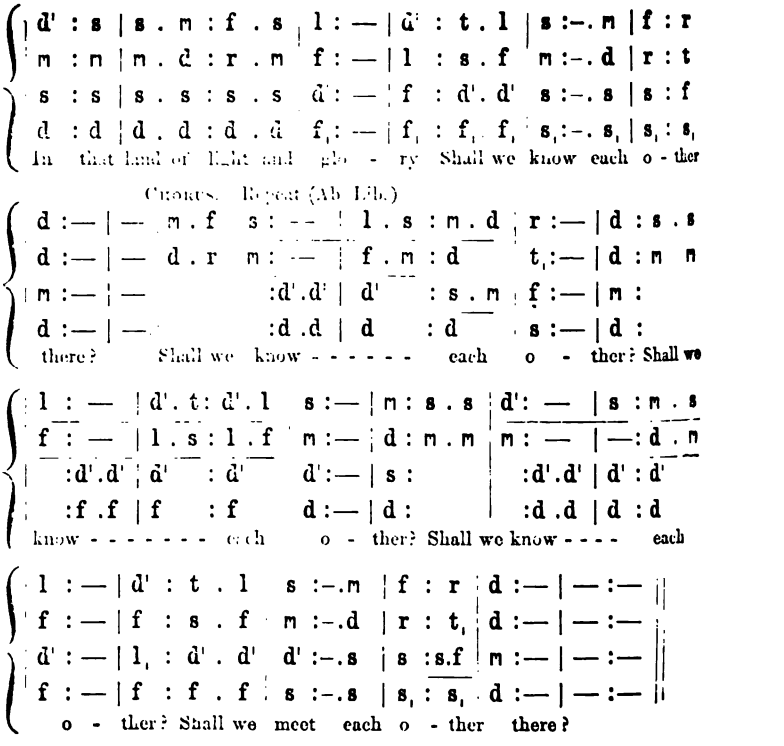
KEY E♭.

s : m | m . r : d . r	m : — | d : —	r : r | m . r : d . r
m : d | d . t_1 : d . t_1	d : — | d : —	t_1 : t_1 | d . t_1 : d . t_1
m : s | s . f : m . f	s : — | m : —	s : s | s . s : m . s
d : d | s_1 . s_1 : s_1 . s_1	d : — | d : —	s_1 : s_1 | d . d : d . d
When we hear the mu - sic	ring - ing,	In the bright ce - les - tial

m : — | r : —	s : m | m . r : d . r	m : — | d : d . r
d : — | t_1 : —	m : d | d . t_1 : d . t_1	d : — | d : d . t_1
s : — | — : —	m : s | s . f : m . f	s : — | m : m . f
s_1 : — | — : —	d : d | s_1 . s_1 : s_1 . s_1	d : — | d : d . d
dome;	When sweet an - gel voi - ces	sing - ing Glad - ly

m : f . m | r : r	d : — | — : —	s : m | f . s : l . t
d : r . d | t_1 : t_1	d : — | — : —	m : d | r . m : f . r
s : s . s | s : f_1	m : — | — : —	d' : s | s . s : d' . s
s_1 : s_1 | s_1 : s_1	d : — | — : —	d : d | t_1 . d : f_1 . s_1
bid us	wel - come home,	To the land of an - cient

d' : — | s : —	l : f | l . d' : t_1 . l	s : — | — : —
m : — | m : —	f : d | f . l : s . f	m : — | — : —
s : — | d' : —	d' : f | d' . d' : d' . d'	d' : — | — : —
d : — | d : —	f : f | f . f : f . f	d : — | — : —
sto - ry,	Where the spir - it knows no	care,



When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band;
Shall we know the friends that greet us,
In the glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel their dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before?
Shall we know, &c.

Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices,
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved of long ago,
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.
Shall we know, &c.

Oh! ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye shall join the loved and just ones,
In the land of perfect day!
Harp strings touched by angel fingers,
Murmured in my raptured ear,
Evermore their sweet songs linger,
We shall know each other there,
We shall know, &c.

CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

).—We have lately had
anzy Sheen, preaching
ehalf of our new School-
town. Three sermons
d on the Lord's day to
regations; and the master
ves was present helping
d was effected. Friends
to our help, so that the
a success. The collec-
ie public tea held on the
y, raised over £30. To
e glory.
intendent, Rev. Thomas
pressed a wish that a
ids more should be paid
and we believe it will be
Thetford friends have a
."

W. ANDREWS.

LANE HEAD.—The An-
rmons of Burnley Lane
ing room were preached
Joe Graham, of Oldham,
when £12 were realised.
us only been on our plan
Before our people mis-
as one of the most wicked
s circuit. The work of
ut some time ago, and
worst were saved, and
a good society of more
embers, and are making
ld a chapel. To God be

G. MERCER.

MOOR, THORNLEY CIR-
pril 28th and 29th we
Chapel at Haswell Moor
idway between Haswell
where we have good
congregations. As soon
ses were erected on the
menced religious services
e miners' houses. The
se was soon found too
convenient. On applica-
wners of the colliery a
" was granted, in which
ices and a Sunday school
conducted. The services
were so well attended and the scholars so numerous that for some time there was inquiry, "can we not obtain a chapel?" The masters were again seen, and their offers were so generous that vigorous efforts were at once put forth to build a new and sufficiently commodious place. A most eligible site was granted by the owners, the plans and specifications were furnished by the colliery mason, and the foundation stone was laid last October by the resident viewer. It is a neat stone building, and will seat 200 persons. The cost is £150. The total sum raised is £139, leaving only a deficit of £20. The following took part in the opening services. The Rev. J. Waite, and Messrs. Robt. Jackson, of Durham, R. Parker, W. Robson, W. Waggott, G. Huntley, H. Walton, and J. Theatonley. We record our grateful acknowledgments to the owners of the colliery for a donation of £35, and also to Mr. Hornsby, the resident viewer, for the interest he has taken in the erection.

JOHN WAITE.

MYTHOTMROYD, HALIFAX CIRCUIT. The Annual School Sermons were preached April 29th, by the writer, to attentive and overflowing congregations, and such was the divine power that accompanied the word to the hearts of the people, that it was more like a revival meeting than a school anniversary. After each sermon, a few solemn and affecting pieces and dialogues were recited by the children, and excellent hymns and anthems were efficiently sung by the choir. The collections were very liberal, £19 2s. 11½d, being nearly £5 more than last year, and more than has ever been realised before.

C. STOCKDALE.

BRIGHOUSE SABBATH SCHOOL, HALIFAX CIRCUIT.—On May 6th, two Sermons were preached on behalf of the School, by the Rev. C. Stockdale. On each occasion the children recited

several appropriate pieces, and heartily sung their hymns and anthems: also the choir rendered good assistance. The gracious influence of the Holy Ghost rested upon us during the day, and the collections were £12.

C. STOCKDALE.

REDMILE, BOTTESFORD CIRCUIT. On Sunday, May 6th, two Sermons were preached in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Redmile, in behalf of our Sabbath School, by Mr. G. Holmes (Wesleyan), of Stapleford. The congregations were large; collections, £3 9s. 6d.; and a divine influence was felt. On Monday, May 7th, a Public Tea Meeting was held in the Chapel, well sustained by the friends from various places around. A Public Meeting was held after tea, the Rev. J. Stephenson presiding, when excellent addresses were given by Messrs. Roberts, Stevenson, Wilkinson, Coy, Holmes, and R. and J. Silverwood. The congregation was good, and the meeting passed off well. Our congregations at Redmile are good generally. Our Sunday School is doing well. Nine new members have been added to our Society, some of whom have become useful Sabbath School Teachers. Our prospects are encouraging. To God be all the glory.

J. STEPHENSON.

FULBECK, SLEAFORD CIRCUIT.—On May the 6th, the Anniversary Sermons of our Sabbath School at Fulbeck were preached by the Rev. S. Stafford, to overflowing congregations. Interesting pieces were recited by the children. On the day following the Scholars were served with cake and tea. Teachers and friends also, a goodly number, sat down to tea, and in the evening a public meeting was held, at which the interests of the sabbath school were advocated by Mr. Stafford and other friends. The anniversary passed off pleasurably, and we hope has left a blessing upon the hearts of the friends at Fulbeck. Our school here, though small, is in an improving state, and the financial profits of this anniversary exceed those of any previous year.

S. PARKIN.

[The amount of the collections ought to be stated in every case.—ED.]

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

MRS. CATHARINE HORE died at Threeburrows, St. Day Station, Aug. 21st, 1865, at the good old age of 77 years. She was trained up by pious parents, who led her regularly to the house of God, and offered up many prayers on her behalf. Nevertheless, she lived regardless of her soul's salvation until she was seventeen years of age. At that time a revival of religion broke out in the neighbourhood of her home, and she was truly convinced of her sinful state; and so wretched did she become that one day she was bound to give up her work, and cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." She did not cry long before God the Holy Ghost said, "Thy sins are all forgiven thee, go in peace, and sin no more." As she had been a regular attendant at the Wesleyan Chapel, Todpool, she joined the society there. Not long after this happy change was wrought she became the wife of one of our members, a good man, who departed this life about seventeen years ago. After her marriage she always attended our chapel at Threeburrows, on Sunday evenings, with her husband. Returning home with her children from the funeral of her beloved husband, she pointed to the chair he had been accustomed to fill, and said, "You have no father to have family prayer with you now; but by the Lord's help I shall keep up

ɔe:" and in the discharge most important duty she ɔersevered. Thinking it attend the chapel her ttended she gave up her with the Wesleyans, r people, and became a the class her husband had ected with for many years. ıfter she had the pleasure of l her children in class. At ıeeting, when she met the hem, her joy was ecstatic. been a most consistent ith us for about seventeen larly meeting in class, until e months, when prevented on. Not long before her ıldest daughter was weeping ıed-side, when she said, ep for me, for I am going to her son William she said, is my home;" and to her t before she died, "All is l the members to meet me ' Soon after this she fell eep in the arms of Jesus r. Her death, with sister ın account of whose life is w), were improved by the ur Threeburrows chapel, to ge congregation, when, we ə lasting impressions were

J. HAWKINS.

: ROBERTS was brought up r of the Lord, and at the of twelve years was con-ɔod; but being very young l away from the safe and by the allurements of this wicked world. When she ıe age of twenty-one, she in matrimony to brother oberts, one of the trustees, -steward, at Threeburrows, ircuit; and about the same joined our society there. ı class regularly from that ıbout eight years ago, when evented her from attending ɔf God, which deprivation teenly felt. She then re-ıt a weekly prayer meeting held in her house; and l she prize the privilege, her brethren and sisters, she could join in prayer and praise at "the throne of grace." A few weeks before her death her case presented symptoms of a very alarming nature, and all appetite for food entirely ceased. In addition to the two medical gentlemen that had attended her for a long time the best physician in the county was consulted, but he declared her case to be incurable. She received the intelligence with joyful satisfaction, saying, "I would rather die than live." I visited her the day before her death, and found her happy in God, with a prospect bright, and hope blooming, although her pain was most excruciating. She said to me, "Mr. Hawkins, wherever you preach tell the people not to put off the one thing needful until a dying hour, for it will be enough then to bear the pain and contend with death. If I had left it until now I should never have got it." I wished her "good-bye," to which she replied, "the next time we meet will be in heaven. Praise the Lord." A short time before she died she would have the friends sing that beautiful hymn—

"My God I am thine,
What a comfort divine;"

and soon after she was asked how she felt? Her reply was, "I am in the river, but I fear no evil for the Lord is with me. Glory be to God." Her last words were: "The angels have come for me, they are in the room;" and she passed away to be for ever with the Lord, September 21st, 1865, aged forty-six years.

J. HAWKINS.

TIMOTHY OGDEN, late a teacher in Daisy-hill Snnday-school, Bolton Station, was born on the 30th Nov., 1840, and died Sept. 30th, 1865. In early life he became a scholar in the above school, and in the course of time a teacher; which office he held about three years. While a scholar, he was attentive to the instructions of his teachers; during the time he was a teacher he was punctual in his attendance, and industrious in his duties.

He caught a cold sometime ago, which terminated in consumption. Notwithstanding his liking to school,

regular attendance at the public means of grace, and knowledge of the scriptures, he had the sense of his acceptance with God to obtain during his sickness. Outward ceremonies may be observed, and yet true religion be lacking. Teachers, friends, and the writer visited him, when confined to his house, and he succeeded, through prayer and faith in God, in obtaining pardon. He died happy in the Lord, and was confident he should be blessed for ever. The funeral took place the Wednesday following his death. Upwards of fifty of his co-workers in the school were present. The scene was peculiarly impressive.

G. Smith.

Joseph Sharrat, of Hadnall Circuit, departed this life October 4th, 1865, aged sixty years. When the Primitive Methodists first missioned this part they found Joseph Sharrat in the broad way which leads to hell; but out of curiosity he was induced to attend their religious services, and while listening to the sacred truths which they enforced he felt himself a sinner. He now cried to God for pardon, and was made happy in the Lord. In this happy state he lived for a length of time; but we are sorry to say he fell from grace, and became a backslider. We are glad to add, however, that he was reclaimed, and for many years before his death manifested in his outward conduct true and vital godliness: and his attachment to religion was seen in his zealous efforts to promote it. He laboured hard in the cause of God. He threw open his house for the Primitive Methodists to worship in it, and eternity alone will reveal the good that was effected therein. Nothing seemed to please him so much as to see his house filled with people, and to hear sinners cry for mercy. His late affliction was of the most painful character, but in the furnace he endured patiently, and manifested much resignation to the will of God. He often exclaimed, "All is well." For about fifteen months he was laid aside from his daily employment, and he then fell asleep in Jesus.

T. Lloyd.

Philip Pullen was born at Moreton, Chinnor Circuit, in 1826. He was blessed with pious parents: his father being the oldest local preacher in this Circuit. His mother died in the faith in 1844. Surrounded with pious influences he was early the subject of religious impressions: but he did not decide for God until about three years ago. Previously to this he was outwardly moral, and his correspondence with one of his sisters indicated a deep feeling on religious subjects. He was very diffident at first about joining the church, fearing he might bring reproach upon God's people: but at length he united with us, and he remained a creditable member till his death. As a Christian he was sincere and consistent, though somewhat shy and retiring. He did not parade his piety, yet he maintained both at home and abroad consistency of life, and an aversion to trifling on religious subjects. He possessed a strong attachment to God's people, especially the preachers, who made their home at his father's house. He felt a pleasure in supporting God's cause; and its institutions were materially assisted by his liberality. But it was in the Sabbath-school that he excelled. For teaching he had a tact peculiarly his own. For some time past he taught the first class of girls: and these bear testimony to his faithful and affectionate teaching. He took great pains to prepare for his work, and diligently studied the sacred volume during the week. For some time he was the secretary of the school, and faithfully and efficiently discharged his duties. Having a considerable knowledge of music he spent much of his spare time in training the children to sing. The "Juvenile Magazine" was a welcome messenger,—its hymns and tunes he learnt and sung. The last which he taught the children was a special favourite: "Shall we meet beyond the river?" Having caught a severe cold, which was followed by typhus fever, many were the prayers offered up on his behalf; but nature gradually succumbed to disease, and the spirit left its earthly house, October 17th, 1865.

C. Anthony.

', the beloved partner of
Humphrey, local preacher
k, Northamptonshire, was
2nd, 1834; and left earth
, Oct. 30th, 1865. About
857, Brigstock was visited
acious outpouring of the
t, which aroused the souls
ho were sleeping in sin:
s number was Millicent
The traits of her cha-
meekness, patience, resig-
a her last illness, which
for eight months, she
reality of religion, and
he sincerity of her faith.
on the "Rock of Ages,"
d by the attractive power
Just before her departure
her sorrowing husband:
of times have I heard you
hear you once more before
Accordingly, he knelt and
ile heaven seemed lowered
and her countenance, as
ched by an angel's hand,
at smile as she flew to the

H. ROE.

tly at Edale, in the Brad-
t, in the forty-eighth year
Mrs. Jane Pickford, wife
a Pickford, local preacher.
onverted to God amongst
many years ago, joined the
and remained steadfast till
death's irresistible hand.
mother in Israel—a very
devoted Christian, firmly
the people of her choice—
preachers, and under her
ere long sheltered and en-
For some years past she suf-
from physical debility and
ut amidst it all she, through
enabled to possess her soul
She died in great peace.
ords (as heard by her sor-
nds) were, "I see that
ny," &c. Thus she passed
oin that great company
throne. May we meet her

T. BENNETT.

ZABETH, the beloved and
ated daughter of John and
Susan Cook, and the wife of the Rev. James Kemish, was born Sept. 18th, 1839. Although in early life she had not the benefit of that influence which personal holiness on the part of both parents can alone exert, she was, nevertheless, blessed with parents who, though strangers at that time to personal salvation, had a profound regard for religion, and a love for the Bible, and sought to train up their children according to its precepts. During her youthful days the subject of this brief sketch evinced a sacred regard for divine truth; possessed an unimpeachable character; and cultivated neatness of personal attire, which she continued to do so long as it pleased God to spare her. About five years ago she became convinced of the necessity of a change of heart; and, while attending a camp meeting held at Bucklesham, on the Ipswich Station, she entered into the enjoyment of the blessing of salvation. She at once became a member of society, and an active labourer in the Lord's vineyard. August 10th, 1864, she was united in marriage to him who now mourns his loss. As a wife she was careful, economical, prudent, and assiduous in the discharge of domestic duties. It is no mere panegyric to say that she was a "virtuous woman;" and so "a crown to her husband." Her skill, industry, and economy, united with her good sense, tender affection, and ardent piety, constituted her a most suitable life-companion, but how uncertain are all earthly joys. During the last ten months she was attacked with an illness which proved to be consumption, and which in the most insidious manner preyed upon her system. Every measure was adopted that medical skill could suggest, or affection prompt, but without success. She gradually declined, and it soon became evident that her voyage of life would soon be over. Her sufferings were great, but she bore them with patience, "looking to Jesus." Gladly, indeed, would she have remained to have shared with her husband the joys and sorrows of life; but after some severe struggles in prayer she cheerfully bowed to the divine disposal. Her death was distinguished rather by peaceful sub-

mission to the will of God than by any external tokens of triumph: her faith seemed as unmoved as the Rock on which it was based. The last day she spent on earth she said to her weeping friends, "God bless you all; meet me in heaven—I am going there. Angels are waiting to carry me home." A few minutes before she died she wished her friends "good-bye," and exclaimed, "Two angels have been hovering over my bed the last hour." Her pious career closed as softly as the brightness of the morning star sinks into the glory of the rising sun. She died at Soham, September 23rd, 1865, in the twenty-sixth year of her age. The following testimony is from the Rev. W. Rudd, who knew her well:—"About five years ago the late Mrs. Kemish began to attend our chapel in Ipswich. She was very devout in the means of grace, and very amiable and consistent in her moral char vious to her conversion. Af she became more concerned soul, and after a severe str obtained the blessing of par united with us in church f became a member in my exemplified the Christian during her stay in Ipswic religious experience was c her example worthy of imita was deeply interested in th of God's cause; loved to hear about good things; active and liberal accordin ability. As a teacher in the school she soon succeeded in the affections of the children zealous in the discharge of h I could say much more, bu She has gained the port, from her labours."

JAMES K

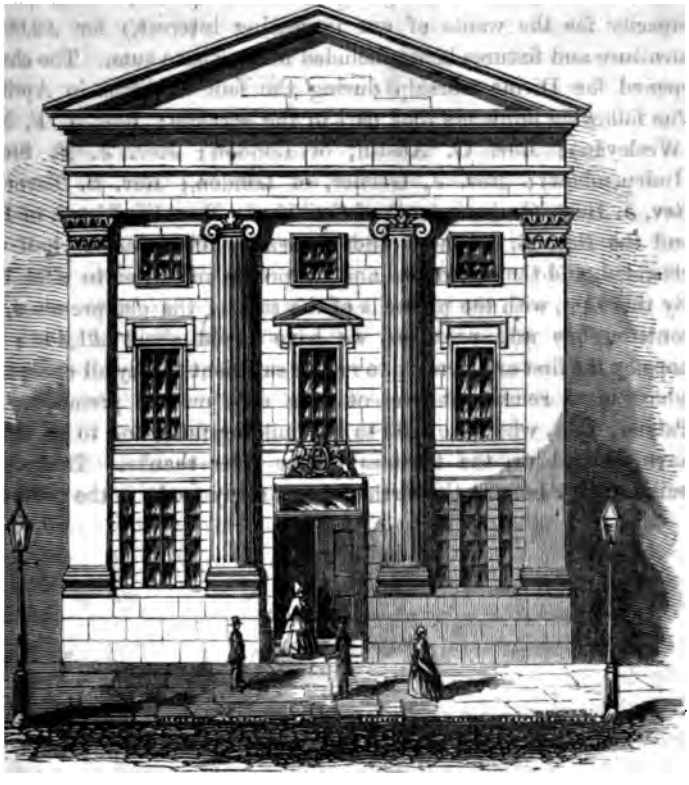
HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that does most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade, when all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see,
What honour hath humility.

When Mary chose the "better part,"
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet;
And Lydia's gently-opened heart
Was made for God's own temple meet;
Fairest and best adorned is she
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most, when most his soul ascends;
Nearest the throne, itself must be,
The footstool of humility.

Sent by J. PARKER.



PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL, READING.

IN the year 1835 Reading was selected as one of our Home Mission stations, and in October of the same year a small chapel was rented in London street by the newly-formed The society and congregation so increased, that in the year was deemed necessary to secure a larger place; and Salem chapel, street, being offered for sale, Mr. J. Ride and Mr. I. Nullis at ok steps to purchase it for the Connexion. Having worshipped place upwards of twenty-six years with encouraging success, and e time having suffered great inconvenience both in the chapel and oom, it was thought expedient to secure a more eligible and lious place. In the order of Divine Providence, events equally ble and unexpected transpired by which we have been enabled to

dispose of our old premises to advantage. and to purchase the New Hall in London street, (a building eligible in its situation, and adequate in its capacity for the wants of our increasing interest,) for £2,650; the furniture and fixtures being included in the above sum. The chapel was opened for Divine worship during the four Sabbaths in April, 1866. The following ministers took part in the services: Rev. J. F. Masters, (Wesleyan); Rev. G. Austin, of London; Rev. J. F. Stevenson, (Independent); Rev. J. Garner, of London; Rev. S. Turner, sen.; Rev. J. Hart, (Independent) of Guildford; Rev. W. Lister, of London; and the Rev. R. Bulmer, (Independent). The spacious hall was well attended, and the collections and tea profits amounted to £62 17s. 4½d. By this sum, with the proceeds of the sale of the old premises, and by contributions and promises, we have raised about £1,448; and we hope by the first anniversary to realise sufficient to pay all except £1,000, which is to remain at present as a debt on the premises. To G. Palmer, Esq., who gave £50 to the building fund, and to all others who have assisted us, the trustees tender their thanks. That this noble building may become the birth-place of many souls, is the prayer of

P. Coates.

THE MAN THAT KILLED HIS NEIGHBOURS.

Reuben Black was a torment to the neighbourhood where he resided. The very sight of him produced effects which may be likened to those said to follow a Hindoo magical tune, called Rang, which is supposed to bring on clouds, storms, and earthquakes. His wife had a sharp, uncomfortable look. His boys seemed to be in perpetual fear. The cow became startled as soon as he opened the barn-yard gates; the dog eyed him askance, as if to see what humour he was in; the cat looked wild, and had been known to run straight up the chimney when he moved towards her. The description of a certain stage-horse was well suited to Reuben's nag: "his hide resembled an old hair trunk." Continual whipping and kicking had made him so insensible that no amount of blows could quicken his pace, no cheering could change the dejected drooping of his head: all his natural language said, as plain as a horse could say it, that he was a most unhappy beast. Even the trees on Reuben's premises had a neglected and desolate appearance. His fields

were red with sorrel, or overrun with weeds. Everything about him seemed hard and arid like his own countenance. Every day he cursed the town and the neighbourhood, because the people poisoned his dogs, and stoned his hens, and shot his cats. Continual lawsuits involved him in so much trouble and expense that he had neither time nor money to spend on the improvement of his farm.

Against Joe Smith, a poor labourer in the neighbourhood, he had fought three suits in succession. Joe said he had returned a spade he had borrowed, and Reuben swore he had not. He sued Joe, and recovered damages, for which he ordered the officer to seize his pig. Joe, in his wrath, called him an old swindler, and a curse to the neighbourhood. These remarks were soon repeated to Reuben. He brought an action for slander, recovered very small damages. Provoked at the laugh this occasioned, he watched for Joe to pass by, and set his dog upon him, crying out furiously, "Call me an old swindler again, will you?" An evil spirit is more contagious than the plague. Joe went home and scolded his wife, boxed little Joe's ears, and kicked the cat; and not one of them knew what it was all for. A fortnight after Reuben's dog was found dead from poison, whereupon he brought another action against Joe Smith; and not being able to prove him guilty of the charge of dog-killing, he took his revenge by poisoning a fat lamb belonging to Mrs. Smith. These feelings of ill-will were followed by misery and loss. Joe's temper grew more and more vindictive, and the love of talking over his troubles at the gin-shop increased upon him. Poor Mrs. Smith cried, and said it was all owing to Reuben Slack, for a better-hearted man never lived than her Joe, when she first married him. Such was the state of things when Simeon Green purchased the farm adjoining Reuben's. This had been much neglected, and had caught thistles and other weeds from the neighbouring fields.

But Simeon was a diligent man, and one who commanded well his own temper, for he had learned of him who is "meek and lowly in heart." He had been taught by the Holy Spirit the evil of his own heart, and then led to a humble but sure trust in Christ for pardon and salvation; and, having this hope in him, he sought, by the aid of the Holy Ghost, to purify himself, even as God is pure, and to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith he was called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing—in love. His steady perseverance and industry soon changed the aspect of things on the farm. River mud, autumn leaves, old bones, were all put in use to assist in producing fertility and beauty. The trees, hitherto overrun with moss and insects, soon looked clean and vigorous; fields of grain waved where weeds had only grown before; roses covered half the house with their abundant

clusters; even the rough rock, which formed the door step, was edged with golden moss. The sleek horse, feeding in clover, tossed his mane and neighed when his master came near, as much as to say, "The world is all the pleasanter for having you in it, Simeon Green;" the old cow, fondling her calf under the great walnut tree, walked up to him with a serious face, asking for a slice of beet-root, which he was wont to give her; chanticleer strutting about, with his troop of plump hens, and their downy little chickens, took no trouble to keep out of his way, but flapped his glossy wings, and crowed a welcome in his very face. When Simeon turned his steps homeward, the boys threw their caps, and ran shouting, "Father's coming!" and little Mary went toddling up to him, with a flower ready to place in his button-hole. His wife was a woman of few words, but she sometimes said to her neighbours with a quiet kind of satisfaction, "Every body loves my husband that knows him—they cannot help it."

Simeon Green's acquaintance knew that he was never engaged in a lawsuit in his life, but they predicted that he would find it impossible to avoid it now. They told him his next neighbour was determined to quarrel with people whether they would or not: that he was like John Lilburn, of whom it is said, "If the world were emptied of every person but himself, Lilburn would still quarrel with John, and John with Lilburn." "Is that his character?" said Simeon, "If he exercises it upon me, I will kill him."

In every neighbourhood there are individuals who like to foment disputes, not from any definite intention of malice or mischief, but merely because it makes a little ripple of excitement in the dull stream of life. Such people were not slow in repeating Simeon Green's remark about his wrangling neighbour. "Kill me, will he?" exclaimed Reuben. He said no more, but his tightly compressed mouth had such a significant expression that his dog slunk from him in alarm. That very night Reuben turned his horse into the highway, in hopes he would commit some depredation on neighbour Green's premises; but Joe Smith, seeing the animal at large, let down the bars of Reuben's own corn-field, and the poor beast walked in, and feasted as he had not done for many a year. It would have been a great satisfaction to Reuben if he could have brought a suit against his horse; but as it was, he was obliged to content himself with beating him. His next exploit was to shoot Mary Green's handsome cock, because he stood on the stone wall and crowed, in the ignorant joy of his heart, a few inches beyond the frontier line that bounded the contiguous farms. Simeon said he was sorry for the poor bird, and sorry because his wife and children liked the pretty creature, but otherwise it was no great matter. He had been intending

build a poultry yard with a good high fence, that his hens might not
noy his neighbours; and now he was admonished to make haste and
it. He would build them a snug, warm house to roost in; they
uld have plenty of gravel and oats, and room to walk back and forth,
d crow and cackle to their hearts' content—there they could enjoy
mselves, and be out of harm's way.

But Reuben Black had a degree of ingenuity and perseverance which
ght have produced great results for mankind, had those qualities been
oted to some more noble purpose than provoking quarrels. A pear-
e in his garden very improperly stretched an arm a little over Simeon
een's premises. It happened that the overhanging bough bore more
ndant fruit, and glowed with a richer hue than the other boughs.
e day little George Green, as he went whistling along, picked up a
r that had fallen into his father's garden. The instant he touched
he felt something on the back of his neck, like the sting of a wasp.
was Reuben Black's whip, followed by such a storm of angry words
at the poor child rushed into the house in an agony of terror: but this
nishment failed also. The boy was soothed by his mother, and told not
go near the pear-tree again; and there the matter ended.

This imperturbable good nature vexed Reuben more than all the tricks
d taunts he met from others. Evil efforts he could understand, and
pay with compound interest, but he did not know what to make of
is perpetual forbearance. It seemed to him there must be something
emptuous in it. He disliked Simeon more than all the rest of the
ople put together, because he made him feel so uncomfortably in the
ong, and did not afford him the slightest pretext for complaint. It
s annoying to see everything in his neighbour's domains looking so
ppy, and presenting such a bright contrast to the forlornness of his
n. When their wagons passed each other on the road, it seemed as
Simeon's horse tossed his head higher and flung out his mane, as if he
ew he was going by Reuben Black's old nag. He often said he sup-
sed Green covered his house with roses and honeysuckles on purpose
shame his bare walls; but he did not care—not he. He was not
ing to be fool enough to rot his boards with such stuff. But no one
sented his disparaging remarks, or sought to provoke him in any way.
e rose smiled, the horse neighed, and the calf capered; but none of
em had the least idea that they were scorned by Reuben Black; even
e dog had no malice in his heart, though he did one night chase home
e geese, and bark at them through the bars. Reuben told his master
e next day, and said he would bring an action against him if he did
t keep that dog at home. Simeon answered very quietly that he
uld try to take better care of him. For several days a strict watch

was kept, in hopes that Towzer would worry the geese again: but the paced home undisturbed, and not a solitary bow-wow furnished excu for a lawsuit. The new neighbours not only declined quarrelling, b they occasionally made positive advances towards a friendly relatio Simeon's wife sent Mrs. Black a large basket full of very fine plum Pleased with the unexpected attention, she cordially replied, "Tell yo mother it was very kind of her, and I am very much obliged to he Reuben, who sat smoking in the chimney corner, listened to this me sage for once without any impatience, except whiffing the smoke throu his pipe a little faster and fiercer than usual; but when the boy w going out of the door, and the friendly words were repeated, he e claimed, "Don't make a fool of yourself, Peg,—they want to give u hint to send a basket of our pears, that's the upshot of the busine you may send them a basket when they are ripe, for I scorn to be un obligation, especially to your smooth-tongued folks." Poor Peg whose heart had been for the moment refreshed by a little act of ki ness, admitted distrust into her bosom, and all the pleasure she had on receiving her neighbour's present departed. Not long after this vance towards good neighbourhood, some labourers employed by Sim Green, passing over a bit of marshy ground, with a heavy load, st fast in a bog occasioned by long continued rain. The poor oxen w unable to extricate themselves, and Simeon ventured to ask assista from his waspish neighbour, who was working at a short distan Reuben replied gruffly, "I've got enough to do to attend to my o business." The civil request that he might be allowed to use his o and chains for a few minutes being answered in this surly tone, Sim silently walked off, in search of a more obliging neighbour. The m who had been left waiting with the patient and suffering oxen scol about Reuben's ill-nature when Simeon came back to them, and s they hoped Reuben would get stuck in the same bog himself. Their e ployer rejoined, "If he should, we will do our duty and help him ou "There is such a thing as being too good natured," said they. 'Reuben Black takes the notion that people are afraid of him, it ma him trample on them worse than ever." "Oh, wait awhile," repl Green, smiling, "I will kill him before long. Wait and see if I do kill him." It chanced soon after, that Reuben's team did stick fast the same bog, as the workmen had wished. Simeon noticed it fro neighbouring field, and gave directions that the oxen should be i mediately conveyed to his assistance. The men laughed, shook th heads, and talked about the old hornet. They, however, cheerfu proceeded to do as their employer requested. "You are in a bad sit tion, neighbour," said Simeon, as he came alongside the foundered tea

"but my men are coming with two yoke of oxen, and I think we shall soon manage to help you out." "You may take your oxen back again," replied Reuben, quickly, "I want none of your help." In a very friendly tone Simeon answered, "I cannot consent to do that, for evening is coming on, and you have a very little time to lose. It is a bad job at any time, but it will be still worse in the dark." "Light or dark, I do not ask your help," replied Reuben emphatically; "I would not help you out of the bog the other day when you asked me." "The trouble I had in relieving my poor oxen teaches me to feel for others in the same situation. Do not let us waste words about it, neighbour. It is impossible for me to go home and leave you here in the bog, and night coming on." The team was soon drawn out, and Simeon and his men went away, without waiting for thanks. When Reuben went home that night, he was unusually thoughtful. After smoking awhile in deep contemplation, he gently knocked the ashes from his pipe, and said, with a sigh, "Peg, Simeon Green has killed me!" "What do you mean?" said his wife, dropping her knitting with a look of surprise. "You know, when he first came into this neighbourhood, he said he would kill me," replied Reuben; "and he has done it. The other day he asked me to help his team out of the bog, and I told him I had enough to do to attend to my own business. To-day my team stuck fast in the same bog, and he came with two yoke of oxen to draw it out. I felt ashamed to have him lend me a hand, so I told him I wanted none of his help; but he answered just as pleasant as if nothing contrary had happened, 'That night was coming on, and he was not willing to leave me in the mud.'" "He is a pleasant spoken man," said Mrs. Black, "and always has a pretty word to say to the boys. His wife seems to be a nice neighbourly body, too." Reuben made no answer, but after meditating awhile, he remarked, "Peg, you know that big, ripe melon down at the bottom of the garden? you may as well carry it over there in the morning." His wife said she would, without asking him to explain where "over there" was.

When the morning came, Reuben walked backwards and forwards, and round and round, with that sort of aimless activity often manifested by fowls and fashionable idlers, who feel restless, and do not know what to run after. At length the cause of his uncertain movements was explained: "I may as well carry the melon myself, and thank him for his oxen. In my flurry down there in the marsh, I forgot to say that I was obliged to him." He marched off towards the garden, and his wife stood at the door, with one hand on her hip, and the other shading the sun from her eyes, to see if he would carry the melon into Simeon Green's house. It was the most remarkable incident that had ever

happened since marriage. She could hardly believe her own eyes. He walked quickly, as if afraid he should not be able to carry his unusual impulse into action if he stopped to reconsider the question. When he found himself in Mr. Green's house, he felt extremely awkward, and hastened to say, "Mrs. Green, here is a melon my wife has sent to you, and we think it is a ripe one." Without manifesting any surprise at such unexpected courtesy, the friendly matron thanked him, and invited him to sit down. But he stood playing with the latch of the door, and without raising his eyes said, "May be Mr. Green is not in this morning?" "He is at the pump, and will be in directly," she replied; and before her words were spoken, the honest man walked in, with a face as fresh and bright as a June morning. He stepped right up to Reuben, shook his hand cordially, and said, "I am glad to see you, neighbour. Take a chair—take a chair." "Thank you, I cannot stop," replied Reuben. He pushed his hat on one side, rubbed his head, looked out of the window, and then said suddenly, as if by a desperate effort, "The fact is, Mr. Green, I did not act right about the oxen." "Never mind, never mind," replied Mr. Green, "perhaps I shall get into the bog again one of these rainy days; if I do, I shall know whom to call upon." "Why, you see," said Reuben, still very much confused, and avoiding Simeon's mild, clear eye, "you see the neighbours here are very ugly. If I had always lived by such neighbours as you are, I should not have been just as I am." "Ah, well, we must try to be to others what we want them to be to us," rejoined Simeon; "you know the good Book says so. I have learned by experience that, if we speak kind words, we hear kind echoes; if we try to make others happy, it fills them with a wish to make us happy. Perhaps you and I can bring the neighbours round in time to this way of thinking and acting. Who knows? Let us try. Mr. Black, let us try. And come and look at my orchard. I want to show you a tree which I have grafted with very choice apples. If you like, I will procure you some cuttings from the same stock." They went into the orchard together, and friendly chat soon put Reuben at his ease. When he returned home, he made no remarks about his visit; for he could not, as yet, summon sufficient greatness of soul to tell his wife that he had confessed himself in the wrong. A gun stood behind the kitchen door, in readiness to shoot Mr. Green's dog for having barked at his horse. He now fired the contents into the air, and put the gun away into the barn. From that day henceforth, he never sought for any pretext to quarrel with the dog or his master. A short time after, Joe Smith, to his utter astonishment, saw him pat Towzer on the head, and heard him say, "Good fellow!" Simeon Green was too magnanimous to repeat to any one that his quarrelsome neighbour had confessed him-

if to blame. He merely smiled as he said to his wife, "I thought we could kill him after awhile." Joe Smith did not believe in such stories. When he heard of the adventures in the marsh, he said, "Sim Green is a fool. When he first came here, he talked very big about killing folks, if they did not mind their p's and q's; but he does not appear to have as much spirit as a worm—for a worm will turn when it is trod upon." Poor Joe had grown more intemperate and more quarrelsome, till at last nobody would employ him. About a year after the memorable incident of the water-melon, some one stole several valuable hides from Mr. Green. He did not mention the circumstance to any one but his wife, and they both had reason for suspecting that Joe was the thief. The next week, the following anonymous advertisement appeared in the newspaper of the county:—

"Whoever stole a lot of hides on Friday, the 5th of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction a secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement, of course, excited a good deal of remark. There was much debate whether or not the thief would avail himself of the friendly offer. Some said he would be a greenhorn if he did, for it was manifestly a trap to catch him. But he who had committed the dishonest deed alone knew whence that benevolent offer came, and he knew that Simeon Green was not a man to set traps for his fellow-creatures.

A few nights afterwards, a timid knock was heard at Simeon's door, just as the family were retiring to rest. When the door was opened, Joe Smith was seen on the steps, with a load of hides on his shoulders. Without raising his eyes, he said in a low, humble tone, "I have brought them back, Mr. Green; where shall I put them?" "Wait a moment while I can light a lantern, and I will go to the barn with you," he replied; "then you will come in, and tell me how it happened. We will see what can be done for you."

Mrs. Green knew that Joe often went hungry, and had become accustomed to the stimulus of gin. She, therefore, hastened to make hot coffee, and brought from the closet some cold meat pie. When they returned from the barn she said, "I thought you might feel better for a little warm supper, neighbour Smith." Joe turned his back towards her and did not speak. He leaned his head against the chimney, and after a moment's silence, he said in a choked voice, "It was the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I do not know how it is. I did not think, once, I should ever come to be what I

am; but I took to quarrelling, and then to drinking. Since I began to go down hill, everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that has offered me a helping hand. My wife is feeble, and my children starving. You have sent them many a meal. God bless you, and yet I stole the hides from you, meaning to sell them the first chance I could get; but I tell you, Mr. Green, it is the first time I ever deserved the name of thief." "Let it be the last, my friend," said Simeon, pressing his hand kindly. "The secret shall remain between ourselves. You are young, and can make up lost time. Come now, give me a promise that you will not drink one drop of intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ you to-morrow at good wages. Mary will see to your family early in the morning, and perhaps we may find some employment for them also; the little boy can at least pick up stones. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee: it will keep you from wanting to drink anything stronger to-night. You will find it hard to abstain at first, Joseph, but keep up a brave heart for the sake of your wife and children, and it will soon become easy; when you feel the need of coffee, tell my Mary, and she will always give it you." Joe tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. He was nervous and excited. After an ineffectual effort to compose himself, he laid his head on the table, and wept like a child.

After a while, Simeon persuaded him to bathe his head in cold water, and he ate and drank with good appetite. When he went away, the kind-hearted host said, "Try to do well, Joseph, and you shall always find a friend in me." The poor fellow pressed his hand, and replied, "I understand, now, how it is you kill bad neighbours."

He entered into Mr. Green's service the next day, and remained in it many years, an honest and a faithful man.

Extracted by S. MILLS.

JESUS CHRIST'S BIBLE.

"Search the Scriptures."—John v. 39.

One of the most interesting events in Jewish family life is the occasion of the son's first appearing as a responsible character in the synagogue: which is signalised by the youth mounting the reader's desk, and reading

loud a portion of the Sacred Scriptures from the manuscript rolls which re always used in public worship.

Great preparations are generally made for this ceremony, which ually occurs when a lad is about twelve or thirteen years of age. Very ften the mother and sisters busy themselves in embroidering bags for he new phylacteries, or texts inscribed on parchment, for wearing on he forehead and hands, which may be presented on this occasion; esides preparing the veil and scarf, and other synagogue attire then lomed for the first time. The youth is carefully tanght to enunciate he words, and practised in the attitudes and actions suitable to the olemnity. If he accomplishes his task well, he receives the commend- tions of all the rabbis and elders of the congregation, and his parents re warmly congratulated by the friends, who are invited to a feast of ore or less abundance, according to their position and circumstances.

Of course, with the first-born son, the eldest brother of the family, the xcitement of the season is intense; and where the previous character as been such as to have deserved and gained the loving esteem of the ommunity, that excitement extends to all the members of that particular ynagogue with which the family of the candidate is connected.

After this public recognition of membership, the youth is at liberty, if e desires, and the presiding rabbi perceives nothing in his conduct to orbid the privilege, to offer his services as reader whenever so inclined. hose who wish to do so stand up in their places, and the minister either ands them the roll of Scripture appointed for the day, or beckons them o read it at the official desk.

No doubt this had been the practice of our Lord Jesus Christ, from he incidental allusions scattered throughout the narrative of his life, om the time of his being found at Jerusalem among the doctors of the mple, not *disputing* with them, as the old painters have misapprehended, t, like an earnest, inquiring student, availing himself of the privilege ely accorded to such youthful modesty, of "hearing them, and asking em questions;" which doubtless impressed them with a high estimate his knowledge and thought, when only "twelve years of age."

Every Jewish child was then, as now, carefully taught to read, and to mmit to memory many portions of the Sacred Scriptures; while each ceeding king was required, by the express command of God, to rite out with his own hand a copy of the law" on his accession to e throne (Deut. xvii. 18).

The origin of synagogue worship appears to be somewhat obscure; t there is no doubt that, like the ancient "schools of the prophets," was intended to facilitate and perpetuate the diffusion of *Scripture owledge.* After the return from the Babylonish captivity, synagogues

became a regular institution; so that wherever ten persons of full age and free condition could meet together, it was incumbent on them to establish one of these buildings, though unless ten persons were actually present the religious service could not proceed. This did not at all interfere with the temple services at Jerusalem, where all males appeared at least three times in the year: but at the synagogues, one or more of which were in every town, both men, women, and children were expected to attend, not only "every sabbath day," as was our Lord Jesus Christ's "custom," but "twice a week" also, besides the season of new moon, and other prescribed festivals.

The forms of these buildings were generally similar in their internal arrangements, the western end being reserved for the ministers and elders, who faced the congregation. Between them was a pulpit or reading desk, and behind the elders stood a chest or closet, usually termed "the ark," covered with a richly embroidered veil or curtain, and which enclosed the various rolls of Scripture used in divine service, and which are still so regularly read in proper order, that on the same occasion on which the last chapter of the law contained in the Pentateuch occurs, the reader immediately follows it by *re-commencing* at the *first* chapter, that there may be no lapse or break—no interval in which the Israelites could say, "The law is ended; we are at liberty to please ourselves." In our Lord Jesus Christ's time, there were several officers attached to each synagogue: three *rulers*, such as Crispus and Sosthenes, who had the general care and oversight of all its concerns; an "*angel* of the church," or minister, who appointed the Scripture readers, and stood by them to see that they read aright, strictly correcting them if any words were omitted, or even pronounced amiss! the deacons, or almoners of the poor; the interpreter, who stood beside the reader, to translate the portion of Scripture *from the Hebrew into the language of the worshippers*,—in Judea the Chaldee dialect being most prevalent, while among the Greek Jews, the Greek version of the Pentateuch, called the Septuagint, was most used; generally there was a "doctor," or lecturer on divinity, with an interpreter, also attached to each large synagogue.

The worship in the synagogues usually commenced with prayer by the "angel," or minister, liturgical or responsive, or otherwise, according to circumstances. After this followed the reading of the Scriptures, deemed so important that *seven different* portions were read by *seven different* individuals every sabbath day! On no occasion might there be fewer than three. If priests or Levites were present, one of each read the first two portions; the remainder might be read by private individuals: and so carefully has this scattered nation adhered to their prescribed

ritual, that even now, both in England and abroad, the prophecy in Joel ii. 28-32 forms part of the service for the day of Pentecost in the modern synagogue! This was a plan well calculated to interest the general congregation in public worship, and familiarise them with the language and doctrines of the Holy Scriptures, which were regarded with profound reverence, as the *unquestionable utterances of Jehovah*, and, as such, read and heard by all standing in a posture of respect and awe, "for he whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God," John iii. 34. The concluding part of the synagogue service was preaching or exhortation, which was not confined to any single class of persons, but was welcome from any one whose capacity and character entitled him to speak, when he had anything to say. Indeed, it was a mark of attention and respect to call upon distinguished visitors to address the assembly, and of friendly greeting to a returned absentee to hand the roll of Scripture to him. Jesus Christ, when at Nazareth, "as *his custom was*, went into the synagogue, and *stood up for to read*." That was so usual, that in the city where he had been brought up it would excite no surprise; and having "grown in favour both with God and man," his remarks were received with affectionate interest and attention by the time he commenced his public ministry, when thirty years of age.

It would be peculiarly interesting to minds of an antiquarian tendency, or to those deeply embued with feelings of religious veneration, could the identical roll of the Scriptures be found which our Lord Jesus Christ then took into his hands, and unrolling it as if perfectly familiar with its contents, as he doubtless was, "he found the place" appointed for that day's lesson in the prophet Isaiah, which predicted the various particulars of his own glorious career.

This roll, however, has doubtless long ago perished in the general destruction of Judea, in which the former city of Nazareth shared; but we have, nevertheless, a *copy* of the writings then regarded as the Holy Scriptures of divine inspiration, and as such esteemed *sacred by Christ* and his disciples, and *by himself* quoted continually as an authority beyond all question—for, as he says, "The Scriptures cannot be broken," John x. 35—both for doctrine and precept to his disciples. Let us ascertain, from our Lord's own discourses, what these writings are.

At a very early period of human history several were collected together, and laboriously transcribed on one continuous roll of sheep and goat skins, tanned or dressed, and joined together. Some rolls comprised more than a hundred skins, and every portion was so carefully and suspiciously examined, that if a single word or letter were omitted or added, that portion was thrown aside, and a fresh skin taken. Even the number of the letters were counted and registered, in the extreme anxiety

to maintain the writings intact and genuine. In our Lord's time these Scriptures were divided for convenience in the synagogue service, as they still are, into three portions, known as "the law, the Psalms, and the prophets" (Luke xxiv. 44).

Now part of Jesus Christ's Bible evidently consisted of the Pentateuch, a Greek word signifying *five volumes*, or "the book of Moses," as he himself terms it in Mark xii. 26, where he undoubtedly quotes from that early book, Exodus, chap. iii. 7, in his reply to certain questions put to him by the Sadducees: "Have ye not read in the *book of Moses*, how in the bush *God spake unto him*, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? He is not the God of the dead, but the God of the living." And verse 24, "Do ye not therefore err, because ye *know not the Scriptures*, neither the power of God?" and again, in Matt. xxii. 29, "Ye do err, *not knowing the Scriptures*." "Now that the dead are raised," Christ goes on to declare, "even *Moses* showed at the bush, when he calleth the Lord the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob," (Luke xx. 37). When a lawyer inquired of him, "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" the Lord said unto him, "What is *written in the law? how readest thou?* And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself,"—replies drawn from the books of Leviticus and Deuteronomy; and Christ commends his knowledge by the rejoinder, "Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live;" "If thou wilt enter into life, *keep the commandments*," enumerating them from the book of Exodus (Matt. xix. 17).

That our Lord *believed the histories and events* set forth in the book of Genesis is indisputable, from his using them as illustrations in his discourses so frequently that space forbids our transcribing every occasion of his so doing; but the creation of man, the institution of marriage, referred to, Matt. xix. 4-6; the setting apart of the Sabbath, the character and death of righteous Abel, Matt. xxiii. 35; the deluge of Noah's time, with its sudden and universal destruction, Matt. xxiv. 37-39; the fiery judgment upon the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, with the salvation of Lot, and the awful punishment of his wife; the histories of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, were all, in Christ's estimation, *facts* of great importance, as showing to men God's character, power, and principles of governing our world; while he ever obeyed the ritual laid down by Moses as "*the commandment of God*," "*the word of God*," Mark vii. 9, 13. The Decalogue he repeated and enforced, explaining its precepts in the sermon on the mount, so as to include their influence on the thoughts of the heart as well as the actions of the life. After daily

teaching in the synagogue and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort, Christ's last sacred act before his crucifixion was to "*keep the Jewish passover*" with the little band of followers known as his disciples.

Then the narratives of David, Solomon, Jonah, Daniel, and Zacharias, with allusions to many other circumstances related in the historical books of Scripture, are all endorsed by Christ's testimony. To his divine cognizance *they* were all *real persons*, as well as the Queen of Sheba and the prophet Elijah, whose actions he refers to as perfectly familiar to his hearers;—the latter of whom, with Moses, was permitted to visit him while on earth, to speak of the atoning death he was to accomplish at Jerusalem.

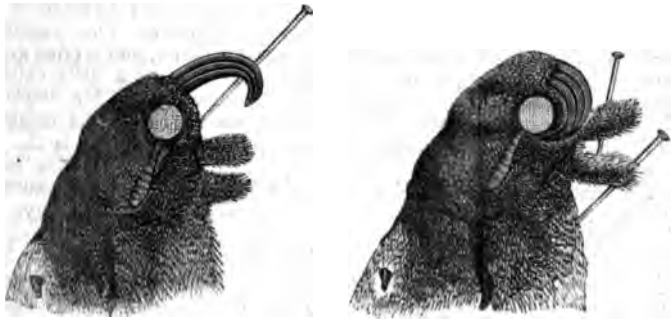
Seventeen rolls, or books of "the prophets," furnished a large portion of Jesus Christ's Scriptures, from which he was accustomed to quote passages enforcing his teaching by the assertion, "It is written," as conclusive of its divine inspiration; and he finished up his public ministry on earth after his ressurrection by "beginning at Moses and all the prophets, expounding in *all the Scriptures* the things concerning himself" (Luke xxiv. 27,) to the disciples at Emmaus.

The book of Psalms, which was prepared for "the service of song in the house of the Lord" built by Solomon, was still used in the temple in our Lord's day, as well as throughout the synagogues of the land, and in those more private meetings when Christ and his disciples "sang a hymn" at the close of the passover rites; and of their divine inspiration Jesus Christ's own testimony affirms, "David said *by the Holy Ghost*," "in the book of Psalms" (Mark xii. 36; Luke xx. 42). This lovely collection of Hebrew devotional poetry also supplied the affecting language of his vicarious agony,—"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" (Psalm xxii. 1), as well as the calm expression of his dying moment, when he breathed forth his soul in the words, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Psalm xxxi. 5.

In the four Gospels alone there are no less than *eighty-eight* distinct quotations from Jesus Christ's Bible—the Old Testament, or, as he himself describes it more definitely, "The law of Moses, the prophets, and the Psalms" (Luke xxiv. 45, 46); and *one hundred and three* more or less direct references to events, doctrines, or precepts, therein recorded. These quotations are made sometimes from the Hebrew, but more generally from the LXX., a Greek version which was completed under Ptolemy Philadelphus when king of Egypt, and deposited in the celebrated Alexandrian library about the year 285 B.C. This Septuagint, as it is called by scholars, was in common use throughout the Jewish synagogues in our Lord's time, was among the temple rolls of Scripture, and was adopted by all the early English christian churches. Some of the most

ancient manuscripts in the world are copies of the Pentateuch; and all tradition, both Jewish and heathen, testifies that Moses was inspired by God himself to write it: nor were any doubts of it expressed by any known writer earlier than the thirteenth century, while Hobbes, in A.D. 1650, was the first Englishman who avowed scepticism on the subject! Portions of the Old Testament in the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Samaritan dialects were known and recognised throughout the Roman world *as the Sacred Scriptures*, written by *inspired men*, B.C. 200. And the 1,300 Hebrew manuscripts which have already been collated amply prove that the present text of the Bible is identical with the text which these books contained. Copies of these books are innumerable;—they belong to all ages, and many of them are very ancient. They have been kept for centuries in distant parts of the world, under the custody of opposing sects, and in circumstances that made extensive or important alterations impossible. Amongst heathen writers their genuineness and authenticity were believed and asserted. Nicolaus, of Damascus, an eminent orator, and Strabo—both of whom were contemporary with Augustus, and consequently with our Lord—also ascribe the Pentateuch to Moses. Julian the Apostate, whose hatred to Christianity arose from its enforced observance on him during his youth, acknowledged that persons instructed of God once lived among the Israelites, and maintained the inspiration of the Scriptures, even while endeavouring to countermine the fulfilment of their predictions! Porphyry and Mahomet—the one an infidel, the other a false teacher—both maintained that Moses was *inspired*, and the Jewish law *divine!* All the incidental allusions to the history of other nations, the manners and customs prevalent in different parts of the world during the period described in the Scriptures, are corroborated by every discovery of the records or remains of ancient nations, and singularly confirmed in our own day by the actual drawings and sculptures, ornaments and implements, disentombed in the East, after the lapse of three thousand years!

As disciples of Jesus Christ, therefore, we who call ourselves Christians cannot surely refuse *his Bible;*—the Old Testament, which, coming according to his own testimony as "The Word of God" (John x. 35), speaks everywhere with divine authority, and demands our faith and obedience. It is "*the one book which claims God for its author, unmixed truth for its contents, and salvation for its end.*" "If we admit the authority of our Lord as a divine teacher, the authority of the Bible is established. If we deny the authority of the Bible, we deny the truth of some of his most frequent teachings, and with it the divinity of his mission."



ENTOMOLOGY.

DEATH'S HEAD MOTH. *(Continued.)**

THE engraving represents one of the most wonderful of British moths; it belongs to the genus Lepidopetra, and of the species, *Sphinx Atropos*, according to Linnæus, but by some modern entomologists it is named *Acherontia Atropos*. Sphinx was the name given to a fabulous being connected with the mythology of Greece, and Acherontia refers to the river Acheron. Strabo states that the Grecians paid honours to Hades by the side of the river. "The Acheron was one of the rivers of the realms below, over which the dead had to pass." Donnegan says of the river, "ACHERON, ONTOS O, the river Acheron in the infernal regions." Such have been the dreadful associations of one of the most harmless creatures in existence. Yet we can readily conceive how the superstitious may become alarmed at the appearance of such a wonderful creature as the death's head moth. It flies only, as a rule, in the night, and generally frequents potatoe gardens or potatoe fields; but it may be attracted by the light of a lonely dwelling, and enter the house amid the amazement of the family. Its large eyes, its yellow, black, and brown stripes, and the form of a human skull upon its thorax; its large wings, measuring nearly six inches from tip to tip, and its peculiar cry have excited terror. Hence, some have regarded its presence as an omen of death.

This moth deposits its eggs on the potatoe plant, and the larva feeds on the leaves. As the potatoe stalk and leaves serve no particular purpose, except for manure, the larva does no remarkable damage. The caterpillar is three or four inches long, of a greenish-yellow colour, with the back speckled with black, and transverse lateral lines, partly blue and partly white. When about to assume the pupa state, it buries itself in the ground, and there passes through various changes. Some kinds of insects are under ground for several years before they assume the image, or perfect state; but the death's head moth becomes perfect generally in the month of September. The great laws of the animal and vegetable kingdoms are marked by beauty and harmony. The science of entomo-

* Last month we could not give all the article of our correspondent on this subject, and therefore it is now continued.—ED.

logy discloses the habits of about [illegible] species of insects, and the conne their existence with about 4,000 different kinds of plants, thus laying be mind of the student of nature the wonderful works of God in ten th differe t forms. Even the study of one insect will fill the mind of an int man with wonder, and lead him to admire the great Creator.

The cry, or rather the cause of the cry, of death's-head hawk-moth cited a great deal of attention and minute investigation. The beautifu ture to which we have had access was alive last summer, and it cried as it was confined. Some people say the cry is like that of a little child observers say it resembles the plaintive cry of a mouse,—but Mr. Stephe "the cry of the insect closely resembles the noise caused by the creaki cork." But the cry is unlike any other noise in the world—it is the cry which God has given to one of his peculiar creatures. Some me thought that the cry was occasioned by the wings, but the cry was emitte the wings, thorax, and abdomen were held down. Schræter says, animal, when it utters its cry, "rubs its tongue against its head;" and that it produces it "by the friction of the thorax and abdomen." R subjected the moth to a series of experiments. He believed that the c from the mouth, that it was caused by the friction of the palpi agai tongue. When, by the means of a pin, he unfolded the spiral tongue, ceased, but as soon as it was rolled up again between the palpi it was r He next prevented the palpi from touching the tongue, and the sou ceased; and by removing one of the pins he allowed one of the palpi t the tongue, and the cry continued, though it became much more feebl figures as shown in the illustration at the head of this article, represent view of the moth's head, showing the spiral tongue and palpi. Huber, Passerini, opposed Reaumur's opinion. Several members of the Frenc mological Society, after trying a number of experiments, concluded t cause of the sound was not discovered by either Reaumur or any o Messrs. Engramelle, M. de Johet, M. Lirrey, Raddon, Kirby, and Spenc many others, have come to various conclusions respecting the true cause cry, but most of them have been obliged to admit with Reaumur, "that more minute parts of Nature's works there is always something which not explain." We will give an extract from a modern work on the sub "M. Passerini, curator of the Museum of Natural History at Floren lately investigated the subject more minutely. He traced the origin sound to the interior of the head, in which he discovered a cavity at the where muscles are placed for impelling and expelling the air. M. Dum since discovered a sort of membrane stretched over this cavity, like, as to the head of a drum. M. Duponchel has also confirmed by experim opinion of Passerini and Dumeril, and confutes Lorrey, by stating that t is produced from the head when the body of the insect is removed."

It has been stated that the death's-head moth has been known to rob b of honey, but the statement is not generally received as true. But e mitting the statement, why should not the poor moth have access to the of the hives? Some of the hawk moths in particular God has adapted on the honey of flowers, and he has given them a proboscis for the pur gathering honey; therefore, they have a right by the law of their e to live on honey. The moth has as much right to take the honey from t as man has to kill the bees, and take their winter's stock of food. "Lay for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust do corrupt, and thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not through nor steal."

J. P. BELLING

FRAGMENTARY THOUGHTS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS.

CHRISTIAN EARNESTNESS.

giving a definition of the word "earnestness" one writer says it is "eager-
s, zeal, seriousness, care." Then how comprehensive is this term, and how
l of meaning. The natural man is eager about the things of the world only,
ding not spiritual concerns,—the pleasure taker is to be found devoting his
e and opportunities to the fleeting joys of the earth; but the man who is
y alive to his soul's best interests is serious and careful in looking after those
ghty matters which relate to eternity as well as to time. While the man
rade and commerce is in earnest about his business transactions—while the
yer, the councillor, and the judge are earnest in defending and maintaining
laws of our land—and while the man of literature is busily engaged in
iting, &c., for the world's interests and profit, surely we ought not to be in-
rent about things spiritual and eternal.

o be successful in worldly pursuits requires *earnestness*, for *idleness* and in-
rence have made no man wealthy. It is the diligent hand which maketh
h. It is the man who is diligent in pursuing his studies that becomes rich
llectually. It is earnestness that makes an intelligent politician; but for
nestness England would not have had such men to represent her in the
se of Commons and in the House of Lords as the far-famed Richard Cobden,
n Bright, Earl Shaftesbury, &c.;—and but for earnestness, England could
have boasted of such enterprising men in trade and commerce as the
seleys of Halifax, the Marshalls of Stockport, &c. And are we not to a very
at extent indebted to the earnestness of Stephenson, Watt, and others, for
accommodation and advantages we have in being able to travel over one
nand miles per week, without inconvenience either to man or cattle? We
laid under numerous obligations to thank God for earnest politicians, earnest
esmen, and earnest men of genius; but there is no kind of earnestness like
gious earnestness, and without personal attention to this all other earnestness
vain as to our future existence. It is not enough that we *think*, *talk*, and
about religion, but we should—

st. *Earnestly embrace it.*

y Old and New Testament saints it was earnestly embraced, and it was this
made them valiant for the truth. It was this that made Joshua courageous;
made Nehemiah a good workman; and that enabled holy Job to submit
ingly to the dispensations of providence in his afflictive circumstances: and
it not this that supported the three Hebrew worthies as they went to the
ning flames? and it was this that enabled Paul to say, as his end drew near,
have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."
since the days of these *Bible Christians* other persons have sacrificed their
s for the honour of God. Polycarp, a good old saint, who suffered martyr-
in the year 167, said, when entreated by the enemies of the Cross of Christ
ive up his religion, "Eighty and six years have I served him (Christ), and
hath never wronged me; and how can I blaspheme my King who hath
d me?" What an honourable testimony in favour of the service of Christ,
ing from the lips of a good old man, who had long had experience in the
e of saving religion. And be it remembered that nothing less than earnest
istianity, and Christianity earnestly embraced, can support in persecuting
umstances; neither will any religion inferior to this sustain and uphold in
day of adversity, affliction, or death. It is this only that will make wise
salvation, and this alone will enable men to make the best of both worlds,
of earth and heaven. Away, then, to Calvary and Jesus, and in earnest pray
he pardon of all your sins, and for the purification of your hearts by the

blood of atonement, and as you bow at the feet of Jesus let your heart's guage be—

"Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before thee in the dust,
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at thy throne."

The publican of whom we read in St. Luke's Gospel, was in earnest wh prayed "God be merciful to me a sinner;" the dying thief was in e when he requested Jesus to remember him on his arrival in his kingdom of Tarsus was in earnest when he inquired, "Lord, what wilt thou have do?" the Phillipian jailor was in earnest when he inquired of Paul and "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" and those sinners who listened word preached on the day of Pentecost were in earnest when they said, and brethren what shall we do?" and these were earnest penitents, and prayers were earnestly offered to him who is ever in earnest to receive new bers into his family; and who says, "My voice is to the sons of men," and that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." O, then, hasten to Christ thy sins, and he will pardon thee; and although thou hast merited dea will give thee life; though thou art weak, he will impart unto thee str and although thou art polluted by sin, he will cleanse thee from all unrigh ness; and though thou art now miserable, he will give thee peace and l ness.

"While seasons fly,
And health and strength are given,
Set now thine eye
And heart and soul on heaven."

2nd. *Earnestness should characterise our efforts in supporting and def Bible religion.*

While the politician supports and defends his political views, it is equal cessary that our religion should be maintained by all means in our power. great Founder of our Christianity has set us a noble example of earnestn defence of his cause. In the New Testament we read of him both teacher and a preacher, as a worker and as a Saviour, propagating his t and in all he undertook for God's glory, and man's salvation, he was activ earnest: and it is only the earnest Christian that can accomplish great thir God. In effecting the Protestant Reformation John Wycliffe, Philip lancthon, Martin Luther, and John Knox were all in earnest, and their ea ness shook the world, wounded popery, and has mightily assisted in setti the kingdom of Christ on earth. Through the earnest efforts of John and C Wesley, George Whitfield, John Fletcher, Hugh Bourne, and William Cl Great Britain, Ireland, and America, and other nations, have been g blessed. It was pure, earnest Christianity that prompted Williams, Carey, Martyn, and other earnest missionaries of the Gospel, to leave th which gave them birth to carry the tidings of salvation to nations "de trespasses and sins;" and it is nothing less than Christianity in earnest, in the hearts of *earnest Christians*, and exhibiting itself in their lives, tha rightly support our missionary societies, tract societies, Bible societies Sabbath-schools. Our missionary societies want earnest workers in the l vineyard,—such as earnest preachers of the gospel, earnest collectors, e contributors and donors, and earnest committees to superintend their a Our Bible societies want earnest supporters and earnest colporteurs. Sabbath-schools need earnest superintendents, earnest teachers, male an male, and earnest, liberal supporters, for the welfare of the rising genera and our Christian churches need an earnest ministry. Our leaders ought all earnest men and women, and our unofficial members should be characte by earnestness in the cause of holy truth. The fact is, that in the pr

ay nothing less than earnestness in religion, for its defence and support, will eep the church fully alive. Sin, Satan, hell, and the world are all in earnest o oppose Zion's welfare, and without earnestness on the part of the Church, ill most assuredly prevail against her. Then, we say, let all our ministers eliver their message of mercy as if it came from heaven, and let the officers in ur various departments of the Christian Church endeavour to so manage the fairs of Zion as if she were entirely dependent upon them for her existence; nd let all who name the name of Jesus not only shun evil but set their faces gainst the very appearance of sin, both in public and in private. "Gird up e loins of your mind, be sober and hope to the end," and

"As burning luminaries chase
The gloom of hellish night."

We would urge—

3rd. *That you earnestly seek to spread pure and undefiled religion.*

Seek to effect this in your families, in your neighbourhoods, in your workops, in your warehouses, amongst your friends, relatives, and enemies. "Godness is profitable unto all things," and for all persons—profitable everyhere, always profitable. It, therefore, follows that all will do well to embrace , and all ought to have an opportunity of receiving it; and those who have eady received it should seek to bring others to Jesus, that they may have it. is "*the pearl of great price.*" Think of the tens of thousands who have not ard of it. Think of India, with its two hundred millions who know nothing it. Think of the country which makes her boast of her one hundred and irty-three millions of Gods. And what heathenism still exists in China, pan, Africa, and other parts of the known world, besides all the wickedness e are surrounded with at home. When we consider these things we are alost constrained to say, "Would God the Lord's servants were all prophets." ell, indeed, is it that all may scatter divine knowledge and power to some tent. O, then, be earnest about this work; yes, earnest in your prayers, rnest in your expectations, and earnest in your efforts.

WILLIAM BIRKS.

FAREWELL SERVICE AT THE JUBILEE SCHOOL, YORK.

(Continued from p. 247.)

THIRD ADDRESS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—The purpose for which we are met together this ening is a very affecting one. It is very probable that I shall never have the asure of addressing you all again; and if I could say something to-night that uld lead those of you who are yet living in sin to forsake it at once, and turn God, my soul would greatly rejoice. The subject of religion has been ged upon your attention again and again; and you have all more or less felt res to serve God. I am grateful to know that many of you have begun to ve him, and are now walking in the way to heaven; but there are others of who have hitherto neglected to do so, notwithstanding the many religious ileges with which you have been favoured, you are yet unconverted and

impenitent. What an awful thing it would be if, after enjoying all these pr vileges, you should be found on the left hand of the judge at the last day. An this will certainly be the case with all who do not repent of their sins and com to Jesus Christ for pardon. Do not, then, any longer trifle with the salvatic of your souls. If you do not begin to serve God in early life, the probability is th you never will. There are few, comparatively speaking, who are converted the decline of life. Suppose that you should be permitted to live forty or fif years to come, if you continue to slight the invitations of the gospel, you ca not tell what a degree of hardness your hearts will then have reached. Besid how uncertain is human life. Listen to the language of the wise ma "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bri forth." Is it not a fact that the great majority of the human race die wh young? But supposing that you were permitted to live till you were old, a that in old age it would be as easy for you to begin to serve God as it is no would it be wise to throw away the morning and meridian of your life living in an unconverted state? How often have we heard persons lam what they could not remedy, that they had wasted the first thirty or fo years of their precious lives, and that it was only in the decline of life t they began to live to purpose; and that, as a natural consequence, they co do but little for the cause of Christ. If you do not wish to have those bit reflections when you come to the closing scene of life, devote y youth to the service and glory of God. "I beseech you by the mercies God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto G which is your reasonable service." By doing this you may be made useful the hands of your Divine Master in winning many souls, which may be crown of your rejoining "in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ, at coming." What a noble work is that of saving souls,—

"A work so great, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity."

What a rich reward awaits him who is successful in winning immortal sou to Christ! "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firm ment, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever O, that I could induce you to live to the Saviour, to seek to promote h glory, that you may be made a blessing to the world, so that when this sho life shall be ended, we all may be welcomed to our Father's house on hig where parting will be no more. May it be so for Christ's sake. Amen.

W. KITCHES.

FOURTH ADDRESS.

MY DEAR BOYS,—As one of the preceding speakers has already hinted th you are going home, perhaps I may interest and instruct you by making a fe remarks about home. "Home, sweet home," is a place you dearly love. spot upon earth is so dear to your hearts, because none is hallowed by so ma fond associations. Whose heart does not kindle at the thought of going hom and seeing parents, brothers, sisters, and all our kind friends: of visiti again the scenes of our childhood: the old garden where we frolicked in b ish glee, with its cool and silent bower, in which we read our childish book the grassy lanes and smiling fields, where we roamed with our companio gathering nosegays, or chasing the gay butterfly as it flew from flower flower? No wonder, then, you should look and feel so happy this evening wi such pleasant prospects before you. I can heartily rejoice with you, and he that your anticipations (as far as they are right) may be amply realised. B while I would do this, I would also seek to impress upon you the importance properly conducting yourselves while you are at home. Seeing you have be at school your parents and friends will reasonably expect to find you have ma

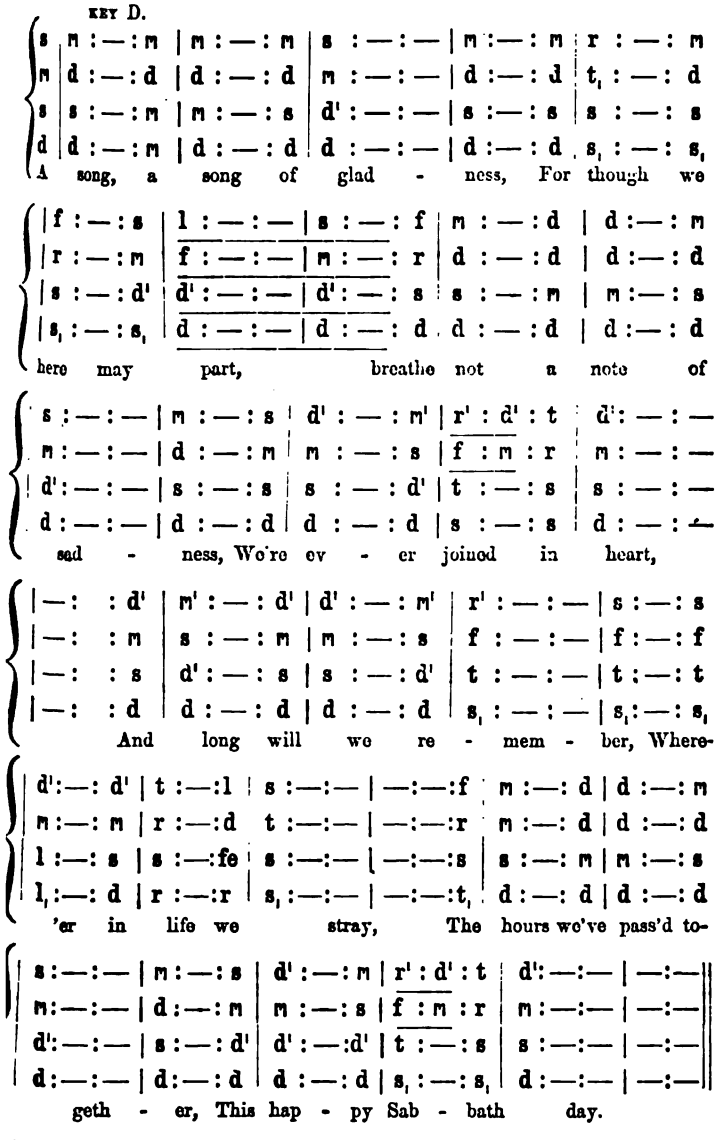
great improvement, not only in the various branches of literary knowledge, but also in all that pertains to Christian conduct. Let your behaviour commend you to all; and especially render a ready and cheerful obedience to the wishes of your parents; be loving and affectionate to your brothers and sisters, and be kind and obliging to every one. By such conduct you will be a credit to yourselves, to the school, an honour to your parents, and a blessing to all around you. I would also have you beware of wicked companions. Since you came here, some of you have received spiritual good, this must be a cause of joy; but remember, you may be exposed to very peculiar temptations. In all probability your old playmates will expect you to associate with them as formerly, and mark, if they are ungodly, your piety will be greatly endangered. You will have great need to frequent your closets, to read your Bibles, and seek the assistance of your Heavenly Father, in those seasons of special trial, for none but he can deliver the godly in the hour of temptation. I would also remind you, my young friends, that there is another place of abode—a holier, happier, and more abiding home than our earthly ones—a home "where pure enjoyment reigns;" a home in our "Father's house," where "there are many mansions;" where holy angels, and glorified saints, dwell in the presence of God and the Lamb for ever. Yes, and there is another place of habitation, dark, dreadful, miserable, where Satan resides, the enemy and seducer of mankind, where, also, are hosts of fallen angels, and lost souls, writhing under the pangs of eternal death. Let me ask, To which of these places are you going? Which of these shall be your future abode, heaven or hell? You all hope the former,—you all wish to go to heaven at last. But are you travelling towards it, my dear lads? for you can never reach heaven except you journey on the way to it. Some of your homes are in the south of England, and you would not be so unwise as to think of arriving there by going northward. What folly, therefore, you manifest, who expect to reach heaven, though you are fast hastening to hell. A goodly number of you are walking in the ways of life; this gladdens my heart: press on, press on, and heaven will be yours for ever. But what shall I say to you who are still in the road that "leadeth to destruction." Oh, that I could persuade you to turn from your downward course! Oh, my dear boys, if you wish to go to heaven prepare for it. You know perfectly well that you must be prepared for the blessed home above, ere you can be admitted into it: and if a meetness for it is required, the present is the most suitable time for securing it. Why, therefore, will you delay the important work? I presume none of you will be so foolish as to delay the packing of your trunks until you are apprised that the cab is waiting for you. You will, I am sure, promptly and properly attend to this; and if you exercise proper prudence in matters of slight importance, should you not do the same in reference to those things that concern your everlasting safety? Life is very uncertain. Death may come in an untimely hour, may claim you as his victims, and hurry you away to the regions of endless misery. O begin now, and get ready for heaven. Let this, the eve of your departure to your earthly home, be the commencement of your journey to the heavenly home. Come this moment to the Saviour. He who loved you unto death is both able and willing to fit you for dwelling with him for ever. And after our last separation on earth, may we all meet around his throne to celebrate his praise for ever and ever. Amen.

W. SUNDERLAND.

A SONG OF GLADNESS.

A SONG OF GLADNESS.

KEY D.



2 Around the throne of glory,
Those holy angels sing,
And tell to all the story,
Of Christ, the Saviour King;
'Tis this that tunes our voices,
In many a joyous lay,
While every heart rejoices,
This happy Sabbath day.

3 Now send a parting blessing,
O Father, from above;
May we, thy grace possessing,
Be saved to sing thy love,
Let this in hours of sadness,
Bring each a cheering ray;
We'll spend in heaven for ever,
A happy Sabbath day.

CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

LITTLE HALE.—On May the 13th, the anniversary sermons of our Sabbath-school, at Little Hale, were preached by the Rev. S. Parkin: and pieces and dialogues were recited and hymns sung by the children. On the Thursday following tea was given to the Sabbath-school. Friends to the number of about 120 took tea, and in the evening a public meeting was held, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. S. Stafford and S. Parkin. The anniversary of this Sabbath-school is rendered more than ordinarily interesting by the fact, that being held in what is known in this county as "May week" (the time for servants changing their situations), many young people are brought together, a considerable number of whom have been brought up in connexion with the school. A large number of these were present on this occasion: and the writer, alluding to this as a pleasure-giving fact, and reminding them that for another twelve months they would be dispersed over a large portion of the side of the country, took occasion to say a few words specially to them, which were listened to with marked attention. The school numbers about eighty, teachers and scholars, and the net proceeds of the anniversary are £4 8s.

S. PARKIN.

BEAUFORT, TREDEGAR CIRCUIT.—Our Sabbath-school anniversary was celebrated on Lord's Day, May 13th, when three sermons were preached by the Rev. T. Lane, of Newport. The pieces recited were very appropriate. The collections amounted to £12 2s. 2d. We are happy to say that we have had a very beautiful new school-room built that cost upwards of £200.

D. S. B.

BRADSHAW, HALIFAX CIRCUIT.—On Sunday, May 20th, the annual sermons were preached by the writer to large and attentive congregations, and a gracious influence pervaded the services. After each serm
good pieces were recited
children, which caused many
and the jubilee hymns and
were sung with great effec
praise is due to the efficie
The collections were in ac
those of last year, being £17

C. STOC

FOUNDATION STONE C
TRIMDON, THORNLEY C
We have conducted religiou
at Trimdon nearly from
mencement of the colliery,
of the time have had a sc
Sunday-school. All these yea
worshipped in the miners'
in the colliery school-room,
an unfit and incommodic
Many times attempts have b
to obtain a place more f
needs, and the requiremen
colliery. Last year a free
eligible site was purchased
cured to the connexion, a
contemplated to proceed fo
erect the chapel; but obsta
vened which, for a season,
us, and it was deemed p
postpone the erection til
stances were more propitiou
colliery is now in a good con
we have a good cause and i
the place, we determined
and build, believing the set
come. Saturday, May 26th
day announced for the f
stone ceremony. At thr
a goodly number of people
at the site. After singing,
J. Laverick read Psalm 85
Rev. J. Waite engaged i
Mr. Waite then presente
History of the Primitive
Connexion" to Mr. J. Flet
dent viewer, who feelingly
ledged the gift, and laid th
tion-stone, assuring the audi
it would give him pleasure t
chapel erected, and he hop
able to render some aid.
E. Hall, of Hartlepool, the

and an encouraging address. 00 proceeded to the preaching d partook of tea gratuitously After tea there was a eeting, presided over by Mr. ; and addressed by Mr. G. nd the Revs. J. Laverick, , and E. Hall. Sermons were on the Sunday, in the preach-, and in our chapel at Trim-ge, by the Rev. E. Hall, G. Clarke, and A. Cummins. pel will seat 200 people. The l cost is £200. The total pro-the foundation ceremony are The total sum already raised

JOHN WAITE.

IBY BRIDGE.—HALIFAX CIR-n Lord's Day, May 27th, the uton, of Todmorden, preached essive sermons to overflowing ectable congregations. The recited a few pieces and dia-nd the choir rendered good the singing. The collections ellent, being upwards of £27, h the committee expressed titude. The school is in a s condition, and many of the nd scholars are members of To God be all the glory.

C. STOCKDALE.

SFORD.—The anniversary of ath-school at Bottesford was d on Sunday, May 27th, when nons were preached by the Fletcher, of Nottingham. pieces were recited and hymns the children. The congre-ere large and attentive, and a uence was felt. On Monday, May 28th, tea was provided by our friends, and about 155 partook of the good things. After tea a public meeting was held, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Stevenson, Ring, Gibson, and the Revs. T. Fletcher and J. Stephenson. The proceeds of the tea and the collections were £11 15s. 2d. This is an old-established school, well managed, and 160 children are taught herein. Mr. John Lane, many years superintendent, has died in the Lord during this year. This school has contributed ten shillings this year to the Australian mission fund. To God be all praise.

J. STEPHENSON.

SPETTISBURY, POOLE CIRCUIT.—The anniversary services of our chapel in this place were held on Sunday and Monday, May 27th and 28th. On the Sabbath three sermons were preached by the Rev. W. Williams, of Highworth. The congregations were good, the collections liberal, and a blessed influence was realised. On the Monday a public tea meeting was held, when a goodly number sat down. This was followed by a public meeting, when Mr. R. Hunt (our circuit steward) efficiently presided, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Bartlett, Williams, Cooke, and the writer. The friends came forward with their annual subscriptions, so that the total amount realised was nearly £10, which will aid us in some small reduction of the debt this year, as was the case last year. To all our donors and friends the trustees desire to tender sincere thanks, and to God alone all praise.

E. HANCOCK.

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

ANN McLEOD ASPINALL, of the Stokesley Station, was born in the year 1836, and died September 20th, 1865. She professed to have experienced a saving change at Sunderland, five years ago. After walking well for a time something hindered, and she declined in the ways of the Lord. In the year 1864 she became deeply sensible at her declension, and the want of a clear acceptance with God, and entire consecration to his service. After this renewal of spiritual life she was punctual in her attendance at the public means of grace, and always expressed an assurance of her acceptance with God when relating her experience. The only severe spiritual contest which she encountered was sustained a few days before her decease; but the victory, through prayer and faith, was soon obtained.

J. FOGGON.

PETER, son of Hugh and Ann Cork, was born at Betley, in the Newcastle-under-Lyme Circuit, October 20th, 1849. In his fourth year his parents removed to Silverdale, in another part of the Circuit. He then became a scholar in our Sabbath-school, and continued such until the close of his life. Blest with pious parents he was the subject of the Spirit's strivings from his very infancy. In his eleventh year he was present at a love-feast held at the close of a series of protracted services; and there he sought and found peace through believing in Jesus. He then joined his father's class, and continued a consistent member up to the period of his death. He was blessed with a kind, loving, and unassuming disposition. He was very fond of reading, and his mind was stored with a fund of general information, which made him a very useful member of our adult class. He was one of the founders of our Temperance Band of Hope, and to his efforts that society is largely indebted. He was the leading alto singer in our tonic sol-fa choir. His loss is plored. He always enjove pany and conversation of l and displayed much good the Sunday evening before occupied his usual place in t seat, and he appears to hav than ordinary attention to t As if he had a presentim coming event, he sang t "I would not live alw over and over again befo to rest. He then complai throat being sore; he was with sickness in the night aid was called in, but he became worse; and ear Wednesday morning we that death was stealing frame. Just before he mother spoke to him, and thought Jesus was about t hence, and wished him to sign, if he could not s whether he was right i He gave her an earnest answered as well as he all was right. He calmly in Jesus, on Wednesday September 20th, 1865, a years and eleven months.

DIED lately, in his ei year, Mr. Benjamin Banks ford. He was brought to G the labours of the Wesleyi ists; but when our people the village, he was one of unite with them. For se the preaching services we his house. He loved the felt great pleasure in e those who preached the w He was a man of strong lively hope. His motives his walk circumspect, and l just. His end was sudden, ful.

W. E.

MARY GASKIN was born Nottingham First Circuit

, and died at Long-Eaton, ıe station, June 11th, 1865, nty-eighth year of her age. ılrs. Carver (parents of de- r many years conducted a ı trade at Gotham, and cre- ought up a numerous and ıcted family; and although r was not a member of our s house was always a wel- erful, and quiet retreat for isters; and scores have felt Peace be unto this house." ırver's last illness, he was ıd by our friends, especially emed brother, Robert Hogg; visitations were, by the God, rendered successful in on. Previous to his death d his wife to be kind to ed men (meaning the tra- ıachers), and to always take ' pew in our chapel. For rs Mrs. Carver has been a member with us—a mother indeed;—kindly in her ılous in her religion, and evoted to God and her erting through all its ramifi- genial, religious, and com- ıfluence. At the age of ten years, Sarah and Mary ght often be found hand in ı Robert Hogg, wending to the house of God. Fre- ese girls were waiting for to the 7 a.m. prayer meet- they grew up to womanhood ıle were their only compan- s service was their pleasure; r money, weather, road, nor ept them from the various ng services—in fact, these chief holidays and places of For fourteen years Mary ul member with us, and an o her profession. In March, was married to Richard of her youthful companions, one of the officials belong- ı Wesleyan Methodists in . Their married life was short; in its fourth year radually sank and sub- died of consumption, after imitive Methodist for about His end was peace. The ir union was one little boy, who is left to mourn their loss. In the Autumn of 1863 Mary was again united in matrimony to Charles Gaskin, of Long-Eaton, a member and local preacher. This time she was marked by death to fall first. In October, 1864, being at Gotham, the writer perceived with fear her trouble- some cough, which turned to consump- tion. The above interview will never be forgotten. It was signalised by the glorious conversion of Mrs. Arthur Carver, Mary's sister-in-law; and that family gathering of the Carvers, at Gotham feast, was pro- bably to them the most memorable on record; indeed, it was the last Mary attended. No amount of medical skill was withheld, yet she gradually sank; and as June, 1865, commenced it became evident that her end was near. During her illness she was generally patient and resigned. On a visit of her old leader, Robert Hogg, she was much blessed, and felt anxious to depart and be with Jesus. Her mother visited her a little before death, with which she was much pleased, and said, "I have been asking my blessed Jesus to give me strength until my dear mother came, and now she has come I shall die; but, O mother, I want you to talk with me and help me to sing." Her strength was much renewed previous to death, and she wished her two unsaved brothers, who were near, to be called in. She then spoke to them on the importance of becoming personally religious. Two of our local preachers being present she desired them to sing, but many of those present could not control their emotions. "O mother," she said, "I have been thinking of those two blessed men from Ruddington—Vernon and Steven- son,—what glorious times we have had with them, and all the old hymns we used to sing; mother, let us sing them." Then she started a tune, and sung some of them through, begin- ning,—

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

One by one the audience joined in the song, and heaven was felt to be very

near. "Ah," she said, "I knew my dear mother would help me to sing, because you know, mother, I am going to heaven: my Jesus is so good to me." Having made all arrangements for her funeral, and selected the hymns to be sung over her, she said, "Mother do not people die first in their feet? I feel so benumbed in my legs, and my feet are so cold. O, mother, my eyes are so dim, there is a mist before them." Then, taking the corner of the sheet, she wiped them, and with a smile remarked, "They are not clear yet." Soon afterwards she said, "Mother, I believe I am going to have a beautiful sight. There appears a group of saved people, there is a tall man peeping at me." Then instantly raising herself a little, and brightening her countenance, she exclaimed, "O, mother, it is my father!" Then appearing to take a second look, she again said with emotion, "There is Richard, too, my husband. These are all saved in this group; and I see another a little lower down, who are on their way to heaven:—of them there are mother, Charles, Pountain, Clay, and others, and these will come to heaven." Soon afterwards she breathed her last, and joyfully accompanied her escort across the river.

T. FLETCHER.

DIED at Pucklechurch, in the Bristol Circuit, August 20th, 1865, Mrs. Elizabeth Harcomb, in the twenty-fifth year of her age. She was brought to God when sixteen years old, and united with the Methodist Free Churches. Five years ago she came to reside at Pucklechurch, and joined our society, and remained a consistent member till the day of her death. She delighted in the means of grace, especially the class meetings; and was regular in her attendance till prevented by affliction. Her Christian experience was clear. The perfect love of God shed abroad in her heart cast out all slavish fear, and enabled her to shout aloud in ascriptions of glory to God. After having taken a most affectionate leave of her husband and family, on the day above named, she most triumphantly fell Jesus.

T.]

MRS. ANN HALL, of Chi Wallingford Circuit, died 6th, 1865, aged forty-se She was born at Drayton, shire. In early life she w favoured by the Lord. Sh giously impressed by the ea teachings of her pious mo was sent to the Sabbath-sch she was surrounded by influ fitable to the youthful m entered domestic service i ford, and about the year 18 more fully awakened to a s state as a sinner. She was s tressed, and while alone in he wrestled with the Lord, strong cries she sought an the forgiveness of sin; he rolled off, her joy was grea was triumphant. She unite Wesleyans, and continued until they withdrew thei from Wallingford; she then lot with our people, and fo of twenty years pursued the her way. She was soon se her name was placed on th plan; and as a public sp laboured with great accep usefulness. She was frequ posed to the sneers and pers the ungodly, but she presse After prayerful consideratio ercising due caution, she ent marriage state with Mr. J local preacher, of Chilton, 1852. They lived happily sistently together to the cl life. Her last affliction was continuance, but it was seve the close. She had many seasons during her illness, abled her to suffer patiently missively. She maintained fidence in God unshaken. to her husband, "I do feel l not so happy as I could wish her a few hours before her she said, "the Lord has pr be with me, and he will be he will support me." trusted in the Lord, and c parted to be for ever with h

a devout woman, a sincere
f society, a regular attendant
ans of grace, of a cheerful
n, and a willing and hearty
of the cause of God. She
h respected by her neigh-
hose salvation she earnestly
Being a shopkeeper she had
portunities of speaking of
d commending his religion.
She would frequently speak to her customers about spiritual matters, and urge upon them the importance of being saved. She was a kind and beloved mother, and has left to her family the benefit of a good example. May her husband and dear boys follow her as she followed Christ.

H. PLATT.

"IN THE MORNING SOW THY SEED."

Sow thou with a unsparing hand
The precious, heavenly seed;
Its never-failing truth and life
Some erring one may need.

Thou know'st not how the seed may grow,
Though barren seem the soil;
Or what of golden fruit shall yet
Reward thee for thy toil.

Or thou in thy short span of life,
May'st not behold its bloom,—
Thou may'st not see the fruit till thou
Hast passed beyond the tomb.

Those kind and tender words of thine,
Proclaiming Jesu's love,
Perchance have led some greiving one
To that bright home above.

A golden harvest-time shall come,
When judgment shall be given;
And, thou with joy shalt see thy sheaves
Safe garnered up in heaven.

The Quiver.

SCRIPTURE TITLES OF THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

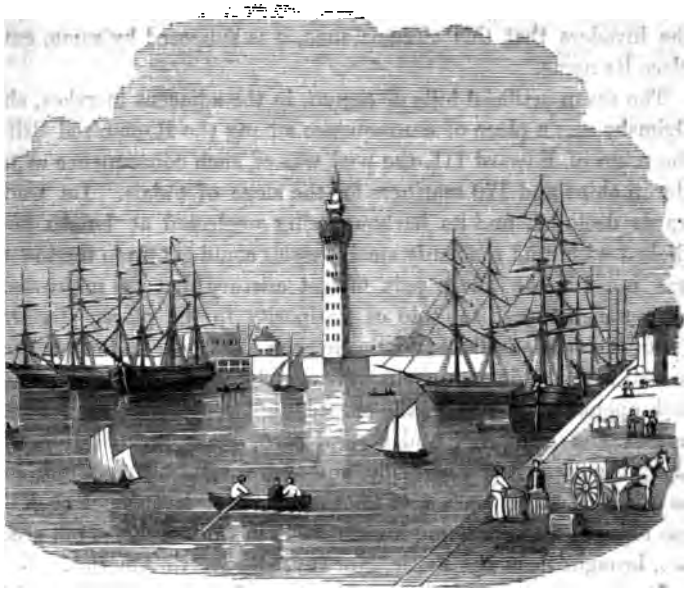
ranches," of the living Vine, John xv. 5.
nd it evermore entwine.

"Children of the Highest," be Childlike in simplicity.	Luke vi. 35.
"Heirs of God," expect not bliss In a world of woe like this.	Romans viii. 17.
"Sheep," oh! hear the Shepherd's voice, In his loving care rejoice.	John x. 27.
"Friends" of Christ, think what is due To him who showed such love to you.	John xv. 14.
"Hidden ones," if troubles rise, Lift to heaven your weeping eyes.	Psalm lxxxiii. 3.
"Soldiers," put your armour on, Soon the battle shall be won.	2 Tim. ii. 3.
"Jewels" in the crown divine, Brightly let your graces shine.	Malachi iii. 17.
"Temples of the living God," Make you ready for your God.	2 Cor. vi. 16.
"Saints," be worthy of your name, Let your lives be free from blame.	Romans i. 7.
"A peculiar people" ye, Zealous of good works to be.	Titus ii. 14.
"Servants," haste; make no delay; While the Master calls, obey.	Romans vi. 22.
"Brethren" of the Eternal Word, See ye honour him as God.	Hebrews ii. 12.
"Sons of God," in filial fear To your Father's throne draw near.	1 John iii. 1.
"Christians," let your lives declare Ye follow him whose name you bear.	Acts xi. 26.

He was loving, meek, and mild,
Holy, harmless, undefil'd;
Separate from sinners he,
Such must all his followers be.

Then, when Time's brief course is run,
When the victory shall be won,
They shall reign with him above,
In peace, and joy, and endless love.

The Quiver.



THE DOCKS, GRIMSBY.

GREAT GRIMSBY is an ancient borough, market town, and sea-port, situated on the southern shore and near the mouth of the broad estuary of the Humber, 16 miles S.E. of Hull, 16 ſ. by W. of Louth, 35 miles N.E. by N. of Lincoln, and 163 ſ. of London. It has three principal streets, but these to our re not well built, except a few new houses and other buildings. ans differ considerably respecting its origin and early history. It .nded, says one, by a merchant named *Grime*, who obtained great in consequence of having brought up an exposed child called , who proved to be of royal Danish blood, and from being scullion king's kitchen, had the honour of marrying the king's daughter. ı treats this story as fictitious, but the corporation seal, which is ıcient, emblematically gives countenance to this statement. Its ıowever, is significant of the character of its original inhabitants. s a pure British word, signifying great or powerful, and *bye* is un-lly a corruption of the English word *bod*, meaning a habitation; he place was called *Grymsbye*, or the residence of a powerful and

valiant people, and such were its early inhabitants, for, in the Danish invasion of this country, which began at this port, they so bravely opposed the invaders that this circumstance, it is supposed by some, gave to the place its name.

The seven artificial hills or *tumuli*, in the adjacent marshes, show that Grimsby was a place of consequence among the Romanized Britons. In the reign of Edward III. the port was of such consequence as to supply eleven ships and 170 mariners for the siege of Calais. Its trade afterwards declined, and its harbour being neglected at length became so choked with mud that only small vessels could get up to the town; and it was not till the latter part of last century that the improvement was made which turned the tide of prosperity to the place. In December, 1800, the spacious Dock, now called the old Dock, and other works connected with this improvement were completed (at a cost of about £70,000) and opened, and during the succeeding twenty years many large warehouses and granaries, and several corn, bone, and oil mills were built along the eastern or town side, and they extend nearly a mile in length, having a floating surface of about 15 acres. Ever since then the town has enjoyed an increasing import trade in timber, deals, oil, seeds, cake, &c., brought from the Baltic, Norway, and North America.

But the greatest improvement is that effected by the spirited Proprietors of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, in the construction of the new Dock, &c., as shown in the engraving. This Company, in 1845, obtained an act of parliament authorising them to expend about half a million of money in those works and in purchasing the old Dock. The work was most gigantic. In making the New Dock, Tidal Basin, &c. an area of about 135 acres had to be embanked in from the silt beds of the Humber, extending about 1¼ mile to the deep channel of the estuary. The first pile of the *coffer dam* was driven in April, 1846, and in constructing it alone upwards of 8,500 sheathed piles of Memel timber were used, each of the average length of 50 feet. The first stone of the new Dock, now called the *Royal* Dock, in commemoration of Her Majesty's visit in 1854, was laid by his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort, on the 18th April, 1849, and the Dock was opened in the summer of 1852. This Dock has a water area of upwards of 25 acres and a depth of 25 feet at its entrance shoaling gradually to 20 feet. In case of need, a whole fleet of war steam ships could lie in this Dock and reach the German Ocean by half an hour's sailing. Wharfs and quays extend on both sides of the Dock, upwards of 3,600 feet in length, and are traversed by railways extending from the main lines, and going into the long ranges of sheds and warehouses. The Dock is entered from the tidal basin by two locks, constructed of massive masonry and fur-

nished with double sets of gates for ebb and flood tides. These gates are worked by *hydraulic machinery*, and can be opened and closed with ease and rapidity. The quays, sheds and warehouses are provided with cranes, worked also by hydraulic machinery and other powerful means, by which the most ponderous goods can be speedily and economically transferred from the ship to the railway waggon or to the warehouse. A convenient *landing quay* of masonry is constructed within, and on each side of the tidal basin, alongside which large vessels can safely lie at any time of the tide and land and embark passengers or goods. About five acres of the upper end of the Royal Dock is reserved as a *timber pond*, and two lines of rails are extended through it upon piles, with travelling cranes, by which timber can be removed at once from the pond to the railway waggons. A *tower* 230 feet high is built between the lock gates and serves to contain the accumulator for the hydraulic engines and cranes, and also as a land-mark or lighthouse which can be seen at a considerable distance out at sea. The lantern has not yet been illuminated. Lately a *Fishing Dock* of six acres, with an entrance lock and pontoon has been completed on the eastern side of the Royal Dock. The completion of these several works with other dock accommodation has greatly advanced the trade, and as a consequence increased the prosperity of the town. Perhaps no town in the country has greater worldly advantages. It will be well if such prosperity do not prove the spiritual ruin of many. One sign already obvious in some cases is imperiousness of conduct—a sure indication, if Christian philosophy may utter its voice—of a moral fall accomplished or imminent.

The Primitive Methodists have two good and spacious chapels in the town, and a membership connected therewith of upwards of 400. The Bethel chapel friends have, during the past connexional year, done nobly for the several interests connected therewith; and that such benevolence may be a stimulus to other societies in the connexion, we beg to state in round numbers their pecuniary doings. They have raised for chapel purposes in seat rents, bazaar, and anniversay services, £220; for the support of the Ministry, £65; for the Missionary cause, £18; for the Sabbath-school, £23; total, £326; which for 146 members, as reported at March (and there was not that number during all the year), makes the aggregate contribution of the society upwards of *two guineas* per member per annum. All honour to such people. May He who loveth a cheerful giver grant His blessing to these generous and cheerful givers and doers. How well to connect worldly prosperity and church prosperity. Is not giving to spiritual interests a portion of the gains of secular callings, one means of their sanctification to God the Giver, and shall not such in improving be sanctified to man the receiver? "Bring

ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, said the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Let us go and do likewise.

W. WHITBY.

WILLING WORKERS.

A SERMON, BY THE REV. E. GREENWOOD.

"For the people had a mind to work."—Nehemiah iv. 6.

JERUSALEM was in ruins. Her walls, her gates, her palaces, were in heaps; and her Temple was exposed. Discouraged by previous failures, and threatened by surrounding foes, the remnant of Israel had neither heart nor hope for work, Nehemiah, the youthful cup-bearer, hearing of this sad state of affairs, with a noble patriotism, resolved to leave the luxuries and emoluments of a Persian court to re-build the city of his fathers. Like a prudent man, he first consulted God, then asked the king, and afterwards commenced his journey of some seven hundred miles. As to his feelings on obtaining a first glance of the sacred city from some neighbouring mount; or, as to what promises he made, like Jacob, if God would prosper his undertaking, we have no means of knowing; but he had no sooner arrived in the city of his fathers than he collected his dispirited countrymen, told them of his plans, assured them of success, and encouraged them at once to undertake the work. Few and feeble as those builders were, yet the wall rose as if by magic; breach after breach was filled; and ere two moons had waxed and waned, the work was done.

Does any one ask by what secret power so mighty an undertaking was accomplished? our text is the historian's answer, "For the people had a mind to work." Analysing this passage three thoughts occur:—*Work, Workers, and Working.* Let us then take our stand beside these men of old, imbibe their spirit, imitate their example; and, like them, we shall have cause for joy at noble work done for God and man.

I. WORK.—Nothing less than real, hard, stern work would do. Prayers and promises, sacrifices and ceremonies, were all very well in their respective places, but not here. To build a city is a great work,

ut to re-build one is greater; especially amidst the scorn, contempt and pposition of enemies. Bone and muscle, nerve and knowledge, were axed to the utmost. From twilight to starlight, was their term of daily oil, and bedless to sleep in unchanged clothes was their nightly fare. Nor was this work a needless matter. Without walls they were defenceess; and, hence, the malice of Sanballat, and Tobiah, and Gesham, vhen against them the city was made secure.

And now let me remind you of another work, namely, the building of he church of God. We frequently read of it as a city, and as a city oo that requires repairing. Breaches in her walls are being constantly nade by foes more terrible than those the Jews of old had to fear. Polished stones that once occupied important places are lying thick round us; and others yet in the quarry but require your effort and they vill become ornaments in the spiritual building. Gird on, then, sword nd trowel; care not as to the kind of work you may be set to do; ut resolve, in the name of the God of Zion, that you will do something or his cause.

II. Workers.—One characteristic of these workers was that they 'had a mind to work." And this, rather than mere ability, is the disinctive feature of all good workmen. Excuses innumerable might have een made, but willing workers seldom start them. In our day it would e suggested, "Wait till your strength increases, or your enemies diminish, or better workmen can be obtained;" but these "feeble Jews" vere not to be hindered by any such paltry pleas; they felt they were qual to every emergency so long as the people "had a mind to work." And then what unity was seen in these workers. One idea possessed hem, and only one, and that one the re-building of Jerusalem. To this hey made every other bend; for this social distinctions were laid aside, nd men of all grades—priests, Levites, rulers, goldsmiths, apothecaries, nd merchants—became earnest workers; there was no refusing to perorm the most menial drudgery, as if they had been striving for mastery, no lispute about honours characterised any one of them; for in the breasts of ll these builders there throbbed but the heart of one man. One comnon interest knit their souls; one great work engaged their hands. Noble men! Bold and true! Oh! that your mantles might fall on the ickly group that quarrel and pine for place and pleasure around the alls of our Zion. Such a legacy would be a greater boon than a housand books of theories. This, my brethren, is the want of our age, illing workers for God. On every side there is need of them; but ow rarely are they to be found! There are numerous professors; but, las! many will not soil a finger to raise a fallen brother, or unitedly ork with those that would. Of planners and schemers there is a mul-

titude which no man can number; but of real, united, earnest workers, there are comparatively few.

III. WORKING.—We know of no remedy equal to this for complainers. It was one of the three physicians to which Alexander the Great ascribed his health. And our Heavenly Father has so ordained it, that without working no real blessing can be had. Dispense with this and piety would become stagnant. In heaven, in hell, and throughout Jehovah's vast dominions, there is ceaseless active working. And just as sight and sound demonstrate the adaptability of eye and ear, so bone and brain convince us that we are intended for manual and mental labour. In the doctrine of working Nehemiah believed. There was the work, and there were the workers, but unless there had been working, Jerusalem would have remained in heaps. By this the city was re-built: gap after gap was closed, gate after gate was hung, half was joined to half, and the last stone was placed with shouts of triumphant joy.

And how noble and glorious was their working! It was not merely for themselves, nor for unborn sons and daughters; it was not a selfish effort for their own aggrandisement, nor to frustrate the purposes of Heaven, like that of those builders on the plains of Shinar; no, it was for the glory of God, and to remove the standing disgrace from Zion, that these men toiled. And for what are we working? Do we not want to build up the city of Zion, that she may no longer be exposed to the taunts and sneers and attacks of wicked men? This can be done only by working. We may pray and preach till we are hoary, but unless there be more real working our prayers and sermons will be of little avail. Say not you are weak and can do nothing; for burdens proportionate to your strength are on every side, and the church and world demand of you to do something; success will attend your efforts; stones hewn from the rude quarry shall be the monuments of your labour. Fritter not away your life in seeking work suitable for your delicate fingers; fold not your arms because others acknowledge not your ability; but, forgetting and forgiving the petty grievances of your lot, "Work while it is called day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

"Work! while the bloom of health
Flings beauty o'er thy way,
E're Time's rude fingers steal
The precious boon away.

Work! for the good of souls,
Immanuel's cross proclaim;
In prayer, and faith, and love,
Work for Jehovah's name.

Work! though the wicked scoff,
And difficulties press;
Work! though the toil seems vain,
And drear, and comfortless.

Work! though the task be long;
Work! though thy strength be small;
Work! and thy Saviour's smile
Shall compensate for all."

EXPERIENCE CONCERNING AN IMPORTANT DUTY.

BY MRS.—

"In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shame-facedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works."—1 Tim. ii. 9, 10.

AH! is it so, that dress that may be becoming to the gay worldling, to the votary of fashion, is not becoming to "women professing godliness"? Call not that a matter of indifference, or of small importance, which God hath noticed in His Word, and concerning which He hath given commandment. Reader, be not in haste to turn away to some subject that may be more congenial to your taste, and I will tell you how the Spirit hath led me.

I held in my hand the muslin fabric,—stitching, stitching from hour to hour. Quick steps I heard in the other room, and thought with pity of my mother, who took too many during the day. Books lay upon the table. Indeed, I had no time to study, now. I thought of the closet upstairs; too seldom its door was opened, too quickly shut, and the clock, with its rapid tick, tick, measured the flying moments, and struck off the hours.

"Would I lay the needle aside? Would I redeem the time,—those precious blood-bought moments?" It was the voice of the Spirit that spoke so low. The dress does not make the heart right. "True; but a holy heart makes the dress right."

But I do not take pride in these things. Indeed I do not care for them; I wear them, and do not think of them.

"Lay them aside, and see if it costs you no struggle."

Why then has God given us a taste for dress, if we are not to exercise it?

Do not think I held this controversy with the Holy Spirit while I sat

there, throwing priceless blood-bought time away upon a bit of muslin. No; though for hours I warred; stitching all the faster, that I might get through and no longer hear that reproving voice;—after a while the Holy Dove folded its wings, no longer over my heart, but spread them, and was away; and I—"I hoped to gain the skies."

Again, in after days, I heard its whisperings. I would divest myself of all this conformity to the world, could I see it plainly to be a duty to do so. Plainly, as if a hand should write it out in letters of fire upon the dark wall; plainly, as if an audible voice should say, "Thus and thus shalt thou do." In short, plainer than God's Word makes it; louder than the Spirit speaks it. I did not think a great deal upon the subject; but every time I went to pray, right before me, right between my soul and God, these worldly trappings would come, struggle as I would to banish them from my mind, try as I would to worship God. No possible effort that I could put forth would drive these "little things" from my mind.

It must be either the Evil One, or else the Spirit of God, which is so working upon my heart. The devil does not care how much like the world I am; then it must be the Spirit of God. The Spirit and the Word agree. Then to "the law and to the testimony."

In this perplexity I opened the bible. My eyes fell upon this: "In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but, which becometh women professing godliness, with good works." I closed the holy book. Strange, strange, indeed, I thought. Is this the word of God to me? I could wish it had been otherwise.

What person, whose will is not the will of God, but would ask some surer sign? I will open the Bible again; perchance, my eyes shall rest upon something different. So, open came the sacred volume, right upon this: "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold: or of putting on of apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. For after this manner, in the old time, the holy women also who trusted in God, adorned themselves," etc. Ah, well, the Bible would not sustain me in error, I plainly saw. God would not leave me with excuse. Then the narrowness of the Christian's pathway to heaven was opened to my vision. I saw the highway, "the way of holiness," where the "ransomed of the Lord" were to walk "spotless," "undefiled," and "separate from sinners"; which no ravenous beast should enter; where even a fool should not err. Would I walk there? I saw there was

one way; a "sinless path." Where in the Bible was the license given
in? How broad the assertion of Christ, "Whosoever he be of you
t forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." I forsook
and Jesus smiled. Hallelujah! But there was another lesson for
yet to learn.

While working upon garments for my sisters, the ever-present ques-
n came, "am I doing this to the glory of God?" In vain I said
t I was making them as was desired; that I was working for others,
for myself. I could not get forward until I felt assured that it was
ıt for me to do so; and walked backward and forward in some agita-
ı, hardly knowing what course to pursue. Thoughts of the great
ıppointment it would be to my sisters not to find the work done as
ı expected, when all the material necessary to make it "just right"
ı before me, strongly inclined me to lay aside my scruples; but the
ire I had to glorify God in all my ways, kept me still from doing so.
quite a while I walked the chamber, where I was at work alone.
ın, knowing that I must quickly decide, I took up the Bible, which
upon the bureau, and opened upon—"Whatsoever ye do, do it
rtily, as to the Lord and not unto men." It was the Word of God,
plain enough; but you will be shocked to learn that I still thought
my sisters, who were going away to school, and who wanted their
hes made as other girls wore them. Dear reader, "When that prac-
l foe draws near to parley, or to strike, oh! hold no truce; better
ıd, and all his phalanx dare, than trust his specious lie." If I had
ɔd, and dared him to his face, or said with Jesus, "Get thee behind me,
an," I had not fallen so; but when I reasoned with him, he caused
greatly to tempt God, but did not, in the end, quite lead my soul
ıy. I opened the precious Bible again, upon these words of the Holy
us: "He that is of God heareth God's words; ye, therefore, hear
m not, because ye are not of God," and I hid my face in my hands,
cried out in the bitterness of my soul.

have written at length, but I have not written all my experience
ın this subject. I am fully satisfied that flesh and blood hath not
ght me these things, but the Spirit of the living God. With tri-
ph I can sing, "The world is overcome, through the blood of the
nb. Alleluia to Jesus."

But do you not like to see flowers?" says one. "O, yes, I thank
d for the lovely flowers. He hath made all things beautiful—praise
ı name!—gold to enrich the cheerless earth; pearls to gleam in its
k caverns; flowers to bloom in beauty upon its bosom; shrub and
ɔ to adorn its surface,—but what shall adorn the "image of God"?
Oh! print this; publish it to the world. For while the Church, "the

Bride, the Lamb's Wife," decks herself and flaunts in ornaments given her by her lover's inveterate foe, thus provoking her Lord to jealousy, there are few who say unto her, "Why doest thou so wickedly?"

Sent by a PRIMITIVE.

DOES IT LOOK WELL?

1.—Does it look well, when the members of society are coming to the house of God a long time after the service has commenced, perhaps just in time to hear the minister give out his text? Does it not look as if the reading of the Scriptures, singing and prayer, all, in fact, but the sermon, was of very little importance in the opinion of such late comers? And, strange to say, it often happens that those who are late at the house of God, live much nearer than many of those who are always early in their attendance. Can it be love to Christ, or principle, or respect to others, which produces such unseemly conduct? Does it not look as if such persons were determined to do with as little of the "Bread of life" as possible, even on the Sabbath-day?

2.—Does it look well when members of a Christian church are so engaged with the things of the world, that they can very seldom, if ever, find time to attend the week-night services?—when men and women, professing to be the followers of Him who said, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" "He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me," can find time to eat, drink, sleep, dress, &c., but no time for going to the house of God? Is that seeking "*first* the kingdom of God"? Does it not look as if such persons would reverse the passage and make it read thus: "Seek ye first riches, ease, pleasure, dress; pamper your flesh and live in the lust thereof. Keep religion out of your thoughts all the week, and be sure to keep yourselves out of the house of prayer. Crowd your devotional exercises into an hour or two on the Sabbath-day only. Be half-hearted in everything of a religious nature; but look well to the world and the things thereof, for *this* pertains to *time*, *that* to *eternity*: *this* to the body, *that* to the soul; *this* to the casket, *that* to the jewel. Be a man of the world, at least six days of the week, and have the *form* of religion on the Sabbath, and the kingdom of heaven with its everlasting happiness shall be added unto you." This is the way that many *professors* seem to make the Bible read. As if after crucifying, not

"their flesh and the lust thereof," but their conscience and the Lord Jesus, putting Him to an open shame. As if "after minding the things of the flesh" and regarding them as the "one thing needful," thus bringing religion into disrepute—the kingdom of heaven should be thrown open to them and "a glorious entrance administered unto them." Ah! depend upon it such conduct does not look well in the eyes of Almighty God, before whom we shall all shortly have to stand; no, nor in the eyes of good men, nor in your own eyes if you listen to conscience, and place such conduct in the light of eternity.

3.—Does it look well, when the prayer meeting is neglected by professing Christians, simply beeause it is *only* a prayer meeting? Many persons do not like to lose a preaching service, but care nothing for the prayer meeting. As if prayer were a very insignificant part of public worship. Remember the mere hearing about gold does not make a man rich. Nor does the mere hearing of medicine cure the sick. A man may hear of heaven and be told the way, but this will not carry him thither. Hearing of heaven, and the way that leads to it, is not enough, there must be *seeking* earnestly, prayerfully, believingly, continually, or heaven will never be ours. "Seek," says Christ, "and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you, ask and ye shall receive." God will be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them. By offering earnest, believing prayer you "seek," "knock," "ask," "inquire;" and "if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." If the Father will hear and answer only "two," when they "agree to ask," surely he will not turn a deaf ear to the cry of two dozens, or two scores when they agree to ask. Remember, a man might go to hell hearing the Gospel preached, but he will never go to hell praying *earnestly* and *believingly* to the Lord Jesus Christ. If you profess to be really in earnest about the salvation of your precious soul, it does not look well to neglect the prayer meeting.

4.—Does it look well for professing Christians to convert chapel pews into beds and lounges, and to fall asleep during the delivery of God's word? Would it be any wonder if such persons tumbled from their seats and did themselves some bodily harm, or toppled over the gallery front and were picked up dead, as was Eutychus, when he fell from the third loft? Would a tumble of any sort in the house of God look well? Would a man sleep during the reading of a will, in which he expected a large legacy? No, he would strain his ears and eyes and give all attention possible to know what was left him.

See, here comes the postman. He brings a letter with a deep black border, and bearing a foreign post-mark. It is from a law agent. It

gives an account of the death of an absent son, who left his home a few years since to seek his fortune in a foreign land. He succeeded well. His highest expectations were more than realised. He amassed wealth enough to enrich his brothers and sisters, and to comfort his parents in their old age. The letter gives all particulars, and states how the property is to be divided. The family has been extremely poor, but now they are all to be put in very comfortable circumstances. The letter is received, it is looked at, it is passed round from member to member; presently one opens it and begins to read, but strange to say, though the letter is from a great distance and brings such good and bad news—good that they have all fortunes left them, bad that they have lost a son and a brother—the members of that family are not moved at all by the information the letter contains! The old people doze while it is being read, the young ones are quite indifferent to its contents! There are no emotions, no tears, no sighs, no smiles. The letter is thrown aside, and little notice is taken of it! What do you say of such conduct? Does such behaviour say much for the good sense of that family; does it speak of the strong attachment they had for the departed one? Is a spirit of gratitude exhibited by such conduct? No: and perhaps there is not a family on the face of the earth that would behave in such a way. But there are many, who profess to be members of the Christian family, that behave in a far worse way. They are told of the sufferings of Jesus, of his great love to their souls, of "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away;" but they are unmoved, and sometimes are even guilty of going to sleep while the will of their Heavenly Father is being read and expounded. Does it look well? Will any sleep in the judgment-day, when they are called to the bar of God? Will there be any sleeping amid the flames of hell? No, nor among the redeemed in heaven. Oh, then let us keep awake, and give all heed to make our calling and election sure.

5.—Does it look well for Christian men, especially preachers, teachers, and class leaders, to be seen strutting about with their hands in their pockets and dirty pipes in their mouths? Would any who are employers like to see *their* workmen squander away their time in such a way? Can God be pleased with such conduct on the part of *his* workmen? Can any Christian man ask the blessing of God on the filthy weed? Did God give them money to be blown away in smoke, while souls are eternally perishing for lack of knowledge? Do Christian fathers think that smoking looks well in the eyes of their children? Is sucking a filthy pipe and blowing the smoke into the air, a sensible and manly thing? Is smoking a good thing for your little boys to learn? if so, why not supply them with little pipes, and teach them to smoke as you teach them to

eat. You teach them the use of the knife and fork, why not teach them the use of the pipe, the quid, and the snuff box. The food that is good for you is also good for them; if tobacco is good for you, why should it not be good for them? You would be ashamed to see your children smoke, then why smoke yourselves? Does it look well in the light of eternity, in the light of the Holy Scriptures, or in the light of common sense? If smoking is a *good* thing in *any* sense, and if you think you can thank God in a dying hour, for enabling you to consume your money and time in this way, why then smoke on; but if not, give it up. Does it look well for certain wealthy Christians to be constantly declaring in our class meetings and lovefeasts, how much they love Christ and His cause, yet looking gloomy and sad when asked to give liberally to the cause of God? Does it not look as if, like one of old, they lacked one thing, "charity." And lacking that one thing, alas! they lack every thing, for without charity a man is "nothing." Would it not be better for such persons to give proof of their sincerity by pouring more of their riches into the coffers of Him they profess to love above everything else. Has the wealthiest person living in reality got a penny he can call *his own?* Are we not all stewards for God, *only* stewards? Shall we not all have to give an account of our stewardship? Has not an owner a perfect right to all that he has committed to the care of a steward? Is he asking a favour, when he asks his steward to deliver up part or all the property committed to his care? Surely not. Yet many wealthy Christians seem to give very reluctantly, or as if they were conferring a great favour on the cause of God by so doing. Forgetting that God has conferred a great favour on them by putting them in trust with so much of his property. So strong was the love of the Gadarenes for swine flesh, that they besought Jesus to depart out of their coast; though by destroying a few swine he had saved a man. In their opinion the salvation of their fellow man was nothing compared with the loss of a few swine. It is true their women and children were no longer in danger of being frightened to death by the poor demoniac, but to them the gain was not to be compared to the loss. Is not this the sort of spirit manifested now by many wealthy professing Christians? As if the plucking of souls from "everlasting burnings" were not in their opinion, to be compared with "laying up treasures on earth," notwithstanding their professed love to Christ and souls. Many a rich person sometimes loudly sings—

> "Were the whole realm of nature mine,
> That were a present far too small."

Yet when the plate comes round, he will pass it with a nod, or slip in a

sixpenny piece, while he could afford to put in a £5 note if the heart and hand went with the tongue. Such niggardly conduct does not look well. Does it? Put it to your own conscience. Do you acknowledge it does not? Then "give and it shall be given to you again." God loves not only a *cheerful* but a *liberal* giver.

There are many other things which do not look well, that might be named, but let the above suffice for the present. If, while reading the above, conscience has whispered "thou art the man," give heed, repent, and pray God to give thee grace to serve him better in the future, lest he take thy name out of the book of life.

J. VAUGHAN.

THE LAMB SLAIN IN THE MIDST OF THE THRONE.

Revelation v. 11, 12.

UNDER the law the sacrifices were continually offered. With the dawn of the morning, and with the shades of the evening, victims must die for the offences of the congregation; but, under the Gospel, there remaineth no more sacrifices for sin. But Christ having appeared as the High Priest of our profession, and gathered the anti-types to Himself, and ascending as on this day (Good Friday), the brazen altar, he hath made full atonement for transgression, by laying upon it His sinless humanity. But, whilst we thus cling to the one sacrifice offered—whilst we believe that the sin never has been, and never shall be committed, for which this sacrifice sufficed not—yet we should hold equally, in all its fulness, the principle that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The same, so that there is no such thing as age in His sacrifice—the same, so that centuries give no antiquity to His atonement—the same, so that His blood is as precious now as when it first burst from his side—the same, so that the fountain opened for all sin and uncleanness is as much flowing as when it first broke out amidst the deserts of the earth. Yea, we believe, by his intercession, Christ perpetuates His crucifixion, and that the offering, though not repeated on earth, is incessantly presented in Heaven. It was enough that He should once die to make atonement, seeing he ever lives to make intercession.

We think that the first inference from such a representation as that furnished by the text, is, that Christ is carrying on, in the presence of

His Father, the very office which He commenced on earth ; and that, lthough there be no visible altar, and nothing of a literal sacrifice, and o endurance of anguish, and no shedding of blood, still that He pre-ents as vividly and energetically the marks of the passion of Calvary, nd the effect is the same as though He died daily, and acted incessantly gain and again, the tremendous scene of his conflict with darkness. He tands before God as a Lamb that has been slain . . . . . 'he pardon of sins daily, yea momentarily, committed, whence does this ome? Christ stands forth as the Lamb slain, His claim is recognised, nd the iniquity blotted out. The aids of the Spirit, without which othing is strong, nothing is holy—how shall these be obtained? Christ resents himself as the Lamb that has been slain; the plea is admitted, nd the Comforter descends. The crowns of eternity—the sceptres of mmortality—how shall things so radiant be placed on brows, or given nto the hands of creatures, who, if brought to the Bible, deserve nothing or themselves but a heritage of shame? In the midst of the throne tands the Lamb as it had been slain, and, amid the applause of the elestial multitude, the gates of Heaven fly open to view, and the chil-lren of earth march onwards to possess the Kingdom.

REV. HENRY MELVILLE, B.D.

WASTED HOURS.

'ONE person rises in the morning at half-past nine, another at six. If ach live to be fifty years old, the one will have enjoyed sixty-three housand, eight hundred, and seventy-five hours, or *two thousand six undred and sixty-one days* more than the other. Let us suppose that here are throughout Great Britain, one million five hundred thousand ersons, who rise at a quarter-past nine, *or later*. Of these, perhaps, ine hundred and fifty thousand would, if they rose at six, be usefully mployed. At this rate fifty-six thousand three hundred and forty-six illions eight hundred and seventy-five thousand hours, or six millions our hundred and thirty-two thousand two hundred and ninety-two ears of individual improvement are lost to society every half century. his is supposing that these nine hundred and fifty thousand get up at quarter-past nine, whereas thousands do not leave their beds till leven or twelve.

"All this time is uninterrupted day, and composed of hours in which intellect is far clearer and more fit for study than the rest of the day.

"It must be remembered, too, that nothing conduces more to health, and consequently to longevity, than early rising.

"Suppose, out of the above number of persons, five hundred thousand should live four years longer than they otherwise would have done, viz., fifty-four years instead of fifty: according to the ratio above, here are *two millions* more years of actual existence utterly wasted." What account shall we give of WASTED HOURS?

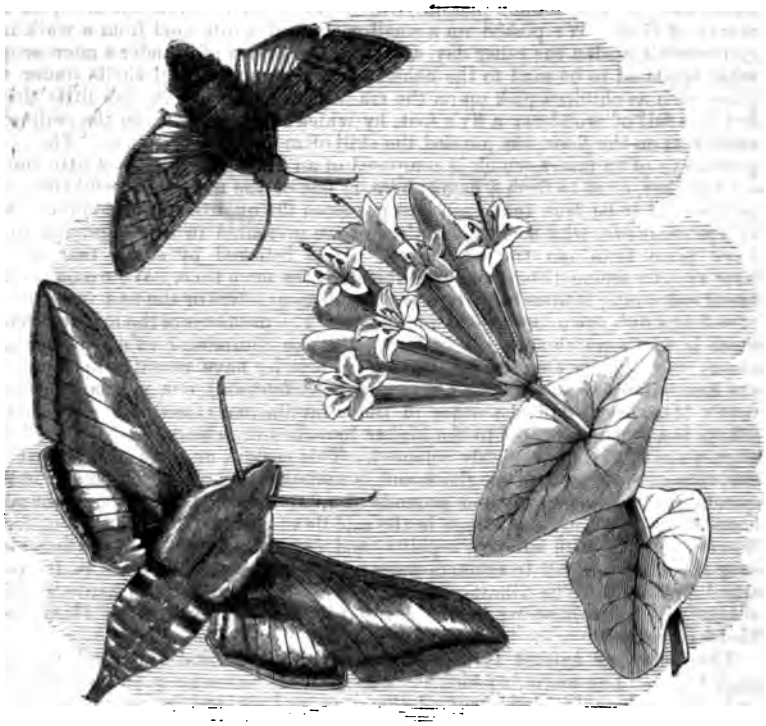
J. HAWKINS.

RICHARD CECIL.

I ONCE said to myself, in the foolishness of my heart, "What sort of sermon must that have been which was preached by St. Peter, where three thousand souls were converted *at once?*" What sort of sermon!—such as other sermons. There is nothing to be found in it extraordinary. The effect was not produced by St. Peter's eloquence; but by the mighty power of God present with his word. It is in vain to attend one minister after another, and to hear sermon after sermon, unless we pray that the Holy Spirit accompany his word. *"Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase."*

BERRIDGE TO ROWLAND HILL.

LUTHER used to say, when the Lord had fresh work for him, a strong trial was always sent beforehand to prepare him for it by humiliation. Study not to be a fine preacher. Jerichos are blown down with rams horns. Look simply to Jesus for preaching food; and what is wanted will be given, and what is given be blest, whether it be a barley or a wheaten loaf, a crust or a crumb. Your mouth will be a flowing stream or a fountain sealed, according as your heart is. Avoid all controversy in preaching, talking, or writing; preach nothing down but the devil, and nothing up but Jesus Christ.



THE MADDER HAWK MOTH.

THE engraving represents the Madder Thawk-moth. here are seventeen different kinds of hawk-moths, but the madder moth, with two others, namely, the spotted elephant kawk-moth and the rayed hawk-moth belong to the genus *Deilephila*, a Greek word which means lovers of the evening. The madder hawk-moth *(Deilephila Galii)* is very rare. Its name does not occur in the "British Entomology," published by Routledge, neither is it to be found in the articles on moths in "Cassell's Natural History." We have searched several other works on the science, and have met with the following description of it in the "Naturalists' Library." The writer says, "The upper wings are olive-brown or greenish, with the posterior border cinereous, and a yellow band, irregular anteriorly and somewhat situated behind, extending from near the base to the apex. The hinder wings are dull red, with the base and a posterior band black. The abdomen has a series of small white spots down the back." The one from which we have drawn the illustration was taken in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, and was given to us for a beautiful butterfly. The Scarlet tiger moth *(Hypercampa Dominula)* was presented to us the other day, by a person of superior intelligence, for a very remarkable

butterfly. And there are thousands of men, men who have been writing and reading for many years, who, after all their learning, cannot tell a moth from a butterfly. Nature is full of wonders; no romance or novel in the world can afford half the interest and pleasure which can be derived from the study of the works of God. We picked up a small portion of white sand from a walk in a gentleman's garden the other day, and put a few grains of it under a microscope; what appeared to be sand to the naked eye, became beautiful shells under the glass, such as children pick up on the sea-beach. A moth's eye is a little thing, but it is full of wonders; a fly's foot, by which it can walk along the ceiling as readily as on the floor, has puzzled the skill of modern philosophers. The compound eye of an insect, which is composed of an immense number of little lenses set together, so as to form a hemisphere, is one of the most wonderful things in nature. If it be true that each lens possesses the qualities of a complete and independent eye, why then the moth we have presented in the engraving must have more than ten thousand eyes. It is believed by some, that insects have eyes for seeing distant and near objects at the same time. We would recommend our young readers in particular to avail themselves of the first opportunity of seeing a fly's eye under a good microscope. The proboscis of the madder hawk-moth is like a watch spring, coiled up. But the humming-bird moth generally shows its proboscis (see fig. 2). Two good articles have recently appeared on the humming-bird hawk-moth (*Macroglossa Stellatarum*), one in the "Churchman's Magazine," and the other in the "Intellectual Observer." The latter, which is a journal devoted to the higher branches of science, has two beautiful engravings of the moth, richly coloured. This curious moth is of frequent occurrence in most parts of England, and is sometimes found in Scotland. It frequents gardens and cultivated grounds morning and afternoon, but generally conceals itself among the foliage in the middle of the day. It darts about from flower to flower with amazing rapidity, and poises itself, like a humming-bird, over the blossoms, till it extracts their nectareous juices by means of its long spiral proboscis. The vibration of the wings is so rapid as to cause a noise similar to a humming-top; on this account it has been termed the Humming-bird hawk-moth.

The following extract is taken from the "Naturalists' Library," vol. 30, page 166:—"The humming-bird hawk-moth visits us annually, and occasionally in some numbers, frisking about all the summer long, and in very fine seasons continues with us as late as the second week in October. The vigilance and animation of this creature are surprising, and seem to equal those of its nearer-sake, the splendid meteoric bird of the tropics, 'that winged thought,' as some one has called it; though our plain and dusky insect can boast none of its glorious hues. Our little sphinx appears chiefly in the mornings and evenings of the day, rather avoiding the heat of the mid-day sun, possibly aroused from its rest by the scent, that 'aromatic soul of flowers,' which is principally exhaled at these periods; delighting in the jasmine, marvel of Peru, phlox, and such tubular flowers; and it will even insert its long, flexible tube into every petal of the carnation, to extract the honey-like liquor it contains. It will visit our geraniums and greenhouse plants, and, whisking over part of them with contemptuous celerity, select some composite flower that takes its fancy, and examine every tube with rapidity, hovering over its disk with quivering wings, while its fine hawk-like eyes survey all surrounding dangers. The least movement alarms it, and it darts away with the speed of an arrow; yet it returns, and with suspicious vigilance continues its employ, feeding always on the wing. Nature seems to have given this creature some essential requisites for its safety; its activity, when on the wing, renders its capture difficult; and when it rests it is on a wall, the bark of a tree, or some dusky body, that assimilates so nearly to its own colour, as to render it almost invisible, though watched to its settlement: the larva is seldom found. We sometimes see it enter our rooms attracted by the flowers in the open window; but it seems to be immediately aware of its danger, disappears in an instant, and is safe from capture. I have

known this creature, like some other insects, counterfeit death, when apprehensive of danger, fall on its back, and appear in all respects devoid of life when in a box; and, as soon as a fit opportunity arrived, dart away with its usual celerity."

J. P. BELLINGHAM.

FRAGMENTARY THOUGHTS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS.

"He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures."—1 Cor. xv. 4.

THE pronoun "He" is here used instead of the name "Christ," so that our readers will at once perceive that the subject of the Saviour's resurrection is the theme of the Apostle in this short sentence of holy writ. The death of Christ is a fact to which heaven, earth, and hell were all witness: "it behoved Him to to suffer," and his sufferings led to his death, and his decease led to his burial. Let us now go and "see the place were the Lord lay;" it was a new sepulchre, and he was the first person to be interred therein; but his stay there was of very short duration. On our Friday evening his body was deposited in the tomb, and a great stone rolled to the door of the sepulchre. All this was done by a wealthy man, who professed great friendship towards Jesus. On the dao following, the enemies of Jesus went to his grave "and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone and setting a watch," but on the morning of the next day, at a very early hour, "the Angel of the Lord descended from heaven and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it." And even the Roman guard, which consisted of sixty armed men, had not a single man amongst them who dared inquire of the heavenly visitor, "What doest thou here?" Even the very "keepers did shake and become as dead men," for the "countenance" of the angel "was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow." And such a sight we judge these keepers and soldiers had never before witnessed. Is is not remarkable that when Christ raised to life his friend Lazarus, he commanded men to roll away the stone from the grave, but when He himself intends to rise again from the dead, a messenger is sent direct from the heavenly world to break the seal and roll the stone away, fearless of all the powers of earth or hell? And when the women (who probably went in company) reach the grave, they find "*the watch*" gone, every man has fled, the mighty stone is removed, and even the body of their friend and Saviour has bid farewell to the tomb; for he was gone. But the angel who had seen him leave his dusty bed had tarried behind him, to tell the story of his resurrection to those who might come to look for him. The women seem to have been somewhat afraid of the angel, but he said unto them, "Fear not ye, for I know that ye seek Jesus Christ which was crucified. He is not here, for he has risen as he said; come, see the place where the Lord lay." And is it not a fact that the resurrection of Christ was essential to man's salvation? for it behoved him to rise again as well as to suffer and die, as by this he gave evidence that he was no impostor, but was really "the Son of God," man's Redeemer, and the world's Saviour. His resurrection was necessary too for man's justification, for while he "was delivered for our offences" he "was raised again for our justification." Thank God we know from the fact of the Saviour's thus triumphing over death and hell, the sacrifice he offered for our sins was efficacious, and he has made full provision for our pardon, peace and holiness in the present life, and our eternal safety in heaven hereafter. It is by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, that believers are begotten again unto a lively hope to "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." It was—

1st. *According to the predictions of holy scripture that Jesus rose again.*

In writing prophetically of him, David says, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption." It is a fact that the grave received his body, but over the power of death and hell he proved victorious, for he became the very plague of death and the conqueror of the tomb. And his days upon earth were prolonged even after sin and wicked men had shed his blood and deprived him of human life. Dr. Watts may well sing

"The rising God forsakes the tomb."

Yes, devils saw him do it: the Roman soldiers were present when he did it, and the New Testament abounds with information as to the truth of it. Christ foretold his own resurrection in John ii. 19; "Destroy this temple," said he, (meaning the temple of his body) "and in three days I will raise it up." Connected with the resurrection of Jesus there is a power, an almighty power, a saving power, a power which causes the voice of rejoicing and salvation to be heard in the tabernacles of the righteous. And it is the duty of all men to seek to "know him and the power of his resurrection," *i.e.* to seek to have an experimental knowledge of him as *the risen Saviour*—the Saviour dwelling in the heart and transforming us into his image. He who forgets that Christ is risen from the dead, has no experimental knowledge of St. Paul's doctrine, when he says, "Christ in you the hope of glory." We would, therefore, urge all our readers to "awake to righteousness and sin not," but believe

"If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure:
This word a firm foundation gives
Here let me build and rest secure."

The doctrine of Christ's resurrection produced very powerful effects on the day of Pentecost. St. Peter said, "this Jesus hath God raised up, having loosed the pains of death, because it was impossible that he should be holden of it." And is it not true that, "If Christ be not risen then is our preaching vain and your faith is also vain, and ye are yet in your sins?" It is on the fact of His resurrection that the doctrine of our resurrection from the dead is grounded, "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive," for by Christ came "the resurrection of the dead." It is—

2nd. *According to the declarations of Scripture, that Christ rose from the dead.*

It is a well known truth that the very persons who were set to watch the grave of Christ were prompted by the gift of large sums of money to say, "His disciples came by night and stole him away while we slept." What a sleepy tale was this, and what clever men must the guard have been to know what was going on while they were asleep—all asleep—and all asleep at the same time. Surely if this had been true, such a guard was no guard at all, and they were worthy of punishment for neglect of duty. And we judge that if this statement had been true, they would not have escaped punishment so easily as they did, for according to history, such a crime was always punished with death, and we have no *historical* or *traditional* account of any of these Roman soldiers being put to death in this case. We, however, know that their report was false; it therefore follows that if they were not asleep they were awake, and being awake how came it to pass that such a numerous guard allowed a few unarmed innocent men to go to the sepulchre and take away the body of Christ? Either the disciples of Christ were very strong and courageous or else the guard was very weak and cowardly to allow such a thing to take place in their presence; for the soldiers therefore to raise such a report was in no way creditable to themselves. But admitting that no guard had been placed to watch the tomb, we judge it would have been impossible for the disciples to have stolen away the body of their MASTER—admitting that they had been so disposed; for our readers

ill recollect that the death of Christ took place at the time of the passover, hich was at the time of FULL MOON, and the city of Jerusalem was full of ople who had come from all quarters, so that many persons actually could not accommodated with house room, which would occasion numbers of the visi- rs to be walking about the streets and in the vicinity of Jerusalem all night, that it could not be a favourable opportunity for stealing dead bodies. But e statement was altogether untrue, for the body of Christ was not stolen, but arose from the dead, and rose to die no more, and after his resurrection nu- erous were the persons who saw the Saviour. Without attempting to enter to particulars respecting the *women* and *Peter*, and *Cephas* and *John* and the *sciples*, who all beheld him, we read of more than 500 brethren who saw him one time. Infidels may call the account of Christ's resurrection *a farce*, and adducees may deny the possibility of such an event, and sceptic minds may quire how it was if it is true that He rose again, that he did not go to see his emies, and visit the people who condemned him to die? But these things e of no moment to us to prevent our belief in the fact itself, for "he is risen he said," and "With great power gave the Apostles witness of the re- rrection of the Lord Jesus," Acts iv. 33. And in his resurrection we behold im spoil principalities and powers, and make a shew of them openly. And the ory of a *risen Saviour* we should seek to circulate far and wide. And while e Gospel minister preaches the resurrection of Christ, let the Sabbath hool teacher tell the rising youth of our Sabbath schools, that "*the Lord is sen indeed.*" And let the women—especially the mothers of our country and tion—tell the same tale to their offspring. And let all the fathers of our milies collect their households around the family hearth and make known the me thing. Nay, we would not stay here; but we would urge that all man- ind

"Sing the rich wonders of his death,
His risen glories tell;
His great and glorious victory sing
O'er sin, and death, and hell."

Through the resurrection of Christ we may rise out of the grave of sin—rise to God's family and favour, and an endless heaven above,

"Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on joys divine."

Then we hope to greet the Saviour with "ALL HAIL!"

WILLIAM BIRKS.

FAREWELL SERVICE AT THE JUBILEE SCHOOL, YORK.

(Continued from p. 279.)

FIFTH ADDRESS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—It is not with joyous feelings I stand before you this occasion. The thought of leaving you (perhaps never to meet you gain on earth) produces in my mind feelings of a sorrowful kind. I thank God at he ever in his kind providence sent me here. I shall often look back with

much gratitude and delight upon the many happy hours which I have spent with you, in trying to do good. I was thinking a few minutes ago, whether I had spoken to each of you personally, on matters relating to your precious souls: and on looking round I could not see one on whom I had bestowed no labour—to whom I had never spoken on such subjects. Dear boys, we *shall* meet again; if not on earth, we shall *all* meet before the judgment seat of Christ. May *that* meeting be a happy one to each of us. I remember with great pleasure the many happy meetings we have had in class; how God's spirit has been poured out whilst we have been singing in faith and expecting the divine blessing. My heart has been melted into kindness many times at what mine eyes have seen and mine ears have heard. I shall not soon forget how some of you, when burdened beneath your load of guilt, came weeping to Jesus' feet. I shall not soon forget the joy which beamed in your faces, when your burden of sin had fallen off; and, thank God, several of you feel and know to night that Christ is yours; and you are purposing to love him more and serve him better. Allow me to give you a word of advice; if you would live a holy and useful life, let me urge upon you the necessity of constant watchfulness and prayer. You need to watch over your *tempers*. Let not unholy tempers rise and show themselves in angry looks and words. Let not fierce anger burn in your cheeks or flash from your eyes. Let your temper be under the government of grace. Watch over your *thoughts*. Remember how prone the heart is to wander from God, and to cleave to objects of worldliness and vanity. Watch over your *desires*. Covet nothing but what is pleasing to God. Some things may appear desirable, the possession of which might however prove ruinous to your soul's immortal interests. Let your chief and constant desire be to please God in all things. Watch over your *words*. Be slow to speak, lest you speak harshly, or unadvisedly, and to your own hurt and the injury of others. Let your moderation in this respect be known unto all men. Avoid foolish talking; knowing that "for every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." Watch over your *actions*. Always endeavour to do rightly. Ever think that God sees you, and this will help you to do always right. Remember the common adage, that "actions speak louder than words." You should also watch against the *temptations* of the *devil;* for "he walketh about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." If you be off your watch, he will assuredly overcome you, therefore be ever on your guard, and you will be able to resist him, and cause him to flee from you. In connection with a spirit of watchfulness, you should likewise cultivate the spirit of earnestness and unceasing *prayer*. As food is to the body, so prayer is to the soul. Deprive the body of its proper nourishment and it will soon die; in like manner, if you neglect prayer, the life that is in your soul will soon become extinct.

> "Prayer was appointed to convey
> The blessings God designs to give;
> Long as they live should christians pray,
> For only *while* they *pray* they *live*."

Let your strongest desire be to hold sweet communion with God in pray[illegible]e
This will be a means of securing your happiness both present and eternal.
conclusion, let me say a word to those of you who are not converted. You m[illegible]
be made happy if you will but repent; give up all sin, and believe in Jes[illegible]
Come, then, to the Saviour now; and if I meet you no more on earth, I sh[illegible]
hope to meet you in heaven. I hope those of you who are to return here, w[illegible]
seek each other's well-being, be obedient to your teachers, kind and courteous[illegible]
each other; and when we fail on earth, may we all be admitted to heav[illegible]
Amen. A. JOHNSON.

SIXTH ADDRESS.

MY DEAR BOYS,—The peculiar character of the scene that presents itself[illegible]

me this evening, forcibly reminds me of the shortness of time. It seems but as yesterday since I came hither, and yet some nine months have rolled into eternity. Then the golden hue of autumn was upon the trees and hedgerows; but now spring's verdant mantle covers the face of nature, thus reminding us that nearly a year has passed away since we first met. During that time we have each been living in the enjoyment of many privileges; you have been learning the several subjects comprised in your education; we have been employed in the studies that are especially adapted to fit us for the work unto which we are called. And whilst useful instruction in learning has been afforded us, our spiritual welfare has been carefully studied; whilst food for the mind has been abundant, food for the soul has been quite as plentiful. Daily we have twice blended our songs of praise. Daily we have twice bent the knee, and have heard earnest prayers offered on our behalf; and blessed be God, in many instances, those prayers have not been offered in vain, for the arm of the Lord has been made bare in the bringing of some of your souls unto the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. But while there is cause of thankfulness to us, we have reason to mourn that some of you who once knew Christ have forsaken him, and others of you have persistently held out, in an impenitent state, in the face of all the faithful warnings you have received, and you are still in your sins. Some of you have sought distinction in your learning, and have obtained it; but, oh, my dear boys, there is one thing that I would earnestly urge upon you to-night, that is to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all necessary things shall be added unto you. Whilst we are parting from you, some of you are leaving school and going out to battle with the world and its temptations. How necessary is it then that you be properly fitted to discharge the duties that will devolve upon you; but let me tell you, my dear lads, that without Christ you can never hope to perform your duty aright. Many of you have seen a ship, and no doubt you have noticed that ships usually carry a number of small boats, each of which is useful in its place, but there is one of peculiar construction usually to be found in ships,—I need scarcely tell you I refer to the life-boat. Without one or more of these it is folly for any ship to enter upon a voyage, for though ships are supposed to be strongly built, yet there are times in which the ship cannot withstand the terrible storm to which she is exposed. She becomes unmanageable, is driven before the wind, and dashed to pieces on some rock-bound coast. Of what use are the ship's boats under such circumstances? very litttle, if any; none but the life-boat can be relied on, and it is looked to as a last resource, and is frequently the means of saving many valuable lives. You, my dear boys, are about entering upon a life that will be surrounded with perils, not so much to the body as to the soul; there is a rock here, and a quicksand yonder; at one time there are howling tempests, and at another engulphing seas, and woe to the unwary voyager who comes within the range of the one or the other. How necessary that you each be provided with a life-boat by which you may be saved from all these dangers. Christ is that life-boat; venture your all upon him, trust in him, and he will save and protect you. If you do not you are certain to be lost. It is possible, "though not a common thing," for a ship to cross the ocean without a life-b at again and again, and yet not be lost; but it is impossible for you to cross this ocean without Christ and yet be saved. There is no salvation out of him, no peace for the wicked, but misery here, and eternal misery hereafter. From such a fate good Lord deliver us. But, my dear young friends, unless you are willing to be saved my advice will avail nothing; let me, however, urge upon you to come to Christ, and to come now, while Christ is willing, come to him by faith, and he will prove himself to be an all-sufficient Saviour, by saving you fully and saving you now. This will probably be the last time that we shall meet upon earth; but, oh, may God in his infinite mercy grant that should we never meet here again we may be all found together at his right hand hereafter, and join to sing the song of the redeemed for ever and ever. Amen.—F. J. MORGAN.

(To be continued.)

THE MATCHLESS WORTH.

THE MATCHLESS WORTH.

Key E♭

s	s : m	: m	m : d	: d	d : t_1	: d . m	m : r	: r
m	m : d	: d	d : s_1	: s_1	s_1 : —	: s_1 . d	d : t_1	: t_1
d'	d' : s	: s	s : m	: s	f : —	: m . s	s : —	: s
d	d : —	: d	d : —	: m	r : —	: d	s_1 : —	: s_1
Oh!	could		I	speak	the	match	-	less	worth,						Oh!

m . , f	: s . s	: l . t	d' : —	: t . r'	r' . d'	: t : l	s : —	: m . , f
d . , r	: m . d	: d . f	m : —	: r	r . r	: r . d	t_1 : —	: d . , r
s . , s	: s . d	: d . s	s : —	: s . t	t . l	: s : fe	s : —	: s
d . , d	: d . m	: f . r	d : —	: s_1	r . r	: r : r	s_1 : —	: d
could I sound the glor-ies				forth,	Which		in my	Sav-iour					shine!		I'd

s . , d'	: d' : s	l . , l	: s : m . , f	s . , d'	: d' : s	l . , l	: s : m . r
m . , m	: m : m	f . , f	: m : d . , r	m . , m	: m : m	f . , f	: m : d . s_1
s . , s	: s : d'	d' . , d'	: d' : s	s . , s	: s : d'	d' . , d'	: d' :
d . , d	: d : d	f . , f	: d : d	d . , d	: d : d	f . , f	: d :
soar, and touch the heavenly strings,					And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,										In

d	:-. d	: d . d	r	:-. r	: r . r	m	: —	: r	d	: —
m_1	:-. m_1	: m_1 . m_1	s_1	:-. t_1	: t_1 . t_1	d	: —	: t_1	d	: —
:	:		:	. s	: s . s	s	: —	: f	m	: —
:	:		:	. s_1	: s_1 . s_1	d.m	: s	: s_1	d	: —
notes	al - most		di - vine,		In notes	al - most				di - vine.					

I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

Oh! the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

LYNG, EAST DEREHAM STATION.—We celebrated the thirteenth anniversary of our school on Whit-Sunday, May 20th, and Monday, the 21st. On the Sabbath, the Rev. G. Seaman preached in the morning and conducted the service in the afternoon, and in the evening Mr. J. Spooner, the superintendent of the school, officiated. The congregations were very good and the collections liberal. On Monday, May 21st, we processioned the village, and afterwards retired to the chapel, when the scholars, teachers, and friends partook of tea. After tea a public meeting was held, Mr. J. Spooner presided, and the meeting was addressed by the Rev. R. Howchin, Messrs. Harris, Eke, Reeder, W. Spooner, and the writer. The chapel was crowded. The baptism of fire descended, and one soul professed to obtain peace during the service. This anniversary was a decided success, numerically, financially, and spiritually. The collections, donations, etc. amounted to £8.

JESSE SPOONER.

BROMYARD MISSION.—The foundation-stone of a new chapel was laid at Rochford, on Thursday, May 31st, by Mr. J. Perritt, when a sermon was preached by the writer. Tea was provided in a tent, after which an interesting meeting was held, presided over by W. G. Powell, and addressed by Messrs. J. Beven, J. Perritt, and Revs. D. Sinclair (Baptist) and W. E. Nobbs. The proceeds of the day amounted to £12 10s. A chapel in this place has long been needed. It will cost, including all expenses, about £110, towards which we have received, by tea meetings, donations, collecting books, and foundation laying, £26 16s. 2d., and have £14 12s. 6d. more promised, making £41 8s. 8d. We would express our thanks to Miss Banks, who sold us the land and returned the money, to J. Higgingbottom, Esq. for £5, Mr. J. Perritt, £2, and to all who have assisted us in this praiseworthy object. We have during the year made improvements in High Lane Chapel to the amount of £7 10s., and reduced the debt £6. We have also reduced the debt on Bromyard and Bringsty £5 each, making a total of £23 10s., and we have a balance in the hands of each treasurer.

W. E. NOBBS.

BENNINGTON SABBATH SCHOOL, BOTTESFORD CIRCUIT.—The anniversary of this school was celebrated on June 3rd and 4th. On the 3rd, two sermons were preached to large and attentive congregations by Mr. S. King, of Bottesford: several scholars recited pieces and dialogues. On the 4th, tea was provided, of which about 80 partook. After tea a public meeting was held, which was addressed by the Rev. J. Stephenson, Mr. G. Dolby, and Mr. A. Robinson. The proceeds of the tea and collections were £5 3s. 11d.

J. STEPHENSON.

SCHOOL SERMONS, EAKRING.—On Lord's Day, June 3rd, we celebrated our twenty-eighth anniversary, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. T. Granger, from Nottingham; the chapel was filled to overflowing. After each sermon, pieces and dialogues were recited and hymns sung by the children. On Monday the 4th, the scholars had their annual treat; afterwards about 130 friends partook of the good things provided. After the tea a public meeting was held, when the scholars again recited and sung. The chapel was well filled. The proceeds of the tea and collections amounted to £4 5s. 6d., being in advance of any former anniversary. Our school is now in a very prosperous condition, having 12 teachers and 55 scholars.

W. HURT.

BRYNMAWR, TREDEGAR CIRCUIT.—The anniversary of the Sabbath-school was celebrated on Lord's Day, June 3rd, when three sermons were preached by Mr. J. Warnes, of Beaufort, to very

and crowded audiences. At the
f each sermon a variety of reci-
was given by the scholars.
llections amounted to the sum
5s. 1d., being £5 8s. 1d. in ad-
of last year.

E. PRICE.

LETON, CHINNOR CIRCUIT.—
niversary of the Sabbath-school
place was celebrated June 10th
1th. On the former day, three
s were preached by the Rev. C.
ay, and at each service the chil-
recited pieces in prose and
interspersed with singing. As
the congregations were very
numbers not being able to gain
ance. On Monday, about 100
n were supplied with cake and
ter which 150 adults partook
social cup. A public meeting
ld, presided over by Mr. Eustace,
dressed by Messrs. Mott, Pearce,
Hastings, and Anthony. Dur-
service, "Calmet's Bible Dic-
" was presented to Mr. Anthony
teachers, as a token of remem-
on his leaving the station. The
ons, etc., after treating the chil-
mounted to £3 9s. The ser-
losed by singing the favourite
of a beloved teacher passed
o the skies.

I. MOTT.

PHAM, EAST DEREHAM STA-
-A second effort to reduce the
our chapel was made on Mon-
ne 18th. A commodious tent
ected in a field kindly lent for
pose, in which upwards of 400
sat down to tea. Afterwards
c meeting was held, presided
r the circuit Steward, and ad-
by the station Ministers and
laymen. The spiritual tone of
eting was good, and the pecu-
rofits were about £18.

G. SKAMAN.

RADFORD, NOTTINGHAM
CIRCUIT.—Our friends at the
place have, by special efforts,
the debt on the chapel to the
of £100, besides paying for
and otherwise improving the
£13 15s. 4d. They raised, per
monthly penny subscriptions, £21 19s.
5d; donations obtained by the writer,
£32 8s. 9d.; per bazaar, £39; per lec-
tures, sermons, grant from G. C. fund,
etc., £23 0s. 0½d. To the following
persons the thanks of the trustees are
tendered: S. Cassaday, M. Barrowcliff,
S. and A. Garratt, E. S. and A. Sims,
D. and S. Coup, J. and E. Simpson, A.
Green, E. Burton, J. and E. Edwards,
M. Evison, E. Pingston, W. Renshaw,
N. and L. Bowring, E. Jukes, Barnes,
Norman, Wathall, Voce, Marsh, Ellis,
and the Scholars, for collecting and
managing the Bazaar; to Mr. Oakland
and Son, for the use of electro machine,
etc.; to Mr. Thompson, for weighing
machine; to Mr. J. Bayley, for his lec-
tures; to T. Herbert, Esq., for his
donation of £5; and all friends who
have in any way assisted in the un-
dertaking.

T. GRANGER.

LIVERPOOL SECOND CIRCUIT.—
The Croston Street Sunday School
held its sixth anniversary on Sunday,
July 1st; three sermons were preached
by the Rev. T. H. Hunt, the Rev. J.
Wayman, and the Rev. P. Rawnsley.
At each service pieces were recited
and hymns sung by the children. The
collections and donations amounted to
£16. We are happy to say that our
school is in a prosperous condition.

J. DRURY.

WOBURN SANDS, LEIGHTON BUZ-
ZARD CIRCUIT.—A very excellent tea
and public meeting of a valedictory
character were held here on Monday,
July 9th, in connection with the re-
moval of the Rev. J. H. J. Beckhurst
to the London Second Circuit. The
chair was taken at seven o'clock, and
addresses delivered by Messrs. B. Her-
bert, J. Palmer, J. Wilson, and Healy.
Mr. G. W. Paternoster then presented
him, in the name of the society, with
Bourne's "Ecclesiastical History,"
Lardner's "Gospel History," Dick's
"Christian Philosopher," "Future
State," "Religion," and "Improve-
ment of Society," and a handsome
purse containing £1 5s., as a token of
their gratitude and esteem for his ser-
vice to them during the last two years.
The Rev. D. Kendall then gave a very

appropriate speech; he also presented Mr. Beckhurst, in the names of the following societies, with several volumes: Newport Pagnell, Locke's "System of Theology," and Dawson's "Pulpit Power;" Wavendon, Dr. Cooke's "Deity," and Garner's "Biblical History;" Bow Brickhill, "The Primitive Pulpit." These were received by the removing preacher with feelings of the deepest gratitude for their manifestations of love. The Leighton Buzzard choir attended and enlivened the meeting by singing some very appropriate peices.

G. W. PATERNOSTER.

LYNN STATION, CHAPEL ANNIVERSARY.—On Sunday, July 22nd, sermons were preached at Fincham, by the writer: the services were well attended, and productive of effects which we hope will be felt in time to come. A tea meeting was held on Monday the 23rd, about 90 persons sat down, after which a public meeting was held, addressed by Messrs. Hewing, Taylor, Lemon, Smith, and Scott. Our friends here are endeavouring to push their way on against considerable difficulties; a new school-room has been erected this year, a day school established, and a very estimable person is now employed in it as governess; the trust funds connected with the whole are in easy circumstances. The above services bring about £2 2s. 2d. to them.

S. SMITH.

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

DIED at Faringdon, June 30th, 1865, Mary Willis, aged 41 years. She was the daughter of Thomas Ruddle, a devoted man of God, whose character shone most brilliantly some few years since, and whose sun went down in a clear sky. Mary had the advantage of his pious example, which exercised a restraining influence over her early life. But notwithstanding this advantage, she continued in an unsaved state until she was about 21 years of age, when it pleased God to bring home to her his enlightening truth, discovering to her mind the guilt and depravity of her heart, which led her to seek earnestly and perseveringly the pardon of her sins; and not in vain, for she found it to the joy of her soul. Having obtained a consciousness of her acceptance, she was enabled to rejoice in Christ as her Saviour. She now united with our society and continued a steady consistent member until she exchanged mortality for life. She was a pattern of punctuality at the public and private means of grace; her seat she always occupied in proper time, unless she was prevented by affliction. The disease which terminated her earthly career was protracted and painful, being internal cancer, which caused her at times the most exquisite pain, which she bore with becoming patience and fortitude. Whenever I called to see her I always found her resting on Christ—trusting in him as her all. Thus she continued until her happy spirit was released from the tenement of clay. She has left a husband and seven children to lament their loss; but they sorrow not as those without hope. May the whole family meet her in heaven.

T. C.

DIED at Fritford, in the Faringdon Circuit, on July 9, 1865, Ellen Hudson, in the 28th year of her age. She obtained a sense of God's pardoning mercy some ten years since, and manifested her love to the best things, by uniting with the Primitive Methodist

at Fritford, of which society a useful and consistent mem- he time of her decease. She pass through various trying n the course of her Christian ice. But she endeavoured to n her integrity; and letting her ine before those with whom ciated, was the means of gain- respect in the families with she resided. She said to her ome little time before she was pletely aside, "I have fulfilled gement to my mother. I pro- other that I would stay with til my youngest brother was work; this I have done." But soon brought down by that t sure disease, consumption. I for the last time a little before th. She told me she had no was all right with her. She Mr. ——— asked me the other was afraid to die, and I have nverted these ten years." As been living to God, and trust- he merits of Christ, she could l any ground for fear. She od to be faithful. Her suffer- re great at times, but she mur- ot; but trusting in her Saviour ted patiently until her heavenly called her home.

T. C.

CES ARMITAGE was the fourth r of William and Elizabeth e, and was born at Leeds, Oc- 8th, 1838. In early life she kind and tender-hearted child, at timid, but withal of a cheer- sition; and being the daughter ous parents, she was surrounded r birth with the influences and s of religious culture. This, with the preventing grace Holy Spirit, tended greatly to it and mature religious senti- nd aspirations; and so deeply fear of God impressed on her heart, that she dreaded to s displeasure by any known oing. When very young she an attendant at our Sunday connected with Park Lane gave a willing ear to the re- instructions therein adminis- d no less so to the ministra- tions of the divine word in the public services. When about eleven years of age, she, with another sister, entreated their mother to allow them to attend a class-meeting. Her mother rather hesitated, in consideration of their being so young. Fanny felt disappointed and pained, but could not be disheartened; she had set her heart upon it, and therefore urged her suit till success crowned her efforts. And by her continued and steadfast adherence to that excellent Christian ordinance, she demonstrated that she had chosen God for her guide and religion as her life's portion, at a period of life when most young people are beguiled by the charms of sinful pleasures and worldly vanities. As a consequence, she eschewed evil ways, and evil associates, and endeavoured to the best of her power to lead a godly life. It appears, however, that she was never able to state exactly the time when she first obtained a sense of God's pardoning love, yet she became by insensible degrees, conscious of loving God with all her heart—could say that "Jesus was precious," and enjoyed unmistakable proofs in her approaches to the throne of grace, and the use of the ordinances of divine worship, that she had "passed from death to life." She highly valued the company and fellowship of true Christians, saying, "I do love the society of good, amiable Christians: I see such a beauty in them, and then I think,

> "— If our fellowship below,
> In Jesus be so sweet;
> What heights of rapture shall we know,
> When round his throne we meet."

A sister of hers states, "I was made acquainted with all her griefs through life, but I never remember her murmuring; she had a happy way of saying, when in trouble, 'It seems hard to me, but it will be for the best.' And I have often observed her, when full of sadness, sit down to the harmonium, and with her sweet voice sing her favourite hymn—

> "God moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform," &c.

whilst the tears rolled down her cheeks, and then she would say, 'I feel better

for it.' Another of her favourite pieces was,

> "There are the good and blest,
> Those I lov'd most and best,
> And there I too shall rest,
> Heaven is my home."

She used to say, she would never be afraid to die when her time came, and it did not matter to her how soon. In due time, she was promoted to the office of a teacher in the Sunday school, and continued actively to labour in that work till the time of her removal. The superintendent states, "she was sincerely attached to her class: and her punctual and regular attendance for many years testified her value for that opportunity of Christian usefulness: and she was useful in leading some to the cross of Christ." Her labours in the school were highly appreciated by all the officers and teachers, and it was with the utmost regret they learned her intention of leaving the country: nor could they let her depart without uniting to express their sorrow, best wishes, and prayers. We must also add, that her attachment to the cause of Primitive Methodism in general, and her own society in particular, was so strong and ardent that whatever her purse, her needle, her vocal powers, or other means, in conjunction with her female associates in the society, could effect for its promotion, was cheerfully and assiduously accorded. But we must hasten to a painful part of our duty. A few years ago a brother of hers emigrated to New Zealand, and on his subsequently expressing a wish for others of the family to go and join him, Fanny entertained the thought, talked and prayed about it, and some months ago she came to a decision to embark for Albertland, to cheer and aid her brother William in his wilderness home. She sailed in an emigrant vessel from London on an early day in June, 1865. This was of course a painful separation to all her Christian friends and her relatives; but such were her reliance upon God, and her undaunted courage, that she bore the pain of parting remarkably well, remarking, 'I am in the hands of God, and he will do all things well.' While her courage thus bouyed up her own spirit, it also somewhat abated the sorrow of those she left behind; so with many prayers for her safety and happiness, we all bade her farewell. The vessel, it appears (from letters recently received) had fine weather, and made the voyage in about three months, and arrived off "the Hen and Chicken islands," on the coast of New Zealand. Shortly before this a considerable number of the passengers were seized with illness, but ultimately recovered. Fanny, with other female passengers, were assiduous in attendance on the sick, and then she was taken with the same distemper, and in five days she sank under it, and without any acute suffering, peacefully passed away, amidst the deep sorrow and regrets of all on board, who having observed her amiable deportment and Christian consistency, had come most highly to estimate her character and virtues. She died on board, September 3rd, 1865, aged 26 years, expressing to those attendant upon her, her perfect resignation to the will of God, and her confident hope of a glorious immortality. As the ship was but a short distance from land, at the request of many on board, and as a mark of high esteem, her remains were taken on shore, and as decently interred as circumstances would permit; the ship's minister read the usual burial service, and a few friends attended the solemn ceremony. Here then, just before her eyes could behold the land of her adoption, and after bravely enduring the vicissitudes and inconveniences of a long voyage, her God and Father saw it proper to call her redeemed and sanctified spirit to that better, heavenly country, where many of her kindred and loved ones would be ready to welcome her, not to a rough and perishing habitation, but to a mansion "incorruptible and that fadeth not away." Her poor expectant brother William, her brother John, his wife, and her sister Sarah and husband, who are all settled in that far off land, had to endure the heart-rending bereavement, at a moment when their hearts were bouyant with the prospects of once more looking into the loving eyes of their sister. And though the tears of strangers only were permitted to water her lonely

ı that uninhabited and solitary
ret shall her virgin-dust peace-
pose, while the sighing breezes
en and the murmuring echoes
ocean shall sing her requiem,
archangel's trump shall call
ery slumbering tenant of earth

G. W. ARMITAGE.

IGE ROWE first saw the light
ngton, in the county of Beds,
ıd exchanged a world of conflicts
of peace, Oct. 6th, 1865. In his
e was wild, and profligate. For
g, swearing, and fighting, he
equal in any village for many
ınd, and he was never known
r a house of prayer for years.
Lidlington was missioned by
ın Buzzard preachers. Their
inging and earnest addresses
ıe attention of George to the
of devotion, and while Mr.
was preaching the word, an
ierced his heart and made him
mercy. A few weeks after,
ıe Rev. Henry Yeates was hold-
powerful open-air service, at
ll were bathed in tears, George
s heart to God; while singing
owing words peace entered his

old companions fare you well," &c.

hat moment till the day of his
re, he maintained a consistent
His private duties were never
n, his family devotion always
d to. His mind was strength-
daily perusing God's word and
ly attending all the means of
. As a leader, he was faithful
discharge of his office, both in
his members, reproving the in-
t, and encouraging the feeble.
reacher (which office he held
49 till his death), he was plain,
and punctual; nothing but ill-
ıt him away from his work. He
ell received at every place, and
th is lamented by all. He was
visitor of the sick. No matter
ıt section of the Church a per-
onged, if ill, he might always
on a visit from our departed
. He has been the means under
cheering the last moments of
many a dying pilgrim, and leading some few sinners to rest upon the rock of ages for safety. He was resigned in affliction and calm in the prospect of death. During his illness, which began in July, he was never heard to utter a single complaint; but he believed that "our light affliction which is but for a moment, works for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Feeling his end approaching, he gave all necessary directions to his family, the Church, and for his funeral. He selected the 798th hymn to be sung over his body before it left the house for the grave. On the morning of Oct. 6th, 1865, after a severe conflict with, and a victory over the enemy, he resigned his blood-washed soul into the hands of his Redeemer, lisping the precious name of "Jesus, Jesus." Thus died brother Rowe, in the 46th year of his age, leaving a widow and four children to mourn his loss. He held the office of trustee, local preacher, class leader, society steward, superintendent of the school, and treasurer of the chapel: but our loss is his gain.

J. H. J. BECKHURST.

A MOTHER in Israel and another of Jesus' witnesses has been suddenly removed from earth. She was in full harness in the church militant on the Sunday (having attended the sanctuary three times), and on the Tuesday following she had joined the service of the Church triumphant. On Sunday evening she was agonizing in prayer for the remnant of her family, and for the prosperity of Zion; two days after her work was done, and she had struck her immortal harp in the chorus of the glorified redeemed. Such was the sudden but Divinely ordered removal and glorification of Sarah Bulmer, of Riccall, Selby circuit, who died Oct. 17, 1865, aged 67 years, and who had been a pious, devoted, and consistent member for thirty years, and in proportion to her means, one of our most liberal supporters. She was born of poor, but what is worse, ungodly parents. Her father was remarkably intemperate, and on account of his desperate prodigality, our sister was brought up entirely destitute of moral

and religious culture. But, notwithstanding her poverty, wild, uncultivated mind, and totally neglected education, and the consequent vices, and worse than all, the vicious habits and corrupting example of him who ought to have been her guardian angel, to have led her in the paths of virtue, she was the subject of deep, clear, and frequent religious impressions. Her second son, who is now a local preacher, says, that before her consciousness of pardon and union with the Church, she frequently, and in a never-to-be-forgotten manner, impressed upon the minds of her children the great fact, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. She was attracted by the lively and powerful singing, and deeply impressed with the unctuous preaching and praying services, and ultimately brought to a saving and experimental knowledge of salvation, through the agency of the Primitive Methodists. Her love of Primitive Methodism was most ardent, and remained unabated at death. Her humble but hospitable dwelling was the home of both travelling and local preachers, and numbers can testify of her hearty welcome. Indeed, she received them as the honoured messengers of God. These visits were even anticipated as seasons of profitable intercourse and Christian fellowship. She regarded giving refreshment and lodging to the ambassadors of the gospel as doing honour to the Saviour. She was an example of consistency, diligence, and punctuality; being unwavering in her profession, and she enjoyed an undoubted consciousness of her acceptance with God. Her husband, who had been a member of our society for upwards of twenty years, and who did much towards establishing our cause at Riccall, died Aug. 3rd, 1856, leaving her with ten children, seven of whom have been for a considerable time journeying with their now departed mother in the way to heaven.

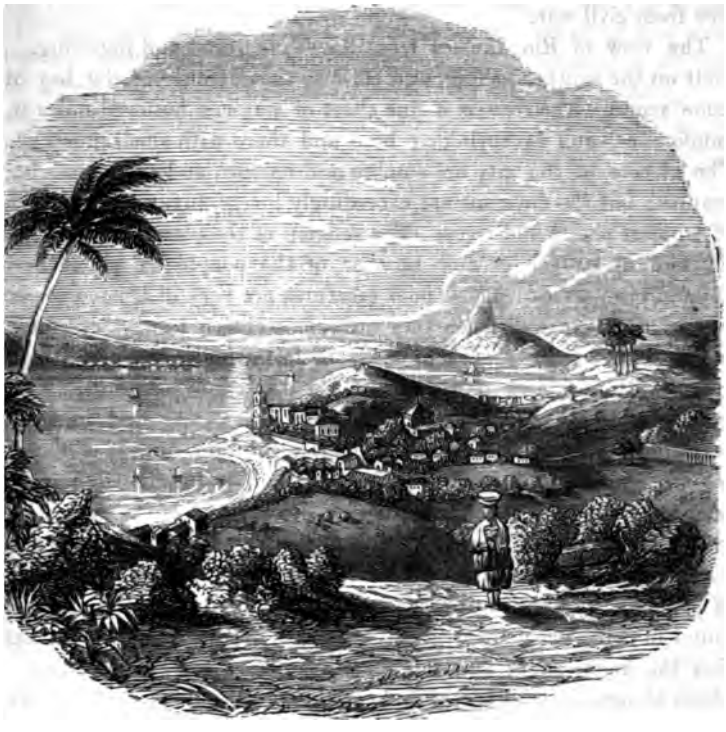
M. Graves.

FALLING LEAVES.

"We all do fade as a leaf."

The autumnal leaves go rustling by,
And as they pass they seem to cry,—
Prepare! prepare, thy end is nigh:
And thou, ere long, shalt lay thine head
In the cold grave, where sleep the dead,
Until thy great Redeemer come,
To call thee to thy heavenly home.
And near thy bed we'll rustling stray,
All through the live-long dreary day;
And o'er thine head we'll sweep along,
Chanting our dismal autumn song,
When thy immortal soul hath fled
Where cruel death can never tread.

E. Holmes.



RIO JANEIRO.

RIO JANEIRO, the capital of Brazil, is situated on the eastern shores of South America. Brazil was discovered by Cabral in 1500, while on his way to the East Indies, whither he was sent he King of Portugal. It is said, however, that this coast had been iously discovered and taken possession of by Spaniards. The first ıy was planted under the auspices of John III., and experienced ɜ interruption from the Spaniards, but eventually the Portuguese ob-ɜd undisputed possession of the country. In 1807, John VI. went razil, with all his court and ships of war. He took up his residence io Janeiro, and in 1815 elevated the country to the rank of a king-. After numerous intestine commotions, the Brazilians threw off ıection with the mother country, and a constitution was formed in ł, consisting of a hereditary and representative monarchy, and a

senate was formed by popular election. But although this constitution still holds, the country has never been for any length of time entirely free from civil war.

The view of Rio Janeiro from the sea is grand and imposing. It is built on the southern shore, and close to the entrance of the bay of the same name. The bay is a fine sheet of water, a hundred miles in circumference, and is sprinkled here and there with small green islands. The streets of the city are sombre and narrow, and the houses built of granite; but the environs are exceedingly lovely, luxuriant in all kinds of tropical plants and trees. The religion of the place is Roman Catholic, and by far the greater number of the people (of whom there are 250,000) are slaves. These poor creatures are very ill treated, especially when old or diseased, when they are remorselessly turned out of doors to die. They usually work in gangs of from twelve to thirty, yoked together with necklaces of iron, and many masters subsist entirely on the income derived from the earnings of their slaves. Around the city all is bright and beautiful. A superabundant vegetation, flowers of the gayest colours, gardens filled with fruit-trees, and wide-spreading groves of tamarinds, oranges, and bananas, extend to the foot of the distant mountains. Brazil has within it all the elements of greatness. The soil is exceedingly fertile; the plains and valleys are of vast extent. Timber is of splendid growth, and very valuable, while diamonds and gold are found in considerable quantities. Coffee is cultivated to a great extent, also the sugar-cane; and the former is one of her chief exports. The plains abound in wild horses and cattle; and the thick dark forests are filled with birds of brilliant plumage and various kinds of ferocious beasts of prey.

HINTS TO BELIEVERS.

A TRUE believer is one who has experienced a change of heart by divine grace; one who has been born again of the spirit, whose sins are forgiven, whose peace is made with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ; old things as to him have passed away, and all things have become new; the Holy Spirit bears witness with his spirit, that he is a child of God. It is my heart's desire in penning these few thoughts, to assist such to "press towards the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

As true believers in Jesus, you should live in the full glory of *entire anctification* of body, soul, and spirit. The *Book* says, "For this is the vill of God, even your sanctification." This is the believer's high and holy rivilege, as well as his duty; and if you continually believe you will be ble to claim the heaven-sent blessing every moment. This blessing and his only, will keep you in constant tune for the work of God. Believers vithout this blessing may wake up occasionally, and at times labour for ouls with zeal and earnestness. But if this holy fire, this quickening lame, be not kept continually burning on the altar of the heart, such imes of working for Christ will be few and far between. So long as he believer treads the holy ground of sanctification, breathes heaven's ure air, walks and talks with God, knows that his "fellowship is with he Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ," he will have a holy boldness owards men, and implicit confidence in God, rendering him an efficient abourer for the salvation of perishing souls. Believer, art thou fully *anctified?* If not, go this moment to the blood, in faith, believing that 'The blood of Jesus Christ, [God's] Son, cleanseth thee from all sin." Get his point fully settled. Live holy before men; so holy that no one can ay sin to your charge, without uttering falsehood. If you make ever so nuch to do for the salvation of sinners, and they see your life is a con-radiction of your profession, they will steel their hearts against the Spirit's strivings, wrap their cloak of sin more closely around them, and vill stumble over your feet into everlasting burnings; if on the contrary, rou live holy, and act consistently, sinners will tremble, repent, fly to Jesus, obtain pardon, and then bless you throughout *Eternity.*

Believers, get filled with, and then led by, the Holy Spirit. "As nany (and no more) as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." Jesus promised his followers that "The Spirit should guide hem unto all truth," and another scripture saith, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his." The first Christians were ully led by the Spirit. Let us follow them, as they followed Christ. It is the duty and privilege of believers to be thus filled with the Spirit. Paul enjoins, "Be ye filled with the Spirit," and again, "Know ye not hat ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" W. Arthur says, "When the soul of man is filled with the Holy Ghost, then has God that wherein he does rejoice—a temple, not made with hands, not reared by human art, of unconscious and insensible material; a temple created by his own word, and living by his own breath. In that living temple he displays somewhat of his own glory." If you get filled with the Spirit and live close to God, you will easily know the voice of the Good Shepherd from that of a stranger; and he will lead you into green pastures, beside the still waters of comfort. But, believer,

you must not only be "filled with the Spirit" and retain the Spirit, but follow the Spirit's leadings and listen to its whispers. Sometimes the Holy spirit will whisper, "It is the hour of prayer," move you to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, assist God's cause, use some extraordinary means to save souls, &c. Listen to the voice,—listen, and instantly act —work for God, let the consequences be what they may. "Quench not the Spirit."

Believer, be *watchful!* Jesus bade his disciples watch, "What I say unto you I say unto all—watch." This command was as much given to you as to them. You must watch the world, the flesh and the devil; they daily watch you with eyes as keen as those of the eagle. *Watch*, always *watch*, and never cease. "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when he cometh, shall find so doing." *Watch* against temptation, and resist it in a moment, being steadfast in the faith. *Watch* the first rising of the flesh, and instantly plunge into the fountain of Immanuel's blood; *watch* the world, and the instant it holds up its hand to beckon you away from "the way of holiness" with any of its allurements, shut your eyes to its fleeting vanities; *watch* for opportunities to do good; *watch* your words; *watch* your actions; *watch* your thoughts. In the name of Jesus I say unto you, *watch*. Believers, "*Watch* and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

Believers, be *prayerful*. Pay much attention to private prayer. Christ told his disciples to "pray always." Paul says, "Pray without ceasing." It is not enough to say, you live in the spirit of prayer, when in the house, field, &c., and have no need of private devotion. David prayed seven times a day; Daniel three times. Jesus also had his private places, where he often prayed whole nights; he often withdrew to distant mountains expressly to hold sweet intercourse with his Father. His true followers must do the same, if they would glorify God in their bodies and in their spirits, which are his. Jesus bids you do it. "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet." Private devotion is the cream of a man's religion, the essence of his spiritual vitality. The reason why so many Christians remain in spiritual babyhood so many years, want rocking in the cradle of comfort all their days, fall over straws, and never make anything out in piety—is chiefly the neglect of this duty—*Private prayer*. It is well to have stated times and places for private prayer. Believer, pray morning, noon, and night. Yea, if oftener you will not offend God. All the mighty men and women in the church of God, who have shaken hell and defeated the devil, have been, and are, frequenters of the closet. The old path of private prayer is a good one; for it opens heaven, binds devils, puts the world under our feet, plumes the wings of

the soul for lofty flights, and draws the especial presence of God down into the soul. Believer, let every breath be prayer.

"Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing, pray."

Believers, be *reprovers of sin.* Be bold and unflinching for God in reproving sin, in all places, amongst all companies. God plainly and pointedly commands you to do it. "Rebuke thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him." Fellow believer, faithfully, patiently, lovingly, and with weeping, reprove sin wherever you see it. Whether it be among the rich or poor, friends or foes, professors or non-professors, reprove it. Remember, that sin insults heaven, pollutes men, pleases the devil, and damns the soul. Therefore, with all thy powers, gently reprove.

"Speak gently, let no harsh words mar
The good thou would'st do here."

Numbers of sinners have been convinced, converted, and are now in heaven, who will have to bless God through eternity for kind, Christian, and gentle reproof. In reproving sin, be sure you do it in the spirit of holy love, and charitable sympathy and tenderness. Let every word you utter fully convince the reproved one that love to his deathless, precious, blood-bought soul, induces you to reprove him: always remembering the words of Solomon, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." Reproof hid in meekness, is like a lancet hid in a sponge; piercing even to the very quick of the soul, frequently before the sinner is aware; and especially if the believer waits on God at the same time—in strong and mighty faith.

Believers, you must hate sin with a perfect hatred, and reprove it with Christian fortitude and Christian sympathy; lest you grieve the Holy Spirit, damp the holy flame of God's love in your hearts, and bring darkness on your souls. Be careful in attending to this duty and reprove when the Spirit prompts you to do so. Believers, do your duty,—first get wholly, fully sanctified; be filled with the fulness of the Spirit; be very watchful and prayerful, and then reprove sin. The Bible says, "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them."

"'Be ye faithful,' hear him cry,
In his service fight and die;
See in heaven the glorious prize
Glitt'ring through the starry skies."

Communicated by H. PORTNALL.

BLIND AMOS AND HIS VELVET PRINCIPLES.

You would not think blindness likely to make a man more cheerful than other people. But I have often noticed that so far from being made morose and melancholy, and ill-tempered, the blind are very frequently, apparently, the most happy of mortals. How often have I seen them sitting in the sunshine, and although the light could bring no vision to their eyes, yet what a serenity, what a glad, sunny feeling appeared to be diffused over their faces. I have sometimes thought that as their eyes were closed on those objects which bring irritation and care to most of us, so their spiritual eyes, the eyes of their understanding, were more clearly opened to perceive those lovely and serene spectacles of perfect blessedness which calm the spirit with "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

I know this was the case with happy Amos—blind Amos—old Amos Blake, who lived in our village, and was of all our villagers perhaps the most uninterruptedly cheerful. Who ever saw him out of temper? Who ever heard a single harsh word trip over his lips? He lived in a pretty little cottage, on the edge of Warley Common, and he had lived there nearly all his days. Most persons pitied him at first, and often wondered how he lived at all in his loneliness; but when they came to know him better the wonder soon ceased, and the pity too. Amos had long lost his wife, but with him in his cottage resided his cheerful granddaughter, Milly; as bright-eyed and bright-hearted a girl of twenty years old as I ever knew. I think you would not have called them poor—the pretty little neatly-furnished cottage did not look poor; and I am sure in this world's wealth you would not have called them rich. Indeed, old Amos knew where to find a few shillings a-week; then the cottage and the bit of ground were his own; and sometimes Milly went out and did a day's sewing at a neighbour's, and by this means obtained for herself the little money she needed. Then they were so frugal and economical; and you would hardly believe it, but Amos did all the gardening himself for his little plot of ground. He and Milly, that is, managed it between them; for I do not think he could have got on very well without her help, and so the long and the short of it is, or was, a happier couple never lived in our village. She looked like a very bright April day, without its showers; and he like a bright December day, without its sleet and snow.

They had a lodger in their house, though, without whose help neither of them could have been so happy. This third person had a most wonderful way of saying to both Amos and Milly the very things most

likely to make them cheerful. He always sat with them morning and evening, and spoke to them both frequently during every day. When Amos was alone, he came and sat and talked with him; and when Milly went out to work he would call in and speak to her, and make her heart often thrill with gratitude at his love and goodness to a poor, friendless cottage girl. Now I dare say you wonder who this was, and what was this lodger's name. It was Jesus. Beautiful little cottage! So simple and happy-looking at all times; its pretty little bed of flowers before the door, and its jessamine and honeysuckle twining round the windows. Milly loved her flowers; they were the only companions she had—certainly they were her most intimate companions. And then, it is very delightful to have something to water and tend, and look after in spare moments of time; and although she paid all attention to her grandfather, and read to him many a chapter and many a book, still she had many moments, and hours too, when he did not need her, and in some such moments you might behold her watering her beds, training her flowers against the wall, or propping up the pinks and sweetwilliams and convolvuluses; for I can assure you she had quite a rich collection of flowers—fuchias, verbenas, and calceolarias; though I do not know that she laid out much money on any of them; but most of our villagers loved her, and she had, as her love was known, many a little present of flowers. I know that our clergyman's wife sent her down one spring seeds enough and sprigs enough to stock her whole garden; and I believe she has regularly contributed to Milly's garden annuals ever since. It was a beautiful cottage and a beautiful garden; but I am sure it seemed to me always most lovely because I believed that Amos and Milly loved Jesus. For there is no house lovely where he does not live, and I know that Milly in the midst of the garden, her roses, and lillies, and plants, thought often of her Infinite Friend, who was called the "Rose of Sharon," the "Lilley of the Valley," the "Plant of Renown."

You know that Amos was blind—did you ever notice that often people who are blind have the lost sense made up to them by extraordinary acuteness in another, usually in hearing, or feeling. Amos had a truly wonderful sense of touch, his sensibility was most exquisite—there appeared to be some mysterious communication between him and a person or a body before they actually touched him. He knew any person again after he had spoken to him once, by touching him; there was no need to speak: touch was his eye, his ear—I think it was tasting and smelling to him too. And it was from this peculiarity of blind Amos that there arose that circumstance in his mental character which determined me to write this little history of him. He could not see. How do you think he made up the pleasure of the deprived sense to himself? Why, by

sitting still and rubbing his fingers over a piece of silk velvet. It was his great delight—his chief sensuous pleasure. In any company it was a luxury if he could press his finger against any part of a velvet dress. If I had on a velvet waistcoat he would beg as a favour to be allowed to pass his finger over it; it communicated a pleasure to his whole frame: and what seems more wonderful, it communicated ideas and sensations to his mind till at last all things were tried by a sort of velvet standard—were reduced to the velvet principle: velvet became in his mind his mode of judging of men and things; the softness of his favourite substance harmonised well with the gentleness of his own mind; it was only his mode of expressing his love to God when speaking of his goodness to him, he said, "Yes, he has placed me in a beautiful velvet world." Thus he regarded everything from his sense of touch. He was cut off from the image and figures and suggestions of the eternal World of Light, and so he referred everything to feeling. He had, too, a number of proverbs he was in the habit of bringing forth on various occasions. When anyone meditated any act of retaliation for any injury, either real or imaginary, he would say, "*Well, if you are determined to kick, be sure and put on your velvet shoes.*" If any word of anger were about to be uttered, or if any message of anger were to be sent, he would say, "*You had better put it up in velvet.*" Sometimes he would say, "*A velvet whip breaks no bones,*" or "*Wheels that run over velvet make no noise.*" He was, as you may see, a happy and most genial old man. Divine grace had done much in him and for him. His temperament was happy and sunshiny, and in addition to his natural temperament the Divine Spirit had wrought in him such a spirit of contentment—such tranquillity and obedience to the divine will—that it seemed as if, even while lying under such a sad cloud as the entire loss of sight, his life was nevertheless perfectly cloudless. I never heard a murmur escape him; doubtless he had its battle within: for life is a battle-field, however we may pass it, and some have to fight the battle most within themselves and others most without. Some find the battle-field most in the heart, and others find it most in the world. However, blind Amos on wintry and cold and rainy days sat by his fire-side, and in cheerful summer time sat most frequently outside his cottage door. But some part of every day was occupied either in feeling his velvet or talking over his velvet lessons.

(To be continued.)

THE WRECK AND THE RESCUE.

THERE was a period when the throne of God rested on chaos; ere seraphs waved their wings of fire or cherubs hovered on the depths of deity.

Since then what mighty revolutions have taken place.

Those rude and chaotic heaps over which night brooded have been formed by the Unseen Hand into a splendid theatre, over the stage of which deeds the most transcendent and awful have been perpetrated—deeds affecting the physical, social, and moral condition of the human race.

God in his infinite wisdom constructed a vessel to navigate the vast ocean of time. It was perfect. In his own image created he it. This was a memorable epoch in the history of the world. The highest ranks of intelligence assembled to celebrate the event. The heavens were rent with chariots of fire and the beautiful beach of paradise crowded with the bright sons of immortality. The preparation for the launch being complete, the blocks were removed, and the stately ship glided from her cradle into Eden's bay. The morning stars broke forth into singing, while archangels rained their diadems on the starry beach and shouted aloud for joy. There rode the noble ship, with her equipment complete, on the unruffled waters. The Sire and his partner having stepped on board, the canvas was shaken out and a fine breeze having sprung up, with pennons flying, they set sail. Ere they departed, the King handed over to them a supply of provisions, and instruments of navigation—a perfect and infallible chart, a chronometer that only needed care on winding, and a barometer that foretold all changes of weather. They had instruments to take their reckonings by the sun and also for lunar observations, and they had their log books and the best spy-glasses, and besides all this they had means by the faithful use of which, though it needed no little skill and attention, they might detect the direction and strength of unseen tides and under-currents. They were indeed provided with everything calculated to make their voyage prosperous, sure, and successful.

This was their trial trip, and their future well-being depended on strict adherence to the King's command. There was one part of the ocean they were forbidden to sail near. This was a beautiful island, where grew the "tree of knowledge the of good and evil," a favourite cruising place for the great pirate.

As they were sailing along the current grew stronger and they glided over the waters imperceptibly, when on a sudden an object reposing in summer beauty on the bosom of the deep arrested their attention. As

they drew nearer they discovered it to be the island which the King had warned them against, where grew the fatal tree. They beheld a strange looking craft bearing down towards them. Immediately the Sire took out his glass and brought the stranger under observation, but he could see nothing hostile in her appearance.

The pirates having got within speaking distance, hailed the King's ship. "Ship ahoy. Where bound?" "To the port of higher attainments in wisdom and holiness," was the reply. "A most desirable port too," was the response from the enemy. They had now drifted beneath the branches of the tree of knowledge, and the fruit in rich clusters hung around them.

The pirates plucking a rich cluster of fruit, handing it to the innocent pair, inviting them to partake thereof. But they refused, remembering and repeating the King's command, "The day thou eatest thereof thou shalt die." The pirates smilingly said, "You shall not surely die, eat and you shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." "And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eye, and the tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat; and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat."

Immediately the heavens became as sackcloth; the lightnings of Jehovah's indignation blazed, and the ocean heaved and swept its angry surges over the guilty pair, who clung with pale horror to the wreck. And by one man's disobedience all became sinners.

Means were now devised for their rescue, and that of their posterity, in and through the man Christ Jesus or the Gospel Life-boat. The plan of this noble vessel was commenced by the Father, executed by the Son, and set in motion by the Holy Ghost. High on Golgotha the keel of redeeming love was laid on the stocks of Divine justice. Then the Lord our righteousness put in the stem and stern posts of joy and peace, and the ribs of righteousness, which he planked with salvation right down to the keel; and in order to make the vessel of sufficient strength to ship the heaviest sea, he crossed her with the beam of omnipotence, to which he nailed the deck of justification by faith. Then he built the state-room of holiness and the bulwarks of Divine grace, to break the force of the waves. Then he supplied the rudder of rightly-directed reason, the anchor of hope, the cradle of faith, the chart of truth, and the compass of divine inspiration, and the log-book of God's goodness, wherein to note down the incidents of the voyage.

The day having been fixed for the launch, the King announced it from the throne to the heavenly hierarchy. It was also made known to the church militant by the mantle-wrapped seers of Israel, and by the prince

is to his fiery legions, who listened with bated breath to the
ion.
worlds for the first time assembled to witness the grand and
t. Part of the morning was spent in preparation. The sun
ing towards the meridian when the launch commenced. Every-
t on favourably till the ninth hour, when a somewhat strange
rious phenomenon occurred. Night climbed up to the sun,
s groaned as if in torture, and the earth shook. Sinai thun-
h the terrors of a broken law, the veil of the temple was rent
op to the bottom. The Jewish ritual vanished. "There re-
) more sacrifice for sin. Christ having put away sin by the
f himself." But high above the roar of the earthquake's march
of the Great Captain was heard,—"It is finished." Fully
he went out on her mission of mercy with the flag of redeem-
loating at the mast-head, bearing this device, which was to the
olishness and to the Jews a stumbling-block, "Whom God
orth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare
ousness for the remission of sins that are past through the
e of God. And he is the propitiation for our sins, and not
nly, but also for the sins of the whole world; in whom we have
n in his blood, even the forgiveness of all our sins."
meet the spiritual necessities of the human race, the King of
established on life's stormy coast several life-boat stations, so
who are ready to perish may be gathered up in safety. Many
have been built under the superintendency of the Lord High
of Heaven, and are now cruising on the broad Ocean of time.
ou are wishful to know the names of a few of the craft in the
vice.
ou see yonder upon the coast an old boat laid up for repairs?
een on the stocks for many years, and it is doubtful whether
e fit for active service again. Pope Pius is her captain, and
n and tyranny are the orders under which she sails.
along the coast you will perceive a very large boat built after
shioned style. She belongs to the Episcopalians, and generally
ar the coast, or is found lying at anchor in the roadsteads.
e that splendid boat fast coming into sight. It belongs to the
nts. She is a boat of high repute, and has obtained many
good service.
see that boat entering the beautiful harbour of endless joy,
sh the jewelled gates of immortality? It belongs to the
Methodists.

"Thousands she has safely landed,
Far beyond the mortal shore."

She is worthy of the King's service. She has shipped many a sea, and picked up millions on the verge of ruin.

See! see! that ship tossed to and fro on the ocean of iniquity. A dreadful tempest has overtaken her, and the gale is still increasing. The lowering clouds have gathered in awful blackness, and they are buried in the gloomy shades of midnight darkness. Behold them in that perilous condition! Their sails are rent, their masts are gone, their rudder unshipped, their compass lost; and, while contending with the fury of the elements, they are driven by the resistless rage of winds and seas to the very brink of ruin. Their ship is fast sinking in the waves. What can be done for those shipwrecked men? Do you see that boat on its way to the rescue? A braver crew never manned the oars. It belongs to the Primitive Methodists. The rescue's made and the port is gained.

In commencing her log-book we find noted down many marvellous deliverances, some of which are worthy of being chronicled in marble. She has picked up thousands which other boats failed to reach.

A few years ago a wreck was seen on the English coast. It was a young man clinging to a floating spar. Many boats hastened to the rescue, but in vain did they try to snatch the young man from the boiling vortex that threatened to swallow him. At last the Primitive Methodist life-boat put out on the errand of salvation, and after shipping many seas caught the youth on the eve of perishing; and that young man is Spurgeon, the most popular minister of the day.

What think you of these things?

H. HARRIS.

A VOICE FROM THE PULPIT.

THE Gospel is one of the greatest blessings we possess, and to hear it preached ought to be deemed one of our most sacred privileges. Yet, alas! how many there are who entirely neglect this blessing and utterly despise the privilege; while many who profess to understand the value of the Gospel, and from their regular attendance at the house of God, seem rightly to estimate the privilege of hearing his word explained

nd enforced, yet will never, we fear, be greatly benefited by the ob-
rvance of these divine and precious ordinances. Nay, instead of these
tes becoming the means of their being "justified by faith," they will increase
eir condemnation; instead of their becoming a blessing, through their
ruse they shall become a curse. "The letter killeth, but the spirit
veth life." To be benefited by attending the means of grace, does not
epend so much upon the number of times you are present, as upon the
anner in which you conduct yourself while there. It is not the
umber of sermons you hear, but how you hear them. It is not the
mount of truth you listen to, but the quantity you understand, love,
nd *practice*, that will benefit and save you. To be acceptable worshippers
f the Most High, depends more upon the *state* of the soul, than upon
he attitude of the body. We may be near Jehovah's throne in his
ouse, under his all scrutinizing eye, listening to his word, and yet our
houghts and desires be far from him, yea, our presence be most offensive,
ur spirit antagonistic to the principles of truth, and our conduct highly
eprehensible, vile, and blasphemous. To hold communion with the
ligh and Holy One, is the chief joy of the glorified in the temple above,
nd the special object of all the ordinances of his house on earth.
herefore we should repair to his sanctuary, and conduct ourselves
hile there in the most devout, humble, and earnest manner possible.
ow many insult the Most High in his own house, by their
reless and irreverent manner therein. You profess to come here to
ar and understand God's word, and yet after months' and years'
servance of these things, how little of that word do some of you know
practice. And this worse than waste of time and means is the result
the *manner* in which you have observed these valuable and precious
istian ordinances. Many cannot remember the text, and others but
y little of the sermon when they get home, through the careless
nner in which they listened to the word of life while in God's house.
that we had more in all our congregations like a good man that once
ard Rowland Hill preach, and could remember at the end of sixty-five
ars, the text and a considerable part of the sermon.

Rowland visited an old friend of his a few years before he died, who
ldressed him as follows: "Mr. Hill, it is just sixty-five years since I
rst heard you preach, and I remember your text and a part of your
rmon. You told us that some people were very squeamish about the
elivery of different ministers who preached the Gospel. You said:
'suppose you were attending to hear a will read, where you expected a
egacy to be left you, would you employ the time when it was being read
n criticising the manner in which the lawyer read it? No, you would
e all ear to hear if anything was left to you, and how much it was.

That is the way I would advise you to hear the Gospel." This excellent advice, given by the quaint Rowland Hill, and remembered so long by one of his hearers, may be profitably remembered by each one of you. I trust it will be so, that you will not only be hearers of the word, but doers also, and if so you shall be blessed and saved.

J. H.

DELAY NOT.

"Ye shall not surely die" is the old falsehood which the old serpent the Devil has been whispering into the ears of mortals ever since he breathed it into the ears of our first mother, Eve. Instead of seeking to know the truth, we seek to stifle the voice of conscience that we may listen undisturbed to the pleasant song of our destroyer. How many are trusting to the last few hours of life for preparation for eternity; God is so merciful they say that he will listen to their earnest cry for mercy on a dying bed.

"I only want just five minutes to call upon God before I die," was the remark of one who wished to enjoy the pleasures of this life unrestrained, and yet escape the just punishment of sin in the life to come. But when the hand of death did come, she turned her agonised gaze towards the minister of Christ who had been summoned to pray with her, and the despairing cry "*Too late! I am lost! I am lost!*" wrung the hearts of all who listened. Even when the brightest evidence of death-bed repentance exists it is but a broken reed to rest on. We would not trust any important interest of time on such a slender foundation.

A few weeks ago an old man was laid in the graveyard who had all his life been a most profane disregarder of God and his holy commandments. He had passed his seventieth year when a wasting sickness seized upon him and he seemed rapidly approaching the borders of the grave. He was glad to see the servant of God now—he had no sneer or oath now for the holy truths he taught. He grasped like a drowning man at the hope of pardon, for even such a great sinner as he was; and as the weeks rolled by he seemed to give good evidence that the old man of seventy had become a child of God. As if to give him time and opportunity to prove the sincerity of his conversion a little breathing space was given him. He was permitted to rise from his bed and resume for

alf a year, or more, his accustomed duties. With the amendment he eemed to feel he had taken a fresh lease of his life. Death was once nore seen through the inverted telescope of his imagination afar off. He hunned the minister now. He went back to his own sinful ways, and is frequent bursts of violent passion found vent in shocking oaths and urses. He seemed to fill up the measure of his iniquity, and the hand f Justice would not be longer stayed. Again the same disease seized im, and in a dying state he sought to pray and cry for mercy. A stupor radually crept over him and he awoke from it in eternity.

Oh what a fearful deception for any one to suppose that religion will ome to him with old age. As well might we look for the leopard to hange his spots. "To-day if ye will hear his voice harden not your earts." J. B.

SCRIBBLINGS IN TADLEY REGISTER.—1700.

'LEARNE to live; learne to die; to live well is to live twice. Disce ivere: Disce mori: Bene vivere bis vivere est. Qualis vita finis Ita. od resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.

"Alas! what are we proud of? Are we proud of our riches? Of our onours? Of our relations, our beauties, or strength, or life? These re poor low things to glory in. When wee glory in our pride, God stains he pride of our glory. Oh, let us go to the graves of those that are on before us, and there we shall see their bones scattered, theire eyes asted, theire flesh consumed, and theire mouthe corrupted. Where be ow those ruddy lipps, lovely cheeks, fluent tongues, sparkling eis, and omley nose? Are they not gone as a dreame! And where shall wee e ere long? And shall wee be proud of these things! An humble eart knoweth noo fountaine but God's grace, and an upright man noweth noo end but God's glory. Alas! what good will our profes-ions do us if wee doe not make good our profession? 'Tis better never o shine then not to be gold. Either take oyle into our lampes or throw way our lampes. The almost Christian shall be but almost saved. Thou rt not far from the kingdom of God saied our blessed Saviour to the oung man in the gospell, and yet hee never came there—he had a sight f heaven but never had a sight of God, for when our Lord Christ told im hee must sell all and give it o the poore, he forsooke Christ pre-

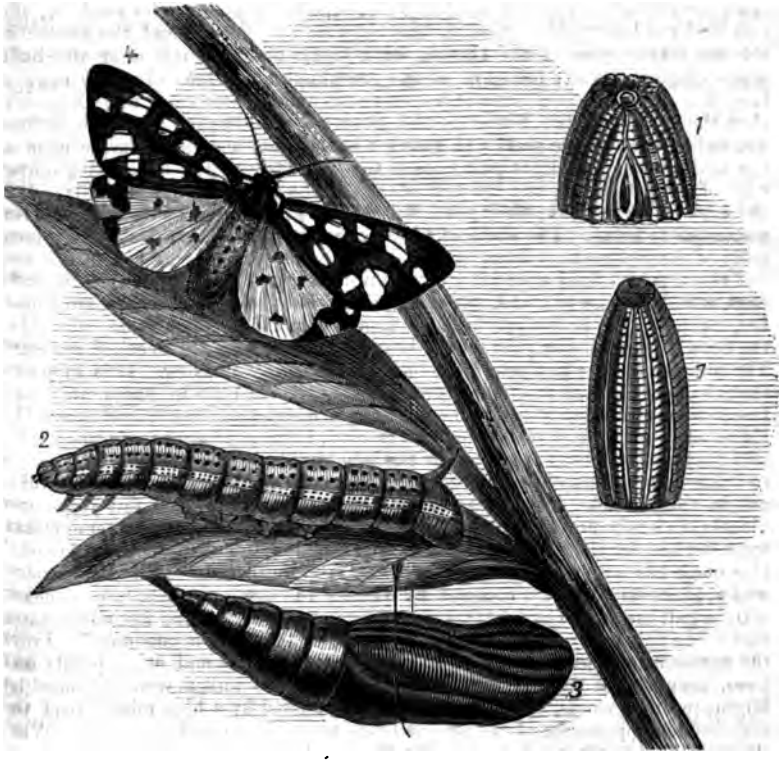
sently and clave to his lusts. God hath two houses in which he dwells: his citie house and his country house, his citie house is in the heaven of heavens, his country house is ye humble and lowly heart: Isaiah ye 57 ch. 15 verse. Humility is a Bethel for God's dwelling, but pride is a Babell of the Devil's building. If you do not keepe pride out of your soules and your soules out of pride, pride will keepe your soules out of heaven. I will not say a good man is never proud, but I will say a proud man is never good. Of all graces humility beste becomes a Christian, and most adornes his profession. God will not endure that any man should thinke well of himselfe but Himselfe; a Christian should looke with one eie upon grace to keepe him thankfull, and with the other eie upon vice to keepe him mornefull. When you begin to be proud of your glistering feathers, looke down upon your black foot.—Trebor Semai,* 1700."

Extracted from "Some account of the village of Tadley, in Hampshire, and of the Independent church there," by ISAAC S. NULLIS.

THE GOSPEL.

How glorious that Gospel which brings life and immortality to light! How foolish those are who reject that which gives comfort in life, peace in death, and glory for ever! How unspeakably bright, too, are the prospects of the Christian! He must indeed die like other men; but his death, like sleep, will give way to a brighter day. As surely as Christ arose from the dead shall he also rise. Persecution, suffering and privation may be his earthly lot: but if we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him. If we die for his sake we shall live with Him in glory, honour, and immortality. Though poor, despised, and neglected on earth, there is a Friend and Redeemer, and Protector in Heaven. A Christian may now feel much trouble from a poor, sick, feeble, corruptible body. But he will yet have one that will be glorious and incorruptible. Death shall be spoilt of its prey, and its sting is already removed. Death will but remove him from a world of toil and trial, to a world of rest and bliss. Others may feel the cold chill of death, and the darkness of the grave, but not the true believer. Surely, then, we have enough to make us patient, faithful, laborious, and self-denying,—only to kindle our zeal in the service of a gracious God, until work shall be exchanged for rest, and earth for heaven.—*Massingham.*

* It is thought that the subscription *Trebor Semai* is simply a reversion of the name Robert James—a good man having lived in the place of this name about the same time.



MOTHS, EGGS, &c.

THIS illustration is made up of different species, but it will serve to show the great changes connected with the life of a moth. Figs. 1, 1, are the eggs of insects greatly magnified; fig. 2 is the humming bird hawk-moth in the caterpillar state; fig. 3 is the pupa form of ıe Privet hawk-moth; and fig. 4 represents the imago state of the cream-ɔotted tiger-moth. All female moths deposit eggs, eggs change into caterpillars, ıterpillars change into chrysalides, and chrysalides into perfect insects. The ɔrms chrysalis, pupa and aurelia, are used synonymously as a rule, but the term ıurelia is more properly applied to chrysalides of a golden colour. We will ffer a few remarks on the eggs, caterpillars, chrysalides, and perfect, or imago tate of insects.

The Eggs of Insects.

All insects come from eggs, and all eggs are hatched after they are deposited, xcept in a few cases, such as the blow-fly, which are *ovo-viparous*, that is atched from eggs within the body of the insect. To show how the eggs of arious insects are deposited, the wonderful manner in which they are preserved

from cold, and from other insects of the *Lamellicorn* family, would fill a volume. The colour and form of the eggs of insects are very diversified. There are but few young people who have not been delighted with the colour of bird's eggs: the beautiful white eggs of the kingfisher, the woodpecker, the swallow, the owl, and the hawk; the greenish-blue eggs of the magpie and the crow; or the clear blue eggs of the thrush, with their black blotches; or the little white eggs, with their red spots, of the greenfinch and wren. But the eggs of insects are ten thousand times more numerous and in some cases more beautiful than the eggs of birds. There are the green coloured eggs of the nettle butterfly, and of the tortoise shell and peacock butterflies; the light purple eggs of the miller moth; the light pink eggs of the geometric moth; the shining brown eggs of the puss moth, and the yellow eggs of the garden white butterfly. And the eggs of insects have their beautiful marks, green rings, bands and spots too numerous to name. The shell of birds' eggs is brittle, being composed principally of the carbonate of lime, but the shell of an insect egg is not brittle, it is soft and remains in a fluid state after being immersed in boiling water. All birds' eggs, whether large or small, are of one shape, but the eggs of insects are round, flat, square, and boat-shaped, &c. There is nothing that more resembles the eggs of some moths than do the beautiful crustaceous shells called sea-eggs. The number of eggs produced by some insects is truly amazing. It is supposed that the queen of the white ants produces 31,536,000 eggs in one year. This insect was introduced a few years ago into a district of Natal, and when the Entomological Society of London met in May, 1866, Mr. Layard, of Cape Town, said that he "had been requested by the inhabitants of James Town, St. Helena, to bring before the society an account of the extraordinary ravages of the white ant in that island. These insects had been introduced some few years previously, and now prevailed to such an alarming extent that, unless some means were devised for their destruction, the whole of James Town would be ruined." One moth has been seen to lay 1,100 eggs. A naturalist states that "a scorpion will produce 65 young; a common fly will lay 144 eggs; a leech, 150; a spider, 170; a gall insect has laid 5,000 eggs; a shrimp, 6,000." And Reaumur states that "one aphis may be the progenitor of 5,904,900,000 descendants." From the appearance of great numbers of aphides on rose trees and other plants and trees, numbers of persons have concluded that the insects were produced by blight, in other words, by an easterly wind, attended by a blue mist. And the very sudden appearance of the insects tends to confirm this impression. Were the term blight only used to describe the dried up and scorched leaves occasioned by cold winds the subject would be better understood. We have put scorched leaves under the lens without discerning the least sign of insect life. But the Prussian naturalist discovered 500,000,000 of living animals in a small drop of vegetable fluid, and it is possible that all blight may be occasioned by insects. According to the opinions of wise men, however, one kind of blight is attributed to meteorological influences, and other kinds of blight to the depredations of insects. And while we have taken some leaves which were partly dried and scorched without finding any trace of animal life, we have put other leaves affected by blight under the lens and discovered hundreds of very small aphides. Some have supposed that these aphides have been carried by the wind; others have contended that the eggs of the aphides float about in the atmosphere. One gentleman writes, "I have seen a hop-ground completely overrun and desolated by the *aphis humuli*, or hop green louse, within twelve hours after the honey-dew has slowly swept through the plantation, and stimulated the leaves of the hop to the morbid secretion of a saccharine and viscid juice, which while it destroys the young shoots by exhaustion, renders them a favourite resort for this insect, and a cherishing nidus for myriads of little dots that are its eggs. The latter are hatched within eight-and-forty hours after their deposit, and succeeded by hosts of other eggs of the same kind. Now it is highly probable that there are minute eggs of innumerable kinds of animalcules floating by myriads of myriads through the atmosphere." In this extract we have

ney-dew coming from the clouds, and also the eggs of insects. The eggs of
ost insects have been known to sink in water, still the boat of gnat's eggs will
at on the water. We have read of either Mr. Kirby or some other entomologist
ıo tried to sink the boat of gnat's eggs in water, but though the boat was by
ssure sunk, when the pressure was taken away the eggs came to the surface
ain, without a spot of water being found on them. Yet when the gnat's eggs
› separated each single egg will sink in water. Therefore no egg can float in
› atmosphere. The simple fact is this, millions of eggs are glued to the plants
d trees in the summer before the aphides die, and the eggs are preserved
rough the winter, and when the opening buds are put forth in the following
ring the eggs are hatched and millions of insects start into life. The eggs
›re deposited nearly all at the same time, therefore they are hatched about
e same time, thus the sudden appearance of the aphides is accounted for. As
the honey-dew, that is produced by the insects; it does not descend from the
ouds. We have recently met with a number of insects that produce honey-
›w on an alder tree; the leaves underneath the insects (*Aphis Sambuci*) were
›vered with honey-dew. "We have now in our study," writes J. R., "a plant
f the Chinese chrysanthemum, the young shoots of which have swarmed with
phides all the winter, and the leaves below are covered with honey-dew. We
ave tried the experiment of wiping it from a leaf, but no more was formed
hen it was protected by a piece of writing-paper from the aphides above; while
he writing paper became sprinkled all over with it in a few hours. By means
f a lens, also, we have actually seen the aphides ejecting the honey-dew." The
ggs of aphides appear as small black dots, and can be discovered by the naked
ye. The aphides, therefore, proceed from eggs and not from insectiferous winds.
he vulgar notions of winds producing insects, of bees and flies originating from
putrefied carcass, of good cheese generating maggots, and of eels growing from
›rse hair, belonged to a former age. The Bible teaches that the same Being
ho created the elephant formed the gossamer-like wings of the fly. Yet many
sects are looked upon with scorn. We once heard an aged women abusing a
rtain household pest, and we took the trouble of placing one of those little
eatures under a pocket lens for her to look at; she tried, first, to see it with
r glasses on, but failed, she then tried to see it without her spectacles; putting
r finger on one eye, she looked with the other through the eye-glass, and ex-
aimed, "O, what a beautiful creature!" We are persuaded, that if the young
en and women of the present day would only turn their attention to the study
nature, they would find more pleasure in the study of plants, flowers, and in-
cts than they could derive from all the novels and tales in the world. Novels
d tales bring the mind into contact with the corrupt imagination of sinful
en, but in nature the true student meets with God at every step.

(To be continued.) J. P. BELLINGHAM.

FAREWELL SERVICE AT THE JUBILEE SCHOOL, YORK.

(Continued from p. 311.)

SEVENTH ADDRESS.

MY DEAR BRETHREN, AND YOUNG FRIENDS,—It is with a trembling and some-
hat sorrowful heart that I stand to speak to you this evening. There is some-
ing both interesting and affecting connected with the circumstances under which
e are met together. In looking upon you who believe and rejoice in Christ,

my heart feels thankful and glad: but when I look upon you who are strangers to Christ, it causes me sorrow. O, that I could persuade you at this time to decide to give yourselves to God! You have indeed been favoured with many privileges; you have shared largely in the prayers of God's servants, and have had the influence of the pious example of many shed over you. I am sure that the example of some of you since your conversion has been beneficial to me; and I trust that through grace the example of my brethren and myself has been beneficial to you. We are now shortly to separate from each other, and probably shall never meet together again. I hope that the affectionate exhortations which have been given you will prove a permanent blessing to you. I would for the last time commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, praying that you may be guided by its unerring directions, and enjoy the blessings which it promises to the faithful. There are a few I perceive listening to my voice who are more advanced in years, whose day of life is far spent; to them I would say, "be diligent, that you may be found of Him in peace, without spot and blameless." Before concluding these few remarks, I cannot but express my thankfulness to God, who in his providence brought me to this Institution. The short time I have spent here I regard as no trifling part of my life. The lessons I have learned I shall never forget, they will I trust be of essential importance to me through life, and their influence will follow me into the eternal world. One thing, and that the most important, I am happy to state, that is, I know more of God now than when I first came hither, and my views of the greatness of the work in which God has honoured me, by calling me to it, are far more impressive than they ever were before. I now regard myself as being set apart for the work of God, and I hope to spend the whole of my life in bringing souls to the Saviour. I pray that when you and I shall appear before the throne of God, we may each hear the Judge say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Amen. E. TROWBRIDGE.

EIGHTH ADDRESS.

MY DEAR BOYS,—It is with a degree of pleasure that I stand before you to address you on such a memorable occasion as the present one. I have been thinking, while my brethren have been speaking, and while you have been listening to them, how thankful to God you ought to be that your lot is cast in a gospel land, where you may be brought to enjoy light, life, and liberty, through the preaching of the gospel, which "is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." And surely you can all sing to-night with David, from the depths of your hearts, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." I have known no school which has privileges and advantages like this with which you are connected. Here you have family worship twice a day, and prayers are sent up to heaven on your behalf, and connected with this there is the preaching service, the class meeting, and the prayer meeting every week, where you may associate with each other and hold sweet communion with your Heavenly Father. We are now on the eve of separation, and in all probability this will be our last meeting together on earth. But bear in mind that we shall all meet again one day; as another brother has said, "we shall all meet before the judgment-seat of Christ." Then you will have to give an account for all the privileges with which you have been favoured whilst here; for all those sermons you have heard, and for the daily instruction given to you by our respected governor and others. These privileges will all increase your happiness in heaven, or augment your damnation in hell. The right improvement of your privileges will, through grace, raise you to a life of endless bliss, in which you shall for ever enjoy the smile of God; and the mis-improvement of them will plunge you into the pit that is bottomless, "Where the smoke of your torment will ascend up for ever and ever." We are now shortly to leave each other, and we fear there are many amongst you who are still unsaved, blinded by the God of this world. But we rejoice to know that you may be saved, that your spiritual eyes may be opened, and before you leave

respective homes you may obtain the forgiveness of your sins, and may be with the wedding garment of righteousness and true holiness. O, my rs, the blood of Christ is still flowing in your behalf, and he is now with open arms to receive you, however guilty you may be. He is now 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give ." Come, then, with all your sins, and cast yourselves entirely on the nt of Christ, and you shall be saved. To you who are saved, I would l press on in the Divine life, and while you are at your different homes, with different companions, be careful of your religion. You will be ex- many more temptations than you are now, and I would exhort you, e, ever to be on the watch-tower. "Watch and pray lest ye enter into ion." Pray daily, yea, hourly, to your Heavenly Father, and he will our path. "Be faithful unto death," says Christ, "and I will give thee of life." Then, should we never have the happiness of meeting each ain below the skies, we shall meet above, in that better, brighter world, arting shall be known no more. My God grant it. Amen.

S. CHENOWETH.

NINTH ADDRESS.

OUNG FRIENDS,—I am glad of the opportunity of addressing you to- I should regret to allow the opportunity to pass without saying some- you before you go home, for in all probability we shall never all meet this world. It is possible we may come in contact with some of you, shall never meet you all again on an occasion like the present. In look- upon the past, we see cause for gratitude to God; by his good provi- e have been preserved from harm, and the blessings he has conferred and which others have not enjoyed, are innumerable. God has designed us iness, and you know, my young friends, that nothing in this world can te you truly happy and prepare you for eternal happiness hereafter but ion of Jesus Christ. You know from observation that religion makes appy. "Yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord." We urge ight to embrace religion, to make choice of Christ as your master in the your youth. If you would live to purpose and be a blessing to others, t live to God. If you would be eternally happy in heaven, you must meetness for it while here. And blessed be God, if you earnestly pray e is willing to pardon your sins, and to make you holy, and thus pre- for heaven. His faithfulness is as a rock which cannot move, and he refore fulfil all his promises. We see much of the divine goodness in nd providence, but especially in redemption. He spared not his own freely delivered him up for us all; and with him he has promised to ive us all things. If our hearts are touched with the Saviour's love, be useful in doing good to others; and God has designed us for usefulness, work for him. First, have your own sins through Christ forgiven; then s show the path to heaven. You can tell your school-fellows and what God has done for you; that you are happy in the Saviour's love. uch struck with this to-day as Mr. Morgan and I were walking out; rved a pious female speaking on religious matters to a man who was stones, and I said to my friend, "We are apt to overlook our duty, we o something for the Lord in that way." Let us, my dear boys, give our- once to God, and live to promote his glory, and if faithful we shall ately meet around the throne of God. May he grant it for Christ's sake.

MATTHEW WILSON.

SIMILES FROM OLD DIVINES.

No. V.

By the late faithful and worthy minister of Jesus Christ, John Preston, D.D.

BY THE REV. JOHN HIRST,
Author of the "Juvenile Missionary Reciter."

"It is certain, if a man did find an *all-sufficiency* in God, he would never turn from him, nor seek to the creature; even as the bee, if it did find honey enough in one flower, it would not hasten to another; but because it doth not, it goes from flower to flower."

"The Lord is the God of all comfort; as the sun is the cause of all light, whatsoever the air hath it is derived from the sun; so whatsoever is in the creature, is derived from God."

"What are all the creatures? Are they not like servants in the great house of the world, and we as children? And the servants are all at the Master's command to do whatsoever he hath appointed."

"We thank not the hand, but the mind within that moves the hand to do a good turn, much less do we thank a dead, inanimate instrument. Let us look on every creature as *God's* instrument."

"When the sun shines to you, though there be never a star, is it not day? Do you not call it so? Again, when all the stars shine and the sun is set, is not that night? Is it not so when you have the Lord alone?"

"As we see the sun, when it breaks out of a thick cloud of darkness, it shines the brighter; so grace when it breaks out of a thick cloud of temptations, it shines the brighter; we are gainers by temptations."

"If any creature shall say, I will seek no further end, but to have a happiness and perfection within mine own compass, it is all as one as if the *herb* should say, I will not be beholding to the sun, but I will live of myself; or I will not be beholding to the rain, &c. This creature must needs perish."

"When you see the wheels of a watch fitted one to another, when you see the sheath fitted to the sword, you say this is done by some art, this is not by accident. Even so it is in nature, you see a fitting of one thing to another, in the body, in the creatures, in everything in all the senses, in the sun with the air, in the eye with the light and the colours, with the transparent medium. The setting of one thing to another shows that there is an *art* that doth it, which is the providence of God."

"When we lose any particular means, it is but the scattering of a beam, it is but the breaking of a bucket, when the sun and the fountain are the same. But why should we be troubled at it? If we did but think Him to be *all-sufficient*, when one means is broken cannot He find out another if he be all-sufficient? When he said to Paul that all the souls with him should be safe, you see there were divers means, all were not able to swim to the shore and the ship was not able to bring them to the shore, but yet by broken boards and by one means and another, all got to shore. So the Lord brings things to pass in a strange manner, sometimes one way, sometimes another; he breaks in pieces many times the ship that we think should bring us to shore, but casts us on such boards as we did not expect. He brings us help that we never thought of."

"As it is in a corn-field, except you weed it and till it and plough it and manure it and never give it over, it will be overgrown with weeds, and wax fallow again, and will not be fit to bear corn with any constancy; so it is with

our hearts, except we still plow them, and weed them and watch over them, they will be ready to grow fallow, they will be ready to be overgrown." See John ii. 8.

"As we see a man that is unacquainted with music, that hath no skill in it, the common tunes please him best; but when he grows a skilful muscian he cares not for them, those that have the more perfect music in them, those he regards when he hath a more skilful ear. So, that is the meaning of the Apostle, '*We speak wisdom to them that are perfect;*' as if he should say, they are able to discern things, their judgment is another kind of judgment than yours is, or their own was before; that which they could find no relish in, no taste, when they are perfect once, they find a more excellent use in it than others."

"A merchant will cast out his goods when he is in danger of his life, but he hates not his goods. So a man may cast away sin when it puts him in danger of sinking into hell, or of the judgments of men. It is one thing to part with sin and another thing to hate sin."

"Look what disposition and inclination there is in the loadstone in lingering after the iron, if you pull it from it a thousand times still it looks after it and it cannot choose, it is the disposition of the iron; so such a disposition there is in the servants of the Lord to choose him for their Lord and husband—he cannot for his heart choose another master, another Lord; it is He with whom he will dwell, live, and die."

"As the *fire* that maketh anything hot must needs be hotter itself, and the *sun* that enlightens other things must needs be more full of light itself; so is the Lord, since all that is in the creature is taken from him He must be full of all things."

"God searcheth the heart and tries the reins, that is he only knows the several inclinations of the will, and therefore he only is able to persuade. You know if a man make a key to undo such a lock, he must know all the wards or else he may make a key that will not undo it, he may endeavour and not be able to turn the lock; so the Lord that only knows all the wards, all the secret passages, all the windings and turnings of the heart of man, is able to suit it and to fit it with such arguments as shall be effectual to persuade."

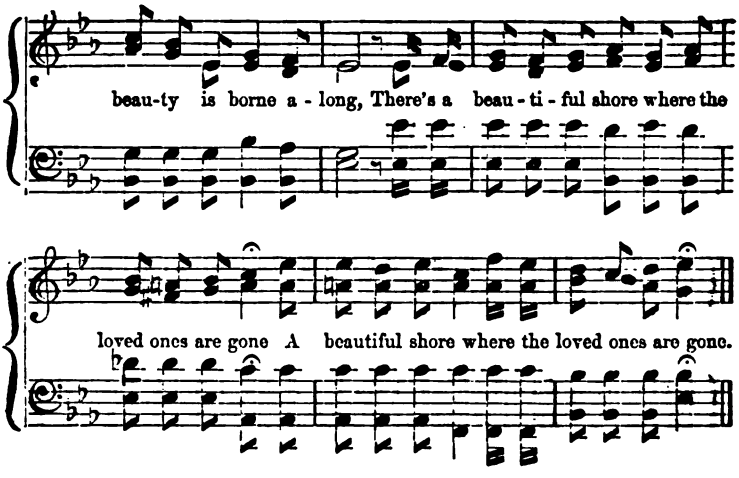
LIFE OF A SINNER.

Seven years in childhood's sport and play,	7
Seven years in school from day to day,	14
Seven years at trade or college life,	21
Seven years to find a place and wife,	28
Seven years to pleasure's follies given,	35
Seven years by business hardly driven,	42
Seven years for fame, a wild-goose chase,	49
Seven years for wealth, a bootless race,	56
Seven years in hoarding for your heir,	63
Seven years in weakness spent, and care,	70
Then die, and sink to dark despair!	

Sent by J. HAWKINS.

THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

Moderato con Expression.



THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

KEY E♭.

Moderato con Expression.

m . f | s : l : s	s :—: f . m	r : d : r	m :—: m . f
d . r | m : f : m	m :—: r . d	t_1 : l_1 : t_1	d :—: d . r
s . s | d' : d' : d'	d' :—: s . d'	s : s : s	s :—: s . s
d . d | d : d : d	d :—: t_1 . d	s_1 : s_1 : s_1	d :—: d . d

There's a beau - ti - ful shore where the loved ones are gone, 'Mid the

s : l : s	s : d' : m	r :—:—|—: m . f	s : l : s
m : f : m	m : m : d	t_1 :—:—|—: d . r	m : f : m
d : d : d	d : d' : s	s :—:—|—: s . s	d' : d' : d'
d : d : d	d : d : d	s_1 :—:—|—: d . d	d : d : d

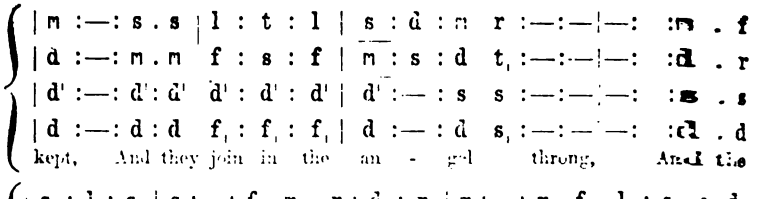
flowers decked in ev - er - green bloom, And we know they have

s :—: f . m	r :—: r	m :—: m . f	l : s : d	m : m : r
m :—: r . d	t_1 :—: t_1	d :—: d . r	f : m : d	d : d : t_1
d' :—: s . s	s :—: s	s :—: s . f	m : s : m	d : s : f
d :—: t_1 . d	s_1 :—: s_1	d :—: d . d	s_1 : s_1 : s_1	s_1 : s_1 : s_1

crossed o'er the dark death wave, And they dwell in that bright an - gel

d :—:— | —: :s . s	l :-.l : l	l : t : d'	s :—: f
d :—:— | —: :m . m	f :-.f : f	f : s : l	m :—: r
m :—:— | —: :d' . d'	d' :-.d' : d'	d' : d' : d'	d' :—: t
d :—:— | —: :d . d	f_1 :-.f_1 : f_1	f_1 : f_1 : f_1	d :—: d

home; They have fought the good fight, and the faith have



2 Oh that beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone,
And the flowers and the evergreen trees,
We shall see when the death-damp is on our brow,
And the breath faintly dies on the breeze;
We shall meet the loved ones who have gone before,
And have bloomed in the world of souls,
When our spirits shall pass to that bright happy shore,
Our bodies, the tomb below.

Chorus—There's a beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone,
A beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone

3 To that beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone,
To the flowers and the evergreen glade,
We shall one day pass, like the brave of yore,
And bask in the beautiful shade.
We must bear the good part, must not shrink from toil,
Till the pilot shall bear us o'er
To the union of hearts in the land of the blessed,
Where parting shall come no more.

Chorus—There's a beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone,
A beautiful shore where the loved ones are gone.

CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

ɔON SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.—unday of 1866 will long be re-ed amongst us, as being a high Maldon, as then the eighth an-y of our Sunday-school was ed. Three appropriate ser-ere preached by the Rev. M. to good congregations. The also were made attractive by ɔlars singing and reciting pieces. ollections were realised. On the school children assembled past two in the chapel, to par-tea, which had been liberally d for them by their teachers ıer supporters of the school. ıen went in procession, accom-by their teachers and friends, the principal streets of the At half-past two o'clock the s and friends partook of tea; 0 sat down. At half-past seven .c meeting was held in the The president for the evening respected townsman, L. Ben-sq. Addresses were also de-by Messrs. Lee, Baxter, Frost, ratford. During the evening of the children recited suitable nd dialogues. The proceeds of ıiversary surpassed those of anv s one; they amounted to £9

J. LEE.

ıT WAKERING, MALDON MIS-The anniversary of the Sabbath was held May 20th and 22nd. s were preached by the Rev. ee, of Maldon, to excellent con-ons, and the scholars sang some The proceeds of the day ex-all expectation, being double any previous anniversary. On esday the scholars assembled -past two, to receive their treat. They processioned the and then were regaled with Afterwards the friends and s, to the number of 160, partook in the chapel. At half-past ıe chair was taken by the Rev. ter, who creditably conducted the meeting, which was addressed by the Rev. J. Guy and other friends. Several scholars recited pieces, which gave interest to the meeting.

J. LEE.

EARLSTOWN, ST. HELENS CIRCUIT, LANCASHIRE.—The anniversary of our Sunday-school was held on Sunday, July 8th, when three sermons were delivered by the Rev. D. T. Maylott, of Liverpool. Collections were made after each service in aid of the school funds, amounting in the aggregate to £7 5s. 10½d. The school was commenced in the spring of 1864; we have on the books about 80 scholars and 15 teachers. We take of the connexional periodicals—4 Large Magazine, 5 Christian Messenger, 10 Juvenile Magazine, and 11 Child's Friend. In the year 1860, we had about seven members in Society, and often not that number of a congregation; but now, in 1866, we have 8 local preachers, above 50 members, and a general congregation proportionate. Truly we are led to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

J. JOHNSTON.

WESTFIELD CHAPEL, HASTINGS MISSION.—The first anniversary was held July 15th and 16th. On the Sabbath-day two sermons were preached by Miss Pilbeam, of Tunbridge Wells. On the Monday a tea meeting was held; and at the public meeting J. Newton, Esq. was called to the chair. Very suitable addresses were given by the chairman, Rev. G. H. Fowler, W. L. Harris, Messrs. R. Jenner, E. Catt, A. Johnston (from London), W. Sargent, and Miss Pilbeam. The report stated that 16 members had been added to the society from the world; several poachers having been converted during the spring of the year, and the publican in the village declared he had lost some of his best customers. Praise the Lord. The pew-rents raised £4 5s. 10d., and the anniversary proceeds £4 2s. 8d; Total £8 8s. 6d., which has

enabled us, after meeting the current expenses, to pay £2 off the principal debt the first year.

G. H. Fowler.

Burnley-Lane-Head, Burnley Circuit.—The anniversary of the above school was celebrated on Lord's Day, July 29th. In the morning an interesting address was delivered to parents, teachers, and scholars; and in the afternoon and evening two excellent sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Buttrick, of Bradford. Though the weather was very unfavourable, and the room small, not being able to seat more than 100, the collections were very liberal, being £20 3s. Here we have a noble band of young men, whose hearts God has touched, and who take a deep interest in the Sabbath-school and the welfare of the Church. They are doing well towards the intended new chapel; they have learnt to give as well as pray. May we soon have a large chapel in which to worship God and save souls.

C. Stockdale.

Laying the Foundation Stone of a New Chapel at Metfield, Bungay Mission.—The stone was laid August 9th. The Scriptures were read by the Rev. B. Bell of Halesworth, prayer was offered by the Rev. J. Winter (Independent) Wortwell, and an address was delivered by the Rev. W. Crown, of Wangford. The stone was laid by Mrs. G. Goddard, of Linsted Magna, who placed £5 on it, and others followed with sums varying from £1 to a halfpenny, until the amount reached about £17. About 100 persons took tea in a large tent fitted up as a preaching place until the chapel shall be finished. After tea a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. G. Goddard. Excellent addresses were delivered by the Chairman, Revs. J. Winter, B. Bell, W. Crown, Messrs. Hall, Warner, and the writer. The entire proceeds of the day amounted to about £20. The land, which cost £30, is paid for, and a respectable sum is in hand and promised towards the undertaking, which will amount to about £300. Many who have long been praying for a house of prayer in this place wept for gratitude on this day. May the Lord regard their prayers and tears is the prayer of

J. Sheale.

School Services, Aylsham Circuit.—On Sunday, 15th August, the Sabbath School anniversary at Lower Sherringham, in the Aylsham Circuit, was celebrated. The Rev. David Newton delivered a very interesting and instructive sermon. In the afternoon and evening the children recited appropriate pieces. The collections were £3 12s. 6½d. The following day the children had their annual treat.

L. V. Warnes.

Trimdon, Thornley Circuit.—We have opened a neat brick chapel at this place, which will accommodate 250 persons. It is freehold and secured to the Connexion. In consequence of much gratuitous leading of materials, and other favours, it will not cost, including ground, deeds, and painting, beyond £200. Much praise is due to Mr. J. M. Walker, our society steward, for the interest he has taken in its erection, and also to Mr. J. Fletcher, the resident viewer of the colliery. It was opened on August 18th, by a public tea, after which a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Fletcher, and addressed by the Revs. J. Laverick, J. Waite, T. Wigham, of Sunderland, and Mr. G. Clarke, of Coxhoe. On the Sunday, sermons were preached in the morning by Mr. Clarke, and in the afternoon and evening by the Rev. T. Wigham. £21 were realised by the tea and collections. The debt will not exceed £100. This is the fifth new chapel we have opened in this Station within the last two years.

J. Waite.

Sunday School Anniversary—North End, King's Lynn.—Services were held in the Albion Hall on Sunday, August 26th. In the morning a sermon was preached by the writer, and in the afternoon and evening short addresses were given by the same, and a number of dialogues and pieces were recited by the scholars. On Monday, August 27th, a lecture was de-

livered by the writer, subject—"Dr. Rowland Taylor, the Hadleigh Martyr;" the chair was taken by the Rev. Henry Gunns. On Monday, September 3rd, the annual Fishermen's Tea (in connection with this anniversary) was held in the same place, and a very enthusiastic meeting followed; Mr. Wm. Lift presided, and addresses were given by the Revs. Gunns and Smith and Messrs. Sharrah (Sailors' Missionary), Lincoln, Lock and Barker. The financial result of the anniversary was £7. This is the 28th anniversary of this Sunday-school, it having been established in the year 1838. May God abundantly bless our labours here among the fishermen's families.

S. SMITH.

WINTERLEY, SANDBACH CIRCUIT.—On Lord's Day, September 2nd, our Sabbath-school sermons were preached by Rev. J. Timmins to very large and attentive congregations; much of the Divine power was felt during the services; the children sung a suitable hymn. The collections amounted to £8 2s. This is the largest collection we have ever had at the school sermons.

J. DAVENPORT.

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

MATILDA MARIA BANKS, daughter of Isaac and Jane Baugh, of Old Park, in the parish of Dawley, was born April 17th, 1841. Her parents, both members of our Society and eminent for their piety, endeavoured to train this their eldest child in the fear of the Lord; and their pious efforts were soon crowned with success. At the early age of four years, she was sent to our Sunday school at Dawley, and she evinced at this period a seriousness of mind and an aptness for learning such as are rarely seen in our schools. She loved her Bible, and read it daily at home to her mother as well as at school. She obtained a sense of the Divine favour when about twelve years of age, and about the same time became a teacher in our school, and she continued in this capacity to the close of her life. She was one of the most efficient and exemplary female teachers it has fallen to our lot to observe. She became a member of our Society as soon as rule respecting age admitted of her doing so. She was invited to attend and join class by the Rev. Matthew Bennett, in the year 1856, when he was labouring in the Dawley Circuit, and in a letter sent to the writer at the time of her death, he speaks of her as follows: "The particulars of her conversion when the Holy Spirit operated upon her heart, enlightened her mind and applied the healing virtue of Jesu's blood to her needy soul, I am not prepared to give. But her intelligent piety, her interesting experience, her devotedness to God, her strong attachment to the Saviour, her regular attendance at the means of grace, especially at the class meeting, made an impression upon me and mine that will not, cannot, be easily forgotten. Her intelligence at the early age of fifteen did credit to her parents and to those who had the superintendance of her training, whether in the day or Sabbath school." About twelve months ago, she was united in the bonds of matrimony with Thomas Banks, of Dawley, one of our local preachers, and from the admirable manner in which she had conducted herself, as one of the most affectionate and obedient of children, and one that really possessed eminent qualifications for the married life, we were expecting

great things from her in this new station of life. But so uncertain is everything human, that ere the year closed in which the union of this happy pair took place, it was dissolved by the cruel hand of death. A few days after she was delivered of an infant daughter, a complication of disorders set in, which soon baffled the skill of her medical attendant. Hearing of her dangerous illness, I called to see her, and found her though suffering much, happy in her mind and perfectly resigned to the will of God. She did not appear to be apprehensive that evening that her end was so near; but early the next morning she called out for her mother, who was soon at her bed-side, when the following affecting conversation took place: she said, "Mother, lean your head upon the bed by me, for I have a great deal to tell you, it will be a great trial and cross to you, it has been to me, but blessed be God I have obtained the victory. I am going to die and leave you; it has been revealed to me." Seeing her mother much affected at this intelligence, she said, "Now, mother, you must go down on your knees and pray for grace to enable you to give me up." Her mother with a heart almost broken, went down upon her knees. "And now," said this dying saint, "pray in faith, mother, more faith, mother. Now don't weep, mother, the Lord is doing all for the best. I am going to Heaven, and it seems to me that it won't be long, mother, before we shall meet again in Heaven." She then desired to see our respected friend, Mr. R. R. Pearce, and myself; we accordingly went, and entered the chamber together. She immediately informed us that she was very happy, but that she was going to die and go to Glory. A sweet heavenly smile played upon her countenance as she spoke of her departure and of her hope of Heaven. She then addressed Mr. Pearce as follows: "I should like you when I am gone, as you have been with me most in the school, and knew me best there, to address the teachers, scholars, and parents connected with our Sunday school. It may do good, and if it do good but to one it will be a great blessing; but don't tell them I had no faults." She then expressed a desire that the writer, being her leader, would preach her funeral sermon. We were much affected, and prayed with her, and all felt the place was both solemn and glorious—indeed glory seemed to fill the room. During all that day, she exhorted her husband to be faithful to the grace of God, and to be sure to meet her in Heaven. She then had her father sent for, and all her brothers and sisters; kissing all and bidding them farewell, she charged each one of them to live in the fear of the Lord, and to meet her in Heaven. Many of her friends and neighbours came to see her, and to hear her talk of Heaven; and many returned from her room bathed in tears, being much affected with what they heard, and exclaiming, "Let my last end be like hers." As the evening approached, it seemed evident to all that her end was near, and then she became so conscious of the Divine Glory, that she seemed eager to go and seize the Crown; she shouted, "Victory! Victory! Victory!" and sank unconscious for some time. On recovering she seemed disappointed, and said she had been disturbed and hindered from dying and going to Glory. She lived several days after this, and I visited her three or four times, but found her unable to converse much; but on each occasion I found her faith in the atonement of Christ unshaken, and her soul happy, waiting until her change should come. On the day of her death, she was not able to converse at all for five hours; but just as she was departing, though her power of voice was gone, yet she was heard feebly, but distinctly to say, "Shout! Shout! Shout!" She then lifted up her hands in token of victory, and her happy spirit took its flight to the realms of bliss, on October 17th, 1865, aged twenty-four years; having been a teacher in our Sabbath school twelve years, and a constant member of our society about nine years. It can be truly said of her that she "adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." She was a pattern in society for the following traits of character: humility of manners, gentleness and

kness of spirit, plainness and neat- of dress. And the prayer of our te is, that many of our young ien may be led to copy her bles- example. According to the wish ur dear young friend, on Novem- 12th, Mr. R. R. Pearce delivered ddress to the teachers, scholars, parents belonging to our Sabbath ol, when her eminent qualifications untiring devotedness to our Sunday ol, as a teacher, were touchingly lt upon, and many tears were by her colleagues and scholars in school. The writer also on the e evening improved her death in Dawley Chapel, to an overcrowded regation, when hundreds failed to standing room and had to return; ng the whole of the service God graciously present, and we trust l was done.

C. North.

MELIA Morse, daughter of Joseph Amy Priest, of Bream Eaves, and of Mr. George Morse, was born ust 9th, 1825, and died at Viney , in the Pillawell Circuit, October , 1865. Her parents set before r children an example calculated ake an impression on their minds would be productive of good. The thus sown has to some extent already produced fruit. Two of the sons are now acredited local preachers with the Wesleyan Methodists. Two of the daughters had previously died in peace, and our departed sister makes the third. She was brought to God in her sixteenth year. Having received a change of heart, she became a member with the Wesleyans and also a Sabbath school teacher, and as such continued for several years. Having become united in marriage to him who now mourns her loss, she joined the Primitive Methodists, and for fifteen years exerted her influence to do good in the sphere in which she moved. Her experience was not one of ecstacy, but it was calm and peaceful. The writer visited her several times during her illness, and found her confidence in her Saviour was unshaken when she was suffering great pain. She would say, "What is this to what my Saviour suffered for me? Thy will be done." Her affliction was consumption, and when she was rapidly sinking her soul could say,

"Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay."

In this state her spirit left this world for a better.

W. Watts.

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

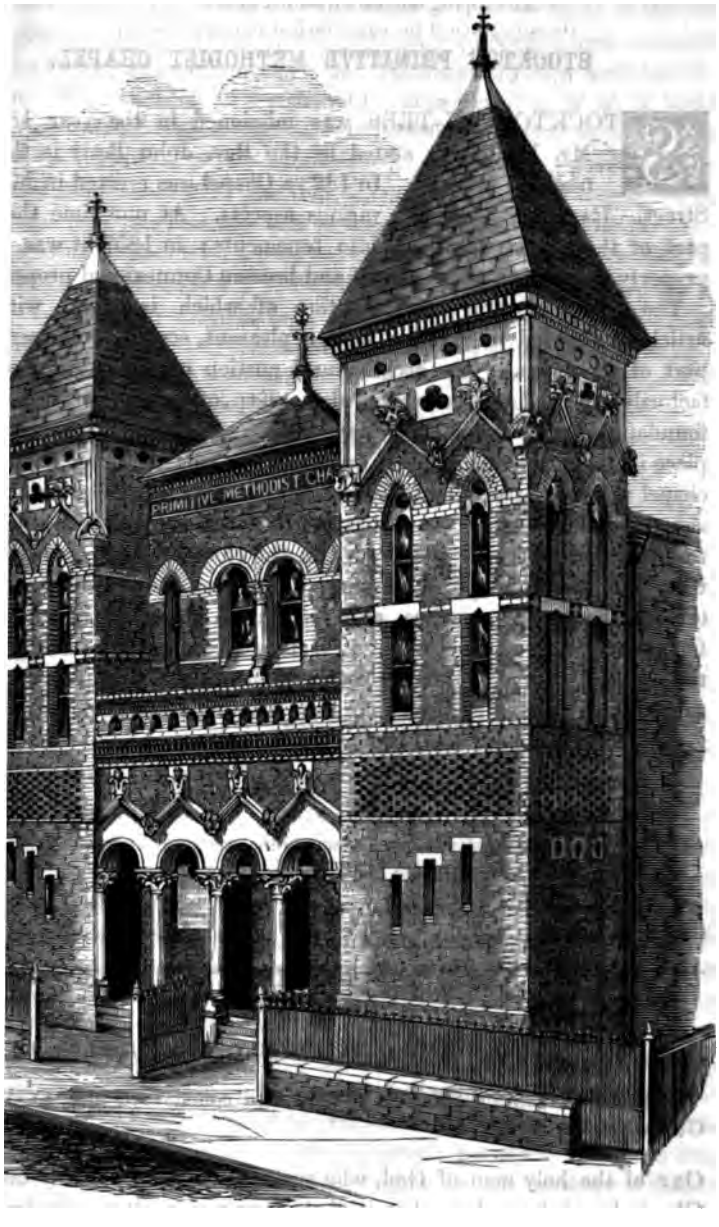
I saw the young bride in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array,
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked brilliant and gay.
With woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love;
She had anchored her hopes to the perishing earth
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heartstrings were bleeding and torn,
The chain had been broken in two;
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe.
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,

And wiping the tears from her eyes,
He strengthened the chain he had broken in twain,
And fastened it fast to the skies.
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God.—
"I love thee, I love thee,
Pass under the rod."

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy:
She kissed his pale lips as he murmured her name,
And the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
How sweet is the rosebud encircled in dew
When its fragrance is flung on the air:
So fresh and so bright to his mother he seemed
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent and cold,
The tears fell so fast as she stood by him there,
And the tale of her sorrow was told.
But the Healer was there who had smitten her heart
And taken her treasure away;
To allure her to heaven he had placed it on high,—
And the mourner will sweetly obey:
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God.—
"I love thee, I love thee,
Pass under the rod."

I saw when a father and mother had leaned
On the arm of a dear cherished son,
And their star in the future grew bright to their gaze
As they saw the proud place he had won:
And the fast coming evening of life promised fair,
And the pathway grew bright to their feet,
The sky up above was beauteous and clear,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet.
But I saw when they stood bending low over the grave,
Where their hearts' dearest hopes had been laid,
Their star had gone down in the brightness of day,
And hope from each bosom had fled.
But the Healer was there, and his arms were around,
And he led them with tenderest care;
He showed them a star in that bright upper world,
'Twas their star shining briliantly there.
They had each heard a voice—'twas the voice of their God—
"I love thee, I love thee,
Pass under the rod."

Sent by **M. A. K.**



STOCKTON PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL.

STOCKTON PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES was missioned in the year 1821, by Mr. Laister, as stated by the Rev. John Petty in the Connexional History. In 1823 a Chapel was erected in Maritime Street. Its history presents various aspects. At one time the lower part of the chapel was made into tenements; in 1857 it was private property; then it was purchased and became Connexional property.

The new chapel, a representation of which is given with this article, is situated in Paradise Row, a pleasant, central, and respectable part of the town. The architectural portion of the work was satisfactorily executed by Charles J. Adams, Esq., of Stockton-on-Tees. The foundation stone was laid in May, 1865, and the opening services took place in the latter end of May, and the early part of June, 1866. The chapel will comfortably seat 750 persons. There are galleries on three sides of the building, and an orchestra behind the pulpit. The approaches to the galleries are in the towers in the chapel front. In each tower there are two flights of stone steps. Between the towers are situated the main entrances, portico, and vestibule. There are also two comfortable vestries, a school room, 40 feet by 25 feet, and a small house for the chapel keeper. The entire cost was about £2,900; upwards of one third of which was realised before the opening services closed. *See the Large Magazine, September*, 1866.

T. SOUTHRON.

A GREAT WORK, AND AN IMPORTANT REASON FOR DOING IT.

A SHORT SERMON BY THE REV. J. HAWKINS.

"Thus did Noah according to all that God commanded him, so did he." Gen. vi. 22.

ONE of the holy men of God, who spake as he was moved by the Holy Ghost, has informed us that "whatsoever was written aforetime, was written for our learning;" so that whatever is recorded in the Holy Scriptures demands and should have our serious and devout attention,—

whether it is the law inscribed by the finger of God, on Sinai, or the precepts given by the Holy Spirit in the previous or succeeding ages—whether it is the history of a nation or a tribe—the biography of a family or of a person. The biography of the patriarch Noah (small as it is) is highly calculated to teach us the *goodness* and *justice* of that God with whom we have to do. How much we have wished that Moses had given us a full and particular account of the doings, sayings, life, and labours, of the illustrious man of whom the text speaks; but we have *multum in parvo*. God, who made man with a pure nature, that he might bask in the sunshine of his smile, enjoy the bounties of his universe, and reciprocate his love, "saw that the wickedness of man was great, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually," "and it repented the Lord that he had made man." Though there was only *one* righteous person yet he spared no attention or effort to render his salvation secure, after his faith and obedience had been fully tested. God directed him to build the ark for safety, &c.

Let us consider—First, *What Noah did.* Second, *How he did it.* Third, *Why he did it.*

I. WHAT HE DID. "He did according to *all* that God commanded." This implies—

First, *implicit faith in what God had said.* He fully believed that the flood would come. If the philosophers of the age taunted him with being visionary in his notions and teachings, it may be that he could not prove that such a fearful catastrophe as a universal deluge was in the nature of things inevitable. Neither could he look back and point to a precedent and then silence cavillers by saying, "Once there was a deluge; and what has occurred once may occur again." But although he had not the authoritative voice of philosophy, or a conclusive precedent, to sanction his theory, yet he had the sanction of him who is the author of all true philosophy, and the controller of all circumstances and events. Yes, he who hath "meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance, and taketh up the isles as a very little thing, and hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand;" HE it was that had said, "Behold I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh!" It was upon the word of the infallible and Almighty God that he rested his faith for the accomplishment of the awful catastrophe. Nor was he disappointed; for at the appointed time "the fountains of the great deep were broken up, the windows of heaven were opened;" and for fifteen cubits and upwards did the waters prevail, until "all the high hills and the mountains under the whole heaven were covered." What is there that faith has not enabled its

possessor to accomplish? The time would fail me to tell of the "kingdoms" it has "subdued," the "righteousness" it has "wrought," the "promises" it has "obtained," and the "lions' mouths" it has "stopped," &c. By faith the "violence of fire" has been "quenched," the "edge of the sword" has been "escaped," the weak have been "made strong, have waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens." It was by faith that Noah was enabled to triumph over all his difficulties, and accomplish the great work assigned him.

Secondly, *Great moral courage.* And how essential this would be to brave the objections and odium which his contemporaries would raise against his astonishing undertaking. What censures and jests would be passed upon the good man's work, and some would not be slow to call him a fanatic or madman for beginning a work of such amazing magnitude with no other object than that of floating over a deluged world. But his courage was equal to his circumstances and difficulties, and he gloriously triumphed over both. In the battle for truth, holiness, and heaven, let this ever be your prayer,—

"Increase my courage Lord."

This would imply too:—

Thirdly, *great labour.* An idea of the extent of his labour may be gathered from the magnitude of his undertaking. On this subject a living author says: "The construction and size of the ark have afforded great jest for the scoffing frivolity and ignorance of the enemies of Revelation. But assuming that the dimensions given in the sacred history are geometrically exact, it has been found, after the most accurate computations, made by those best versed in ship building, that the vessel, in all its known parts and proportions, is in perfect accordance with the received principles of naval architecture. Nor can it be denied that the capacity of the ark, which was five hundred and forty-seven feet long, ninety-one feet broad, and fifty-four feet high, or above eighty thousand tons burden, was quite adequate to contain all the animals said to have been taken into it, with sufficient food for more than twelve months. The colossal size of the vessel is quite in harmony with the primitive age, and with the strength and duration of its erections." Think of the immense labour in collecting the materials and fitly framing the whole together, and you may get an idea of the prodigious labour which engaged Noah's hands, head, heart, and life.

But we notice:—

II. How he did it. He did it—

First, *promptly.* As soon as God gave him the plan he began to build. As soon as God told him what to do, he began to do it. What

noble example he has set the men of all ages! O that this were the ıle generally. When God says to man do this O that he would do it. ut alas, God has to charge many with inattention, obduracy, and con- ımpt of his counsel and word. Hear his complaint against such, "I ıve called but ye have refused, I have stretched out my hand and no an regarded it; ye have set at nought all my reproof." But for such ıring and vile conduct may our unsaved and impenitent reader never ɹperience the fulfilment of those awful words which God has addressed) such: "I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your ar cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction ɔmeth as a whirlwind, when distress and anguish cometh upon you; hen shall you call upon me but I will not answer." What God com- ands you to do, if you wish to enjoy his approval, smile, or friendship, ı affliction, adversity, or death, do it with your might, at *once*. Make ıste to keep God's commandments. To urge you to the performance ' your duties God addresses you in the following encouraging language: Behold, now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation."

He did it—

Secondly, *perseveringly*. Would not doubts occasionally rise in is mind with regard to the propriety, or absolute necessity of such work? Would he not have temptations to give up the work ıring the long period of a hundred and twenty years? Would he not e many times severely censured, and his work be held up to derision as ıe of the most wild and absurd schemes ever set on foot? Yea, verily: ıt whatever were his difficulties, he ceased not until he had done according to all that God commanded him."

He did it—

Thirdly, *Satisfactorily*. He began, continued, and ended the work ɔpointed him, gigantic as it was, and God was well pleased. How ɹeat too must have been his own satisfaction and pleasure when God ıme down and said, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark, for ıee have I seen righteous before me in this generation." It was im- ıaterial who condemned his work, or was chagrined at the doctrine he ɹeached, so long as God approved. In the approval of his God he found ɐace, abiding joy, and profound satisfaction. For God who watched ıe development and completion of his work, and at the same time ɐad the secrets of his heart, approved of both his *motive* and his *work*. Thee have I seen righteous," says God.

But we notice:—

III. WHY HE DID IT. When we think of the ark—the circumstances nder which it was built, and the object for which it was constructed, ne is led to ask—what led the venerable patriarch to undertake it?

to which we reply,—not established custom, nor public opinion. But, First, Because great as was the work, it was *practicable*. All that God demanded he could give, and all that God required of him he could do. Herein is seen the goodness and justice of God to man. He only requires of us what it is in our power to perform. He never mocks us by requiring impossibilities. This will make a man speechless and without excuse, if he neglects the commands of God. Second, Because it was *essential to his own safety*. No ark, no safety! No labour, no salvation! No effort, no heaven! Inactivity is man's curse and ruin. It is hell's stupor upon men's spirits, and the incubus of the church. "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life." And third, Because *God commanded him*. It was *this* that gave inflexibility to his will, courage to his heart, and strength to his arm, or that nerved body and soul, and marshalled all the powers of his being for the execution of the stupendous undertaking.

We may learn from this subject:—

1. The deep interest God takes in the well being of those who love and serve him.

2. How much our own safety depends upon the faithful discharge of our duties. And

3. The importance of giving full credence to God's most holy word. The grass will wither and the flowers fade, but "the word of our God shall stand for ever." The material heavens and earth may pass away, "but my word shall not pass away."

"Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines."

BLIND AMOS AND HIS VELVET PRINCIPLES.

(Continued from p. 328.)

I SHALL never forget the first time I heard blind Amos talk; it was one fine evening, and a number of us boys had been merrily playing on the green, until, as is not unfrequently the case with the games and amuse-

ments of this world, in our childhood and in boyhood—type of after-life—the play had ended in a quarrel, and I am afraid there were some indications of a fight brewing among some of us. We were not far from Amos, who was sitting at his little garden-gate; he called us, and began to talk to us:—"Boys, you have had a good long game, and it will soon be time for you to go home; but before you go, I have a word to say to you, and especially to the two of you I heard speaking so angrily just now. I fear you were going to fight; recollect *always before you begin to fight to put on your velvet gloves.* When I was a boy—I was not blind then—I remember it was just such an evening as I think this must be, I and a number of my playmates—all gone now, I know not where—had rambled through the woods and fields, till, quite forgetful of the fading light, we found ourselves far from home; we found we had lost our way. It so happened that we were nearer home than we thought, but how to get there was the question. We saw a man coming along by the edge of the field, and we ran to ask him to tell us. Whether he was in trouble or not I do not know, but he gave us a very surly answer. Just then there came along another man, a near neighbour, and, with a merry smile on his face, said, 'Jem,' said he, 'a man's tongue is like a cat's; it is either a piece of velvet or a piece of sand paper, just as he likes to use it and to make it, and I declare you always seem to use your tongue for sand paper. *Try the velvet, man, try the velvet principle.*'

"I did not think then, I could not know, what velvet was to be to me in after-life, but I never forgot the good-humoured smile, the good-tempered tongue of that man; and I have often thought when I have heard angry words rising, and have sometimes heard blows struck, that things would have gone on far better if they had tried *the velvet principle.* When I was apprenticed, there was a lad apprenticed with me who tried all my patience and powers of endurance. He took a strange dislike to me, and annoyed me in every way he could. I was a passionate mortal, and many a sharp and angry expression would come nearly to my tongue; but I prayed for grace to control my temper, and I often muttered to myself, now Amos, try the velvet; sometimes the sand-paper got the best of it; but I always found that while it exasperated and broke the skin it did me no good, it did not make my life a bit more quiet. Every angry word left me more unhappy than before. I invariably said to myself, 'Why did you not *try the velvet principle?*'

"In the town where I was apprenticed, I knew a couple when I was nearly out of my time, and what an unhappy life they led, to be sure; they lived in our street—I do not say they came out into the street to wrangle, but everybody knew how unhappy their lives were. The name of the woman before she was married was Fife, and when her temper was

very much vexed, her husband, I remember, a most provoking fellow, would sometimes come and stand at the street door and ask the neighbours to come and listen to his fife, and inquire of them if they did not admire its sound; and very funny I daresay it was that he should say so; but I know that it always irritated his wife the more. Then sometimes she would take up the sand paper, and when she began, I remember she was quite a match for her husband. She would ask him if his temper did not want a poultice—if he had recovered the tongue-ache—if she should get him a little tincture of nettles;—they were the talk of the whole neighbourhood. I used to hear them and think about the sand paper and the velvet very often. I have known that one or the other would have been soothed and lulled by a kind word or two, and I have seen that a kind word would have prevented the whole quarrel; and I used to think and say, why they would begin life again with quite a new everlasting honey-moon, if they would only *try the velvet principle.*

"Then I became, I hope, a Christian, and I found that the Christian's feet were to be 'shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace.' I found that the Christian, wherever he went, was to carry the spirit of peace, a loving heart and a loving life; and I found too, that the love of God in the heart is the only thing which will conquer temper or the tongue, or make the 'speech' to be, as the apostle said, 'always with grace and seasoned with salt.' But I do think, that after I became a christian I had more trials and infirmities of temper than before. I had a greater conflict with self, for I had more to live for; but every day as I arose or went to bed I used especially to pray that God would dwell in me by his love through Jesus Christ, and that he would make me more loving to others, and that thus I might be able to carry out my favourite velvet principle.

"The best men sometimes get into trouble: the minister of our parish did something, I forgot what, that created a strong feeling against him. I do not know whether he was right or wrong, I fancy he was right, for he bore a good deal of persecution with so meek and quiet a spirit, he went about from house to house in the parish, apparently not heeding any of the remarks about him; indeed I know there were no grounds for saying anything against his character; and he behaved, I remember, in so gentle and loving a manner, that in a month or two he won all the hearts of the people to him again. I have no doubt it was a severe struggle, but he conquered; he conquered himself, and he conquered the village. I remember how much I admired him, and how gladly I beheld an illustration of my favourite doctrine; it was a perfect triumph of *the velvet principle.*

"When I came to live in this village, and to follow my occupation

here, I do not know why, I found my neighbours did not like me. I never went to the public-house; I did not associate much with other people—I was thought to be above my station in life; I had innumerable sins of pride laid at my door. I lost many shillings, and in consequence of this cruelty I often, with my poor wife, passed a whole day with nothing to eat, or to give to our children. Sometimes I thought I must leave the place, as my faith occasionally wavered, but God enabled me to hold on safe and firm. I determined to say nothing myself. I have always said, boys, if you will let a lie, or any other bad thing alone, and not fight it, or kick it, or handle it, it will rot and die at last; and so I found it; the good opinion of my neighbours came quite as unexpectedly and undeservedly as their censure. But I attribute the change to my following up my attachment to *the velvet principle.*

"Well, my dear boys, I dare say I have talked to you so long that you have quite forgotten what you were going to quarrel about; and I am sure you are very glad that I stopped you in the midst of the quarrel; and you will thank me if you are wise boys, for having prevented you from giving way to bad tempers. Now recollect, that in the long run *gentleness is the truest strength.* I know it will not seem so at first—there seems to be a good deal more power in a blow than in a kind word, and more power in an unkind look than a kind one. But in words gentleness is the truest force. What does the Bible tell us is to lead the lion, the ox, and the wolf? Why, a little child. 'A little child shall lead them.' The most weak and innocent thing you can think of shall lead the most cruel and savage creatures. When I was a boy, I remember hearing of a little girl who had some ornaments given to her by a good spirit; some people said they were fairy gifts; these ornaments were so valuable, that nothing on earth could buy them, and they were invisible, although they were always worn. The relations and friends of the girl could not make out what ornaments the good little spirit could have left. They were not gold, nor diamonds, nor precious stones of any kind. At last it turned out that the ornaments were 'a meek and quiet spirit,' by which everything she did was to turn into gold. My boys, these are ornaments that God alone by his Spirit can give you. But if he give them, you will never give way to evil dispositions nor be disposed to fight, but in all your affairs of life *try the velvet principle.*"

Copied by M. GRAVES.

MR. BOARDMAN'S REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE.

NORTHAMPTON, SEPT. 7, 1793.

The late Mr. Richard Boardman, being at my house one evening, related the following providential deliverence, which, through the mercy of God, he experienced when travelling in Wales many years ago.

OWEN DAVIES.

"I preached one evening at Mold, in Flintshire, and next morning set out for Park Gate. After riding some miles I asked a man if I was on my right road to that place. He answered, 'Yes, but you will have some sands to go over, and unless you ride very fast, you will be in danger of being enclosed by the tide.' It then began to snow in such a degree that I could scarce see a step of the way, and my mare being with foal prevented me from riding so fast as I otherwise should have done. I got to the sands, and pursued my journey over them for some time; but the tide then came in, and surrounded me on every side, so that I could neither proceed nor turn back, and to ascend the perpendicular cliffs was impossible. In this situation I commended my soul to God; not having the least expectation of escaping death. In a little time I perceived two men running down the hill, on the other side of the water, and by some means they got a boat and came to my relief, just as the sea had reached my knees, as I sat upon the mare. They took me into the boat, the mare swimming by our side till we reached land. While we were in the boat one of the men cried out, 'Surely, sir, God is with you!' I answered, 'I trust he is.' The man replied, 'I know he is;' and then related the following circumstance: 'Last night I dreamed that I must go to the top of such a hill. When I awoke, the dream made so deep an impression upon me, that I could not rest. I went and called upon this my friend, and desired him to accompany me. When we came to the place we saw nothing more than usual. However, I begged him to go with me to another hill at a small distance, and then we saw your distressing situation.' When we got ashore I went with my two friends to a public-house not far from the place where we landed, and as we were relating this wonderful Providence, the landlady said, 'This day month, we saw a gentleman just in your situation; but before we could hasten to his relief he plunged into the sea, supposing, as we conjectured, that his horse could swim with him to the shore; but they both sunk and were drowned together.' I gave my deliverers all the money I had, which I think was eighteenpence, and tarried all night at the public-house. Next morning I was not a little embarrassed how to pay my

reckoning. I therefore apologised to the landlord for the want of cash, and begged he would keep a pair of silver spurs till I should send to redeem them. But he answered, 'The Lord bless you, sir; I would not take a farthing from you for the world.' After some serious conversation with the friendly people of the house, I bade them farewell, and recommenced my journey, rejoicing in the Lord, and praising him for his great salvation."

Extracted by T. KENDALL.

DEPLORABLE DEATH OF THREE MEN FROM THIRST, IN VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

FROM the *Peak Downs Telegram* we take the following dreadful story of real life:—"Serjeant Gallagher brought information to town on Saturday evening of a man who reported the death of his three mates in the bush. The following are the particulars known of this sad occurrence:—About a fortnight ago a party consisting of James Offley, Thomas Garside, William Drummond, and George Atkinson, left Clermont on a prospecting tour to the westward. The leader of the party was Drummond, who professed to be acquainted with the country, and to have discovered while in Mr. Thorne's service at the Belyando, some very rich ground. The party had but one horse among them, and were cautioned before starting as to the extreme scarcity of water in the region to which they were bound. After a few days' travelling water became alarmingly scarce, and to the dismay of the party their leader confessed to not only being ignorant of the whereabouts of the rich ground he had started in quest of, but also as to the way to water or any human habitation. Lost among the ranges, without a drop of water, the wretched men, it is said, wandered about for twelve days, the victims of raging thirst. The leader, Drummond, was the first to succomb, and was necessarily left to perish. The survivors killed their dog, and found temporary respite from drinking its blood, but at length were driven to open veins in their own arms and seek relief in swallowing the vital fluid. Soon after this, and after they had come upon a road, Offley and Garside dropped almost simultaneously, and died. Atkinson covering the bodies with their blankets, and summoning all his remaining strength followed up the road, which happily brought him in a state of complete exhaustion to Mr. M'Master's

station, near Hurley's Rush, where we need hardly say he was most hospitably cared for. Offley and Garside were both married men and residents of Clermont, who had been induced by Drummond to leave their wives and families to seek for gold and meet a horrible death. As may be supposed, the poor widows are almost broken-hearted by the calamity, and their sad case has excited the deepest sympathy in every heart. Three children have been left orphans by the catastrophe, Mrs. Garside having two, and Mrs. Offley one child. Drummond is a single man, as is also the survivor, Atkinson, the latter being, strange to say, a delicate-looking man. Sergeant Gallagher and the bereaved widows left Clermont on the 19th ult., the former to seek and bury the bodies, the latter to glean additional particulars respecting their late partners. Atkinson states that he left Drummond 45 miles from Mr. M'Master's, and it is a matter of the greatest surprise that he was possessed of strength sufficient to travel so great a distance after the death of his comrades. The men's lives were probably prolonged by the light thunder showers that fell during the past fortnight, as the best authorities deny the possibility of life being sustained twelve or even six days without water. The case furnishes another warning to men who recklessly strike into the bush in search of gold, and proves that moderate earnings and constant employment have advantages that men with families at all events should not despise."

There is no bodily suffering more distressing than thirst. To grapple with death is more desirable than to endure the parched lip, the burning throat, and the tongue cleaving to the roof of the mouth. Every nerve becomes like red-hot wire vibrating with pain through every part of the body. It is perhaps on this principle that our Lord represented the punishment of the lost as thirst. O may every reader of the above distressing circumstance drink of the living stream, and find that water to be in him a "well of water springing up into everlasting life."

G. T. HALL.

DR. BEECHER.

DR. BEECHER once engaged to preach for a country minister in exchange, and the Sabbath proved to be one exceedingly stormy, cold, and uncomfortable. It was mid-winter, and the snow was piled all along in the

roads, so as to make the passage-way difficult. Still the minister urged his horse through the drifts, put the animal into a shed, and went into the church; but no hearers had arrived. After looking about, the old gentleman, then young, took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, looked about, and took a seat. The hour came for commencing service, but there was only one hearer. Whether to preach to such an audience was a question, and it was one that Lyman Beecher was not long in deciding. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and he had no right to refuse to do it because only one man could reap the benefit of it; and accordingly he went through all the services, praying, and singing, preaching, and the benediction, with only *one* hearer. When all was over, he hastened down from the desk to speak to his congregation, but he had departed.

A circumstance so rare was referred to occasionally; but twenty years afterwards it was brought to the doctor's mind quite strangely. Travelling somewhere in Ohio, the doctor alighted from the stage one day in a pleasant village, when a gentleman stepped up to him, and familiarly called him by name. "I do not remember you," said the doctor. "I suppose not," said the stranger; "but we once spent two hours together in a house alone in a storm." "I do not recall it, sir," added the old man, "pray when was it?" "Do you remember preaching, twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?" "Yes, yes," said the doctor, grasping his hand, "I do, indeed, and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since." "I am the man, sir; and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church! The converts of that sermon, sir, are all over Ohio."

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

When Bulstrode Whitelock was embarked as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in 1653, he was much disturbed in mind as he rested in Harwich on the preceding night, which was stormy, while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who finding that his master could not sleep, at length said, "Pray, sir, do not you think that God governed the world very well before you came into it?" "Undoubtedly." "And pray, sir,

do not you think that He will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?" "Certainly." "Then, sir, pray excuse me, but do not you think you may trust him to govern it quite as well as long as you live?" To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply; but, turning about, he soon fell fast asleep, and slept till he was summoned to embark.

T. MARTIN.

CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS is the festival held in Commemoration of the birth of our Redeemer, but as no mention is made of it in the New Testament, the questions suggest themselves, "When did the festival called Christmas originate?" and, "What purpose was contemplated in the celebration?"

As to the first of these questions—Christmas appears to have been originated in the fourth century, under the Roman Bishop Liberius. It was not at all relished by many, at the first, they regarding it as a useless innovation. Opposition, however, at length gave way, and Christmas became an established custom of Christendom.

With regard to the second question—the festival of Christmas appears to have been designed to direct the attention of Christians from the imposing Pagan festivals, which were held at this season of the year; festivals by which many believers were ensnared and ruined. At these exciting celebrations, called Saturnalia, Paganism decked herself in her most gaudy attire, and invited her deluded votaries to participate in the most gross and debasing sensual pleasures; she professed, indeed, to take them back to the fabled golden age, and to abolish, for the time, all distinctions of rank and station among men.

It was judged therefore, by those who instituted the festival of Christmas, that as Christ came to inaugurate a golden age, and to make all men spiritually equal, the Pagan festival might with propriety and advantage, be spiritualised, and transferred to Christianity.

At these Pagan festivals there was also a custom of presenting gifts to friends. This custom likewise, was brought over to Christianity, and we behold in it the origin of our "Christmas Box."

Christmas was fixed at this particular period of the year, not because Christ was born exactly at this time, but because these heathen festivals

rere then held. But the close of the solar year seems very suitable for his purpose; for as the shortest day ushers in the lengthening days, nd heralds the return of spring and summer, so Christ's coming into the rorld introduces a spiritual spring after a long and dreary winter of rror and of sin; a spring of which it may be said, "The time of the inging of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our ınd."

The design of the institution seems good, and reminds us of the fact hat in the infancy of Primitive Methodism, camp meetings were held at he time of village wakes with the intent of counteracting their ill effects, nd of changing the evil into good. Tea Meetings are now frequently eld at the time of races, fairs, &c., to keep young people from attending hem to the injury of their souls. This is but another application of the rinciple which led to the institution of Christmas.

There are various ways of keeping Christmas. The Papists who make t a very high festival, hold three masses thereupon: one at midnight, one t day break, and a third later in the morning. In a certain church in taly they exhibit and worship the very cradle—they say—in which the nfant Christ was laid. And in almost all Italian Churches the scene in he stable of the nativity is enacted, part of the sacred edifice being put nto the appearance of a stable, the oxen, virgin and child, Joseph the eputed father, the wise men presenting gifts, &c. While tempted to mile at such peurility, let us not forget its idolatrous character and its onsequent offensiveness to that adorable Being whom it professes to ıonour.

But those who spend Christmas amid the the low excitements and the lemoralising scenes of the tavern, are as far from employing it aright as ıre the votaries of the Papacy. Yet how many thousands thus consume ts precious hours!

Those who employ it in friendly visits, in christian salutations, in elieving the poor, in thankfulness to God for the gift of His Son, and n holding tea meetings for reducing chapel debts, and the like, are nuch nearer the right mark. In this way I trust the reader will spend very succeeding Christmas, and then each will be the prelude of a HAPPY NEW YEAR.—*A Scrap from a Minister's Study Table.*

Nottingham.

WAR.

"GIVE me," says an American writer, "the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe; I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud: I will build a school-house on every hill side and in every valley over the whole earth; I will build an academy in every town and endow it: a college in every state, and fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a place of worship, consecrated to the promulgation of the Gospel of peace; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness: so that on every Sabbath morning, the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another, round the earth's circumference: and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend like a universal holocaust to heaven."

"I saw a phantom, dark with lurid face,
Gleam grimly up in the unquiet sky;
And on the fair green earth it had a place,
While nations, powers, and thrones---the world, was nigh.

I saw its trailing robes of fiery red;
I heard its thund'ring voice sound o'er the lands,
I saw earth's mighty hosts to battle led,
With that grim form to herald all her bands.

Where noble cities stood, and fertile vales,
Blank, barren desolation held its sway;
And bitter tears were shed, and mournful wails
Went up beneath the sun's unwelcome ray.

And widows wrung their hands in agony,
And orphans grieved for a beloved sire;
Tears unavailing dropped mournfully
For those swept off by sword or scathing fire.

O! war hath slain its millions, brave and strong,
With keen relentless zest and eager haste,
And the great cry comes up, O Lord how long
Shall this fair earth be doomed to war's mad waste?

Until her varied tribes shall flocking come,
In love together knit, and bonds of peace,
Worshipping God beneath heaven's azure dome,
Then war's discordant din for aye shall cease."

Sent by J. HAWKINS.

THE CATERPILLAR STATE OF INSECT LIFE.

"CATERPILLARS! oh! I cannot bear to look upon them, take them away, for they are frightful looking creatures." Such, we presume, are the expressions of some sensitive young lady, who is so inconsistent as to abuse caterpillars, while she wears a part of their bodies, in the form of a silk dress, to adorn her person. All silks and satins are produced by caterpillars, and not only produced by them, but the very gum of which the silk is made is a part of the poor reptile's body. The amount of money received in England, for exported silk, between the years 1820 and 1840, was £2,527,355, and, says a writer in the "Penny Cyclopædia," under the article Silk, "The declared value of silk manufactures exported in 1839 was £868,118. The value of the silk manufactories of Great Britain is estimated at between £6,000,000 and £7,000,000. They employ altogether in these factories above 30,000 persons, of whom two thirds are females." Thousands of persons in France depend upon the poor caterpillars for a livelihood. All caterpillars may be termed silkworms, for they all spin silk, silk of different colours, white, yellow, brown, black, or grey, but the well known Silkworm is the best silk producer." We judge the above remarks will be sufficient to

induce the most ignorant person to consider the larvæ of the moth worthy of attention.

Caterpillars change their skins four or five different times during a few weeks. Count Dandolo states that a "silk-worm just hatched measures one line; after the first moulting it measures four lines; after the second moulting, six lines; after the third moulting, twelve lines; after the fourth moulting, twenty lines; and after the fifth moulting it may measure forty lines. The length of the silk-worm, therefore, increases about forty times in twenty-eight days." The manner in which the caterpillars feed is peculiar, they do not move the mouth up and down to masticate the food, as most other animals do, but they move their mandibles from side to side. And their feet are beautifully adapted to serve them in the caterpillar state; they have six proper feet which are placed on the anterior segments of the body, and each foot terminates in a hard claw. (See fig. 1, greatly magnified.) They have also eight or ten prolegs placed on the posterior segments of the body, each of these legs has power to adhere to the surface of a leaf, just in the same manner as the *actinia*, or *sea-anemone*, adheres to the rocks of the ocean. They have power also to cause the prolegs to meet on each side of a leaf or branch and grasp it like a blacksmith's vice. (See fig. 2.) Thus the caterpillar is adapted to climb trees, to spin silk, to change its skin four or five times, to adhere to the ceiling of a room, and while there to perform the most singular gyrations ever witnessed by man, and after gluing its silk band to the ceiling, casting aside its skin and legs, it remains in a state of quietness for the winter. (See figs. 3 and 4.)

Caterpillars have their trials and troubles too, as well as men and women. Difficulties appear to us to be connected with all earthly life. There is a great family of flies called "*Ichneumonidæ*." They do among insects just the same thing as the cuckoo does among birds; only there are many species of cuckoo flies, and each species has a certain mode of plundering peculiar to itself. And we must add that these flies are armed with instruments just adapted for their work. The earth is full of opposition; every insect, so far as our knowledge extends, has its foe. We will just notice one, the ichneumon fly which torments the caterpillar of the cabbage butterfly. While the caterpillar is feeding on the leaf, a small fly, with a very fine ovipositor, ejects its eggs into the skin of the caterpillar. The eggs are hatched in a few days, and the small larvæ begin to feed on the fatty substance which lies between the old and new skin, or the outer and inner skins of the caterpillar. When the larvæ are ready to enter the pupa state, they spin cocoons of yellow silk, out of the silky gum of the body of the reptile, and when the caterpillar casts its skin the flies are cast off in their little cocoons, and after a few days more the ends of the cocoons are opened and scores of beautiful flies are seen sporting on the wing. While we are writing this article there are a number of the flies in question sporting about our study window, and we will tell you how they came there. We went out to tea, to a friend's house, the other day, and while tea was being prepared we went to look at the plants and flowers in the garden, and there we met with several caterpillars feeding on the brocoli leaf; we picked them up and carried them home and put them into a feeding box. After a day or two they refused to eat, and prepared to cast their skins. They cast their skins early one morning.

Allow me to remark here, that if our young friends would see the wonders of insect life, they must rise very early. If they wish to capture beautiful moths, they must be up at two o'clock in the morning. There are many gentlemen connected with the higher class of literature who spend whole nights in the study of Nature. And if our young friends would like to see how the gnat constructs her boat of eggs, or to watch the evolutions of the dragon-fly, they must rise with the sun in the months of May or June, and stand by the side of some lonely pool of water, and they will there learn from insects how to spend their precious time. The diligent man rises early, but the slothful man spends his time in sleep.

When we entered our study the caterpillars lay in a helpless state. We

amined the skins which they had thrown off, and found a brood of young es in each skin. Each fly was enclosed in a small cocoon. The little cocoons ry much resembled in colour and size the yellow eggs of the beautiful moth *bravus Grossulariata*, but on placing one of them under a powerful lens we uld discern the yellow silken threads of the cocoon and the body of the fly oving inside the silky case. During the day we showed one of the cocoons a few of our friends, and told them that there was a fly inside, but they uld not believe. So we opened the cocoon with the point of a fine needle, d the fly came out and walked about the table, to the amazement of those ho a few minutes before had smiled with contempt at the tiny house that had en built without hands. The fly had four transparent wings, six yellow legs, ry long antennæ, with the head, thorax, and abdomen of a dark colour. Two the caterpillars were very much exhausted, and very shortly afterwards they ed; but the third survived the sufferings that it must have endured in sustaining such a number of parasitic foes. It began to feed again, and about the 3rd of July it cast its skin again, and died by the side of its cast off garment, ridently a great sufferer. This second skin was loaded with parasites, which ere wrapped up in silk cocoons, and this morning, August 7th, the flies have ft their infant home, and are now sporting in the window.

Last May we had a chrysalis which instead of producing a butterfly as we pected it would, produced about twenty ichneumon flies. In this case it is obable that the parasitical fly had deposited its eggs on the body of the caterpillar when it was full grown and ready to enter the pupa state, which it had en able to accomplish before the larvæ of the fly had become full-grown. Ve kept this chrysalis about six months, and then we found the larvæ of the y in the pupa state, and watched their transformation into the imago state.

The caterpillar suffering for the purpose of giving life to a number of ichneumon flies illustrates a great law connected with the divine government of ie world. There are hundreds of cases in which one animal suffers, though ot willingly, for the sake of others. Yet we sometimes hear christian men mplaining on account of their sufferings. They cannot understand how it is at they are called upon to suffer more than other men. Job suffered greatly his day; his sufferings could not, at that time, be very well accounted for, it we can understand the matter better now. Job suffered for the good of hers, and his moral character in the midst of his grief stands out like a beacon gold, for the comfort of succeeding ages. Every poor christian in the depths his sorrows can turn his eye to the case of Job, and gather comfort by the ay.

Further there are parasitical influences at work all around us, but they do not reak the harmony of life. Neither do the influences of the devil, our great lversary, destroy the harmony and beauty of christian life. The devil was the reat tormenting agent in the case of Job; no doubt but he would have readily ken Job's life, but God did not permit that. Job had no more affliction than e could bear. Satan, by tormenting Job, caused the good man's *patience* to and out in the early ages of the world like a light-house on the sea of life, to ide poor weather-beaten pilgrims to the haven of God. The designs of Satan ve been, in the past, overruled for the good of the church. May they be overled again and again.

J. P. BELLINGHAM.

(To be continued.)

THE CONTRAST.

"This is the land of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free."

One calm and most beautiful evening in the lovely month of June 186—, we made it practicable to walk a couple of miles for the purpose of visiting E. S., who was a prisoner of hope in her sick room. It was one of those evenings sweet, in which the good man feels as if heaven and earth were one. All nature was in her gayest livery clad, the little feathery tribes were hopping from spray to spray, and straining their little throats in warbling forth their notes of praise, while myriads of tiny insects were floating on their feeble pinions, poised in the circumambient air; the cattle were browsing on the hills, or had slunk to rest on their couch of fairest green, beneath the shade of branching trees, extended wide; the departing sun was bathing the mountain summits with floods of golden light, and tinting the fleecy clouds with gorgeous streaks of every hue; while the zephyrs mild fanned the face of the humble son of toil "as he homeward plods his weary way."

All nature was instinct with life and tremulous with devotion. All things seemed like so many ministering spirits, intent on augmenting man's sum of bliss, while he alone seemed to be insensible to his Maker's goodness.

On reaching the humble, but clean and tidy home of E. S., the suffering saint, who was young and beautiful, we found her pale, attenuated, and in the last stage of a terrible disease, which bade defiance to medical skill, and mocked the efforts of love to save. One short stride conducted us from a scene where all was life, joy, and activity, to one where all was sombre and gloomy. Sorrow settling on the faces, and grief preying on the hearts of those who watched the couch of E. S., reminding us of the thinness of the veil which separates earth from heaven. On approaching the bed of the afflicted one, and taking her wasted hand into mine, I said, "I hope my dear Mrs. S. that Jesus comforts you still, and makes your bed in your affliction, and that those precious promises which gave you so much hope and encouragement when in health are verified in your experience now that you are called to suffer affliction's chastening rod." "There was a time," said the meek and patient sufferer, "when I thought it impossible for one so young as I to be ever made willing to die. But I am not only made willing to die, and enabled cheerfully to submit to the high will of the dread Supreme Disposer of all things, but I can rejoice in the prospect of dissolution. While with the eye of faith I view the Saviour, I realise a degree of holy calmness and serenity, such as no words can ere describe, or tongue express. But when I withdraw my eyes from the infinite fulness of power, love, and merit which is in my Saviour, then I feel weak; confusion, dismay, and the fear of death take hold of me. But now I seem to be so near the heavenly portals bright, I catch the streaming rays that fly from eternity's own light."

After reading and briefly commenting on the 2nd chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, and praying that he who majestically trod the little hill girdled and foam crested Lake of Galilee, quieting its turbulent waves, and hushing to repose the howling tempest, might be with her while fording the "Jordan of Death:" I quietly withdrew, and hurried away to the bedside of poor C. M., whose last hours were in perfect contrast with those of E. S. C. M. was young, and the son of poor parents, who were addicted to vices of the vulgarest description. They loved C. He was their pride and boast, not because of his

moral qualities, or mental powers; they gloried in his portly figure, manly face, expansive forehead, and muscular strength. Prior to his affliction none could run quicker, leap higher, or lift a heavier weight. When drunkards met at the sign of——,

> "Where nut brown draughts inspired,
> Where gray-beard mirth, and smiling toil retired,
> Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
> And news much older than their ale went round,"

ne'er a youngster on the green could laugh louder or

> "Club a smuttier tale."

He was the life and soul of all the village feasts and picnics. He was able to sing what was called "a good song," and this, says one, is "one of the greatest misfortunes that can befall a young man." His company was ever sought by such as have no resources of enjoyment within themselves. "There is an end; the triumph of the wicked is short." Affliction came upon C. like a whirlwind, full of anguish and distress, his pillow was planted with thorns. His soul was riven with terrible forebodings, while he clung to life like a drowning man clutching his shattered spar. The world, who "its ready visit pays where fortune smiles, and lights on lids unsullied with a tear," forsook him, neither could it minister comfort to a mind so diseased. The love of life was so strong in him, such was his eagerness to recover, that every effort to induce him to a full surrender of himself to the "Good Physician," and to trust him for a perfect cure was unavailing. Like as the man who for a capital crime is condemned to die, clings so tenaciously to the hope of a respite, that only as the fatal bolt is about to be withdrawn, he confesses "I'm the man;" so clung poor C. M. to life. A settled gloom hung around the hour of his mortal exit. Thus died C. M., in the 24th year of his age, 186—. The bodies of E. S. and C. M. are both resting in the graveyard of the quiet village of A———.

A plain stone reared by the hand of love, marks their separate resting places. Never do feelings of a more solemn character possess my mind, than when I stand musing on the green hillock which marks the resting place of E. S. and C. M.

J. MILNER.

SPEAKING.

THE following lines are taken from an old scrap book, and they are worthy of a place in every one's memory:—

> "If thou wishest to be wise,
> Keep these words before thine eyes;—
> What speakest, and how, beware,
> Of whom, to whom, when, and where."

J. H.

INDOLENCE.

"IF you ask me," says Zimmerman, "what is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer, pride, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say *Indolence*. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest. Indeed all good principles must stagnate without mental activity."

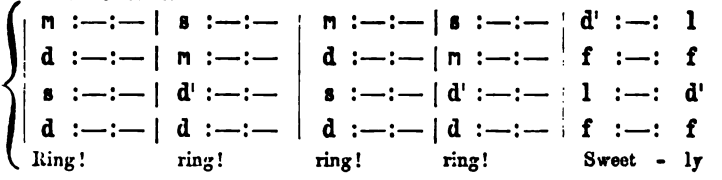
J. HAWKINS.

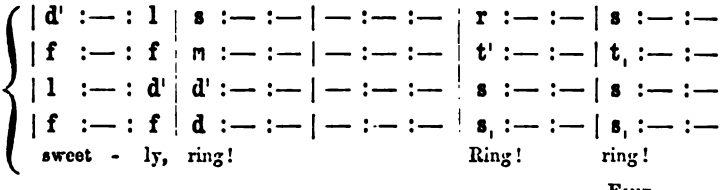
CHRISTMAS CAROL.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

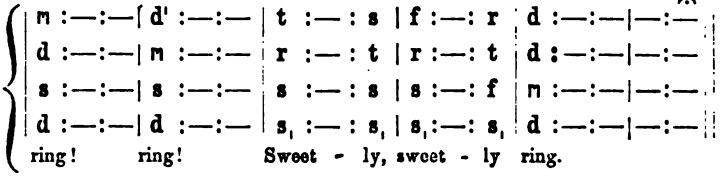
KEY E♭.

FULL CHORUS.

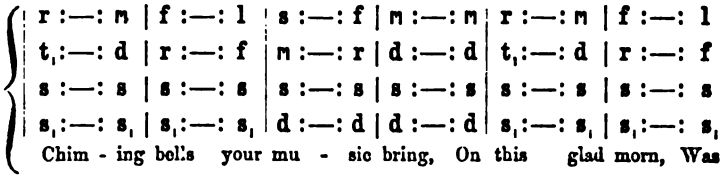


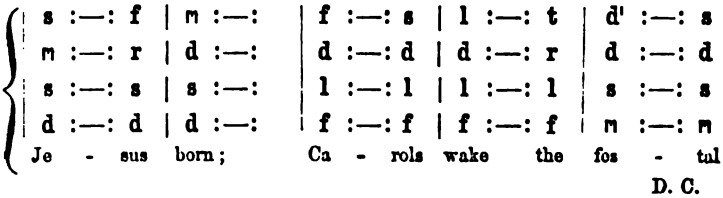


FINE.

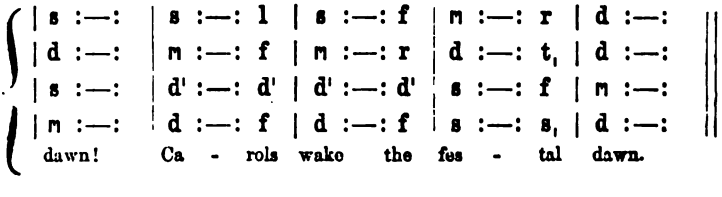


DUETT, OR SEMI-CHORUS.





D. C.



Come! come! come! come!
Children, children come!
Scatter flowers with sweet perfume!
Good will to men,
And joy again.
Blossom in a world of pain.
CHO. Come, &c.

Far, far, far, far,
Shines, oh, shines a star!
Brightly gleaming through the air!
With glittering ray
It lights the way!
Guide to Christ and endless day.
CHO. Far, &c.

Hear! hear! hear! hear!
Angels, angels near,
Wonders of his birth declare.
"Born to redeem
"From sin and shame—
"Jesus thou shalt call his name."
CHO. Hear, &c.

CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

CHAPEL OPENING AT FENNY STRATFORD, LEIGHTON BUZZARD CIRCUIT.—Fenny Stratford is a small town in Buckinghamshire. Some years ago the Primitive Methodists entered it, but were not successful in forming a society. Last winter the way opened, the prospect of forming a society presented itself, and the friends made an effort for its accomplishment. The sanction of the District Building Committee was given for the building of a new chapel. Some old property was bought which was cleared away, and on the site a new chapel has been erected. On the 26th June, 1866, a sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Langham, and two stones were laid, one by J. Palmer Esq., of London, and the other by Mr. Burgess, of Fenny Stratford; after which a public tea meeting was held. On Sunday, September 30th, the opening services were commenced, when three sermons were preached; morning and evening by the Rev. D. Kendall, and in the afternoon by the Rev. J. Walker, (Baptist). On the following Sunday, October 7th, two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Ashworth, and one by the Rev Mr. Bartlett, (Baptist). On Tuesday, the 9th, a tea and public meeting were held. All the services were successful: the power of God rested upon the people. The collections were liberal. The chapel is 32 feet long, 30 feet wide, and will seat 150 persons. It is beautiful in the interior, and the exterior presents a pleasing aspect. The entire cost is £260, towards which we have raised by donations, collections, &c., £105. The trustees tender their thanks to J. Palmer Esq., for his donation of £65. Also to Mr. Burgess for a donation of £5. Honourable mention might be made of others who have done nobly. A Sabbath school, class meeting, and all the means in connection with our church will be held in this sanctuary. May it be the birth-place of many souls.

A. M'K.

SWANSEA.—The anniversary of our Sabbath school was held here on Sunday, September 30th, when three

sermons were preached by the Rev. T. T. Shields, of Pontypool. The congregations were large, and the pieces and dialogues recited by the scholars were appropriate. The collections amounted to £7. J. SHEPHERD.

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

DIED at Redditch, on October 17th, 1865, Mr. John Crook, aged 83 years. He was born in Birmingham of parents who bore a pious character and were well attached to the State Church. He was led by them to worship in connection with the said church until he was about sixteen or eighteen years of age. At that time a Revival of Religion was being promoted among the Wesleyans of that town, and at one of their prayer-meetings our brother was converted. He soon became a local preacher in that body and for many years did credit to his high office. From Birmingham he came to Redditch to reside, where he united with the Wesleyan Society. Afterwards he removed to Studley, where his house was the temporary home for the circuit ministers. He afterwards removed to Athersage and thence again to Redditch, where he resided up to the time of his death. He became a member of our Connexion about twelve years ago, and soon afterwards his name appeared upon our Preachers' Plan. As a father, it is said, he was affectionate and thoughtful for the temporal—and we may also say the spiritual—welfare of his family, for they were from the first more or less under the influence of a Methodist ministry. He was naturally possessed of good intellectual powers—devoted some patient thought to his pulpit preparations—and generally had a happy and marked freedom in his prayers in the public sanctuary. When he resided in Studley he devoted every Wednesday evening to close study and prayer. He once told the writer that he believed it was the will of God that the Divine glory should go with him to the pulpit, and that he always meant to take it with him and never to go without it. Those who heard him could scarcely fail to be instructed or profited. He was well versed in Scripture doctrines, and as a Methodist theologian he was distinguished by soundness, depth, and clearness of view. He was well received wherever he went. In his class-meetings his experience indicated love to God, trust in Christ, and an enjoyment of the Spirit. For a long time he suffered from a cancer on the top of his head, which gradually enlarged, causing him much suffering, and during the last twelve months it very much shook his frame. From this disease, and the infirmities of his advanced age, his spiritual labours were latterly suspended. Being totally disabled from following his secular calling, as well as being a subject of great physical suffering, and often unable to attend the public means of grace, he was always thankful for any member of the church to visit and pray with him, and generally said on rising from his knees, "that was a treat." In this emaciated state of body he was assailed by the Tempter's fiery darts, but the Lord did not leave him. His last illness lasted about nine days, during which he endured much suffering. For some hours before his death he was unable to speak, but on the day before that event he was asked if he felt he was going home, he summoned strength enough to gasp, "Yes," and early the next morning he put off this mortal tabernacle, "looking unto Jesus."

W. FORTH.

MARY BURROUGHS, the beloved wife of Mr. John Borroughs, of Wems Northwood, in the Press Green Circuit, was born at Bagley, near Oswestry, October 29th, 1825, and died November 1st, 1865. She was brought up by her parents, Mr. and Mrs Williams, to attend the Established Church, to which place she continued to go until

her marriage with him who now mourns his irreparable loss. In 1853 she and her husband came to reside at Northwood, near Wem. Sometime after their arrival at Northwood her husband was converted while attending one of our services at Lineal, and after that she became greatly attached to the Primitive Methodists. She entered fully into the services and professed to enjoy that peace which assured her of a glorious hereafter. She joined our Society, and continued a consistent member until the day of her death. She became a teacher in the Sabbath school and felt a great pleasure in training the young. She loved the people of God, and her house was a home for the preachers. On October 20th she became seriously ill, and on the 31st it was apparent to all that her end was near. About eleven o'clock p.m. she felt that she was dying, and from that time until she breathed her last, her sorrowing husband sat by her side. She continued conscious of all that was said to her till within two hours of her death, and spoke of the prospect she had of soon being in Heaven. When asked by her husband if she was afraid to die, she replied, "No, the Lord has been with me during my affliction, and he is with me now, and will take me home to glory." The last words she was able to articulate she spoke to her husband, namely, "You must meet me in Heaven, and bring the three children with you." About one a.m. she became unconscious, and two hours after she "*was not*," for God took her.

C. TEMPERTON.

ALFRED HINE, of Maryport, was born at Tyldesley, near Manchester, in May, 1808. When twelve years of age he removed to Maryport, in Cumberland, and was apprenticed to his uncle as a miller for seven years. When about twenty-two years of age he commenced business for himself as a carrier, and by his industry and that of his family he acquired a comfortable position in society, and brought up his family in respectable circumstances. In his early life he was not decided as to personal religion; when he was about twenty years of age, in connection with a revival movement, principally confined to the Baptist Church in Maryport, several young men received spiritual good, and he amongst the number. He then identified himself with the Baptist Church, and during his connection therewith he was a strenuous advocate of Calvinistic doctrines. For reason not known to the writer, he gave up his connection with the Baptists, and for a few years was a member with the Congregationalists, when he changed his religious views and embraced the doctrines of Methodism. Subsequently Br. Hine became a Primitive Methodist, and nearly eighteen years he was a local preacher, and a great portion of that time a class leader amongst us. As a public speaker he was sometimes very effective, and we have members amongst us whom he led to the Saviour. For many years he was an abstainer from all intoxicating drinks, and brought up his family the same, and warmly both in public and private advocated the Temperance cause. On the subject of American slavery he felt keenly, his sympathies were strong in behalf of the slaves, (and while he deprecated war) he rejoiced in their freedom at the termination of the late war. He was particularly fond of singing, and during his connection with the Baptists, Congregationalists, and Primitive Methodists he generally conducted this part of worship. His end was awfully sudden. On Thursday morning, November 9th, 1865, he left home with his cart for Whitehaven, where he usually attended on Mondays and Thursdays; when crossing the railway bridge, close to the town, an engine was passing below, the horse took fright —he was seated on the cart, and either in attempting to get down, or by the sudden start of the horse at the time, he fell upon his head, was taken up in a state of unconsciousness, and in a few moments expired. Being well known and respected, the accident called forth strong sympathy. The number who attended his funeral was the largest remembered in the town on a week day. A widow, three sons, and two daughters mourn their loss. May

lden stroke be overruled for
A. Dodds.

ı Cross, the beloved wife of
n Cross, was born in the county
nerset, but subsequently re-
with her husband to Dowlais,
norganshire. For several years
ended the services of the Wes-
but she was converted to God
chapel at Dowlais, under the
. Grigg, about nine years before
th. From the time of her con-
to the day she left this life, she
"life of faith on the Son of
She was greatly afflicted dur-
ı last two years, but she was
ably patient. She knew her
was too good to be unkind,
vhile in the furnace she would
Father, thy will be done." I
isited her, during the two years
illed on the Merthyr station,
rays found her patient and fully
d to the Divine will. On one
n, her sufferings being very
said, "Your pain, sister Cross,
severe." "Yes," she said,
he Lord does all things well.
uffered more than I can suffer,
suffered innocently, he suffered
uilty world." She lived in the
of devotion, held sweet com-
ı with her Saviour, and had
ower in public prayer. Often
ıe congregation been moved
he has been pleading with God.
ends at Dowlais will not soon
her powerful appeals to Heaven
lf of poor sinners. Her love to
ıouse was very great; whoever
ed the sanctuary, she was pre-
practicable. She also delighted
and meditate on God's word;
d our magazines and other good
but the Bible was her favourite.
ath took place at Dowlais, No-
r 17th, 1865. Her husband
st before she died, "Leah, how
with you, are you going to
ı?" She said in reply, "It is
ıt." According to her request,
ıe request of the officials and
of the station, I improved her
ıt Dowlais, on the 24th Decem-
65, when two souls were con-
to God. May her husband, the
and writer, live as our sister
did, and consequently we shall meet
her in Heaven. T. Lane.

"Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That knows not here an end."

Mrs. Wearmouth, the daughter of John and Margaret Crowther, was born at Broadlas Gate, in the Barnard Castle Circuit, April 14th, 1834. She attended the Wesleyan Sabbath school at Newbiggin, previous to the commencement of the Primitive Methodist Sabbath School at Bowlees. She was of a quiet and an amiable disposition, kind and obedient to her parents, and loving to her brothers and sisters. She was blessed with pious parents, whose religious instructions, accompanied by the Spirit of God, produced deep and serious impressions on her mind. On one occasion her father was speaking to her about the necessity of giving her heart to God and embracing salvation by Jesus Christ; and he intimated at the conclusion of his remarks that he had said all he could to induce her to lead a new life, and should therefore leave her in the hands of God. This made a lasting impression on her mind, which resulted in her conversion to God at the commencement of the great revival of the work of God, at Bowlees, in March, 1851. She at once united with the people of God and became a steady and consistent member. On June 5th, 1856, she was united in marriage to brother Robert Wearmouth, who now mourns her departure. After their marriage they went to reside at Brock Scarr, in Lunedale (another part of the Circuit), a considerable distance from the house of God; but this did not deter her from regularly attending the means of grace. She "loved the habitation of God's house and the place where his honour dwelleth." She was a constant reader of the Bible, loved it above every other book, and made its precepts the rule and guide of her life, and could say with the Psalmist, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee." She loved the Connexion, supported its institutions, took in the large magazines, and always made the ministers of Christ

welcome to her dwelling. She regularly attended to family prayer, and often when engaged therein has she felt the sweet influence of God's spirit, conscious that she was in the path of duty. In October, 1863, her health began to decline, but in April, 1864, her affliction assumed a more serious form, which made her the subject of the most severe and excruciating pains; but she bore them with great fortitude and resignation to the Divine will, believing that the "Lord was too wise to err, and too good to be unkind," and that ultimately her affliction would terminate in death, and then her happy spirit would be "for ever with the Lord." As death approached, she was calm and confident, resting on the atonement of Jesus Christ as the only ground of hope. I saw her on the 26th November, 1865. She was very weak in body, but had strong confidence in the Lord. She requested brother Sayer, her leader, and a few friends who had come to see her, t sing a hymn. Being asked what sh would have, she said, "Jesus, lover o my soul," etc. After which we en gaged in prayer, and she was very happy in God. She told me she ha been much tempted by Satan that sh would fall short of heaven, but sh said, "I believe the Lord will neve leave me, I will trust him to the end. On the Friday previous to her death she embraced her husband, expresse her confidence in Jesus, and said sh would welcome her husband to th "better land." I said I was about t leave her and should perhaps see her n more in this life; but I said, I believ we shall meet in Heaven, to which sh replied, "O yes, good bye." On Decem ber 11th her happy spirit gently passe away from the scene of suffering an affliction to the "rest that remaineth to the people of God."

G. CROWTHER.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently! one unkind word
May be a rock on which may split
Some heart, that, like a lonely ship,
Is driving o'er time's sea,—
Shattered and riven, by tempest driven,
No hope on earth, or hope for heaven,
No refuge where to flee.

Speak gently! one angry tone
May tear afresh a wound made years before,
And stir up grief to burn the bosom more
Than it had ever done;
Or, rob the cheek of some bright hue,
That smiled affection sweet on you,
That may ne'er again be won.

Speak gently! one harsh expression
May be like the gathering of a storm,
Bursting, not knowing what may be the harm,
That it may vent on some,—
Who, wandering perchance to get relief,
'Mid all their sorrow here, and grief,
Falls 'neath it quite undone.

Jersey.

Speak gently! for one kind word,—
And what of many kindly spoken?—
May heal a thousand hearts near broke
And make them all rejoice,
And bless thee, that, amid their woes,
Enduring all their inward throes,
They ever heard thy voice.

Speak gently! then, it may be that, [bli
Your life, if thus express'd, may have th
Of helping many yet, the Saviour's fee
And bear them up on high: [to kis
It may be that your simplest speech,
Kindly spoken, yet may teach,
The dying how to die.

Speak gently! then one kind word
May be a volume, and a history great,
With much more in than books could ere relate,
Or time could ere declare;
Its echo in the heart that's riven,
To re-echo in the vaults of heaven,
Where you its bliss shall share.

W. TUBB.

THE

CHRISTIAN

MESSENGER.

VOLUME III.

London:
PUBLISHED BY W. LISTER, CONFERENCE OFFICES,
SUTTON STREET, COMMERCIAL ROAD, EAST;
AND BOOKSELLERS; AND MAY BE HAD OF THE PRIMITIVE METHODIST MINISTERS.
PRINTED BY F. H. HURD,
"THE MAGAZINE," 122, MILE END ROAD, EAST.
1867.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Primitive Methodist Chapel, Dunstable, with Engraving	1
Jottings by the Way	2
Recognition of Deity: Omnipresence	7
The Seamstress and the Actress	12
Family Prayer Abandoned and Resumed	13
The Cross Philosophy: W. Clowes and H. Bourne	15
The Walking Leaf, with Engraving	17
A Word to Smokers	20
The Holy Bargain	21
Similes	22
Another Man Now	23
Poetry: He Leadeth Me beside Still Waters	24
Poetry: Trust in God	32
Primitive Methodist Chapel, Peterborough, with Engraving	33
Jottings by the Way	35
Recognition of Deity: Omnipotence	38
Man Must be Religious	43
Naturlization of the Fuschia in England	47
The Gooseberry Moth and Butterfly, with Engraving	49
Gold Shavings	53
Words	54
Poetry: We'll Camp Awhile in the Wilderness	56
Poetry: Home Reached	64
Primitive Methodist Chapel, Market Rasen, with Engraving	65
Jottings by the Way	66
The Example of Christ	70
No Room for Jesus	71
Trials: Their Beneficial Effects Proved from Observation and Experience	75
Affection	80
A Great Truth Oddly stated	80
Death-Watch Beetles, with Engraving	81
A Voice from the Pulpit: "Only One Sin"	83
A Word to Church Members	84
A Providential Deliverance	86
John O'Groat's House	86
Out of the Mist, into the Sunshine	87
Poetry: Bury Me in the Morning	88
A Prayer for the Poor: Poetry	96
Primitive Methodist Chapel, Staveley, Kendal Court	97
Jottings by the Way	99
A Strange Incident	103
The Doctor and the Beggar	106
Literary Extracts	108
Opposition and Triumph	109
He Had Power with God	110
Singularity	112
The Gall-fly and the Oak Apple, with Engraving	113
Box of Diamonds	115
Common Maxims Improved	118
Select Sentences	118
Let go the Twig	119
Poetry: Thank God for the Bible	120
The Flight of Time	123
Curzon Street Chapel and School Rooms, Leicester First Circuit	129
Jottings by the Way	131
Singular Conversion of an Irish Roman Catholic	134
Esther Malcolm's Story	136
The Dying Wife	143
Primitive Methodist Chapel and Schools, Coal-Ville, Ashby-de-la-Zouch Circuit	145
A Casket of Jewels	146
Never Despair	148
It is Too Late Now	151
Joy at the Resurrection	151
We'll Wait Till Jesus Comes: Poetry	152
The Widow's Memorial	154
Poetry: Upwards and Heavenwards	159
Poetry: Reliance Upon Providence	160
Hastings, with Engraving	161
Jottings by the Way	167
Happy Nancy's Secret	172
Hope—The Balm of Life	173
Lying Punished	175
Judge Hale	176
The Silk Worm, with Engraving	177
True Religion: What is It?	179
God Rules the Storm	181
Christ Our Mediator	183
Working Christians	183
Sweet Hour of Prayer	184
W. Cowper, Esq., Rowland Hill, The Sabbath	186
Poetry: The Valley of Dry Bones	192
Hasting's Castle, with Engraving	193
Jottings by the Way	196
The Thief on the Cross	200
Remarkable Conversions	203
The Law of Kindness	206
The Old Scotch Woman's Faith	207
The Allanthus Silk Worm Moth Engraving	209
Blind Bartimaeus	211
Poetry: Life's Work	216
Poetry: That Beautiful Land	212
What will Ye do in the End Thereof: Poetry	224
Primitive Methodist Chapel, Pocklington, with Engraving	225
Jottings by the Way	226
In a Passion; or, the Evils of a Hasty Temper	230
Stepping Stones for Christian Pilgrims	233
Mr. Wedgwood's Portraits	240
The Cicada Spumaria	241
Take Time for Devotion	245
Poetry: Zion's Hill	248

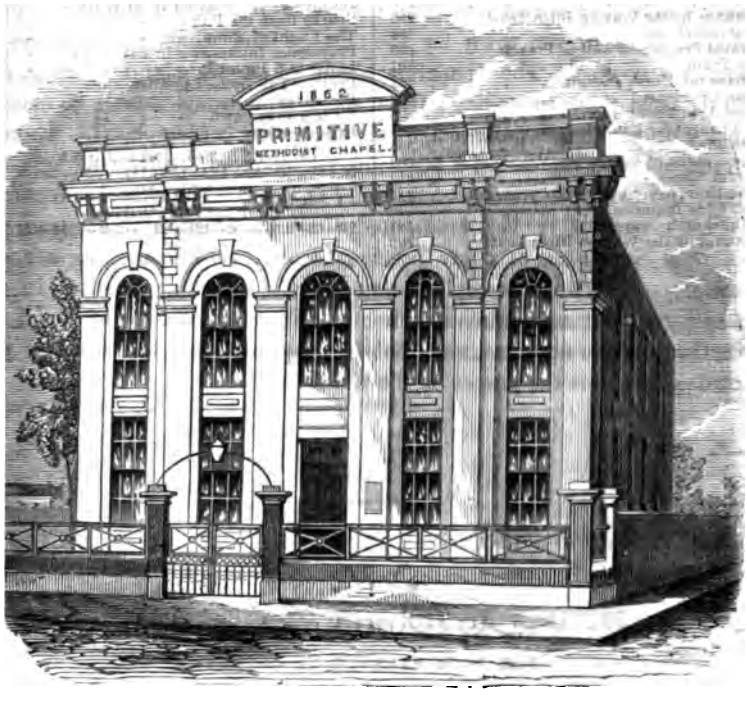
	PAGE
Poetry: What is Time	256
Coal Aston Primitive Methodist Chapel, Sheffield First Circuit	257
Jottings by the Way on Bible Texts	260
Beware of Bad Habits	265
Awful Judgments	268
Grace Paddy	269
The Metropolis of the Scriptures	270
Peter Gardiner at Bridlington	271
Christ is All and in All	272
The Dragon-fly	273
Recognition of Deity—No. V.	277
On the Forget-me-not	279
Pleasant Words for all	280
Life	282
To the Memory of the First Methodist Preachers	288
Pontnewydd Primitive Methodist Chapel, Pontypool Circuit	289
Jottings by the Way on Bible Texts	290
Harvest Home	294
I must Practice as well as Preach	299
On Truth	301
I have not Nerve enough	302
Select Sentences	303
Poor Tom's Song	304
A Thought for Fault-finders	304
Cell-life	305
Recognition of Deity—No. V.	309
Sinful Silence	312
The Evergreen Shore	313
Infantine Inquiries	320
Whitchurch Chapel	321
Jottings by the Way on Bible Texts	322
The Madagascar Persecutions in 1857	328
Literary Miscellany	328
"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it Holy"	330
Lovers of the Bible	332
Select Sentences	334
Conversion of Loyola	335
The Poet Cowper	335
Human Frailty	336
The Carpenter Bee and the Rose-Leaf-Cutter Bee	337
Temperance Sermon in Westminster Abbey	340
The Vale of Vision	342
To-Day	344
What says the Clock?	345
The Home of Rest	352
Primitive Methodist Chapel, Croydon	353
Jottings by the Way on Bible Texts	355
Sparks from the Pulpit	359
The Flight of Time	362
Providence Interposing in Extremity	364
Letter to a Junior Preacher	366
Poetry: The Dying Christian	368
Bee Hives	369
A Christmas Carol	373
Brief Memoirs	376

CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.
26—57—90—92—122—155—187—220—250—283—315—346.

BRIEF MEMOIRS.
27—61—124—156—188—222—252—284—316—348

The Christian Messenger.

1867.



PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL, DUNSTABLE.

DUNSTABLE is a rising town in Bedfordshire, about thirty miles from London, and twenty from Bedford itself, where the immortal Bunyan so eminently distinguished himself. unstable is beautifully situated, the scenery around it is enchanting, id it is also remarkable for its far-famed straw plat for hats and bonnets, hich bears its name.

Primitive Methodism was introduced into this town and neighbourhood from Aylesbury, when the Rev. Samuel Turner was superintendent of the Aylesbury branch of Newbury Circuit. The first sermon was preached in the open-air about thirty years ago, by the Rev. Henry Higginson, whose name like those of many others of the early preachers is still as ointment poured forth.

After various struggles and changes, a small chapel was built in Edward Street, in which much good was done. Much credit is due to the Society in this town for the spirit and energy which it has displayed for a number of years. About five years ago the friends determined to have a new chapel, and very soon succeeded in securing one of the most eligible sites in the town for the purpose; on which site the present chapel is erected. The chapel is about 47 ft. wide and 53 long, and 30 ft. from floor to ceiling: from these dimensions it will be evident that a proportionate enlargement has been duly contemplated. There is connected with the chapel a beautiful school-room, 30 ft. wide by 47 ft. long, and two class rooms, 14 ft. by 17 ft. each. The chapel is regarded as an ornament to the town, and since its erection it has been the spiritual birth-place of many precious souls. So encouraging are our prospects that we contemplate very shortly inserting galleries in the chapel and erecting a minister's house. That the beauty of the Lord our God may be upon us, and that he may establish the work of our hands upon us is the prayer of the writer.

J. ASHWORTH.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY ON BIBLE TEXTS.

FOR EACH SABBATH IN JANUARY.

1st SABBATH. Isaiah xxxii. 1.—"*A king shall reign in righteousness.*" Whether or not reference is here made to Hezekiah's kingly reign, this we know, that the reign of the world's Messiah is alluded to in this brief sentence of holy writ. And by what a variety of names is the Lord Jesus Christ distinguished in the Sacred Scriptures. Here he is styled "a king;" and he is a king, and his kingly dignity is experienced both in heaven and in earth. He is sometimes spoken off as "the King of kings." Many kings have existed and do exist among men, but none like him. Some monarchs have been distinguished on account of their

eminent piety, others on account of their great wickedness, and others on account of their delight in war and bloodshed. But as a king Christ has ever been distinguished for his goodness, greatness, justice, mercy, peaceableness, and righteous reign: "The Son of man came not to destroy men's lives but to save them." As a king, "heaven is his throne;" and his dominion shall become universal; and he shall reign until he hath put all opposing influences under his feet. And

"For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head."

Haste, happy day, when all men shall call him "The Lord our righteousness." The Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ is designed to spread and to establish righteousness "from the rivers to the ends of the earth." The laws, promises, precepts, &c., of the gospel, are all righteous, and "the righteous Lord loveth righteousness;" his people he leadeth in the paths of righteousness; and he that worketh righteousness shall never be moved; and not only doth righteousness raise mankind as individuals, but it "exalteth a nation." Yes, every nation by whom it is received, is exalted by it: "And the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever."

"To Christ the hoary head
Its silvery homage pays,
To him the blooming youth
Devotes his brightest days;
And every age shall tribute bring,
And bow to him the conquering king."

Let us then pray, "thy kingdom come;" come now, come with power, and come into my heart. Then shall we know him "whom to know is life eternal."

2nd SABBATH. Isaiah xxxii. 2.—*A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.*" The man here referred to is the same person to whom the evangelist refers when he says "this man receiveth sinners." He is "the God man;" a man without an equal in this respect. He is the same person to whom St. Paul refers when he says, "God was manifest in the flesh." By assuming our nature, he became man; and he manifested infinite friendship for mankind by sacrificing his own life to save ours, and as an hiding-place sinners may find shelter in his wounded side, and thus be saved from the winds of divine fury, and from the tempest of God's wrath. Other sheltering and hiding places there may be, from the stormy winds and raging tempests of nature, but Christ is the only hiding-place for the

sinner's safety, and for the christian believer's protection in the hour of spiritual dangers. Hence the necessity to pray—

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past."

Sometimes there are storms in the family, storms in our own dwelling houses, and storms even in our own professed christian churches. (These things ought not to be so,) yet even in these times the Christian will do well to flee to Christ for refuge.

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

God is the refuge of his saints through evil report and good report, through honour and dishonour; and though enemies numerous and the most formidable may oppose the Christian in his journey to heaven, yet by keeping his eye steadily fixed on the cross of Christ he shall be divinely aided to hold on his way, and wax stronger and stronger; or as the apostle Paul has it he shall be "changed from glory to glory;" for God keepeth the feet of his saints, and none who trust in him shall be afraid.

We would therefore urge the sinner to flee at once to Christ for *full* and *present* salvation, and thus seek a sheltering place in Christ ere death and the judgment shall overtake him. And to the believer in Christ we would say, remember the words of holy inspiration: "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe." Safe for time and safe for eternity, safe from the power of evil influences, safe from hell, safe from satan, safe in death, and safe for ever. May our confidence be that of the Psalmist, when he said, "For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me."

3rd SABBATH. Psalm cxxiii. 1.—"*Unto thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens.*" The truth that God exists none can truthfully deny; but how he exists may be a mystery to all his creatures in heaven or earth. Although he is an omnipresent being, everywhere at one and the same time, yet in the Bible heaven is frequently spoken of as his "dwelling place;" and though his great power and glory are visible in all worlds, yet we are inclined to think that these things are specially visible in heaven. In that "bright and better land," angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim worship him, while "the spirits of the just made perfect" through Christ adore him. To the good man upon earth he is the object of admiration, of his greatest admiration: "Whom have I in heaven but thee," &c. The Christian may have friends in

heaven, and very near relatives of his may dwell there, and may have some influence in drawing his affections towards heaven, but it is God only whom he adores, and to whom he lifts his eyes of faith. He who lifts his eyes towards heaven, has his thoughts, desires, purposes, and words, in the direction of heaven. And what a privilege it is to be permitted to lift our eyes to heaven and supplicate the throne of God for the blessings necessary for us. This lifting up of the eyes is a work that should be attended to daily; "I give myself to prayer," said one of old. It is impossible to lift up our eyes to heaven too often; none can pray too frequently. Lifting up of the eyes and lifting up of "holy hands" is an employment which if we neglect we can have no spiritual life.

"Lord, draw my best affections hence
Above this world of sin and sense;
Cause them to soar beyond the skies,
And rest not till to thee they rise."

We shall do well to lift up our eyes in the morning, at noon-day, and in the evening. Whether we be at home or abroad, amongst friends or foes, let us resolve—"Unto thee, O Lord, will I cry." Sin, satan, and the world, will use their influence to prevent us from looking up, but if our "life is hid with Christ in God," we shall be enabled to keep our eyes in the direction of heaven. Under these circumstances—

"On Christ, the solid rock, we'll stand,
All else is but as sinking sand."

Let us then turn our eyes from the objects of sense and mere earthly gratification, and fix them on God, Christ, heaven, and things which are spiritual, good, and eternal. Let us determine in the language of holy inspiration, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills whence cometh my help." As we get all our help and mercies from above, it is important that we feel our dependence continually upon God—

"From whom all blessings flow."

4th SABBATH. Romans vi. 14.—"*Sin shall not have dominion over you.*" The word "dominion" implies authority, power, &c. And is it not an awful fact that sin is very powerful? If we examine the history of sin from its commencement, we shall find that its power has been remarkably great. We may talk of what warriors and conquerors have accomplished with the sword, the bayonet, and other deadly weapons, both by sea and land; but sin has conquered more than war ever slew. St. Paul says, "Sin hath reigned unto death." The most

savage kings and most formidable wild beasts have never caused the ruin sin has effected. No historian's pen nor orator's tongue has been found capable of delineating the ravages of sin in all ages. While it has turned angels into devils, and dug the bottomless pit, it has prepared millions of the human family for the regions of "dark damnation," and hurled them over the battlements of endless destruction. None but Christ by his own power hath ever conquered sin; and even now none can conquer sin but by the power of Christ. Christ can subdue its power, and by the agency of the Holy Spirit can purify the heart from all sin, and thus bring the heart, soul, and mind into union with himself, so that "Sin shall have no dominion over you." It is terrible to think of the power sin has over the ungodly part of mankind. We see that power exhibited in the every day life of sinners; but over those whose sins are pardoned, whose hearts are purified, and whose souls are created anew in Christ Jesus, sin has no influence, no power, while they cling to "the crucified Jesus." Happy people are they, for while they are not under the constraining influences of sin, they live under the influences of "the Holy One of God," and thus *breathe*, and *walk*, and *talk*, in an atmosphere divine. Thus they "walk in newness of life," and "their robes are made white in the blood of the Lamb," who has washed them from their "sins in his own blood."

"True religion's more than notion,
Something must be known and felt."

And here we have it felt, known, and seen, in the experience of those over whom sin has no dominion.

"No merit we claim of our own,
But shame and confusion of face;
And low in the dust at his throne
Receive the salvation of grace."

Christians, be not afraid in the time of trial, temptation, sickness, sorrow, and death, for "greater is he that is for us" than are all the powerful influences of sin. And "being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness and the end everlasting life."

W. Bibbs.

RECOGNITION OF DEITY.

OMNIPRESENCE.

"Do not I fill heaven and earth? saith the Lord." Jer. xxiii. 24.

OMNIPRESENCE is an attribute peculiar to Deity. All other beings are circumscribed by space, and cannot occupy two portions of it at the same instant of time. The mightiest created spirit is confined to locality, though it may move with inconceivable celerity through space. But the Deity fills boundless space with his presence, and in every portion of it can exercise his illimitable attributes. The mode of the Divine existence is beyond our comprehension; but that he is self-existent and eternal is seen in the light of intuitive truth. He exists by the absolute perfection of his own nature independently of any extrinsic cause, and consequently must be omnipresent. If there is a place where God is not, then in that place there is no God, and Atheism would be no violation of moral obligation. If his presence is bounded, then he is an imperfect being, and is not so great as the human intellect could conceive him to be; for whatever admits of limit might be greater. Space is boundless, and if God fills not the immensity of it, space is greater than God, which is inconsistent with our idea of the Supreme Being.

The works of nature prove the omnipresence of Deity. *Nothing can act where it is not,* is a received maxim of Intellectual Philosophy. The mysterious influences of magnetism and gravitation can only act within certain limits, according to fixed laws. But where shall we transport ourselves, even in thought, that the manifestations of the Divine presence may not be found? Strictly speaking, the laws of nature are nothing but the uniform mode of the Divine procedure—the immutable connection between antecedents and consequents, or cause and effect, established by the will of the Creator. Motion is no property of matter; matter is quite passive, and is acted on by mind. Motion is the inherent attribute of mind; hence all the motion and other energies exhibited by inanimate bodies are evidence of the power of an all-pervading Spirit having perfect control over every molecule of matter in the universe. "Wherever, then," says Dr. A. Carson, "creation extends, there must God have been; wherever he upholds and moves matter by his Providence, there must he continually be." With the increasing powers of the telescope we have accumulating evidence that the Deity is now at work in regions more remote than geometry has ever measured, and amongst worlds more numerous than arithmetic has ever calculated. The micro-

scope unfolds the operations of his hand in crowding every spot of space, every petal of an odoriferous flower, all the foliage of mighty forests, every drop of water in flowing rivulet, rushing cataract, and deep restless ocean, with teeming life as countless and as perfect as are the glories of the firmament. There have been no limits discovered to creation. From the progressive discoveries of modern science, evidential of the omnipresence of the Almighty, the dream of the German poet, as cited by Mitchell in his "Orbs of Heaven," becomes a sort of sublime reality:— "God called up from dreams a man in the vestibule of Heaven, saying, 'Come thou hither and see the glory of my house!' To the servants that stood around his throne he said, 'Take him and undress him from his robes of flesh, cleanse his vision, and put a new breath into his nostrils; only touch not with any change his human heart—a heart that weeps and trembles!' It was done; and with a mighty angel for his guide, he wheeled away into endless space. They fled through Zaarahs of darkness, through wildernesses of death that divided worlds of life. Then from a distance counted only in Heaven, light dawned for a time through a sleepy film. In a moment the rush of planets was upon them, in a moment the blazing of suns was around them. Then came eternities of twilight that revealed, but were not revealed. On the right hand and on the left towered mighty constellations, that by self-repetitions and answers from afar, that, by counter-positions, built up triumphal gates, whose architraves, horizontal, upright, rested, rose, at attitudes by spans that seemed ghostly by infinitude. Without measure were the architraves, past number were the archways, beyond memory were the gates. Within were stairs that scaled the eternities below; above was below, below was above to the man stripped of gravitating body; depth was swallowed up in height insurmountable—height was swallowed up in depth unfathomable. Suddenly as thus they rode from infinite to infinite,—suddenly, as thus they tilted over abysmal worlds, a mighty cry arose, that systems more mysterious, that worlds more billowy, other heights and other depths were coming, were nearing, were at hand. Then the man sighed and stopped, shuddered and wept. His own ladened heart uttered itself in tears; and he said, 'Angel, I will go no further; for the spirit of man acheth with this infinity. Insufferable is the glory of God. Let me lie down in the grave and hide me from the persecution of the infinite; for end I see there is none.' And from all the listening stars that shone around issued a choral voice— 'The man speaks truly; end there is none that ever we heard of.' Then the angel threw up his glorious hands to the Heaven of Heavens, saying, 'End there is none to the universe of God? Lo! also there is no beginning.'"

The most enlightened nations of antiquity never ascribed omnipresence to their deities. They had "lords many, and gods many" that reigned over the distinct territories assigned them by Jupiter or the Fates. Neptune swayed his potent trident over the briny deep, and caused the subterranean thunders to lift the solid land, or smooth the furrowed brow of ocean as it rolled in fury its crested billows to the shore. The vine poured forth its purple flood under the superintendence of Bacchus. The hills and valleys were clothed with golden grain by the fructifying touch of the sceptre of Ceres; whilst Pluto reigned absolutely over the gloomy regions of Tartarus. But it does not appear from their mythology that they had the faintest conception of the unity and omnipresence of Deity.

In the 139th Psalm, 7-10 verses, there is a most sublime description of this attribute—"Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend into Heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

THE OMNISCIENCE of Deity may reasonably be inferred from his omnipresence. For if God is everywhere present, he must know all things. If he has made all things he must know the qualities and relations of all things; for they are the emanations of his omnipotence. He cannot but know the thoughts of the human heart; for it is the workmanship of his hand. Revelation declares—"There is no creature that is not manifest in his sight; for all things are naked and open to the eyes of him with whom we have to do." Heb. iv. 13. There can be no limits to the Divine knowledge, seeing that it extends to everything, and to every part of boundless space. When we contemplate the amazing stretch of the human powers, exemplified by Sir Isaac Newton, Leibnitz, Locke, Des Cartes, Malebranche, Laplace, and many others, and if we ascend to the contemplation of the lofty intellects of angelic natures, how infinitely wise must that God be—the fountain from which these rills have emanated. The Scriptures corroborate this principle of inductive philosophy:—"He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he not see? He that teacheth man knowledge, shall not he know?"—Psalm xciv. 9, 10.

THE DIVINE PRESCIENCE is but the perfection of his omniscience. If his all-seeing eye penetrates all space, everything must be known to him. If it is true, that strictly speaking, God is not at two places at once, and that difference of place with respect to him is absurd, as he fills *wholly* every point of boundless space, it is equally certain, that, absolutely, there is no *past* nor *future* with him; but that all duration is one

ETERNAL NOW. Every event that has occurred, or can possibly occur, throughout the mighty cycles of eternity, must stand out prominently to the gaze of his omniscience. That as all duration in relation to Deity is a present NOW, so everything transpiring in this now must be fully known to him. Or if eternal duration be viewed as the unceasing roll of an infinite succession of seconds, prescience extends to everything to which this succession gives birth. All the causes, or antecedents in nature, originated in the absolute volitions of the Creator,—his irresistible arm guides to the certain evolutions of nature's sequences; for no extrinsic force can thwart his purposes. From the limited range of our faculties, and the brevity of our ephemeral existence, we divide time into *past*, *present*, and *future*, and class all events under these heads, and denominate that attribute of recognition that extends to an event before the actual time of its occurrence—FOREKNOWLEDGE. God only possesses this attribute. How he can foresee the events of futurity without a concatenation of necessary causes is inexplicable, and utterly beyond the grasp of our puny intellects. But so are numerous other things, the truth of which no man doubts. Philosophy cannot explain how a medicine acts upon a particular organ rather than on any other of our system; nor how mind acts upon matter, nor how the sensations produced by external nature coming in contact with the organs of sense are perceived by the soul. It cannot explain the nature of gravitation, nor electricity, nor how the Divine energies operated in the creation of the universe, and imparted the qualities impressed upon every entity. Yet every one that has not renounced a rational nature, or is in the least acquainted with the elements of science, must surely believe in the existence of all these things. The incomprehensibility of a truth already attested by a credible witness is no valid ground for its rejection. The testimony upon which a truth rests is comprehensible; whilst the truth itself may be utterly incomprehensible. From the numerous indications of *final causes*, exemplified in every department of nature, we have irresistible evidence of Divine foreknowledge. Who can doubt, after an examination of an eye, that the ultimate design of that organ was vision? The celebrated Dr. Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood from observing that the valves in the veins of so many parts of the body admitted the free passage of the blood towards the heart, but opposed its passage the contrary way. The marvellous precision with which the Scripture prophecies are being daily verified is the highest evidence of prescience. Jehovah challenges the idols of heathenism to prove their divinity by the exercise of this attribute. "Show the things that are to come that we may know that ye are gods." Isaiah xli. 23. It is

surely the very perfection of angelic nature to submit implicitly to the most incomprehensible truth attested by omniscience.

Foreknowledge does not interfere with the freedom of the actions of moral creatures. The stability and uniformity of nature enables the natural philosopher and mathematician to calculate with certainty an eclipse, the transit of a planet, or the return of a comet, within a few seconds, centuries before their occurrence ; but this previous knowledge of these phenomena does not interfere with the free operations of the laws of nature. In like manner the mere exercise of the Divine prescience does not coerce the freedom of the will and the actions of his rational moral offspring. But to foretell what a nation and a king, both designated by name, will do, three centuries before, as were the predictions of the triumphs of the Persian arms under the leadership of Cyrus, when every link in the concatenation of events was a free agent, swayed by interest and passion, is a problem that transcends the mightiest efforts of human genius. All those perplexing questions which have baffled the powers of thinking men of all ages—such as, "whence came moral evil? Is man really free, or are his acts determined by necessity, so that he could not act otherwise than he does? If free, how can God foresee and control all events?" All these inquiries merge into this preliminary one—"How could God create a moral and responsible being, so far independent of his Creator that he had power to obey or disobey, and so draw towards him the approbation and love of his Creator or provoke his just indignation?" This is the mystery of mysteries. Yet every man has, from his consciousness and the play of the moral faculty—conscience, the evidence within himself that he is such a moral responsible being. And all the warnings, all the overtures of grace and love, and all the denunciations against sin and impenitency addressed to us in Scripture, ground on this solemn truth—*human responsibility.* Reader, if thou art still out of Christ, and a stranger to the sanctifying power of his word and spirit, we beseech thee flee from the wrath to come—be thou reconciled to God.

Portadown. JOHN DOUGLAS.

THE SEAMSTRESS AND THE ACTRESS.

Look into this small room, with no occupant. The hand of poverty is here; but it is the abode of a child of God—a young sewing girl. It is her closet for prayer, as well as the spot for plying her needle. When employment fails she kneels in pious trust to her Heavenly Father. One morning she had been thus engaged, with unusual earnestness, when there was a knock at the door, and in stepped a creature full of life and gaiety, with a large bundle. "Can you sew for me?" asked the dashing young girl. The question was met with a smile. "It is just what I have been praying for," said she. The bundle contained rich dresses and rich materials for more. "I am an actress," said the young visitor; "I am under engagement to play in Philadelphia, and these dresses must be altered, and these must be made at once. I will pay you handsomely." "I do not know about this work," said the sewing girl. "It is true I have been praying for work, and am in much need of it, but I do not know about doing this," she said hesitatingly. "Why?" "Because it seems that in doing this work I should be serving the devil instead of the Lord Jesus," she answered meekly. "But did you pray for work?" "Yes." "And has not this come in answer?" "It seems so, and yet I feel as if I ought not to do it." "Well! what will you do about it?" "I will ask my Heavenly Father. Will you kneel with me?" She poured out her heart to God, and prayed that she might not fall into sin, urging her petition with child-like simplicity, not thinking of any effect which her prayer was having on her visitor, until in the agony of her spirit the actress threw her arms around the neck of the supplicant and cried, "O, do not pray any more about the dresses, but pray for me." The poor seamstress was taken by surprise, and now prayed that if her visitor was not in earnest she might be made so, and then and there give herself to the Lord Jesus, to be his for ever. She prayed that she might be convinced of the sinfulness of her present manner of life and forsake it. They rose from their knees and looked at each other in silence. "I shall not let you do this work," said the actress; "no one shall do it." "What will you do?" "I will leave it as it is." "You have an engagement in Philadelphia?" "I will write to the manager that I cannot play for him, and I will pray for him." "How long have you been connected with the stage?" "Five years; and I have followed it with an enthusiasm that swallowed up my life. But I shall quit the stage for ever. I will not put my foot on it again." "What will you do with these things?" "I will keep them in their

present state. They shall remain as a memento of this hour and this room, and of God's mercy in arresting me here." "What will you do now?" "I know not what, but I will do all for Christ, and ask counsel of him." She then expressed her gratitude to the meek sewing girl for her faithfulness to her principles and to her; and so they parted. Often they met afterwards for conversation and prayer, for acknowledgment of their obligations to the Saviour. The faith of the converted actress grew stronger; she admired the amazing goodness of God in snatching her as a brand from the burning, and went on her way rejoicing. She is now in one of the Eastern States, has made a public profession of religion, and joined herself to the people of God. She writes often to her young Christian friend, the sewing woman in Twenty-ninth Street, New York, and the sewing woman is often seen at the prayer meetings in that city. In a letter lately received from the converted actress, she says she is a wonder to herself; that she loved the stage so well she did not think it possible that she could leave it. But now she finds Christ infinitely more precious—that she is truly happy—that her peace is like a flowing spring, ever flowing—that her gratitude knows no bounds—and that her desire grows continually stronger to do something for God. The dresses remain as they were, memorials to her of God's mercy and love, and she intends to keep them so to her dying day. Work pours in on the poor seamstress woman, and her needle is kept flying. Her Heavenly Father will never forsake such a child. And what of the actress? She writes, "My old associates sneer at me and call me crazy; but I have been enabled to draw two from the stage, one a dancer and the other a ballad singer. They are seeking Christ also. I will do all I can to save them. Pray for me that I may have Christ with me, and then I shall not be afraid to act for him." Reader, is not truth stranger than fiction? Canst thou doubt the wonderful, all-conquering power of Divine truth?

Sent by B. A. MOORE.

FAMILY PRAYER ABANDONED AND RESUMED.

A PIOUS tradesman, conversing with a minister on family worship, related the following instructing circumstances respecting himself:

When I first began business for myself I was determined through grace to be particularly conscientious with respect to family prayer; accordingly I persevered for many years in the delightful practice of

domestic worship morning and evening. Every individual of my family was ordered to be present, nor would I allow my apprentices to be absent on any account. In a few years the advantage of these engagements manifestly appeared. The blessing of the upper and nether springs followed me; health and happiness attended my family, and prosperity my business. At length such was the rapid increase of trade, and the importance of devoting every possible moment to my customers that I began to think whether family prayer did not occupy too much of our time in the morning. Pious scruples arose respecting my intentions of relinquishing this part of my duty; but at length worldly interests prevailed so far as to induce me to excuse the attendance of my apprentices, and not long afterwards it was deemed advisable, for the more eager prosecution of business, to make the prayer with my wife, when we rose in the morning, suffice for the day. Notwithstanding the repeated checks of conscience that followed this last omission, the calls of a flourishing concern and the prospects of an increasing family appeared so imperious and commanding that I found an easy excuse for this fatal evil, and especially as I did not omit prayer altogether. My conscience was now almost seared as with a hot iron, when it pleased the Lord to awaken me by a singular providence.

One day I received a letter from a young man who had formerly been my apprentice, previous to my omitting family prayer. Not doubting that I continued domestic worship his letter was chiefly on this subject: it was couched in the most affectionate and respectful terms; but judge of my surprise and confusion when I read these words: "O, my dear master, never, never shall I be able to thank you enough for the precious privileges with which you indulged me in your family devotions. O, sir, eternity will be too short to praise my God for what I learned there. It was there I first beheld my lost and wretched state as a sinner. It was there I first knew the way of salvation; and there I first experienced the preciousness of Christ in me the hope of glory. O, sir, permit me to say, never, never neglect those precious engagements; you have yet a family and more apprentices; may your house be the birth-place of their souls!" I could read no further; every line flashed condemnation in my face. I trembled, I shuddered; I was alarmed lest the blood of my children and apprentices should be demanded at my soul-murdering hands. Filled with confusion and bathed in tears, I fled for refuge in secret, and spread the letter before God. I agonised, and you may better conceive than I describe my feelings; suffice it to say that light broke in upon my disconsolate soul, and a sense of blood-bought pardon was obtained. I immediately flew to my family, presented them before the Lord, and from that day to the present I have been faithful,

and determined through grace that whenever my business becomes so large as to interrupt family prayer, I will give up the superfluous part of my business and retain my devotion: better to lose a few shillings, than become the deliberate murderer of my family, and the instrument of ruin to my own soul.

Sent by M. J. CHEVERTON.

WILLIAM CLOWES.

EXTRACTS.

No. 108.—*The Cross Philosophy.*

CLOWES, and many others have laboured, but now are at rest; and some have entered into their labours. Is the philosophy of their labour the same? Our fathers taught by precept and example that Divine power is coupled to the *agency* of man, but will not supersede it. On the other hand—human agency is crippled labour *without* the energy of God! Clowes worked, not because he had all to do, nor because there were none to help, but he worked from the inspiring motive, that "God worked *in* him." Was a crystal wall to be raised? the *rod* of Moses must be stretched out. Are the walls of Jericho to fall? the ram's horn must sound through the city. The connection then is as wise as it is universal. *Duty* devolved upon Clowes, and demanded the exertion of *all* his powers, OTHERWISE dormant; the promised "presence of God to go with him," secured the success of his labours, which would have been OTHERWISE hopeless! To quote an esteemed minister amongst us, "Clowes forgot himself in his haste to do good to others; and his plans and spirit have shed a mighty influence on the Primitive Methodist people."

No. 113.—*A Man of Steel.*

We submitted, that Bourne might be classed with iron-men; and now, with a different character, for several reasons, we would class Clowes with men of *steel*. He possessed all the intrinsically excellent qualities of hardness, durability, and general usefulness of iron men, but was fitted to serve some purposes which the iron man is not. Clowes, then, was more elastic, delicate, and flexible; one in stamina and material, but tempered and refined; hence more pliable and useful in certain departments of labour. Besides, Clowes displayed more *polish*. He was admirably ornamental, where iron and mechanical purposes would not suit. With keen perception, tender susceptibility, yet lacking neither

firmness nor perseverance, the finished edge of Clowes's piety and zeal, the brightness and polish of his holy life opened up to him a higher and wider sphere for his activity. He became great because a great occasion called him to fill it. He had faith, too, equal to the occasion, and his faith became a victory. Whatever timidity might be natural to Clowes, he had no spiritual feebleness nor misgiving. He believingly embraced his work, strong in faith, and went forth through his mission to apprehend that for which he also was apprehended. Thus—

"Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who went to mock, remained to pray."

No. 126.—*The Tomb of Clowes.*

By subscription a tomb has been erected over Clowes's grave, on which is inscribed the following—

Sacred to the memory of
WILLIAM CLOWES,
One of the Founders of the Primitive Methodist Connexion,
Who died March 2nd, 1851,
Aged 71 years.

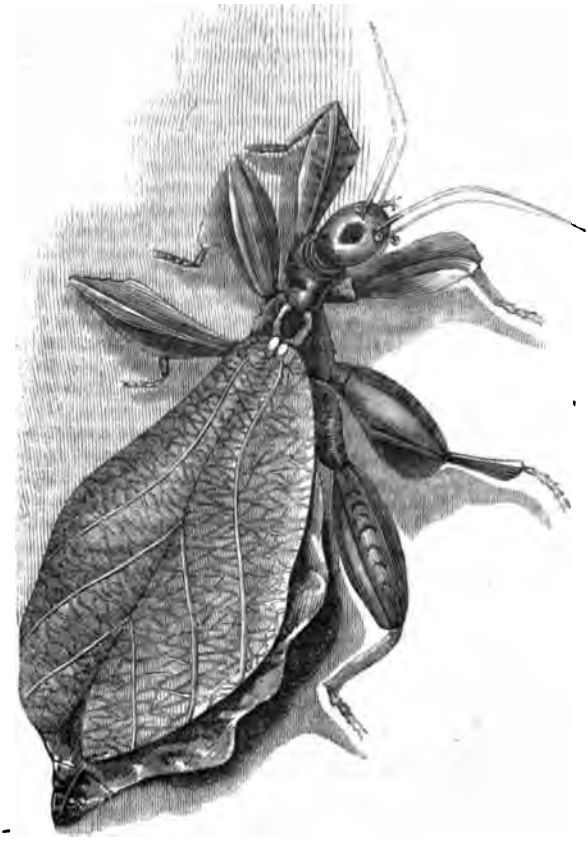
"He was a burning and a shining light."

Such are the few but impressive words of his monumental inscription. The concluding line of inspired writ reminds us of other lines, which are not inspired, yet possess the merit of deserving insertion here:—

"Not once or twice in our rough island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory;
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden roses.
Not once or twice in our rough island story
The path of duty was the way to glory;
He that ever following her commands
On with toil of heart, and knees, and hands,
Through the long gorge to the far light, has won
His path upward and prevailed,
Shall find the topmost crags of duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table lands
To which our God himself is moon and sun!"

Yes, such was Clowes—his work is done.

From T. Church's (MS) 3rd Edition of "A History of the Primitive Methodists."



THE WALKING LEAF.

OUR object in the present article is to illustrate the wisdom and goodness of God in the arrangement of nature for the preservation of animal life. Some animals, on the ground of utility, have been carefully preserved by man, but others have found man to be their greatest foe. Most of us have been educated amid strong prejudices, hence we have looked upon certain animals as being good and useful, but we have regarded others as being bad and destructive. All animals were created by God, but God cannot create a bad animal; therefore, all animals are good, except man, and he by sin is bad indeed. Whatever there may be found objectionable to us in the animal kingdom, we should be prepared to show the greatest forbearance, knowing that the disorders of this world are the result of human transgression.

There are so many modes for the defence and preservation of life connected

with the law of instinct that we can only notice a few of them. The Walking leaf insect, shown in the engraving, has a wonderful power of concealing itself from its foes. A writer in "Cassell's Natural History" says, "The odd appearance of these insects has obtained for them the names of Leaves, Spectres, Straws, and Walking-sticks; and certainly nothing can be imagined more curious than the forms they assume. Thus some appear like walking leaves, and others might be mistaken for a portion of the branches of the trees on which they rest." Mr. Kirby says, "I have one of the spectre tribe from Brazil, eight inches long, and unless it were seen to move, it could scarcely be conceived to be anything but a small branch with its spray; the legs, as well as the head, having their little snags and knobs, so that no imitation can be more accurate." Belonging to the same family we have read of various species, some with wing-cases that would resemble the leaves of the laurel, others that would resemble the leaves of the myrtle, the citron, the lily, the sage, the olive, and the camellia. But they are not only capable of imitating leaves, for M. Lefebore met with them in the very midst of the African desert; he says, "They had the most perfect identity of colour with that of the soil on which they were found, being brown where the soil was brown, and, not at a hundred paces distant, of a silvery white, when found amongst the white particles of broken shell or calcareous rocks of a similar dazzling colour." We think there can be no doubt but that the power of imitation, possessed by many tropical insects, and by thousands of our British caterpillars, is designed by divine Providence for the preservation of their lives.

One mode of preservation, adopted by caterpillars, is connected with their ingenuity in spinning silk. When the caterpillar is disturbed by a bird, or other enemy, it will quickly fall from the branch of a tree, and suspending itself in the air, by means of a thread of silk which it spins as it falls, escapes from the eye of its adversary. Others fall without spinning a thread and conceal themselves in the grass below; and other kinds of larvæ roll themselves up into round polished balls. We refer to the larvæ of the Armadillo. "One of our maid-servants," says Swammerdam, "once found a number of these larvæ in the garden contracted into round balls, and thinking she had found a kind of coral beads, she began to put them one after another on a thread; it soon happened that the little creatures, being obliged to throw off the mask, resumed their motions: on seeing which, she was so greatly astonished that she flung down both them and the thread in great haste, crying out, and running away." Other caterpillars are furnished with long hairs, which are something of the nature of bristles or thorns, being hard, inflexible, and sharply pointed. Madame Merian says, "that the spines of the caterpillar of *Urania Leilus* are as hard as iron wire." The slender hairs of the larvæ of the gipsy-moth irritate and inflame the skin, and many of the American caterpillars, according to the statement of Abbot, "sting like a nettle, and blister the skin when touched." Reamur states that "the larva of the golden-eyed fly covers itself with the fragments of the aphides which it has devoured,—a moving sepulchre of dry bones." Many caterpillars so closely resemble the leaves or branches of the bushes on which they feed that there is great difficulty in finding them. The larva of the Noctua Algœ is said to assume the colour of the lichens upon which it feeds, being grey when it feeds on a grey one, and always yellow when it feeds on a yellow one. It is also stated that "the caterpillar of the coronet-moth, which feeds upon the privet, is so exactly of the colour of the underside of the leaf, to which it clings during the day, that a person may have the leaf in his hand without discovering the caterpillar." The larvæ of the brimstone and swallow-tailed moths are so much like the small branches of the trees on which they feed, that they have been mistaken for a small sprig of the tree on which they lived. They generally feed during the night; in the day-time they may be seen resting on their prolegs and projecting in various forms from the branches of the tree. So that "doubtless," says Kirby, "the sparrows and other birds are frequently deceived by this manœuvre, and thus baulked of their prey. Rosel's gardener, mistaking one of these caterpillars for a dead twig, started back in great alarm, when upon at-

tempting to break it he found it was a living animal." Such are a few of the modes by which thousands of living creatures are preserved from their adversaries.

But some of the most despised creatures are preserved in another way. We may take, for example, the common sparrow. Had not God preserved the sparrows they would have been blotted out of existence, in England, long ago. In the Saviour's day two sparrows were sold for a farthing, and they have been sold by the dozen in our day. Farmers have been anxious to destroy the sparrows because they destroy the wheat and other grain, but it should be known that sparrows do not always live on corn; they feed on caterpillars during the spring of the year, and a pair of sparrows with young have been known to destroy many hundreds of caterpillars in a few days. We have read somewhere that two sparrows, while feeding their young, would destroy two thousand caterpillars per week. Anyhow, they are of great service to the farmer in the spring of the year, and probably do his crops more good than injury. But by the power of imitation many caterpillars escape the sparrow's notice, and by the law of instinct, the sparrow builds her nest where the farmer cannot get to destroy it without damaging his own property; thus both the insect and the bird are preserved. The same remarks may, in a great measure, be applied to the poor rooks. What trouble the farmers have to keep the rooks away from a newly sown field of corn. Frightful looking images are placed in the field; dog and gun, man and boy, must each be used to keep "the crows away." But the farmers must have noticed that the rooks are always anxious to visit a newly ploughed field. The poor birds do not wait for the corn to be sown; they follow the plough and are interested in the newly made furrow. We read in one of the daily papers the other day of a farmer, who, having shot several rooks in a field of corn, had the curiosity to open them, and to his astonishment he found more than two hundred and fifty worms that had been devoured by the poor rooks, but he could not find a single grain of corn.

We presume most of those "worms" as they were called were the larvæ of the cockchafer. And we would here state that the larvæ of various insects, which live underground while in the larvæ state, do more damage to the farmer's crops than all the birds in the world. We refer to the larvæ belonging to the Diptera and Coleoptera genera; the larvæ of the cockchafer belong to the latter genus. Millions of these insects fly in the night and deposit their eggs in the fields, on the surface of the ground. The larva of the cockchafer lives under ground for four years before it becomes a perfect insect, during this period it lives on the roots of corn or grass. The rooks are very fond of eating this grub, hence the reason they visit newly-ploughed fields, where the larva are turned up with the soil. In our opinion the rooks are a great blessing to the farmer, and if he wishes to save his grass and wheat he must let the rooks alone.

The God of Nature is seen in all his works. This earth of ours, notwithstanding the ravages which sin has made, is full of beauty still. We have the pure water, which has been carried in the clouds and filtered through the hills for six thousand years, to cheer us still. And our bread corn, notwithstanding the depredations of birds and insects, blight and famine, is preserved to sustain our bodies, and, blessed be God, though heresy has existed in every age, we have the pure Gospel to cheer our hearts and lead us to heaven.

O brother, that God who has preserved the water and the corn, the birds and the insects, amid all the vicissitudes of life, can surely preserve thee. "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"

(To be continued.)

J. P. B.

A WORD TO SMOKERS.

ONCE a year, at least, the question is officially asked in relation to every regularly employed minister in our Connexion, "Is he a tobacco smoker?" And I fear that in too many cases this question is answered in the affirmative. I have sometimes wondered why the question is asked; and why the Connexion does not express an opinion, through the minutes of Conference, on the reported smokers of our Zion? I was conversing with a young man one day on the subject of smoking, and from a slight calculation we ascertained that he had spent not less than £30 on tobacco and pipes since he commenced. And, said he, "I once tried to leave it off, but when I got into the company of those who were experienced and intelligent Christians, and they smoked, I was overcome, and again took to my pipe." But after some expostulation he made a noble resolution to "*master his pipe*," and by the blessing of God he has succeeded. Let my worthy brethren who spend so much *time* and *money* in *smoke*, think of the effect of this example on the young men of the Connexion, and then say if they will continue to smoke *tobacco*.

It is thought that the name of this narcotic weed is derived from Tabaca, a province in the island of St. Domingo; but Europeans learned to use it from the savages of America, though the *questionable* honour of introducing it into England is generally given to Sir Walter Raleigh. Several amusing anecdotes are told in connection with its introduction into England. Who has not heard that when Sir Walter's servant, who was carrying a pail of water, saw his master smoking, he supposed him to be on fire, or afraid of spontaneous combustion, and cast the water upon him? It is said that Queen Elizabeth partook of the indulgence, and that smoking gradually became popular and prevalent through the land. Orators have proclaimed its virtues, and poets sung its praise. But this triumph of smoke has not been allowed to remain uninterrupted, for kings, philosophers, and physicians have set their faces against it: King James called it "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

Physicians and professors speak of it as a poison, and the celebrated Dr. Conquest affirmed, "that the use of snuff and tobacco must be classed with the worst evils existing in society." There are more victims to the diseases produced by the use of tobacco than is generally imagined; for according to competent judges it is a "deadly poison," producing in many, palsy, epilepsy, and other nervous diseases. Professor Graham said, "Its effects on the living tissues of the animal system are always to destroy life, as the experiments made on pigeons, cats, and other animals sufficiently prove;" and many persons have been hurried from time into eternity by the use of tobacco. A gentleman who had left his young companion but a few hours, was sent for, and found him dying, raving mad, and the cause of his death was that his mother had given him as a medicine a small decoction of tobacco. But the fatal cases are however not so numerous as those of debility, brought on by the loss of that saliva which is so necessary to health. Tobacco and snuff fix their deadly grasp upon the organs of vitality, gradually undermining the health, and sowing the seeds of disease, which are sure, sooner or later, to take root, producing dizziness, faintness, tremulousness, mental depression, and premature death. One anatomist says, that the "brain of an immoderate smoker, on dissection, was found dried and shrivelled up, by his excessive use of the pipe." Another writer says, "The use of tobacco produces a dryness or huskiness of the mouth, thus exacting a thirst which in many cases is not satiated with anything short of alcoholic drinks. In this way the use of tobacco often lays the foundation of drunkenness." The use of tobacco is acquired with great difficulty, and a considerable amount of

suffering, which is an additional proof that nature dislikes and resists its power. A working man who had spent one shilling and sixpence per week on tobacco, became so reduced in strength that he could not perform a day's work. He abandoned the noxious weed; his appetite returned, and he again became tolerably strong and active. But the soothing effect of a pipe is often urged as a reason for smoking. True, the action of the nervous system may be diminished by the sedative quality of tobacco, but its effects are nevertheless deleterious; and the cares of the smoker do not evaporate in the fumes emitted from his pipe; the smoke does not remove his troubles or lessen his poverty, but on the contrary, it increases them. When we have seen groups of boys in our public streets learning to smoke, and old men setting the young ones the example, we have wished that every lover of his country would try to put down the habit of smoking. We appeal to smokers now on the ground of health, and ask them to abstain. We have an argument on the ground of expense, which we may use at a future time if permitted. To the inveterate smoker who says, "I cannot leave it off," we say, God help you: you are a *slave* to habit. Try His strength; He is Almighty to save.

ANTI-FUMO.

THE HOLY BARGAIN.

JAMES TURNER is already safely landed in the heavenly harbour, and has probably already met with numbers who were plucked as brands from the burning through his devoted agency. Hundreds are still sailing over life's rough sea to the haven of rest, who are pleased to acknowledge him as their spiritual father. The scene of his labours was principally in the north of Scotland; and although he followed the business of a cooper, yet it is credibly stated that whole villages were awakened by his devoted labours; and even some of the more polished and refined towns became the delightful scenes of most blessed revivals through the agency of his prayers and tears, and pious exertions.

It will show in some measure the secret of his success to record the fact that he very frequently dedicated himself to God by renewing his covenant. This he always did on the anniversary of his conversion. The following will show the remarkable but simple and solemn manner in which he observed this practice:—

"May 1st, 1854, A day, the return of which is always sweet to my soul. It is fourteen years this day since I was enabled to give my heart to Jesus, and thou knowest I have never repented doing so. I now do so afresh, and I call all that is in this shop to witness. I take the sun that is shining in at my shop window, the pen with which I am writing, and the page I am writing upon, all to witness that I give my soul, body, and spirit this day a living sacrifice unto God. Take me, O God, as I am, and use me for thy glory as thou pleasest, I give thee my time, I give thee my talents, and if I had money thou shouldest have it also, but I have none. And now that I give thee all, thou wilt give me thy grace in return. To day I make this bargain with thee, my dear Saviour, and sign myself over to thee, James Turner,—a filthy sinner washed in thy blood, and sanctified by thy Holy Spirit. Now Jesus, be pleased to take into the bargain, the members of the two classes thou hast given me to lead, and do for every one of them as thou hast done for me. I feel that I may be permitted to add thy part of this solemn contract:—I, Jesus Christ, the Son of the living

God, do take James Turner at his word, and promise to give him strength according to his need, and will withhold no good thing from him so long as he is faithful to my grace."

Let all our itinerant ministers, local preachers, class leaders, sabbath school teachers, and members, but follow the example of this humble, unassuming, but faithful and devoted servant of God, and glorious will be the result in the church, the school, and the domestic circle. Let our wealthier friends but copy Turner's resolution in relation to money, and what success would be witnessed in the missionary enterprise and other benevolent institutions. O for entire consecration of time, talent, wealth, and influence to the service of God!

J. A.

SIMILES.

FROM WILLIAM SECKER, 1661.*

BY THE REV. JOHN HIRST, AUTHOR OF THE "JUVENILE MISSIONARY RECITER."

THE Scribes and Pharisees, though they knew the letter of the law, yet they were ignorant of the Spirit of it: as the waves of the sea are discoverable when the wealth of the sea is invisible, they never cracked the shell to taste the kernel, nor unlocked the cabinet to find out the jewel. They made a difference of the Tables, as if one side had been of God's writing, and the other of the devil's scribbling.

An unholy conversation pulls off the jewels from the beautiful queen of Religion. Sin allowed of in a saint is like a slit in a piece of cloth of gold, or like a crack in a silver bell. The foulest spots are soonest seen in the fairest clothes. The world will sooner allow its own enormities than your infirmities. The loose walkings of Christians are the reproaches of Christ. One hour of the sun's eclipsing attracts more eyes to view it than all its illustrious shinings.

It is not one action that makes a believer, no more than it is one swallow that makes a summer. As there is none so evil but may do some good, so there is none so good but may do some evil.

Hypocrites are more for the market-place than they are for the closet; and for the corners of the streets than for corners of the house. It's meet and drink for a formalist to fast if others see it. The nightingale never sings so sweetly as when others stand by to hear her melody.

A saint should be like a spire steeple that is smallest when it is highest, or like those orient stars, the higher they are seated the lesser they are viewed. Usually your greatest boasters are your smallest workers. Your deep rivers pay larger tribute to the sea than shallow brooks, and yet empty themselves without a murmuring noise.

Since the tree of knowledge hath been tasted the key of knowledge hath been rusted. Man sinned away his light when he sinned against his light. Adam's candle aspiring to be a sun hath burnt the dimmer ever since.

* Extracted from "The Non-such Professor in his Meridian Splendour; or, the Singular Actions of Sanctified Christians."

Pharnaces sends a crown to Cæsar, at the same time he rebelled against him; to whom Cæsar, makes this return: "Let him first lay down his rebellion, and then I will accept of his crown." There are many that set a crown of glory upon the head of Christ by a good profession, that plat a crown of thorns upon the head of Christ by an evil conversation. By the words of our lips we may *adore* Religion, but it's by the works of our lives that we *adorn* Religion.

I have read of a painter that being blamed by a Cardinal for putting too much red in the faces of St. Peter and St. Paul, answered; "It was to show how much they blushed at their behaviour who styled themselves their successors." Were Abraham now on earth who is in heaven, how would the Father of the Faithful blush to see their actions that style themselves his offspring.

It was the expression of one of the martyrs to his persecutors: "You take a life from me that I cannot keep, and bestow a life upon me that I cannot lose; which is as if you should rob a man of counters and furnish him with gold. He that is assured of a life that hath no end, cares not how soon this life is at an end.

The higher the floods swell on earth, the nearer the ark mounts up to heaven. God can strike straight strokes with crooked sticks, and make the devil's dross to fetch off the rust that cleaves to his gold.

ANOTHER MAN NOW.

DURING the stay of the frigate "Askold" in Japan, a Japanese, a clever man, and one who sought instruction, rendered the captain some service. To express his gratitude, the captain made him a present of a crystal vase; but, struck with his intelligence, it occurred to him to ask if he would like to read the Testament in the Chinese language. The laws of Japan prohibit the reading of the Gospel to the natives under pain of death; nevertheless, the Japanese received the book with pleasure, and promised to return it very speedily. Accordingly, at the end of five days he came to the captain, and entreated him with tears in his eyes to give him the Testament. "No," said he, "I cannot leave this book with you, notwithstanding the pleasure it would give me. I will not do it, as I fear for your head." "Ah," exclaimed the Japanese, "if I had three heads instead of one, I would willingly sacrifice them for the happiness of possessing it! I never thought that any human tongue could speak as this book. I feel myself quite another man now—it is as if I were born for a new life, a new light."

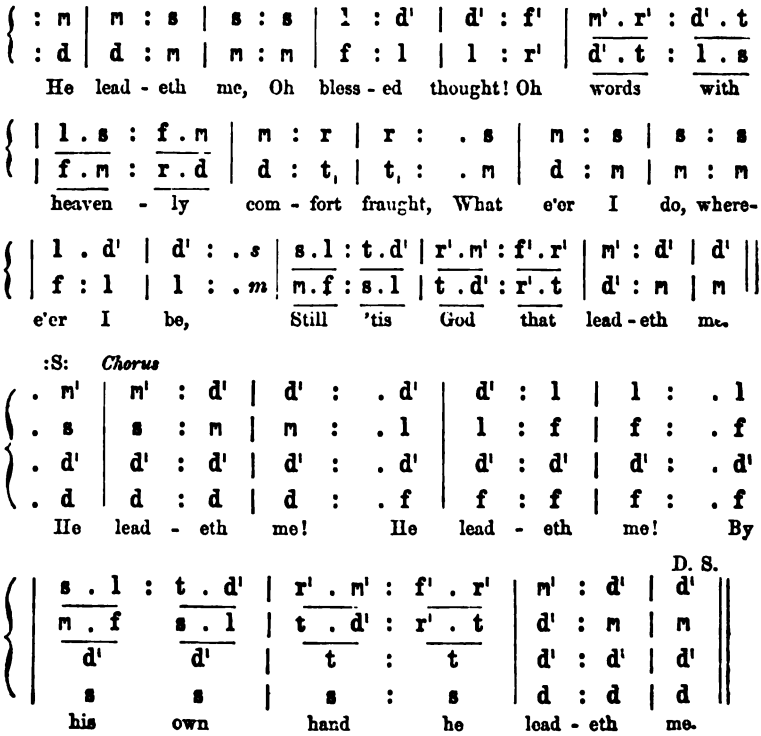
We may imagine with what joy the captain made him a present of the Testament, with the following words:—"Do not expose your life inconsiderately; but if you are put to death for the reading of this book, it is certain that the benefits you have derived from it are incomparably more precious than the life of which you may be deprived."

The Book and its Mission.

HE LEADETH ME BESIDE STILL WATERS.

HE LEADETH ME BESIDE STILL WATERS.

KEY C. *Duett.* S. C. FOSTER.



He leadeth me! Oh blessed thought!
Oh words with heavenly comfort fraught,
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God that leadeth me.
Chorus—He leadeth me, &c.

Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes, where Eden's bowers bloom;
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis God that leadeth me!
Chorus—He leadeth me, &c.

Lord I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis God that leadeth me.
Chorus—He leadeth me, &c.

And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory's won;
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God, through Jordan, leadeth me.
Chorus—He leadeth me, &c.

CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

BRAINTREE, MALDON MISSION.—The fourth anniversary was celebrated on Sunday, Aug. 7. Three sermons were preached by Mrs. Winkfield, of Hadleigh, to overflowing congregations. On the following Tuesday, we held a tea meeting, when 140 sat down, after which the meeting was addressed by the ministers of the Mission. Collections and profits of tea (with donations from friends) amounted to upwards of £20. This has been the best anniversary we have ever had. To God be all praise.

C. DUDLEY.

ADFORTON, LEINTWARDINE STATION. — The anniversary sermons of our chapel here were preached on Sunday, Sept. 10th, by Mrs. Savker, of Eardisley, and Mrs. Beavan, of Kington, and on the following day we had the annual tea meeting. After tea a public meeting took place, Mr. J. Nott, of Farlands, in the chair. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. J. Monnington, M. Beavan, E. Dudly, R. Mayer, W. Wood, and Mrs. Savker. One soul found peace through believing. The golden system was introduced, and a friend in the meeting said that he would give as much as we could get that night in promises. Very soon we obtained upwards of £20, so by the kind liberality of our friend we shall be able to reduce the debt this year £40.

W. WOOD.

TITTLESHALL, SWAFFHAM CIRCUIT.—The first anniversary services of the new chapel were held Sept. 16th and 18th. On the Sunday two sermons were preached by the Rev. Wm. Kirby. On the Tuesday, a small Bazaar was opened; the things sold exceedingly fast, so that by six o'clock they were all gone, thanks to the "business push" of Mr. Withery and Mr. Bray. At six o'clock about 170 of the friends sat down to a comfortable public tea. After tea the friends adjourned to the Baptist chapel (kindly offered) where a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. Webster, senr., and addresses were given by Messrs. W. Green, J. Smith, — Franklin, C. T. Bray, and C. Tetley. Votes of thanks were tendered to all those who came forward and helped in the anniversary. The anniversary realised £6 2s. 10½d.

C. T.

SPECIAL EFFORT.—EAST HARLING.—On Thursday, Sept. 20th, the Rev. Danzy Sheen preached two sermons on behalf of our new chapel, and on the Friday following delivered a lecture on Africa to crowded congregations. By collections, tea, bazaar, and a donation of £3 from our old friend, Mr. Alderton, we raised £18.

W. ANDREWS.

TEFFONT, MOTCOMBE CIRCUIT.—The anniversary of our chapel in this village was celebrated on Lord's day, Sept. 30th, and the following Monday. On the former day, two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Tuck. The collections exceeded those of any previous year, and the congregations were very good. On the Monday the annual tea meeting was held. The public meeting after was one of a high order. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Grey, Hunt, Cox (Independent), Tuck and Watts. The amount received at this anniversary was £4 7s. 3d., which with the year's seat rents and a small balance from last year, will enable the trustees to pay off £5 of the principal, besides having the chapel thoroughly cleaned and repaired. It was thought that the whole of the money, £20, that will remain on the chapel after the £5 is paid, could be obtained by next year, and to secure this, several persons engaged to collect the amount among them, so that we are expecting at the next anniversary to pronounce the chapel free from debt. Bro. Hunt who holds the money on the chapel, kindly offered to give them the year's interest if they shall succeed.

N. WATTS.

RUGBY AND LUTTERWORTH MISSION.—Rugby chapel anniversary was held the 7th and 8th of Oct. On the 7th, three sermons were preached by Mr. R. Mander, of Banbury, to attentive congregations; and on the 8th, about 70 persons sat down to tea, gratuitously provided. A public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by Rev. C. Robbins, and animated addresses were given by Messrs. Witter, Goose, Thompson, Childers, and Mander. The income was—golden system, £7 18s. 6d.; collections, £3 1s. 7d.; profits of tea, £3 8s. 8d. Total, £14 8s. 9d. I am pleased to say that during the last year we have paid—interest, £31; outstanding bills, £11 10s.; for two new pews, £2 10s. 3d. Total, £45 0s. 3d. We owe £15 more for interest, but expect to pay it off in six months' time, when we shall hold special services for the purpose. We are praying, labouring, and hoping for the conversion of sinners. G. B.

MURTON COLLIERY, HETTON CIRCUIT.—The teachers of our school celebrated their annual festival on Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 8th and 9th. On the Monday, the teachers, singers, and scholars assembled in the chapel at one o'clock, and from thence they proceeded through the village. About 150 persons partook of tea, after which a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. W. Thompson, senr. Addresses were delivered by Mr. W. Lowther, jun., Mr. A. Gray, Mr. J. Jefferson, and Mr. G. Dawson. On the Tuesday, 150 scholars were served with tea, and then a goodly number partook of the social cup. After tea a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. J. Jefferson. Addresses were then delivered by Mr. J. Wild, Mr. E. Thompson, Mr. W. R. Burt, and Mr. S. Eastwood.

S. EASTWOOD.

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

DIED at Louth, in the seventy-seventh year of her age, and the forty-sixth of her membership, Mrs. Martha Burke. Our departed sister, with her late husband, were amongst the first fruits of Primitive Methodism in Louth. For some time their house was used as a sanctuary where some of the "Fathers" preached the glad tidings of salvation. For some years they entertained the servants of Christ, and never thought they could do too much for them. About a year and nine months ago Mrs. Burke sustained an injury by falling down stairs, from which she never recovered. We visited her frequently during her affliction, and always found her "patient in tribulation" and trusting simply in Christ. She was not able to say much towards the last; but gave pleasing evidence that she was going to heaven. Her end was peace. May the reader and writer met her in heaven. Amen.

R. W. MONKMAN.

AT Kelsey Moor, in the Market Rasen Circuit, died Thomas Burton, in the 66th year of his age, and the thirtieth of his Christian profession; and out of the thirty years he was twelve a member of the Primitive Methodist Connexion. He lived and died respected by all—both the church and the world. In the church his labour was to advance the cause which had saved him from sin, and had given him a bright hope of the future. On the 12th of Oct., 1865, it could be said, "he is not lost, but gone before." "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Four years' illness was endured with marked submission to the Divine will.

On the above date he put off the "muddy vesture of decay" to be for ever with the Lord, to whom he lived and died. May it be the happy lot of those whom he has left behind to meet him in the better land.

R. H.

DIED at Perthy, in the Oswestry Circuit, Dec. 8th, 1865, Mrs. Margaret Jones, aged sixty-nine years. She was a member of Society twenty-four years, during which time she was attentive to the means of grace, a lover of truth, and a follower of Jesus Christ. About twelve months before her decease her health began to decline. During her affliction she had an impression that her "sickness was unto death," but she did not

"Murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod."

She enjoyed many "refreshing seasons from the presence of the Lord," and the day before her death she told her son that she was not afraid to die, and when near the hour of death she was heard say, "I am ready to depart and be with Christ which is far better." She lived to see three of her sons converted to God, one of whom is a local preacher. That all the family may join her in heaven is the prayer of S. BATHO.

ISABELLA, the beloved wife of Ralph Hayson, was born at Elswick, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, Aug. 31, 1819. She attended the Sabbath-school at St. Nicholas' Church in that town, and it is believed was the subject of religious impressions when very young. At the age of fifteen she was converted to God, and became a member of the Primitive Methodist Society at Waldridge Fell, then a part of South Shields Circuit. From the time of her conversion she was sincere and consistent. Her natural disposition was modest and retiring. In after life she was much afflicted. This, with the cares of an increasing family, confined her frequently at home. But to use the words of her now sorrowing husband, "she lived to God by faith and prayer." She attended her class for the last time Oct. 8th, 1865, when she said her impression was she would not be long here; but she was confident she was the Lord's. From this time she gradually sunk, suffering much from nervous debility. When unable to articulate she breathed out her soul to God, and in child-like confidence whispered "My Father, my Father." She continued until Jan. 2nd, 1866, "when she left a suffering Church beneath for a reigning Church above."

J. TURNBULL.

MARY, the wife of Robert Holloway, was born at Warminster, in Wiltshire, in 1803, and left this vale of tears, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life, on the 6th of Jan., 1866, at Fovant, in the Salisbury Circuit. Her parents endeavoured to lead her in early life into the enjoyment of the rich blessings of salvation. Hence from a child she was the subject of the strivings of the Holy Spirit. When about fifteen years of age she ventured her all on Jesus, and obtained the pardon of her sins. She at once united with the Wesleyans, and continued a consistent member of that section of the Church until July, 1864. It then pleased the Lord to remove her beloved husband to the upper and brighter world. She then came to reside with her daughter, Mrs. Jay, at Fovant. At this place we had formed a society, which was in a flourishing condition. Mrs. Holloway, with her daughter and son-in-law, joined the infant cause and became the principal supporters of the infant church. She was a quiet, patient, exemplary Christian, calmly reposing on the bosom of Jesus. She passed through life's journey leaning on the arm of her beloved. Whenever I was privileged to hold converse with her it was invariably on heavenly themes, and she would say, "Oh I want to be more holy, more heavenly-minded, more like my Jesus. I want all my thoughts fixed upon my blessed Saviour." Through affliction she was for many years unable to attend regularly the public ordinances of God's house; but during the last year of her life a prayer meeting and class have been held in Mrs. Jay's house, which were often cheering to our departed

sister. On Christmas-day, 1865, she was drawn in a chair to Sutton Mandeville, to a tea meeting we held there. She greatly enjoyed the meeting. On the Saturday following, she was taken worse, retired to her bed, and there remained till she joined the Church triumphant. During those few days her bodily pains were most excruciating, but she bore them patiently. On the Thursday, she asked her daughter to sing her—

"Come sing to me of heaven."

But through weakness she could only bear one verse. On the Friday evening, as the last enemy drew near, she looked up to her daughter and said, "Oh! what ecstacy! Is this death? Is this really death? Blessed Jesus, come, come quickly. Praise him. Bless his name. Tell my dear boy (a lad of many prayers) that I have not forgotten him. Tell him to pray. And oh, my daughter, pray for him also." Her last words were, "It will soon be over," and then without a struggle or a groan she passed away to yon bright place, where all is glory, honour, immortality, and eternal life.

H. PORTNALL.

MR. GEORGE WRIGHT spent the days of his earthly sojourn at Carlton, in the Hinckley Station. He was a consistent member of our Society for fourteen years. He died Jan. 9, 1866, aged fifty-three years. His end was peace.

J. W.

MRS. ANN HUDSON, the wife of Charles Hudson, of Hibaldstowe, Brigg Circuit, departed this life January 10th, 1866, in the twenty-third year of her age. From a child she was trained to fear God and keep his commandments. Her mother was a pious woman, and of course laboured and prayed for the salvation of her offspring. At the early and critical age of thirteen, when she needed special counsel and protection, she was bereaved of her dear mother. But her Heavenly Father did not cast her away from his presence or take his holy spirit from her. He continued to shed his gracious influence in her youthful heart, and watered the good seed of the Gospel which her mother had carefully sown in her tender mind. In the sixteenth year of her age she united with the Primitive Methodists, and we believe gave her heart decidedly to God. In the slippery path of youth, and in an evil hour of temptation, she diverged from the narrow way of Christian rectitude, and for a short time she was found in the numerous and miserable herd of backsliders, though she still retained her standing within the pale of the visible Church. We believe she saw her error and repented before God in dust and ashes. So far as man can judge she soon recovered from her fall, and became a very amiable and consistent Christian. The illness which terminated in death was a slow decline, which she bore with remarkable patience and submission to the will of God. Brother W. Clarke, her leader, says, "I often visited her in her illness, which was long, and often painful, but I always found her steadfast in the Lord. I saw her the night before she died, when her happy countenance indicated that she enjoyed a foretaste of heaven. She urged all about her, and her father especially, to meet her in the better world, and I hope it will be the means of his conversion to God." During her protracted affliction I often visited and conversed with her on the things which belonged to her peace, with unusual satisfaction; and I have no doubt that she was ready for the solemn announcement, "Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him."

W. GARNER.

MRS. SARAH LAWSON, of Cambridge, exchanged earth for heaven, Jan. 13th, 1866. She was deeply convinced of her state as a sinful creature under the ministry of the late Samuel Atterby, about thirty-four years ago, and she obtained the joy of pardoning love shortly after in a class meeting. Thenceforward her life was "as the shining light." She was a humble, steady, trustful Christian. An ornament to the Church of her choice, she loved it alike in prosperity and adversity. She prayed much for its enlargement and lived to see it rise from obscurity to influence and general respect.

Being made an heir of glory herself, she rested not till her husband was made a partaker of like precious faith. Others were likewise induced by her to attend the ministry of the word, which resulted in their salvation. She was a suffering saint. Trials severe, and afflictions and bereavements of a very painful nature were her portion: but faith and prayer brought her requisite support. As her end drew near her mind was calm. Her faith was strong and enabled her to triumph over her latest foe. When entering the Jordan of death, she said to her husband, conscious of her nearness to her Father's house on high, "Father, I am going:" he replied with much emotion, "The crown is waiting for you." She was instantly filled with rapture, her countenance brightened, and she shouted, "Glory, hallelujah, I believe." Her head dropped, and her hallowed spirit passed to the regions of the blessed.

W. H. Meadows.

Elizabeth Haynes, wife of Thos. Haynes, local preacher of Primrose Bank Branch, died at Brookhampton, Jan. 15, 1866, in the eighty-fifth year of her age. She was converted, and joined the Society in 1833, and continued a consistent member till her death. She was a mother in Israel: her general experience was,—

"My Redeemer to know,
And to feel his blood flow,
This is life everlasting,
'Tis heaven below."

A. Glegg.

On January 17th, 1866, Rebecca Ann Robinson, of Market Rasen Circuit, departed this life in the twenty-first year of her age. When we came to this station in July, we found that the hand of death in the form of consumption, was taking fast hold of her, and to all appearance would soon do its work. From childhood she was brought within the influence of Primitive Methodist teaching, but not until two years ago did she profess to enjoy religion. She subsequently loved the Church, and has only been severed from it by the impartial hand of death. Never did we visit her but we were much blest; while reading, exhorting, and praying, heaven was always near. Her language was such as to give the greatest satisfaction respecting her prospects. When able to listen, she loved to hear portions of the Bible read. She frequently entreated her parents to give themselves to Jesus. Their salvation was, on many occasions, the burden of her prayer. Her end was peace. Her sun set while it was yet day; but it only set to rise in a calmer clime.

R. Harrison.

Mrs. Hannah Mason, of Burnham Westgate, in the county of Norfolk, was born in the year 1839. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Parker, of the above-named place have been members with us for many years; and being in respectable circumstances their house has long been a home for Primitive Methodist ministers, both local and travelling. Hannah was always fond of the preachers' company. She loved to hear them sing, pray, and talk of their trials and triumphs. Before her death she spoke of H. Bourne, J. Smith, J. Walker, J. Hopkinson, and others who had visited her father's house in her juvenile days. Their memory was dear to her. She said she should meet them in heaven. She attended our ministry all her life, but did not become a member with us till September, 1863. She ascribed her conversion to the prayers and advice of her father, who does not neglect to read the Scriptures and pray with his family. She was always strictly moral, naturally amiable and affectionate. After her conversion she was pious, liberal to the cause, and she delighted in doing good. She was a collector for our mission for several years. As she could not get about last year, she wished her father to give 10s. to her box, and buy a good large Bible for the pulpit at her expense, which was done. The affliction which terminated her valuable life was consumption, which lasted ten months, but was borne without a murmur. The best medical treatment was in vain. When told that her disease baffled all skill, and that she must die, she meekly bowed to the will of God,

and said "I have had a good home here, but I am going to a better." Her end was glorious. When asked, "Is Christ precious?" with a smile she exclaimed, "Yes, yes. I have peace, perfect peace, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Then she sang—

"The pearly gates are open wide,
And I shall enter in."

She then wished to have sung the 176 hymn, each verse of which closes with

"Because he first loved me."

When this had been done she said, "If I had strength I would shout it out so loud that all the world might hear." She then fell asleep in Jesus, January 20th, 1866, in the 27th year of her age.

W. YEADON.

DIED recently at Great Yarmouth, Brother William Bell, aged twenty-nine years. Previous to his conversion he was strictly moral, and very frequently the subject of serious impressions, which led him anxiously to desire salvation through Jesus Christ. On one occasion he received from the pulpit a solemn warning to flee from the wrath to come. At the conclusion of the sermon his father-in-law asked him if he was going home, "No," he replied, "I wish to stay here and have my sins pardoned." He at once believed in Jesus, and joined the Society, and remained a member with us till his decease. During three months' painful affliction he was fully resigned to the will of his Heavenly Father. When the doctor told him there were no earthly hopes remaining, he remarked that he was prepared for death, and had a house above not made with hands. To his sorrowing wife he gave the most comforting assurances of his safety in Jesus, and earnestly entreated her to follow him to heaven. A few minutes before he died he told his mother that Jesus was precious, and then went to heaven to be for ever in his presence.

H. TURRALL.

MARY COOK was born at Higham, Suffolk, in 1827, and died at Stratford, May 8th, 1865. Although blessed with pious parents, she was not converted to God until about eight years since. Having walked stedfastly in the faith since her spiritual change, her unerring Father saw fit to more fully develop her filial affections, and to more fully sanctify her redeemed spirit, in the furnace of severe and protracted affliction; which having been borne with Christian fortitude and calm resignation to the Divine will, ended in the dissolution of her frail tabernacle, and the happy and triumphant exit of her blood-washed spirit to the "realms of the blest." Amongst the last of her earthly songs were,—

"Where shall my soul begin to sing?" &c.

and—

"Jesus lover of my soul," &c.

J. HAMMOND.

DIED at Prospect, in the Maryport Circuit, in sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life, in Nov., 1865, Ann Pearson, aged eighty-one. Thirty-nine long years she lived an ornament to her Christian profession in connexion with the Wesleyans, and for five more she was identified with us. Feeling the need of Divine guidance through this earthly pilgrimage, she frequently sung the hymn commencing with,

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah."

During her last illness, which lasted about three months, she found Jesus precious. In a most triumphant manner her soul passed from earth to heaven.

G. W. MOORSE.

HANNAH, wife of Benjamin Robinson, of Bramley, Leeds Third Circuit, was born in February, 1816. She was brought to a knowledge of sins forgiven when about twenty-five years of age. Having given her heart to the Lord, she joined the Primitives, among whom she remained till her removal to the Church in heaven. Her husband says, "She was a dutiful wife and a loving mother." Her leader, Brother James Naylor, and her class mates think and speak of her as a true and

genuine Christian—"An Israelite indeed in whom was no guile." She possessed a strong attachment to the House of God and the services of the sanctuary, and ever testified her love by constant attendance and cheerful and liberal support. God's word was her delight, and she has frequently been heard to say, "O what could I do without my Bible." She was exceedingly amiable and good-tempered, and they of her fireside circle say, "Harsh or unkind words were unknown in her conversation." Her last illness was a short but painful one; but she bore all with patience, and was perfectly resigned to the will of God. Two or three days before her departure, the writer on calling to see her said, "Are you happy?" "Are your feet on the rock?" "Is Jesus precious?" To each of which inquiries she calmly and clearly answered, "Yes, O yes," and added, "I'm going Home. Jesus is with me." On the following Thursday morning, Dec. 21st, 1865, her happy soul quietly passed away to the unseen world.

W. B. LUDDINGTON.

JOHN DUNN was born at Brompton, June 5th, 1800, and died in peace at the same place, Feb. 6th, 1866. Not having been blessed with pious parents, he owed his spiritual good to the Primitive Methodist Society, of which he was a true and consistent member above forty years.

J. S.

TRUST IN GOD.

"Sometimes the way seems dark, Father,
My home I cannot see;
Sometimes thou hid'st thy face, Father,
That face I love to see;
But though the way is dark, Father,
And home I cannot see;
And though thou hid'st thy face, Father,
Still I will trust in thee.

Sometimes the storms do rage, Father,
And wild waves round me roar;
The fierce winds round me blow, Father,
And I am far from shore;
But though the storms do rage, Father,
And fierce winds blow so free;
And though the wild waves roar, Father,
Still I will trust in thee.

I soon shall reach the shore, Father,
And darkness know no more;
Where fierce winds never blow, Father,
And wild waves never roar;
I then shall see thy face, Father,
And ever dwell with thee;
Yea, dwell in thy embrace, Father,—
Till then I'll trust in thee.

Sent by C. SLATER.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL, PETERBOROUGH.

SOME of the fathers of our Connexion, we believe, preached in the city and neighbourhood of Peterborough in their early tours through the country; but Primitive Methodism was introduced permanently into this locality by the Rev. W. Kirby, on the 6th of May, 1834. So discouraging was the commencement of his labours that even to obtain a little refreshment he had to purchase a little tea and sugar and beg water. After partaking of this humble meal he lifted up the banner of mercy in Boongate. He was told that the labours of our people were not required in Peterborough; but God, he says, gave him 24 souls for the first 24 sermons he preached there.

The Rev. W. Kirby and his successors, the Revs. J. Langham, R. Eaglen, G. Betts, T. Thomas, and others, were in labours more abun-

dant; and though they had to encounter opposition they were favoured with pleasing success.

After occupying several chapels we purchased a piece of land in the New Road (one of the best streets in the city) for the sum of £250. Many said we were going out of our providential path—that Boongate was our place. We were of another opinion; we told them we did not intend to neglect Boongate, but at the same time we believed that one of the most suitable sites we could command was our place.

The foundation stone was laid in April, 1862, by Alderman Hodge, Esq., of Hull, who laid £25 upon it; his good lady also was present on the occasion, and kindly added a contribution. Very suitable addresses were delivered by the Revs. G. Lamb, R. Parks, and S. Antliff.

The opening services took place on September 18th, and following Sabbath, in which the following took part:—the Revs. W. Antliff, W. Sanderson, E. Bishop, J. Cook (Wesleyan), T. Barrass (Baptist), A. Murray (Congregationalist), Mr. W. Pentney, and the writer.

The chapel is 36 feet wide by 66 feet long, and 24 feet from the floor to the ceiling; it will seat about 400 on the ground floor, and timber is inserted in the walls for a gallery. There are a good school-room and two class rooms behind the chapel, with a good pump and a copper-house.

The whole cost was £1300, of which we rejoice to say £800 has been raised, leaving a debt of only £500 upon the property. Thanks are due to Mr. Isaac Edis for a donation of £200, to Mr. Lee for £20, Mr. Bennett for £20, W. Vergette, Esq., £10; G. H. Whalley, Esq., M.P., T. Hankey, Esq., M.P., T. White, Esq., J. Lound, Esq., and J. Sawyer, Esq., £5 each; and to many for smaller sums. Thanks are also due to the ladies for the excellent bazaar they got up in the corn exchange, especially to Mrs. R. Lee, who superintended it so successfully. We cannot forbear adding that, notwithstanding all which has been done for this chapel, nearly £50 was raised in it last year for the missionary fund. Does not this show that chapel extension need not hinder, but may help the work of missions?

We rejoice to say that there are now in connection with this chapel more than 100 church members, and 200 Sabbath scholars, and souls have been saved in both chapel and school-room. To God be all the glory.

J. Ashworth.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY ON BIBLE TEXTS.

FOR EACH SABBATH IN FEBRUARY.

1st SABBATH. 1 John i. 5. "*God is light.*" Yes, all light, for "in him is no darkness at all." St. James speaks of him as "the Father of lights." He is the source of all spiritual light, "the Sun of righteousness;" and it is only by the light from this Sun that we can discover the character of God himself, our own sinful condition, and our need of salvation. All the light which angels and saints in heaven possess emanates from him. And in order that we may see the light and understand that "God is light," he hath sent forth his Spirit into the world, and hath given us a revelation of his will concerning us; and those who embrace the gospel in all its fulness and dwell in God are spoken of in the sacred Scriptures as "children of light," and as they dwell in God's favour they live in "the kingdom of light," "for God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." How desirable it is to see things in the true light; and it is only when this is the case that we can think and speak and act aright. And is it not a truth that the closer our union with God the more divine light we possess? thus with our holiness our light and happiness will progress. An indwelling Christ lights up the soul of man, and thus prepares him for a world in which there is no darkness, for in heaven "there shall be no night," for the glory of God and the Lamb are the light thereof. Let then our readers, who have taken upon them the *form* of godliness shine as lights in the world, and seek to spread that light which can gladden the eyes, cheer the heart, purify the soul, elevate the mind, and fit men to live with God in heaven.

2nd SABBATH. Psalm xxxiv. 8. "*The Lord is good.*" Heaven, earth, and hell are all witnesses of this fact. Angels and men have all shared in the divine beneficence, and the Bible abounds with facts respecting God's goodness. Winter, spring, summer, and autumn, all proclaim that "God is good." His goodness we behold manifested in the provision he has made, in the order of his wisdom, for the preservation of human life; but it is more especially visible in the scheme of human redemption. In every breath we draw, in every step we take, in every favour we possess, the divine goodness meets our eye. Our life and strength are the gifts of God. But he is specially good to his own people; hence, to them who by repentance, prayer, and faith have earnestly sought him he has given the knowledge of sins forgiven, and

his Spirit testifies with their spirits that they are adopted into his family, and are now heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ Jesus; and in time of need he is with them specially to help them and give them the victory over all their foes. Let us, therefore, aim to be good, to do good, and thus take the apostle Paul's advice, "Be ye therefore followers of God as dear children." The story of God's goodness to fallen humanity will be the theme of holy meditation in heaven for ever and ever; and millions of lost souls in the bottomless pit will have their sorrow and misery increased when they remember that while upon earth they slighted the goodness of God. That goodness is designed to lead men to repentance. May all our readers be amongst the number who shall abundantly "utter the memory of his great goodness" both in time and in eternity.

3rd SABBATH. Job xxxiii. 12. "*God is greater than man.*" What pretensions to greatness do some men make; but how feeble are all men. Yet vast numbers live and boast as if they had forgotten that man's "breath is in his nostrils." As he who buildeth the house is greater than the house, so God, having built all things, is greater than all things in creation. "Who in the heaven can be compared unto the Lord? Who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto the Lord?" It is true that the kings of the earth have set themselves in array against him; but he has held them in derision, and laughed at them, and spoken to them in his wrath. And thus they have seen his power to be infinitely greater than their own. "The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought, he maketh the devices of the people to be of none effect." His *knowledge* and *wisdom*, too, are greater than man's: "Shall any teach God knowledge, seeing he judgeth those who are high?" "The pillars of heaven tremble and are astonished at his reproof;" and none can be found in heaven, earth, or hell, to whom he giveth any account of his matters. But though he is so great, yet if any man lack wisdom, he can have it on application to this infinitely great and wise God, "who searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts." This is work which no creature is capable of performing, consequently none can be equal to him in knowledge and wisdom. Hear him while he says, "I know the things which come into your mind, every one of them." "God is greater than man" in *holiness*, for he is infinitely holy; "most holy;" "glorious in holiness." He is styled "the Holy One of Israel," and we read in Psalm iii. 9, "Holy and reverend is his name." Elsewhere in Scripture we read of "the habitation of his holiness;" and says he, "the heathen shall know that I am the Lord, the Holy One of Israel." The divine nature knows no pollution, no imperfection of any kind, and says God to his people, "I the Lord which sanctify you am holy:" and one inspired penman asserts,

"There is none holy as the Lord." It therefore follows that he is "greater than man" in this respect. Surely such a being is worthy of adoration, for while he is great he is greatly to be feared, and to be had in everlasting remembrance by all his saints. "O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God. How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out. For who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been his counsellor?"

4th SABBATH. 1 John iv. 8. "*God is love.*" Not only does God love, but he "is love;" the essence of love, pure love, perfect love, unchanging love, everlasting love; and a portion of his love is imparted to, and possessed by all his servants on earth; "the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit given to us." Christians are urged in the sacred Scriptures to be "rooted and grounded in love," and to be "filled with all the fulness of God." That "God is love" we have constant proof before our eyes. It is no less true that he is love, than that he is *light*, that he is *good*, that he is *great*. Divine revelation points to his love; Christian experience is well acquainted with his love; and the voices of heaven and the voices of the Christian Church on earth, unitedly proclaim "God is love." And his love he hath shown to our fallen guilty world, in the gift of his own and only begotten Son to die for the sins of the human family.

"O for such love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak."

Well may the language of the church militant be, "This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughter of Jerusalem." It is out of the love of God that the divine friendship to man arises, and from his mercy and goodness it emanates. This love is in himself, it is undeserved and uncreated, for it is a part of his very nature, and that nature is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." May our Christian experience ever be—

"God is love, I know, I feel."

W. BIRKS.

RECOGNITION OF DEITY.

OMNIPOTENCE.

"The Lord God omnipotent reigneth."—Rev. xix. 6.

OMNIPOTENCE is attested by creation, providence and revelation. None of the Divine attributes stands out so prominently in every field of human observation and research as omnipotence. Every eye that has gazed at the blue arch of heaven, gemmed with its sparkling fires, or viewed the mighty ocean, lashing with its crested billows the sounding shores, or beheld the tremulous heavings of the labouring earth-quake, or the terrific grandeur of the volcano thundering forth its lurid flames, and torrents of glowing lava, has witnessed illustrations of power illimitable.

1. Creation throughout its vast realms proclaims its author to be Almighty. To cause to exist that which previously had no existence, and never could have had existence but for the Divine causation, is the manifestation of power to which we can conceive no limits. The elementary constituents of all the forms and combinations of beings, which are indestructible to human power, were first originated out of nothing by God. After all the prodigious advances recently made in chemistry, physiology, anatomy, and the unparalleled powers of the microscope, man is still unable to state in what life consists. We can trace some of the essential conditions with which it is invariably associated; but in what the vital principle of even a single grain of wheat consists is beyond the ken of the most penetrating philosopher. All life, vegetable, animal, and spiritual, is the emanation of omnipotence. The origination of motion, like thinking and willing, is an attribute peculiar to mind, as is evident from our consciousness of moving the voluntary members of our bodies. Matter in all the combinations of causation is but the passive medium through which the Deity manifests his perfections. The power which rolls the ponderous orbs of immensity, and sustains through countless ages the weight of innumerable worlds, is illimitable. It has absolute control over every atom of matter, and binds the mighty forces of nature at pleasure. Every member of the solar system has been observed to oscillate as it wheels in its orbit, since the first dawn of astronomical science; yet the stability of the universe is maintained. The late Professor WHEWELL in his "Bridgewater Treatise," remarks, "The eccentricity of the earth's orbit, has been diminishing from the earliest observation to our times. The moon has been revolving quicker from the time of her first recorded eclipse, and is now in advance by four times

ıer own breadth, of what her place would have been if it had not been ffected by this acceleration. The obliquity of the ecliptic is also in a tate of diminution, and is now about two fifths of a degree less than it vas in the time of Aristotle." These perturbations led many to ap- ›rehend the terrific results of the clashing of the celestial orbs, and to ›roclaim that the material universe was fast hurrying on to its final dis- olution. Yet despite all these accurately authenticated phenomena here was no serious cause for alarm. Lagrange and Laplace showed vith the certainty of mathematical demonstration, that the order of our ystem was stable; that each member oscillates about a mean state and vill never deviate from it. It is seen in the light of intuitive truth, from ın extensive acquaintance with the works of nature, that Divine power s irresistible, that "with God all things are possible."

A remarkable illustration of the perfect control of Deity over the nolecules of matter is furnished in Scripture. When the Jewish law- ;iver cast his rod upon the ground it became a serpent. Let it be :onsidered what was to be done in effecting so rapid a transformation. There were the skeleton, the alimentary, circulating, respiratory or ›reathing, and nervous systems suited to the serpent tribe, the external ›rgans of sense and motion, the skin and scales, all of which were pro- luced with the rapidity of thought. Nothing but a mind possessed of ıbsolute power could have arranged every atom in the rod in its proper ›osition in the newly-created serpent, impregnating it with vitality as ›art of its living organisation. The records of geology attest to innu- nerable acts of creation having occurred on the surface of our planet. Whole tribes of animals have been annihilated, and have been succeeded ›y others of different genera. No species has gradually advanced from ın inferior to a more perfect state of development, as some philosophers ıave alleged. Several attempts to substantiate this theoretical assevera- ion have been made, but without success. The mule, as an instance of :his mongrel creature, has never been able to propagate its peculiar ›rder. A second link in the series of development has never been ob- ıained. This irrefragably proves that the identity of the numerous genera ›f sentient beings which tenanted our globe during the epochs of the ›re-Adamite ages were guarded by impregnable barriers; and that every ıucceeding order was the emanation of a new fiat of Omnipotence.

The celebrated sceptic, David Hume, affirmed that our world was a ıingular effect; that we could not be sure that its author could make a ıingle blade of grass beyond what actually exists. Since his time the march of human intellect has extended our knowledge of the boundless- ness of creation, and educed from its many realms, which hitherto had been unknown, that our earth with its teeming populations was but a

solitary province of Jehovah's wide monarchy; that his omnipotence reigns with absolute sway in the illimitable regions of space. Creation rises in all its immensity before the gaze of the astronomer, and he sees suns and systems more magnificent than our own crowding the heavens with splendour, and all filled with the quickening energies of the Divine presence. No limits have yet been discovered to the manifestations of Divine power. The filmy light that faintly stains the ethereal arch, and only perceptible by the most powerful space penetrating telescope, demonstrates the power of Deity in giving birth to those nebulous constellations, appropriately designated by the Germans "island universes." The argument styled by Archbishop Whately in his Rhetoric, "Progressive Approach," is logically conclusive in proof of the absolute power of God. The stupendous displays of this attribute in every field of observation are so inconceivably numerous and overwhelming, that we are intuitively impelled to believe that "there is nothing too hard for the Lord."

From the collocations of the several parts of matter, we infer that God is its author as well as its former. The most distinguished philosophers of antiquity held that matter was eternally co-existent with God. Plato supposed two eternal and independent causes of all things:—God *by whom* all things were made, and matter *from which* all things were made. And this view was entertained by Pythagoras and Aristotle. The adjustment and collocation of the several parts of creation were assigned to the deities. The Scriptures, however, assert that "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." "Through faith we understand that the worlds were formed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." Heb. xi. 3. If from an examination of the works of nature we discover satisfactory evidence of the existence of a Being, almighty, and perfectly wise, possessed of attributes adequate to the creation of matter, it is irrational to maintain its eternal independent existence.

2. PROVIDENCE attests the Divine omnipotence. The inexhaustible supplies of innumerable myriads of creatures prove the God of Providence to be Almighty. The preservation from accidents and deaths vouchsafed in the ordinary course of providence, even to the irreligious, while sinning with a high hand, evinces the Divine beneficence and power. The security granted to empires and dynasties when the tornado of lawlessness and revolution pours its disastrous eddies over nations evinces the power of that God "by whom kings reign and princes decree justice." Additional evidence is submitted in the unceasing protection of the Church of Christ amidst all the persecutions and perils to which she has been subjected. How often have the potentates of earth endeavoured by fire and sword to extirpate Christianity from their dominions? Yet

the blood-ransomed spouse is sustained in the wilderness by the almighty arm of her Beloved, and rescued from the overwhelming deluge ejected from the mouth of the dragon. Omnipotence, so graphically delineated in Scripture, is designed to become a ground of confidence to the Christian in the darkest hour of sorrow. When floods rise and swell, and direful tempests roar, and lightnings flash, and thunders peal, and ocean rolls its billows to the skies, and earth rocks and reels from its ancient foundations, and every sublunary refuge is swept away, and all nature seems to be in its expiring throes, the believer has but to stay himself upon his God, and look out upon the war of elements with halcyon composure. Jehovah has his throne upon the sea, and reigns as an absolute monarch over all: "The Lord sitteth upon the floods; yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever. The Lord will give strength unto his people; the Lord will bless his people with peace."—Psalm xxix. 10, 11.

Prayer assumes the existence of an almighty being, who can bestow upon his suppliants particular blessings in perfect accordance with the uniform operations of the laws of nature. This is one of the primary instincts of human nature, and is evidenced by the religious practices of mankind in all ages and countries. The smoking holocausts on Jewish and pagan altars, the sacred and spiritual aspirations ascending from Christian hearts and Christian temples ground on the innate conviction that there is an almighty one able to shield and bless us. A God of infinite beneficence would not implant a universal principle of faith in the bosom of his rational moral offspring which had no external object of trust in which it could confide. He makes no communications to deceive or tantalize us. This would be at variance with our conceptions of the rectitude of the divine perfections. England's faith in the God of providence was honoured in her shores being covered with the debris of Spain's proud armada. Is there an individual who cannot point to ten thousand instances of mercies received without miraculous interposition? And though we cannot perceive the link of connection subsisting between the immutability of general laws and the operation of a particular providence, yet we are bound to believe the doctrine, when from experience and the attestations of Scripture we have evidence of the existence of such a relation. That which we cannot conceive may be quite possible to the almighty, all-wise Jehovah. "A gloomy world it would be indeed," says Dr. A. Carson, vol. 5, "if God governed by laws which he could not at any moment regulate. The God of the philosopher is not God. He sits bound upon his throne, and looks at the wild confusion created by the operation of his general laws, and cannot interfere. It is vain to pray to him. He can do neither good nor evil but according

to the course of nature. Is this the God of creation? Is this the Governor of the universe? No! this is not the God of creation and providence, any more than he is the God of the Bible. This is Jupiter, bound by the hundred-handed Briareus."

3. OMNIPOTENCE is a doctrine of Scripture. The descriptions of this attribute in the Book of Job and the prophecies of Isaiah and Habakkuk, immeasurably transcend the highest flights of eloquence and sublimity found in the ancient poets: "Before him went the pestilence, and burning coals went forth at his feet. He stood, and measured the earth; he beheld, and drove asunder the nations; and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow: his ways are everlasting." Habakkuk iii. 5, 6. Our blessed Lord during his earthly ministry gave several indications of his being possessed of omnipotence. He gave sight to the blind, rebuked demons, controlled the tempestuous and unstable sea, and, in obedience to his mighty behests, death and the grave yielded up their lifeless sheeted charge. He burst the barriers of the tomb, glutted the grave with death's carcase, and brought immortality and eternal glory to the frail children of men. The regeneration of souls is the continual manifestation of omnipotence. This moral change is designated a "new creation," a "new birth," a "resurrection," terms which imply the exertion of infinite power. Redemption appears to be a greater exhibition of omnipotence than the creation of all worlds. In the latter, the elements were quite passive; in the former, the prejudices of false religious systems, the enmity of the carnal mind, and the inveteracy of long indulged evil habits are to be overcome. The harmony of the moral attributes of Deity, justice, mercy, holiness, and truth, are to be exhibited before the gaze of the intelligent universe in the recovery and regeneration of the erring wanderers of earth. "To declare, I say, at this time his righteousness, that he might be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." The power manifested in creation is illustrative of that exercised in conversion. Paul asserts the contrast:—"God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined into our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. iv. 6.

Omnipotence is the guarantee of the gospel's girdling our globe with its message of love and mercy. It has preserved the truth and the church of God amidst the fiercest fires that have enveloped them. It will remove every obstacle to the spread of the gospel, and give its proclamation triumphs in countless conversions. Jesus is the power of God, and he assures his ambassadors that "all power is given unto him in heaven and in earth." Faith looks down through the vista of futurity and sees the full development of the mighty principle now at work—the

gospel of Jesus—chasing away the clouds of superstition and ignorance, and exalting sinful, suffering man to a glorious position among the holy intelligences of heaven. Then shall the balmy air be charged with the fragrance of a pure and spiritual offering, ascending from the hearts of myriads of "new-born" souls; then shall loud hosannahs to Immanuel be wafted on every breeze and echoed from mountain to dell; then shall the life of heaven, illuminated and quickened continually by the omnipotence of the infinite Jehovah, flow on an unebbing tide, higher, stronger, farther on, with resistless, uninterrupted, undiminished volume, filling all eternity with the beauty and the gladness of the divine perfections.

Portadown. J. DOUGLAS.

MAN MUST BE RELIGIOUS.

IN placing the above title at the head of this paper, we can imagine the reader as prepared to ask, "Do you really mean *that?*" And we answer, "Yes; we mean what those words seemed to you to mean, as you read them. We mean to say, and we hope to show, that, in a very grave sense, man *must* be religious."

The *mind* of man, the faculties which constitute it what it is, say this much. Did you ever try to take your mind to pieces, so as to see what the parts are that belong to it, and to note how those parts are put together, and made to work? There is your understanding, by which you can discern largely between what is evidence and what is not. There is your reason, by which you can so use the knowledge possible to you, as to distinguish, to a great extent, between what is true and what is false, and between what is right and what is wrong. Your memory, meanwhile, is careful to treasure up the past, so that, in a sense, it may be always present. Above all, there is your conscience, a mysterious power, enthroned to mark and chronicle the acts of your will—to see whether you make choice of the true or the false, the right or the wrong; and, doing this, whether you like that it should do so, or not. Nor must you overlook the imagination—a faculty of wondrous potency, which, aided by the memory, can cause the past to be as though it were present, the distant to be as though it were near, the unseen to be as though it were seen, and the future to be like the past—that is, as though there were no future and no past. Such, in fact, is the power of the imagination, that in a moment, in a twinkling of an eye, it can bridge over all time

and all space. The telegraph is a sloth in travel, and even the lightning is a loiterer on its way, compared with the speed with which the imagination does its work. But the conscience can so overlook all these potencies of the human spirit, and so make them do its bidding, as to call out all those emotions of the heart that we denote by the words love and hate, hope and fear, joy and grief; so that when the verdict of this power which we call conscience is in favour of the man, his soul may become a sort of heaven; and when that verdict is against him, his soul may become a hell.

Now, we scarcely need say that the power to make these distinctions between right and wrong, and to feel thus in relation to right and wrong, is peculiar to man. The brute has it not. Clearly it was intended that man *should* make these distinctions, and that his consciousness of doing right *should* be linked with this sense of happiness, and that his consciousness of doing wrong should be linked with this sense of unhappiness. What we see a piece of mechanism adapted to do, by reason of the mechanical principles on which it is constructed, we say it was designed to do. The mechanist intended that what it is adjusted to do it should do. So it is in regard to the mind. The Intelligence which endowed the human spirit with the capacity of making these distinctions between right and wrong, and of feeling thus in relation to them, must have intended that man should thus discriminate and thus feel; that is, that man should be what is called a moral agent—a being accountable to moral law.

But once admit that man's nature is a moral nature, and there is no escape from the conclusion that it must be a religious nature. Moral law, if it has any meaning, must mean that we should acquit ourselves rightly, dutifully, towards all beings to whom we stand in any relation involving the natural interchange of kind offices. And if it follows on the basis of this purely natural law that man should be towards his fellow-man what he feels that his fellow-man should be towards himself; so it follows, no less clearly, that man should be towards God, supposing there to be a God, all that his consciousness tells him he should expect from the creature were he in the place of the Creator. If morality be the giving to the man the things that are his, religion is simply the giving to God the things that are His. It is the same law of right acted upon in different relations, or towards different beings. So religion comes to be only a higher form of morality, and a necessary form of it, where morality exists at all. Hence, did you see a hand writing upon the wall that man was meant to be a moral and religious being, you ought not to believe in that truth a jot the more for that hand writing, for that would only be putting a truth into outward type which has been

wrought long since into your inner being, and into the inner being of mankind. It is not possible to imagine a greater inconsistency in morals, than to admit that we are bound to do right towards men and to fail to see that we are bound to do right towards God, the Maker of men. It is clear that man *can* be religious; and to say that is to say that he *ought* to be religious; and to say that he ought to be religious is, in fact, to say that he *must* be religious—religious in some form, right or wrong. If religion belongs thus to his nature, we may be quite sure that it is not in his power wholly to cast it off.

Our next point, accordingly, is, that what is thus indicated by the *mind* of man is confirmed by his *history*. What is shown by the nature of his mind to be natural to him is shown by his history to be inseparable from him. In the last century there was a class of writers who were wont to treat religion as being wholly a factitious affair, invented and fashioned by kings and priests so as to aid in bringing the people into subjection to their humour. Now, no man will deny that kings and priests have often so used religion; but we have seen what the nature of man is before those functionaries come to have anything to do with it. Kings and priests have often made the religious susceptibilities of the people subservient to their policy; but they did not create those susceptibilities, nor could they have destroyed them if they would. These tendencies—we may say these necessities—of man's nature have been implanted in him by a higher power, and, thin and impalpable as they seem, they are giant strong, imperishable. In the world's history it has not been found possible to bring a community to say that the seen is everything, that there is no unseen. Nor has it been possible to prevent men from regarding the unseen as greater than the seen, as above it, and ruling it. A few highly cultivated minds have reasoned themselves into doubt on all such matters; but these men have been rare exceptions, and they have made their way to that state of mind by a sort of thinking and feeling which has been strongly one-sided and artificial. Even such men, moreover, cannot arrive at certainty on the irreligious side. They know that they cannot say there is no God, no future. They can only doubt on such points; and so the thought of what is possible in those directions continues to bring many a dark shadow even upon their path.

It is, no doubt, true that men have differed greatly concerning the objects to which religious worship should be rendered. It is easy also to trace this difference to its source. Rude men—subject to hardship, familiar with adventure, delighting in war—have divinities who are reflections of themselves, but reflections of themselves on some higher scale. Their gods know hardship, have a passion for adventure, and are

ever so much themselves as when responding to the war-cry. Highly civilised communities, fond of display, and ease, and luxury, people the invisible with deities sharing in their own tastes and ways. But in all cases there are the gods, and in the train of the gods come the temples, the priesthoods, the ceremonies, the sacrifices—in a word, the religious systems which have shown themselves wherever the communities of men have shown themselves. Hence, in the history of man, the choice has never been between one kind of religion or no religion, but always between some one religion and another.

It should be added that there is much in the outward world, as well as in man's spiritual nature, to insure that it shall be thus with him. Nature and providence are full of wonderful adaptations to man's wants, bespeaking great forethought and goodness somewhere; but there is a great deal in the world that we should not have expected to find in it. The sufferings entailed by irregulated appetites and bad passions make it evident that moral evil is here. However mysterious the existence of evil may be, here it is, as a fact. Each man falls into much personal sin, and suffers the penalty. But the good also suffer—sometimes even more than the not good; and all go down to the grave through sorrows, sicknesses, and death. Seeing that all thus suffer, we are obliged to suppose that all are in some form under sin. All this tends to force men's thoughts beyond the visible, compelling them often to ask, Whence is this?—why?—wherefore? In all such questionings a man's thoughts become occupied with the religious. They involve inquiry respecting the possible maker of man, his possible ruler, his possible judge. It may be said that all this suffering comes from the action of law—of spiritual and material law. But why is the law thus? What is done by law is done by the law-maker. Say, "All this is merely discipline." We answer, "This discipline is needed, or it is not. If it is *not* needed, why is it here? If it *is* needed, must there not be something deeply amiss in a nature which needs to be placed under *such* means of correction?"

In truth, both reason and fact tend to make it certain that man must carry about with him more or less of religious thought and religious feeling. The gay sensualist, the busy worldling, the artisan at his wheel, and the peasant at his plough, may all be doing their best to suppress such thoughts and such feelings, but they cannot extinguish them. In many a season of life they will hover like wrong ones about the path of the offender, and the end of life will surely come; and what then—ay, what *then?* Is there any escape from that question? We know there is not.

What has been said to make it clear that man must have a religiousness of some kind, is a strong presumptive evidence that it is possible

to possess a religiousness of the right kind. The fact that there seem to be so many religions in the world is no proof that all religions must be false—it rather supposes that some religion must be true. All that is in man, and about him, saying that he ought to be—must be—religious, is not a great lie. All that is in the history of man in harmony with those utterances of the spiritual and material world cannot have been the carrying out of an enormous falsehood. To suppose that, may not be to reject the existence of a First Cause, but it would be to do worse: it would be to account the nature of that cause as evil rather than good. The being who necessitates a lie necessitates its consequences. Both are his.

In all religions there is some truth, and there is one religion which, when attained according to its own high teaching, will consist of pure truth, and, as the consequence, will embrace pure goodness, and the fullest possible happiness. It has been left to Christianity to unveil the guilt and depravity of man as no other religion has done, and, at the same time, to meditate insuring to him an elevation—a greatness of being—nowhere else promised, or contemplated as possible. The greatness of the future presented by the Gospel does much towards solving the enigma of the present. The God of the Deist has permitted sin, but does nothing to save from it. The God of the Christian has permitted the evil, but interposes, at stupendous cost, that good may be made to come out of evil, and that the universe may be the better, and not the worse, for the lessons which moral evil has made to be a part of its history. As it is an easier thing to be a Deist than to be an Atheist, so it should be a much easier thing to be a Christian than to be either.

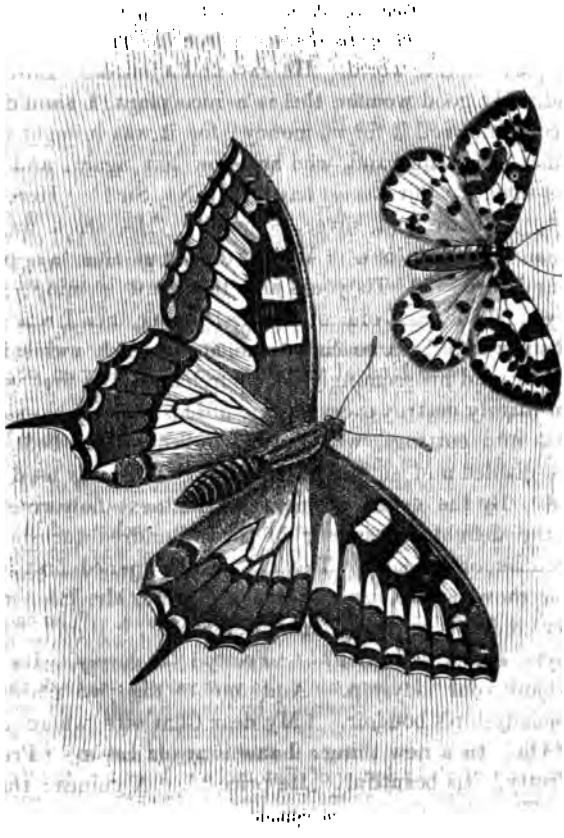
The Quiver. *Sent by* S. Howard.

NATURALIZATION OF THE FUCHSIA IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Shepherd, the respectable and well-informed conservator of the Botanical Gardens at Liverpool, gives the following curious account of the introduction of that elegant little flowering shrub, the fuchsia, into our English greenhouses and parlour windows;—"Old Mr. Lee, a nurseryman and gardener, near London, well known fifty or sixty years ago, was one day showing his variegated treasures to a friend, who suddenly turned round to him and declared, 'Well, you have not in your collection a prettier flower than I saw this morning at Wapping.' 'No!

and pray what was this phœnix like?' 'Why, the plant was elegant, and the flowers hung in rows like tassells from the pendant branches: their colour the richest crimson; in the centre a fold of deep purple,' and so forth. Particular directions being demanded and given, Mr. Lee posted off to Wapping, where he at once perceived that the plant was new in this part of the world. He saw and admired. Entering the house, he said, 'My good woman, this is a nice plant, I should like to buy it.' 'I could not sell it for *no* money; for it was brought me from the West Indies by my husband, who has now left again, and I must keep it for his sake.' 'But I *must* have it.' 'No, Sir!' 'Here,' empting his pocket, 'here are gold, silver, copper!' (His stock was something more than eight guineas). 'Well-a-day! but this is a power of money, sure and sure!' ''Tis yours and the plant is mine; and my good dame, you shall have one of the first young ones I rear to keep for your husband's sake.' A coach was called, in which was safely deposited our florist and his seemingly dear purchase. His first work was to pull off and utterly destroy every vestige of blossom and blossom-bud: it was divided into cuttings, which were forced in bark beds and hot beds; were re-divided and sub-divided. Every effort was used to multiply the plant. By the commencement of the next flowering season, Mr. Lee was the delighted possessor of three hundred fuchsia plants, all giving promise of blossom. The two which opened first were removed into the show-house. A lady came. 'Why, Mr. Lee, my dear Mr. Lee, where did you get this charming flower?' 'Hem! 'tis a new thing, my lady. Pretty, is it not?' 'Pretty! 'tis lovely. Its price?' 'A guinea; thank your ladyship.' And one of the two plants stood proudly in her ladyship's boudoir. 'My dear Charlotte, where did you get it,' &c. 'Oh! 'tis a new thing: I saw it at old Lee's. 'Pretty! is it not?' 'Pretty! 'tis beautiful! Its price?' 'A guinea: there was another left.' The visitor's horses smoked off to the suburb; a third flowering plant stood on the spot where the first had been taken. The second guinea was paid, and the second chosen fuchsia adorned the drawing-room of her second ladyship. The scene was repeated as new comers saw and were attracted by the beauty of the plant. Now chariots flew to the gates of old Lee's nursery ground. Two fuchsias, young, graceful, and bursting into healthy flower, were constantly seen on the same spot in his repository. He neglected not to gladden the faithful sailor's wife by the promised gift; and ere the flower season closed, three hundred golden guineas clinked in his purse, the produce of the single shrub of the window of Wapping, the reward of the taste, decision, skill, and perseverance of old Mr. Lee."

Extracted by GEORGE FOWLER.



THE GOOSEBERRY MOTH AND BUTTERFLY.

THE engraving will serve to show, in a general way, the difference between butterflies and moths. The antennæ of butterflies are always clubbed at the tip, but the antennæ, or horns, of moths, though very diversified in shape, are never club-shaped. What purpose do the antennæ serve? Are they feelers? Or are they for the purpose of regulating the sense of sight? Why are the antennæ of a butterfly formed like a club? Why do the antennæ of some moths terminate in long hair-like points, so fine as not to be seen by the naked eye? Why cannot a moth fly when its horns are cut off? Even thinking men seem to take it for granted that because there are only five senses connected with the human body, that five senses form the complete circle of all sensation in the universe. Take the following fact,—a female Kentish Glory Moth, just bred from a chrysalis, put into a closed box

and placed in her native woods, will attract in a short time a crowd of male "Glories" that will fasten upon the box and will hover around the prison-house of the female moth. Now, gentle reader, which of our five senses would account for such a singular occurrence?

The Gooseberry Moth (*Abraxas Grossulariata*) and the Swallow-tailed Butterfly (*Papilio Machaon*) shown in the engraving, are so well known as to need no description. They both fly by day and are found in most parts of England. The butterfly, however, is the most beautiful of the British species, and may serve to remind the Christian reader of the glorious change that will characterise the body of the believer after the Resurrection.

We will devote the remainder of this article to illustrate one principle, *i. e.* the APPROPRIATING POWER OF LIFE. We will briefly notice animal, mental, and moral appropriation.

I. ANIMAL APPROPRIATION.—All conditioned life appropriates one kind of substance or another. Even plants and trees appropriate the soil on which they grow. A farmer sows his field with wheat, and each germinating grain spreading its fibrillous roots in the surrounding soil, turns the earth into wheat. Every animal turns the substance on which it feeds into its own kind of life. A cow and a caterpillar may feed on the same kind of vegetable matter, but in the case of the cow the vegetable becomes flesh, bones, horn, milk, &c., while in the case of the caterpillar the same kind of vegetable becomes silk, gum, or glue, and a variety of beautiful scales, so fine in their texture as to baffle description. A number of different animals may feed in one field, yet the grass becomes one kind of flesh in the horse, another kind of flesh in the sheep, another kind in the deer, and another kind in the antelope. Paul says, "There is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds." This fixed law which God has given to animal appropriation entirely overthrows the development theory of infidelity. According to the teaching of infidelity, one animal may in time become another; for instance, a frog may become a monkey, and after many years a monkey may become a man. But the law of nature teaches that a cow never was, nor ever can be anything else but a cow. The principle of life's appropriating power is fixed and certain. Who can look on a beautiful garden, where a thousand different kinds of flowers grow and spread their pleasing hues, without being struck with that law that preserves each plant and flower distinct from all others, amid the vast variety; though they are all refreshed by the same rain, and beautified by the same light, and grow on the same soil. The same law is connected with animal life, and preserves each living thing in its own likeness; hence the terms genus and species. In one of the great divisions of the science of Entomology, known as the "order Coleoptera," there are hundreds of animals so small as to appear like each other to the naked eye, but when the little creatures are put under a microscope one has antennæ or horns as long as its body, another has horns with eleven joints in them, another kind has antennæ with a three-jointed club, and in another the horns are short and serrated. The same may be said of hundreds of living things; for instance, the flea that haunts the bed and the flea which troubles the dog are very different from each other. We will briefly notice—

II. MENTAL APPROPRIATION.—As bees gather honey, so men gather thoughts. The thoughts of former generations have come down to us, and we are enriched mentally by the toils of men who have long since passed away. We gather ideas from nature, from reading, from conversation, and from reflection. Mr. Locke, the philosopher, says that we gather "all our ideas from sensation or reflection." May we not receive ideas from a supernatural source? Angels minister to men, and the Holy Ghost comforts believers, and in the days of the Apostles the Spirit taught men what they should say. In fact, all the ideas of the Bible came to the human mind originally in a Divine way. Besides, it is expressly stated that *the devil put it into the heart of Judas to betray Christ.* That most of our ideas come from "sensation or reflection" is a fact patent in human experience, but to state that *all* our ideas come in such a way, is, in our opinion,

a bold statement. Thoughts are ever crowding in upon the mind, and every person who thinks carefully will experience thoughts, impressions, and temptations which he cannot at all times attribute to either sensation or reflection. Peter and Judas used the devil's thoughts, probably, without being conscious of the fact. God holds men responsible for the thoughts which they appropriate. Men to have healthy minds must appropriate—

1. *Right thoughts.*—Animals ruled by instinct feed upon the kind of vegetable that suits them best; they are more healthy by feeding on one substance than they could be by feeding on any other. So men have different kinds of taste and different modes of adaptation. Each individual should seek out some one particular branch of knowledge, and work in the sphere most congenial to his mental adaptation. All minds are not of the same adaptation. To one man is given five talents, to another two, and to another ten.

2. *Right thoughts properly appropriated will produce mental growth.*—Animals must feed to grow, so must men. There is no wonder why the intellects of some men are so feeble and sickly. The fact is they are never fed. Others are fed with unsuitable material, and nature is insulted and wronged. What a mockery it would be for a farmer to put his cows into a field where there was no grass. Yet such is the case with thousands of intellects; they are dragged through mental fields for amusement, where there is nothing to feed the mind. To read a book without gathering useful thought is labour in vain. A man cannot grow mentally without gathering suitable thoughts on which to feed his mind. But to gather thoughts is not enough, they must be appropriated; must become assimilated by the mental constitution. As gathered grass, appropriated by an animal, strengthens and beautifies animal life, so will thoughts rightly assimilated strengthen, expand, and beautify the intellect.

3. *Mental progress will produce pleasure.*—There is pleasure in honourable success, though it be not gained without labour and care. Does not the little child feel pleasure in its success while learning to walk? And who can tell but that the little bird feels pleasure when for the first time it ventures from branch to branch on its fluttering wings? Why do so many male insects dance and sport together with such peculiar gyrations in the air? Do they not enjoy the glorious sun? Have they not buoyant feelings arising from the air expanded in their wings and bodies by the warm sunshine, causing the living principle to increase even to exuberance? You may dispute the statement that insects have pleasure, but you cannot dispute the pleasure of intellectual progress.

4. *Mental growth imparts or develops the power of the mind.*—An uncultivated mind is buried in ignorance. Ignorance is the parent of prejudice and the foundation of superstition. Prejudice is a two-fold foe; it blinds the understanding and vitiates the mind, and superstition fills the imagination with terror. But by mental growth the mind is elevated above many of the errors of superstition, and in some cases above the influence of prejudices. Intellectual culture not only gives a man power over vulgar errors, but it gives him strength for aggressive policy in the true battle of life. We will next notice—

III. Moral Appropriation.—The use of the intellect will depend upon the quality of the heart; if the heart be bad the power of the intellect will probably be devoted to a bad purpose. Education exerts a two-fold influence; in some men it increases their power to work injury and death, but in the majority of cases it restrains from vice, and preserves the individual, by the power of self-respect, from gross acts of immorality. Education is a great reformer, but it cannot reform the heart. The disposition of the heart, as a rule, controls the intellect, therefore if the heart be bad, the intellect cannot be good. Purity of heart is essential to purity of life. Hence the importance of moral appropriation, which—

1. *Appropriates saving truth.*—As animals appropriate vegetable substances and turn them into life, so must the penitent believer, after his repentance, appropriate Gospel truth unto salvation. The cow is not satisfied by looking at the grass, neither must the penitent be satisfied by seeing the truth; the truth

must be felt in the heart, and being appropriated by faith, must be manifested in the life. Faith appropriates the sacrifice of Christ, and by his atoning death new life is imparted to the believing soul. This new principle of life turns all the attainments of the intellect to the service of God. In other words, the power of love to God in the heart assimilates the whole man, all he is, and all he has, to Christianity.

2. *Moral appropriation is of the highest order connected with human life.*—Vegetables feed on the soil where they grow; animals feed on vegetables, but man feeds on both animal and vegetable matter. Man, even in his animal organisation, is a very superior being. Some animals are confined to one kind of plant, and they feed on that alone. Not so with man: all nature contributes to his well being. He is a rational being, and intellectual life is higher than animal life. Further, man is a moral being, he has a conscience, and as conscience is higher than reason, so moral or spiritual life is higher than mere intellectual life. True spiritual life unites the soul to God: it acts on the noblest principles and feeds on the purest thoughts—the thoughts of God.

3. *Moral appropriation retains the identity of being amid the fluctuations of life.*—Who could have believed that a beautiful butterfly and a creeping reptile were one and the same living thing? Yet who can dispute the fact? The caterpillar had sixteen legs; the butterfly has only six. The butterfly has wings, and horns, and golden scales, but the caterpillar had neither wings, nor horns, nor golden scales. The caterpillar was all body; the butterfly is nearly all wings: the former crawled on the earth, the latter flies in the air. The caterpillar was an enormous eater, and fed with hard horny mandibles, but the butterfly is without a mouth and can only suck the nectar of flowers up a long proboscis; and some perfect insects never feed at all. The internal change is as great as the external: the butterfly has neither the nervous system, nor the silk tubes, nor the breathing organs, nor the physical construction that were possessed by the caterpillar. Yet the butterfly was in the caterpillar. Five times the caterpillar cast off its skin, at length it assumed the pupa form, and remained for six months without food or motion, apparently dead; but when spring came on and the buds and flowers opened in the fields, the little prisoner burst the cerement of death and startled into a new life, amid the sunshine and the flowers of summer. Now, if we can see such wonders of appropriation developed in the life and changes of a butterfly, what may we expect to see in our own life? If God can work out such glories in connection with animal life, yearly, how much more can he display his glory in the resurrection of man from the tomb? Even the philosophy of nature suggests to man a glorious resurrection. If the principle of animal life in the butterfly, while apparently dead, could appropriate the unseemly caterpillar into such a beautiful thing, may not the spirit of man, filled with the life of God, appropriate the mortal body and turn it into a spiritual vehicle for the soul? Could a man, unacquainted with the analogy and laws of nature, believe that a caterpillar, four inches long and an inch and a half round, could ever become a creature with a body as small as the body of a wasp, having wings of the most beautiful colours? Could such a man believe that the caterpillar was really the butterfly in a certain stage of life? Where is the law of identity? In the body? Or the face? Or the eyes? Or the form? The butterfly has neither the body, nor the form, nor the face, nor the mouth, nor the eyes, nor the constitution, that were in the caterpillar. Yet the same, the very identical living thing that crawled on the leaf in the form of a reptile, flies in the air in the form of a butterfly. The fact is, the caterpillar has assumed a higher, a nobler, and a more glorious mode of existence. Its former heavy body, many legs, and horny mouth were better adapted to crawl on the earth than to fly in the air. Some men may dispute the possibility of the human body, which is material, ever becoming a spiritual body. To such objection it may be stated, that no man can tell the difference between the *essence* of mind and the essence of matter. The dust of the human body can be reduced to a very small compass. The ancients used to burn the bodies

of their friends and preserve their ashes in an urn; but our whole earth is only as an urn in the sight of God, and in it he preserves the dust of the dead. The sudden growth of a butterfly's wing is astonishing. When it first comes out of its wintry case its wings are small and crumpled up, but as the sun shines on it the wings spread out, and with the rapid growth of the wings the beautiful colours appear, and in the course of twenty minutes the perfect insect flies away, suggesting to us the sudden transformation of the human body in the morning of the resurrection. As to the identity of human life, it does not consist, according to the analogy of nature, in the physical organisation of the human body. The human body, as the waters of a river, is ever changing its particles, yet the same living agent remains. The old man of seventy years is conscious that he is the same living agent that he was fifty years ago, though he does not possess an atom of the body he had when he was a boy. The identity of being, therefore, is closely connected with the power of consciousness. In the morning of the resurrection, each immortal spirit may appropriate its own body. Every particle of dust that ever moved with human life, may move with human life again. And we presume that the spirit will assimilate the body to its own likeness, and so that which was material will become spiritual. That God who can cause a butterfly's wings to become so glorious in a few minutes, by the light of the sun, can cause these bodies of ours to become resplendent with glory in the brightness of heaven. He who forms the body out of the dust can change it in the twinkling of an eye. And though the present body in assuming a higher mode of life, may became destitute of its present physical organisation of flesh and bones, yet the consciousness of human identity may remain, and each immortal spirit may dwell in the very same body it dwelt in on earth. Such is the resurrection that may be argued from the analogy of nature. The Christian believer, however, is not left in uncertainty on this important subject. We shall all rise again. "The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." God grant that we may all have a part in the resurrection unto life. J. P. BELLINGHAM.

GOLD SHAVINGS.

"Even the shavings of gold are carefully to be kept."—T. Fuller.

"The believer cannot sigh without his God observing it."—*Bridge.*

"Providence is creation continued or creation in a new edition."—*Venning.*

"The world is angry with the saints that they are no worse; and saints are angry at themselves that they are no better."—*Ibid.*

"No sin can be little, because there is no little God to sin against." "A man cannot know the Gospel in truth, but it bringeth forth fruit *from the day* that he received it."—*Evans.*

"It is the part of a good man to reprove though his reproof be not taken in good part. It is better to lose the smiles of men than to lose the souls of men."—*Dyer.*

"We cannot be too thankful even for small mercies, but we may be too troubled about small miseries. The godly sow in tears and reap in joy. The seedtime is commonly watery and lowering. I will be content with a wet spring, so I may be sure of a clear and joyful harvest."—*Bishop Hall.*

"Wouldst thou multiply thy riches? Diminish them wisely. Or wouldst thou make thy estate entire? Divide it charitably. Seeds that are scattered increase; but hoarded up they perish."—*Quarles.*

"It is a sad thing to be often eating of the tree of knowledge, but never to taste of the tree of life."—*Brooks.*

"To read much and practise nothing, is to hunt much and catch nothing."—*Ibid.*

"To venture upon sin in order to avoid danger, is to sink the ship for fear of pirates."—*Annesley.*

"As one who carries gunpowder would not wish to be where sparks are flying lest he should be destroyed, so should we carefully avoid such places and company as may lead us into sin."—*Boston.*

"Christ's best promise, "*living water;*" the world's worst error, "If thou knowest the gift of God."—*Cecil.*

"He is the best student in divinity that studies most upon his knees. Knowledge is a divine gift: all light is from heaven. God is the Father of light, and prayer puts the soul under the teaching of God. If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God."—*Gurnall.*

"A sermon, like a tool, may be polished till it has no edge."—*Orton.*

"Steep your sermons in your hearts before you preach them."—*Bishop Felton.*

"We shall find life in our doctrine when there is doctrine in our life."—*Bridges.*

"Inspired theology is the heaven and sabbath of man's contemplations."—*Lord Bacon.*

"How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of providence in little things, which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness."—*Crabbe.*

"An ill book well written, is like poisoning a fountain that runs for ever. A man may do mischief this way, as long as the world lasts. He is a nuisance to future ages, and lays a snare for those who are yet unborn."—*Old writer.*

"A religion without its mysteries is a temple without a God."—*Robert Hall.*

"Men may turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of Christ in the day of grace, but they cannot turn a deaf ear to the sentence of Christ at the day of judgment."—*Flavel.*

"Those who give to God only the shadow of duty, can never expect from him a real reward."—*Ibid.*

"He submits to be seen through a microscope, who suffers himself to be caught in a fit of passion."—*Lavater.*

"Sin is never at a stay. If we do not retreat from it we shall advance in it; and the further we go, the more we have to come back."—*Barrow.*

"Nature is but the name of an effect, whose cause is God."—*Cowper.*

"Curiosity is a kernel of the forbidden fruit which still sticketh in the heart of a natural man, sometimes to the danger of his choking."—*Thomas Fuller.*

"The prayers of my childhood (wrote Dr. Adam Clark) are yet precious to me; and the simple hymns which I sung when a child I still remember with delight."—Thus, when the young cherish these sacred influences, they

"Sow seeds
To blossom in their manhood and bear fruit
When they are old."

J. Hirst.

WORDS.

How great and varied is the power of words, and how vast their influence for good or ill. Ever since the first word was spoken in that terrestial paradise, the Garden of Eden, while the earth was yet young and all was perfect happiness in its holy and peaceful bowers, a record has been kept by the infinite Judge of all, of every word, which has been spoken in all ages of the world, though their countless myriads are more than the sands on the sea-shore, or the saint-like stars clustering around the solemn brow of night. They are all written down in the book of God's remembrance, who has declared that for every

idle word that man shall speak he shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment. And in the unfolding of the irrevocable past we shall learn which have been the greatest in number, the words which have been spoken to purpose, leading immortal souls from the paths of sin and error into the ways of holiness and peace, or those which have been the means of turning them into the broad road of wickedness and folly which ends in everlasting misery and in the blackness of darkness for ever. In this way some have been endowed by their Maker with the gift of eloquence, and have used it constantly and sincerely for his glory, and by the bright example of a blameless life have led thousands to the one true source of happiness—the Fountain of Life, to quaff its pure and ever living waters, and to believe in the Messiah, the Saviour of the world. They have nobly accomplished their mission, and great will be their reward at last, for "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." On the other hand, others have been equally endowed with the gift of eloquence, but have used it in warring against all good and noble things, and in words idle and worse than useless they have led thousands to their ruin.

And what a mighty responsibility rests upon God's minister in his utterance of the message of Jehovah to the people, and how much it becomes him to be sincere in every word and in every act of his life: to live up to the profession of his faith in Christ, and to be instant in season and out of season, to be always about his Master's work, speaking a word for him whenever possible, and glorifying his Maker, not alone in word but in deed also.

Angry words have a deep and poignant power of wounding the sensitive heart, while soft and gentle ones have a far greater power of soothing the sorrowful overburdened spirit. Angry words sink deep, deeper than we think, and years often pass away before their memory is effaced; perchance the sting they have left behind is never effaced until the blessed death-angel comes and releases the soul from earth and its perplexing and grieving scenes. Soft and gentle words spoken in tender and sympathetic tones have comforted many sorrowing souls, and cheered many lonely spirits; and the silver star of hope has shone once again for them through the rifted clouds with a steady and cheering light.

And God notes down all which those who work for him do to alleviate the woes and sorrows of earth's suffering ones, whether by kindly acts of charity or loving words; and surely not the least of these tender ministrations are loving words.

Who may measure the power and holy teachings of the words which are found in the Bible? What words of comfort and encouragement! What sublime and glorious imagery! From the beginning of that record, when the morning stars sang together over the new-born earth and the sons of God shouted for joy, to the last words of the wondrous revelations of St. John the Divine. The sweet and melodious songs from David's harp, with the solemn sound of Isaiah's hallowed breathings; the eloquence of Paul before Festus when he said with grand and lofty earnestness, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness," and greater than *all*, the loving counsels and holy teachings of our blessed Lord and Master.

What loving and cheering words were contained in the Saviour's promise to his sorrowing disciples just before his departure from them, "And I will pray the Father and he shall send you another Comforter and he shall abide with you for ever, even the spirit of truth," and "Henceforth I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known to you."

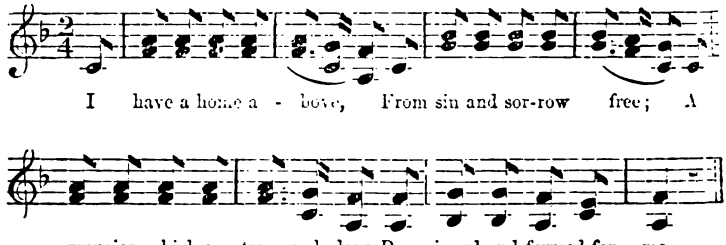
Words are mighty for good or evil, and it becomes us to speak as many as possible for good. They will fall on sorrowing and erring hearts like dewdrops on thirsty flowers, or like the genial showers on the parched earth, cheering to renewed energy, and leading to a brighter, happier life, even the life of faith in him who died on Calvary to redeem us, and to give us the adoption of sons that we might dwell with him for ever, and praise him in loftier, nobler strains than we can ever do on earth.

ANNE HAWKINS.

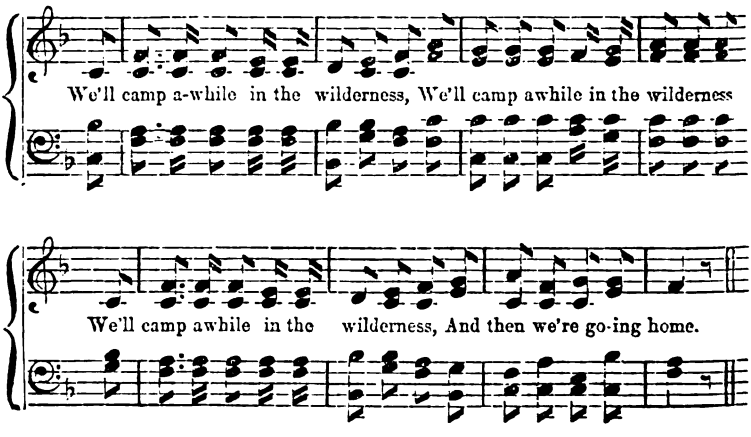
WE'LL CAMP AWHILE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Duet.—GIRLS.

Music by A. CULL.



Chorus.



My Father's gracious hand
Has built this sweet abode;
From everlasting it was planned,
My dwelling-place with God.—*Chorus.*

My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure;
He passed through death's dark raging flood
To make my rest secure.—*Chorus.*

Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done;
I soon shall greet them on that shore,
Where parting is unknown.—*Chorus.*

WE'LL CAMP AWHILE IN THE WILDERNESS.

KEY F.

Duet.—GIRLS. Music by A. CULL.

. s,	m . m : m . m	m ., r : d . s,	f . f : f . f	f ., m : r . s,
. s,	d . d : d . d	d ., s, : m, . s,	r . r : r . r	r ., d : s, . s,

I have a home a - bove, From sin and sor-row free; A

m . m : m . m	m ., r : d . d	r . r : d . t,	d :
d . d : d . d	d ., s, : m, . m,	f, . f, : m, . s,	m, :

man-sion which e - ter - nal love De - signed and formed for me.

Chorus.

. s,	d .,d : d . t,,t,	l, . t, : d . m	r . r : r . d,r	m . m : m . s,
. s,	s,., s, : s, . s,,s,	l, . s, : s, . d	t, . t, : t, . d,t,	d . d : d . s,
. f	m .,m : m . m ,m	f . f : m . s	s . s : s . s,s	s . s : s . f
. s,	d .,d : d . d ,d	f, . r : d . d	s, . s, : s, . m,r	d . d : d . r

We'll camp awhile in the wil-der-ness, We'll camp awhile in the wilderness, We'll

d .,d : d . t, , t,	l, . t, : d . r	m . d : r . r	d : .
s,., s, : s, . s, , s,	t, . s, : s, . t,	s, . s, : s, . t,	d : .
m .,m : m . m , m	f . f : m . r	d . m : t, . f	m : .
d .,d : d . d , d	f, . r : d . f,	s, . s, : s, . s,	d : .

camp a - while in the wil-der-ness, And then we're go - ing home.

CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

CHAPEL OPENING AT BIRCHPOOL, NEAR THE NEWPORT MISSION.—This place was missioned by our people at the time the Rev. G. Doe travelled on this station, but from some cause our friends did not succeed in getting many to hear them, consequently the place was taken off the plan the quarter-day before we came to this station. Soon after we came we re-missioned it. Mr. Pritchard, an old friend of our connexion, granted us the loan of a room to preach in, which we very soon found was too small to hold the people who desired to hear us, and therefore we felt that we ought to have a chapel. We obtained a piece of freehold land, 48 ft. by 28 ft. for the sum of £10, and on the 12th of July, 1866, the foundation-stone was laid by W. W. Morgan, Esq., ex-Mayor of Newport, who gave us an excellent speech and £5. An address was delivered on the history of the Connexion by the Rev.

P. Maddocks, of Cardiff, and subsequently a tea and public meeting were held in a tent. The money raised on this day amounted to about £17. On Sept. 23rd and 30th the chapel was opened: sermons were preached on the former day by the Rev. G. Mitchell, of Hereford, and Mr. G. Johnson, of Cardiff; and on the latter day by Rev. T. Lane, Mr. H. Davies, of Dowlais, and Mrs. Firbank, of Newport. A tea and public meeting were held in connection with the opening services. R. Davies, Esq., Wesleyan, of Newport, presided, and excellent addresses were delivered by the Rev. Joseph Best, of Pontypool, C. Jupe, of Cardiff, G. Johnson, D. B. Jones, and T. Lane. The collections, etc., at the opening were about £13. The chapel costs about £130, and will require about £20 to build a wall in front, paint it, etc., which we intend to do next summer. We have borrowed £80 on a note of hand, and have raised about £50, and have nearly £20 promised for the first anniversary. The chapel has been full every Sunday evening since it was opened, and we have thirteen members at the place. We are glad to say that our station is improving, several souls have been saved recently. Seven were converted in our chapel at Newport on Sunday evening last. Our congregations are increasing, and we have nearly sixty members in society at this place.

T. LANE.

OLDHAM, FIRST CIRCUIT. — The Anniversary Sermons of Boardman Street Sabbath schools were preached by the Rev. S. Antliff, on Sunday, Sept. 30th. In the afternoon an address to teachers, scholars, and parents was delivered by the Rev. T. Swallow. The singing of our "Choral Society," conducted by Mr. Lowe, and accompanied by the organ, was truly excellent. All the services were numerously attended, and the collections amounted to £44 0s. 5d. On Sunday, Oct. 21st, Mr. Swallow preached afternoon and evening at Shore Edge. The little chapel was overcrowded and scores had to go away, unable to obtain admission. Here, also, the "service of song" was very good. The amount collected on behalf of the trust was £16 12s. 8d, an increase of nearly five pounds upon the previous year.

T. S.

BRIERLEY HILL CIRCUIT.—We are glad and grateful to be able to report progress in this station. During the last twelve months we have erected school rooms at Quarry Bank, Mount Pleasant, Woodsley, and Moor Lane; also our Lye friends have converted the old chapel into a school. These buildings are worth about £700, but such have been the zeal, liberality, and enterprise of our friends, that only about one-third of that amount remains as debts, and the schools are in a healthy and flourishing state. At a small place called Smestow, we have succeeded in erecting a small sanctuary, 24ft. by 18 ft. The memorial stone was laid by Mr. J. E. Cornforth, of Brierley Hill, who crowned his work with a gift of three guineas, and gave a promise of further help. Also a goodly number of friends responded to the invitation to lay a brick in the edifice, among whom we noticed Mr. W. Wood, the gentleman who laid the memorial stone of Moor Lane School, and gave us £6. The last of the opening sermons were preached on Sunday, Oct. 21st. Sermons have been preached by Messrs. J. Griffiths, B. Thompson, W. Dudly, Miss Richards, and the writer. About £40 have been raised.

J. GUEST.

ST. CLEMENTS, OXFORD CIRCUIT. —In this place our friends have been holding prayer-meetings in a cottage for some months, and preaching in the open-air, until Bro. Dingle fitted up a warehouse, seated, it, laid on the gas, and made a comfortable little chapel to seat about 120 persons. It was opened on Sunday, Oct. 14th, when two sermons were preached by Mr. Maycook, of Charlbury; also on Sunday, Oct 21, two sermons were preached by Mr. A. Salter, of Plumstead. On Monday, Oct. 22nd, a tea meeting was held, when 60 persons sat down, after which a public meeting was addressed by Messrs. Salter, Fudge, Jordan, and others. On Sunday, Oct. 28th, we commenced a Sabbath-school,

and had 30 scholars. We have a few good hard working men in our little society, and we are believing and praying that great good may be done in the name of Jesus. D. DINGLE.

PLEASLEY, MANSFIELD CIRCUIT.—The Society here having for the last two years worshipped in a house which was too small, determined if possible to build a chapel. A very eligible site of land was secured and other steps were taken to commence building, though we had great opposition. The foundation-stone was laid on Aug. 11th by Mr. J. Charlesworth, who gave £5. A. Beanland gave £2, and other sums raised the amount to £11 3s. A tea was provided in a marquee in which 130 persons partook of the repast. Total proceeds £15. The chapel was opened Oct. 21st, when two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. O. Parks, of Alfreton. Also the writer preached two sermons, Oct. 28th, and Mrs. Cheney concluded the opening services by two sermons on Sunday, Nov.4th. The total proceeds amount to £40, including £5 from W. Hollins, Esq. A. BEANLAND.

KIRKBY FOLLY, MANSFIELD CIRCUIT.—The trustees and friends of our Kirkby Folly New Chapel, after having exerted themselves to the utmost of their ability to leave not more than £100 on the premises, were £30 short of what was wanted, and we were heavily pressed for the money. While travelling up Church Street, Mansfield, a few weeks ago, H. J. Wilson, Esq. overtook me, and desired me to go with him to the station to mention our chapel cases to Samuel Morley, Esq., who was going from his house to London. We went together. I gave the following statement, which Mr. W. took down in writing:—Kirkby Folly Chapel cost £180; borrowed £100; begged £50; £30 wanted immediately. Forest Side cost £480; borrowed £300; begged over £100; leaving about £70 wanted. These and other facts connected with the chapels were shown to Mr. S. Morley on his arrival at the station. After reading over the items and learning that some of his workmen lived at both Kirkby Folly and Forest Side, he said, "Will these sums liberate the trustees?" I answered, "Yes." "Then," said he, "I will pay them off, £30 for Kirkby and £70 for Forest Side." And he gave me a cheque for £100. These sums infused new life into the trustees and members connected with the places, and some wept for joy. Yes, we will thank God and take courage. And I am thankful to add that at both places our trustees and friends are trying to raise money to reduce the debts yet further; so that they will ultimately be placed in easy circumstances; especially at the latter place, for W. Bitson, Esq. has promised to pay off all the debt, be it £300 or more, ere he dies, or leave it to be paid at his decease. A. BEANLAND.

CHAPEL OPENING AT CLEE ST. MARGARET, PRIMROSE BANK BRANCH.—For some time past the want of a permanent place to worship in was felt here. Several efforts were made to secure land on which to build a chapel, and £11 8s. was raised by Mr. J. R. Taylor. Through the kindness of E. Turner, Esq. an eligible site was secured, and the corner-stones of a new chapel were laid Aug. 23rd, 1866. E. Turner, Esq. sent his steward to lay the first stone, and place his donation of £5 on it; the other three stones were laid by Messrs. R. Edwards, T. Roberts, and Mrs. Glegg, who gave liberal donations, amounting to £10 15s. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Jones, A. Glegg, Messrs. J. Brandford, T. Roberts, and G. Franks. A collection was made, which, with donations promised, amounted to £23 10s. The building progressed favourably, and the farmers carted all the materials free of cost. On Sabbath, Nov. 4th, the opening services commenced, when three sermons were preached by Messrs. J. Edwards, G. Franks, and J. Phaisey to overflowing congregations. On the following Tuesday a public tea meeting was held in Mr. J. Phaisey's kitchen; over 160 persons sat down. A public meeting was held in the Chapel; Mr. T. Roberts was called to the chair, and addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Jones, A. Glegg, Messrs. J. Brandford, W. Hall, and J.

Phaisey. The Sunday collections, donations, &c., amounted to £25, making about £90 raised in all. The cost of the chapel is about £150. To all who have helped us in this work we tender our hearty thanks, not forgetting our old friend, E. Turner, Esq., who sent us an elegant Pulpit Bible.

A. Gilbert.

Hoyland.—Hoyland Chapel Anniversary Sermons were preached by the writer on Lord's day, Nov. 4th, 1866. On the following day a tea was provided, to which about 110 sat down. After tea an excellent public meeting was held, over which Mr. R. Wordsworth (Barnsley town missionary) presided. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. S. B. Reynolds, T. A. Griffiths (Wesleyan), and W. Orgar (Independent) of Stubbin. "Behold, how good and how pleasant *it is* for brethren to dwell together in unity!" The proceeds of tea and collections amounted to nearly £8. S. B. R.

Moor Lane Re-Opening, Brierley Hill Station.— Our Moor Lane friends have been putting forth strenuous efforts by way of extending both their school and chapel accommodation. They have now a very substantial school-room, 24 ft. by 30 ft., and open to the roof, which is made very sightly by its finish and staining. The chapel has been lengthened 12 ft., and has now a much better appearance than formerly. Our friends have moved very prudently; they laboured to secure a goodly fund before the alteration was attempted. The opening services were conducted by Mr. J. Wood, of Nantwich, and the writer, on Sunday, Nov. 11th, 1866. A gracious influence permeated the assemblies, and the sum of £23 was collected, which together with other efforts at the stone-laying of the school, tea meetings, and donations, amounted to about £100. A good harmonium has also been purchased.

J. Guest.

Spalding and Holbeach Mission.—On Lord's day, Nov. 18th, 1866, sermons on behalf of our Missionary Society were preached at Little London, Weston Hills, Moulton Sea's End, and Holbeach Marsh. Missionary meetings were held during the week, which produced £7 12s. 11d.; being £2 6s. over last year. The Revs. J. Phillips, R. Ducker, W. M. Barratt, M. Chatterton, and E. Brister rendered us good service. R. P.

Liverpool Second Circuit.—The Creston Street Sunday school held its sixth annual tea meeting on Monday, Nov. 26th, 1866, when 280 persons took tea, and afterwards adjourned from the school-room to the chapel, where the public meeting was presided over by E. Whitely, Esq., Town Councillor. The Rev. E. Trowbridge addressed the meeting on the object a Sunday school teacher should have in view. The Rev. W. Rowe delivered a very telling speech, and showed by unmistakable evidence, that the Sunday school institution is a great blessing to the church and the world. The Revs. M. Lewis, C. Sutcliffe, and other friends also addressed the meeting. The annual report, read by the secretary, was received with much satisfaction, as it showed that a number of young people had been converted and had joined the church during the year.

J. Drury.

Missionary Services, Stockport Station.—We have just closed our principal round of Missionary Services in this Station, and our appeals have been liberally responded to. Powerful and appropriate sermons were preached at Stockport, Woodley, Droylsden, and Hazel Grove, by the Revs. A. Kirkland, and W. Inman, the deputation; and J. Judson, and T. Meredith, our circuit ministers. Missionary meetings were held the four following days. At Stockport, Michael Newton, Esq. (Wesleyan), presided, and the noble sum of £31 was realised. At Woodley, Mr. W. Driffield, of Bury, occupied the chair, and we obtained £21 6s. 4d. At Droylsden, J. Constantine, Esq. (Wesleyan), kindly took the chair, and the proceeds amounted to the handsome sum of £13 7s. At Hazel Grove, Mr. Jesse Holland (Independent), presided, and

9d. was obtained. We thought nobly last year when we raised 243; but this year we have re- £71 4s. To God be all the We are thankful to say we shall be able to report from this Station for this year £92 and upwards. Our noble host of collectors have exerted themselves praiseworthily.

J. JUDSON.

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

MA, the beloved wife of James n, of Weasenham, All Saints, Swaffham Circuit, exchanged ty for life, Jan. 20th, 1866, 3 years. For about twenty-one he was a devoted member of ciety in the above place. It the Sabbath, while engaged in ssary work, that she was con- of sin, and resolved to lead a e. She was induced to attend one anxious to flee from the to come, and soon obtained the dge of sins forgiven. On her home her first words to her d were, "Oh, James, do serve ord." Conviction seized his d he rested not till he obtained essing of pardon. They now l together in the good old paths, ntinued helping each other on l and heaven, till the rude hand th divided them. The course of parted sister through life was al and serene; her religious ex- e was deep, her deportment ed of Christ, and her conversa- as spiritual. For many years on was her lot, but she breathed irit of resignation; her soul upon God her Saviour. When- alth permitted, she was found place in the house of the Lord; ss meeting was her especial de- The servants of God she al- welcomed, and took pleasure in ering to their wants. The of the Spirit, namely, love, joy, long suffering, gentleness, good- aith, meekness, temperance, were manifest in her life. The last few months of her earthly existence she was painfully weak, and she gradually sank into the grave; but she appeared to be entirely weaned from the world, and she joyfully submitted to her Heavenly Father's will. Observing her husband weeping, she said, "Cannot you spare me to go to Jesus? God's will must be done. I will look out for you. I will welcome you; meet me there." The last few hours of her mortal strife were most blessed; supernatural strength was lent her, for she shouted almost with her expiring breath, "Hallelujah! praise the Lord! praise the Lord!" and gently fell asleep in Jesus.

W. RUDDERHAM.

MR. JAMES ROBERTS was born at Blyton, near Gainsbro', in the county of Lincoln. He was converted to God through Primitive Methodist agency, in the locality of his birth, and united with the Society at Laughton. In 1821, himself and family removed to Armthorpe, in the Doncaster Circuit, where he found little Primitive Methodism; but he identified himself with the infant cause, and his house became the hospitable home of its ministers. Subsequently a chapel was erected, and for some years he officiated as class leader. He loved the habitation of God's house and the place where his honour dwelleth, and stood by the cause when others ran from it. For some months he suffered from an affliction which threatened a sudden termination of his pilgrimage, and on

the evening of Jan. 27th, 1866, he retired to rest as well as he had been for some time. He awoke about midnight and was very unwell, and after battling little more than an hour with his affliction, and uttering language indicative of the devout state of his mind, he peacefully fell asleep in death, aged 78 years.

J. T. SHEPHERD.

AT Hill Top, in the West Bromwich Circuit, brother George Suker departed this life on the 27th of Jan., 1866. About three years ago he attended our chapel at Gold's Green, and heard the glorious Gospel, which enlightened his mind. He saw that he was a sinner. He was induced to meet in class, where he found pardon and the joys of salvation. In his class, and on other occasions, he often exclaimed, "Bless the Lord! Ah! Lord I do bless thee, that ever thou didst take my sins away." He was a very consistent and honourable member of society. He loved the house and cause of God, and liberally aided in supporting them. He was an affectionate and kind husband and father, and a good neighbour. His widowed wife and five children deeply mourn their great loss. The sickness which terminated his sojourn here was short. He was taken ill on the Monday and died on the following Saturday. During his illness he gave a bright and happy testimony of his acceptance with God, and his prospect of heaven. When near to death he was heard praying:—"Come, Jesus, and take me to thyself." And repeating—

> "Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to thy bosom fly," &c.

A brother asked him if all was right. He replied, "No fear, no fear; all is well." Soon after his happy spirit left the body to dwell with God above.

L. WEAVER.

MRS. ELIZABETH NEWTON of Sheerness exchanged mortality for life Feb. 2nd, 1866, in the sixty-second year of her age. As far as can be ascertained, she was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth when quite young, and became a member and local preacher with the Bible Christians. About thirty years ago she came to reside at Minster, in the Isle of Sheppy, and at once united with our people; her name was then put on our plan, and from that time till her death she maintained her standing among us very honourably as a member and local preacher. As a local preacher she was very acceptable, both in the open-air and in chapels; she pointed sinners to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world: and many through her labours were led to the Saviour. She also took a deep interest in the benevolent society, which professes to be unsectarian, and when other visitors could not go to places where relief was needed, they would generally fall back on Mrs. Newton, who was always ready to every good word and work. Her end was very unexpected, yet she was fully prepared for it. She was taken ill on the Wednesday and died on the Friday. A friend asked, "How is it now?" To which she replied, "All right," and thus she fell asleep in Jesus.

D. DAY.

ON the morning of Feb. 6th, 1866, death entered the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Moon, of Malton, and caused a vacancy in one of the happiest family circles it has ever been our privilege to commune with. Mary, the eldest daughter of Joseph and Jane Moon, was born Dec. 17th, 1846. From infancy she was favoured with the genial influences of religious precept and example — both parents being Primitive Methodists. When very young she was taken to the Sabbath-school and the house of God, and she acquired a strong love for religious services, and early in life hailed with pleasure the return of the hour of prayer. At the age of fifteen, she became very seriously disposed, and once or twice attended class, but did not then find the blessing of justification. About the middle of Oct., 1864, the writer met with a small tract containing a startling dream, which with another entitled, "Have you peace?" he enclosed in an envelope and sent to her anonymously, through the post, at

ıme time earnestly imploring
ı's blessing. That effort was
ıful in bringing our departed
to see her need of the Saviour,
that peace which can only be
ed by justifying faith in the
nent of Christ. Having ob-
"the pearl of great price," she
it with a firm and affection-
ısp. Entire consecration at the
f her conversion evidently took
and at once her walk and con-
ion bespoke the genuine Christian
ıe enjoyment of heart-holiness.
ved naturally with superior gifts,
gifts developed by a first-class
tion, balanced by good home
ıg, and consecrated upon "the
which sanctifieth the gift," her
ter speedily shone forth with
ncy and splendour. Although
nineteen summers had passed
ıer head, Miss Moon was a true
n. She was refined, intelligent,
le, possessed a high sense of
r and a degree of moral courage
a met with. As Mr. E. Waters,
ılton, very truly remarks, "*Her
ent had complete control over her
ıs.*" In her Christian duties she
a example worthy of imitation.
e discharge of these duties she
ht an enlightened conscience, and
onsequence they were faithfully
med. Her love for God's house
vident, and except through ill-
r from some unavoidable circum-
, never was her seat vacant. A
so richly stored with Scripture
ts and religious poetry the writer
heard of. Her memory ap-
l like a never failing fountain,
ı religious conversation and dur-
ıe relation of her experience,
around her have sat enraptured
t listening to the exalted strains
ich she expressed herself. She
articularly anxious for the pro-
of God's cause, and the prospect
ıew chapel at Malton gave her
inspiration. Whole-souled she
entered into the preparation for the
proposed bazaar, and intended work-
ing hard for the Lord. But those
fingers which would have toiled so
gladly and cheerfully for Zion's weal,
now lie motionless in the dust. She
was perfectly resigned; for when laid
aside by affliction she was heard to say
on one occasion, "I purposed working
hard for the Lord, but he is letting me
see he can do without me. It's all
right." As a Sabbath-school teacher
our dear sister excelled. Her heart
was in the Sabbath-school, and what-
ever anniversary services or other in-
ducements elsewhere might present
themselves, she felt her duty was with
her class. Being a Total Abstainer
from birth, the Band of Hope move-
ment had her decided approval and
hearty co-operation, and she did what
she could to advance its interests in
our Sabbath-school. For some months
she had not been well, but up to the
very morning of her death the doctors
deemed her complaint nothing but
nervous debility, and encouraged the
most sanguine hopes of her recovery.
But on the morning of Feb. 6th, 1866,
quite unexpectedly, she left this vale
of tears and entered "the rest which
remaineth to the people of God."
Amidst a vast multitude of sorrowing
and weeping relatives and friends, the
writer read the burial service over her
slumbering dust, which was commit-
ted to the ground on the following
Friday, in the new Malton cemetery.
On Sunday evening, Feb. 25th, the
writer also delivered a sermon in im-
provement of her death, and on the
Monday evening he preached from
a passage of Scripture often repeated
by our departed sister: "I must work
the works of him that sent me while
it is day; the night cometh when no
man can work." On both occasions
several precious souls professed to find
pardon through Jesus. Praise the
Lord.

W. B. LUDDINGTON.

HOME REACHED.

SAFE home, safe home in port!
—Strain'd cordage, riven deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And ONLY, *not a wreck:*
But oh! the joy upon the shore,
To tell our voyage-perils o'er!

The prize, the prize secure!
The racer nearly fell;
Bare all he *could* endure,
And bare *not always* well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who has the victor-garland on!

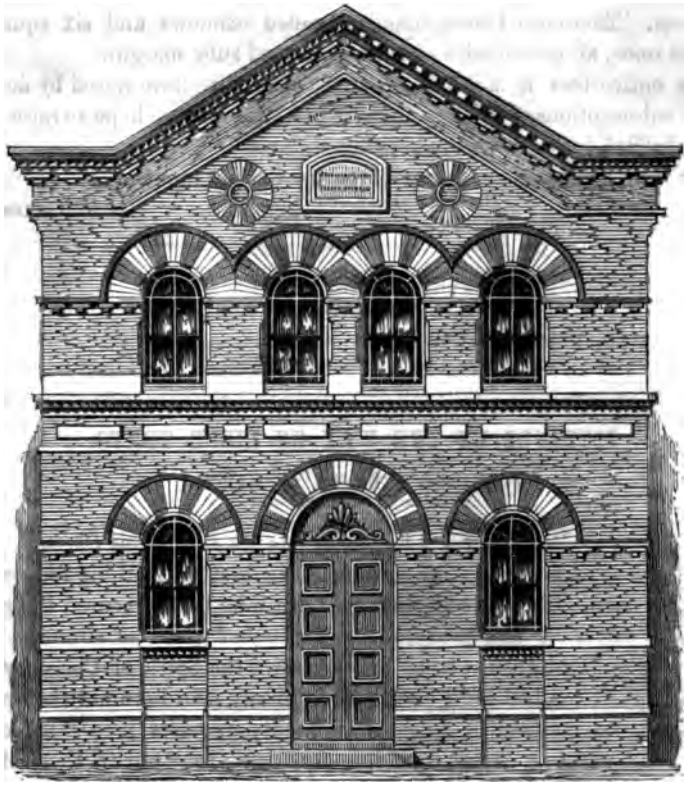
No more the foe can harm,
No more of leaguer'd camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly he had fail'd,—
How nearly had *the foe* prevail'd!

The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penn'd,
The lion once had hold:
And thought to make an end:
But ONE came by, with WOUNDED SIDE,—
And for the sheep, the SHEPHERD died!

The exile is at home!
—O night and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins and doubts and fear.—
What matters NOW; oh! joyful day,
THE KING HAS WIPED THOSE TEARS AWAY!

O happy, happy Bride!
Thy widow'd hours are past,
The Bridegroom at *thy* side
Thou all His own at last!
The sorrows of thy former cup—
In full fruition swallow'd up!

Free Translation of Ancient Greek Hymn. *Sent by* J. SCOTT.



MARKET RASEN PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL.

ACCORDING to the Rev. J. Petty's Connexional History, Market Rasen was missioned in the year 1819 or 1820. The old chapel was purchased of the Wesleyans in 1836, at a cost f £370, but it had lately become very dilapidated, proving a serious indrance to the progress of the cause; hence, in the midst of numerous lverse circumstances, we determined in the name of the Lord to arise ıd build. The view here given shows the front elevation. The chapel almost entirely new, and for comfort and respectability of appearance it thought to be unequalled in the town. It is in the Italian style of rchitecture, from the designs of Mr. J. Wright, architect, of Hull. The ıundation stone was laid July 4th, 1866, and the re-opening services

took place in October and November. It will comfortably seat 260 persons. There are galleries all round, the orchestra being behind the platform. There are twelve circular-headed windows and six square-headed ones, all glazed with obscure glass and ruby margin.

The entire cost is £555 8s., towards which we have raised by donations, subscriptions, collections, &c., £223 12s., and we hope to raise the sum of £245 before we cease begging.

For full particulars see Large Magazine for last month.

T. GILES.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY ON BIBLE TEXTS.

FOR EACH SABBATH IN MARCH.

1ST SABBATH. Romans xiii. 14. "*Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ.*" In Christ Jesus is to be found clothing—the best of clothing for man's immortal soul. By his sufferings and death he hath procured the garments of salvation for a *guilty, fallen,* and *naked* world of sinners. To "put on the Lord Jesus Christ" is to receive the Spirit of Christ by an act of implicit confidence in him. And "if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." Christianity requires men "to cease to do evil," and to "depart from iniquity," and to "purify themselves even as Christ is pure," and as Jesus was "separate from sinners," so he requires his people to be free from sin. And on behalf of his followers he prays to his Father, "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth." Being clothed with Christ implies an open profession of faith in him. "If any man will be my disciple, let him take up his cross and follow me." We may meet with difficulties while engaged in the service of Christ, but we must boldly acknowledge the Lord in all our ways, and furnish the world with evidence that we are "new creatures in Christ Jesus," and that we have "passed from death unto life." To profess Christ is not only honourable and profitable, but it involves great responsibility, for the world looks to professed Christians for a holy example, for conduct that is godlike, and for conversation that is free from pollution and corruption. Unless we be clothed with the Lord Jesus Christ, sin cannot be overcome by us. We cannot conquer Satan, nor shall we be able to keep the flesh in subjection.

"O may I feel Christ's worth;
And let no idol dare,
No vanity of earth,
With thee my Lord compare:
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart."

2nd SABBATH. 1 Cor. ii. 16. "*But we have the mind of Christ.*" None but Christians enjoy this union with Jesus, and all the real followers of Christ do enjoy it. And such has been the experience of the Christian Church in all past ages of the world. And wherever this mind dwells in the soul, it will show itself in the life. For it is a mind that is characterised by *humility, patience, prayerfulness, goodness, mercy, meekness, peace, holiness, happiness,* and *joyfulness.* We would, therefore, urge our readers to "put on the Lord Jesus Christ," and "be clothed with humility.

"Up into thee our living head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below."

It is only while we have "the mind of Christ," that we can have power with God in prayer, and that we can feel a real interest in the service of God and a true love for the followers of Christ. Destitute of this mind, we can have no saving acquaintance with Jesus, no fellowship with the Father, and no hope of heaven as our future home; but with this mind in our possession, we can anticipate the period when the "New Jerusalem" shall be our everlasting resting place, and—

"Christ eye to eye we then shall see,
Our face like his shall shine."

And in his image we shall shine for ever, and in his presence dwell.

"There we shall bathe our weary souls,
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across our peaceful breast."

And—

"O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join," &c.

3rd SABBATH. Romans xiv. 17. "*Righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.*" O how desirable it is to possess these blessings in our individual souls; they are invaluable in themselves, and can only be enjoyed by those who have forsaken sin and realised pardon through the

blood of Christ. Earth cannot give such gifts; sin hath no connection with them; they are only to be found in the "kingdom of God," and it is only those who have the kingdom of grace within them who have an experimental knowledge of them. In Scripture we read of Christ as "*the Lord our Righteousness*," because he is the procurer of that grace which dwelleth in believers, and enables them to act righteously and godlily in this present evil world. "The righteous Lord loveth righteousness," and therefore clothes his people with it, and as the result of the possession of it, they have "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." And God "loveth him that followeth after righteousness," and "he that followeth after righteousness and mercy findeth life, righteousness, and honour." And such a person must possess grace—the test of peace, peace which cometh from heaven—peace through our Lord Jesus Christ, peace under all circumstances—even peace in time of war, peace at home and peace abroad, for says Jesus, "My peace give I unto you." And in addition to this peace there is joy,—"Joy in the Holy Ghost." Not joy in ourselves, not joy in our noble deeds, not joy in our prayers; but "in the Holy Ghost;" *i. e.* joy produced in the heart by the Spirit of the living God. "We joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement."

"O happy day that fixed my choice,
On thee my Saviour and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad."

4th SABBATH. 1 Cor. x. 5. "*But with many of them God was not well pleased.*" How careless and indifferent are the vast majority of mankind about pleasing God; but how anxious do they appear to be about pleasing themselves and gratifying the creature; hence God's great displeasure with the ungodly. We wonder not that he is "angry with the wicked every day." To please God should be our highest aim and daily business. "Enoch had this testimony that he pleased God." And "Abel obtained witness that he was righteous." In the days of his flesh, Jesus said concerning himself, with regard to the pleasure his Father took in him, "I do always those things that please him." And did not the Everlasting God say concerning his Son, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." To be mere *men pleasers* and *self pleasers* is an abomination in the sight of God. With the murmurings and complainings of Israel of old in the Wilderness, God was sorely displeased. For forty long years was he grieved with many of them. And in what a variety of ways has the Divine Being manifested his disapproval of the conduct of the ungodly. See him pouring out

his fury upon the antediluvian world—upon the dwellers in Sodom and Gommorah—upon Annanias and Sapphira, and a host of other wicked persons whose names shall ultimately rot. Let our readers remember that "Vengeance is mine and I will repay, saith the Lord." If we would therefore please God and escape Divine vengeance we must do the will of God. "He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever" in his favour, in his family, and in his very heart; consequently he shall have divine protection and safety.

"Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
May we by faith receive,
And henceforth die to all below,
And to thee only live."

5th SABBATH. Matt. ix. 37. "*The harvest truly is plentious, but the labourers are few.*" When the Saviour said so he felt the force of his own words, and he was anxious that his disciples should feel the importance of labouring for God's glory, the world's good, and their own personal benefit. The world is the field for active labour, and God's people are the persons who ought to be actively engaged daily in the Divine service. In the service of sin and Satan the labourers are active and very numerous; but in the service of Christ the labourers are few, and many of them *very indifferent* about earnest effort to save perishing souls. Think of the hundreds of millions upon the face of the earth who have no Bible, no Gospel, no Christian ministers, no Christian Sabbaths, and no religious sanctuaries in which the true worship of God is practised. Think again of the midnight spiritual darkness which exists in many of the cities, towns, villages, and hamlets in our own land of religious privileges. Think of the rising youth who are hastening on to ruin. Think of the number of the fair sex who are led on in youth to evils the most detestable. Think of the desecration of the Christian Sabbath at home and abroad. And surely the very thought of the existence of these evils should arouse the people of God to active and earnest efforts for the salvation of souls and for the Divine honour. Notwithstanding the number of labourers in the Lord's work, they are very few when compared with what there ought to be. More labourers are wanted to preach the glorious Gospel—to teach in our Sabbath-schools—to distribute religious tracts—to collect for the support of our various Christian missionary societies at home and abroad. Let our readers then be stimulated to work for God, and "Be not weary in well doing," for those who work for God shall have a crown of life which fadeth not away. Complain not of fatigue murmuringly, but—

"Finish thy work, then take thy harp,
Give praise to God alone,
Sing a new song of mighty joy,
And endless love."

WILLIAM BIRKS.

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

THE life of Christ is a globe of precepts, a model of perfection set before us for our imitation. This, in some respects, is more proportionable than the example of the Father, for in Christ were united all the perfections of God with the infirmities of a man. "He was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." His purity was absolute, and every grace in the most divine degree was expressed by his actions. His life and death were a compounded miracle of obedience to God and love to men. Whatever the Father desired him to undertake or undergo he entirely consented to. He willingly "took on him the form of a servant;" it was not put upon him by compulsion. In his life, humility towards men who were infinite descents below him, self-denial, zeal for the honour of God, ardent desires for the salvation of men, were distinctly visible—as the flame discovers fire. In his sufferings, obedience and sacrifice were united. The willingness of his spirit was victorious over the repugnance of the natural will in the garden: "Not my will, but thine be done," was his unalterable choice. His patience was insuperable to all injuries. He was betrayed by a disciple for a vile price, and a murderer was preferred before him. He was scorned as a false Prophet, as a feigned King, and a deceitful Saviour. He was spit upon, crowned with thorns, and crucified; and in the height of his sufferings he never expressed a spark of anger against his enemies, nor the least degree of impatience. It was one principal reason of his obedience to instruct and oblige us to conform to his pattern. We cannot securely follow the best of saints, who sometimes through ignorance and infirmity deviate from the narrow way; but our Saviour is "the way, the truth, and the life." What he said after washing his disciples' feet, (an action in which there was such an admirable mixture of humility and love, that it is not possible to conceive which excelled; for they were both in the highest perfection), "I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you," is applicable to all the virtues and graces that were

exhibited in his practice. He instructs us to act according to his doings, and to suffer according to his sufferings. He levels the way, and makes it like a carpet, by going before us. Those duties which are harsh to nature he instructs us in by his preaching and by his passion. How can we decline them when they were performed by him, in whom the glorious Deity was personally united to humanity. His life was a continual lecture on mortification. It is the observation of a natural historian that "the tender providence of nature is admirable in preparing medicines for us in beautiful fragrant flowers, that we might not refuse the remedy as being more distasteful than our diseases." But how astonishing is the love of God, who sent his Son for our redemption from eternal death, and by his example has sweetened those remedies which are requisite for the cure of our distempered passions! Taking up the cross, submitting to poverty and persecution, are made tolerable by the consideration that, in enduring them, we follow our Redeemer. Can we be averse to our duty when our Lawgiver teaches us obedience by his own practice? Can any invitation be more attractive than the one to do that for love to him which he did for love to us? The apostle tells the Galatians, "If ye are circumcised, ye are debtors to keep the whole law." For the same reason, if we are baptised, we are obliged to obey the law of faith, to order our lives according to the doctrine and example of Christ. We must adorn the gospel by the sacred splendour of our actions. A life free from gross sins merely, is a poor perfection. We must show forth the virtues of him who "hath called us to his kingdom and glory." The excellent goodness of Christians recommends the goodness of the gospel, and convinces infidels that it came from the fountain of goodness.

C. SLACK.

NO ROOM FOR JESUS.

IN the birth and birthplace of Jesus there is something beautifully correspondent with his personal fortunes afterwards, and also with the fortunes of his gospel, even down to our own age and time. He comes into the world as it were to the taxing, and there is scant room for him even at that. He comes into the world and finds it pre-occupied. A marvellous great world it is, and there is room in it for many things; room for wealth, ambition, pride, show, pleasure; room for trade,

society, dissipation; room for powers, kingdoms, armies, and their wars; but for him there is the smallest room possible: room in the stable but not in the inn. The birth of Jesus most aptly introduces the whole subsequent history of his life, and both his birth and life as aptly represent the spiritual fortunes of his Gospel as a great salvation for the world. And the reason why Jesus cannot find room for his Gospel is closely analogous to that which he encountered in his birth, viz.: that men's hearts are pre-occupied. They do not care, in general, to put any indignity on Christ; they would prefer not to do it; but they are filled to the full with their own objects already. It is now as then, and was then as now; the selfishness and self-accommodation, the coarseness, the want of right sensibility, the crowding, eager state of men in a world too small for their ambition—all these pre-occupy the inn of their affections, leaving only the stable or some by-place in their hearts as little worthy of his occupancy and the glorious errand on which he comes. See how it was with him in his life. Herod heard the rumour that the Messiah, that is, the King, was born, and it being specially clear that there was no room for two kings in Gallilee, he raised a slaughter general among the children, that he might be sure of getting this particular one out of the way. Twelve years later, when Joseph and Mary turned back to seek the child at Jerusalem, where they had left him, and found him sitting with the doctors of the temple asking them questions and astonishing their comprehension by his answers; when also his mother, remonstrating with him for remaining behind, hears him say, he "must be about his Father's business," and goes home pondering his strange answer in her heart—how clear is it that they, none of them, have room to take in the conception of his Divine childhood, or the history preparing it. The learned rabbis could have bid him welcome if he had come teaching "corban," or the precise mode or merit of baptising cups, or tithing anise; but when he spoke to them of judgment and mercy and the right of doing good on the Sabbath, they had no room in their little theologies for such a kind of doctrine. His own disciples had but the slenderest conception of his person and mission from his very explicit teachings. They still wanted even the explanation of his parables explained. It was as if the sun had broken out upon a field of moles—there was a wonderful incapacity and weakness in all their apprehensions; he shone too brightly, and they could see only the less. And so it may be truly said of him, that he came unto his own and his own knew him not. He was never accepted as a guest of the world any more than on that first night in the inn. There was not room enough in the world's thoughts and feelings

to hold him, or even to suffer so great a presence, and he was finally expelled by an ecclesiastical murder.

At the descent of the Spirit there was certainly a great opening in the minds of his disciples concerning him, and there has been a slow, irregular, and difficult progress in the faith and perception of mankind since that day; but we shall greatly mistake if we suppose that Christ has ever found room to spread himself at all in the world as he had it in his heart to do when he came into it, and will not fail to do before his work is done. But we must take a closer inspection if we are to see how very little room Christ has yet been able to obtain. Great multitudes, it is well understood, utterly reject him, and stay fast in their sins. They have no time to be religious, or the sacrifices are too great. Some are too poor to have any heart left, and some are too rich—so rich, so filled up with good, that a camel can as well get through a needle's eye as Christ get into their love. Some are in their passions, some in their pleasures, some in their expectations. Some are too young, and wait to give him only the dry remains of life, after the natural freshness is gone. Some are too old, and are too much occupied with old recollections, and stories of the past for ever telling, to have any room longer for his reception. Some are too ignorant, and think they must learn a great deal before they can receive him. Others know too much, having stifled their capacity already in the dry-rot of books and opinions. The great world thus under sin, even that part of it which is called Christian, is very much like the inn at Bethlehem, pre-occupied, crowded, full in every part, so that as the mother of Jesus looked up wistfully to the guest-chambers that cold night, drawing her "Holy Thing" to her bosom, in like manner Jesus himself stands at the door of these multitudes, knocking vainly, till his head is filled with dew, and his locks are wet with the drops of the night. Now and then a saint appears—a real Christly man; but the general mass in what is called Christendom Christ-dominion—are sharp for money and dull to Christ, and whether sharp or dull, are for the most extremely ignorant as regards all spiritual knowledge, even if they happen as men to be specially intelligent, or practised much in philosophy. The savour of Christ, in short, is so weak that we can scarce get the sense of it once in a day. A wind blowing off from his cross might almost be expected to carry as much grace with it.

Call we this making room for Jesus? But saddest of all is the practical depreciation of Christ, or of what he will do as a Saviour from sin. The possibilities of liberty, assurance, a good conscience, a mind entered into rest, are by one means or another let down, obscured, or quite taken away. To believe much, is enthusiasm; to attempt much,

fanaticism. The assumption is, that Christ will in fact do only a little for us, just as there is only a little done; when the very sufficient reason is that there is only a little allowed to be done. Lord Jesus, shall it never be that better room shall be given thee?

True, there is no grace of Christ that will suddenly make us absolutely perfect, but there is a grace that will take away all conscious sinning so long as we sufficiently believe, raising us above the dominating power of sin into a state of Divine consciousness, where we are new charactered, as it were, continually by the righteousness of God spreading itself into and over and through the faith by which we are saved. All this Christ will do. In this state of power and holy endowment, superior to sin, he can, he will establish every soul that makes room wide enough for him to enter and bestow his fulness.

Multitudes there are, under the name of disciples, who maintain a Christian figure scarcely up to the line of common respect—penurious, little, sordid, foul in their imaginations, low-minded, coarse-minded every way. Until Christ gets room in the higher spaces of their feeling, and consciousness gets ennobled by a worthier and fuller reception, it must be so. Others are inconstant, falling away so freely as to put a weak look on the Gospel itself, as if it were only able to kindle a flare in the passions, not to establish a durable character. This, too, must be so till Christ is fully enough received to be the head of their new capacity and growth. Multitudes, again, are not made happy as they should be, but wear a long-faced, weary, dissatisfied, legally constrained look, anything but a look of courage and joy, and blessed contentation. Yes, and for the simple reason that there is nothing so wretched, so very close to starvation, as a little doubtfully received grace. True joy comes by heartfulls, and where there is room enough given for Christ to flood the feeling, the peace becomes a river—never till then.

Christ gets no room as yet to work and be the fire in men's hearts he is able to be. His disciples, as yet, are commonly men of only a little faith, and it is with them according to their faith. The work, however fitly ordered as respects the machinery, lingers, and will and must linger till Christ gets room to be a more complete inspiration in his followers. They give him the stable when they ought to give him the inn.

Is it not time, dear friends, that Christ our Master should begin to be fitly represented by his people—received in his true grandeur and fulness as the Lord of life and Saviour of all mankind? Be it yours, then, so to make room for him. Expect to be all that he will make you, and that you may be. Open your whole heart to him broad as the sea, give him all the widest spaces of your feeling; challenge for him his right to

be now received by his disciples as he never yet has been. Tell what changes and wondrous new creations will appear when he finally breaks full-orbed on human experience—his true second coming in power and great glory.

Extracted by J. MILNER.

TRIALS: THEIR BENEFICIAL EFFECTS PROVED FROM OBSERVATION AND EXPERIENCE.

SOME of our old Anglo-Saxon words are as transparent as the light, they reveal to us their meaning at a glance in all their depth and breadth. How true this is of the word at the head of this paper. What is trial? It is a test, an examination or development; and all things on earth, animate and inanimate, are subject to its influence. But we ascertain the value of different objects in modes differing according to the respective natures of the objects. In order to determine the nature of some of the precious metals, we try them by fire; gems and costly stones we try by weighing, or subjecting them to a chemical process. But in order to try moral worth, another test is necessary. We must place the subject of it in circumstances where the peculiar faculties of mind will be called forth and made prominent. He must be exposed to danger, placed in circumstances of suffering, or have to endure pinching want. And it must be observed that what is trial to one man is not trial to another; what would almost sink one, another would bear with ease. Our trials differ in their form as much as our faces in their complexion. Still we have them. Whatever be the structure of our frame or the grasp of our mind we cannot be exempt from trials, for "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards;"—"Man that is born of a woman is of few days and *full* of trouble." And these trials are absolutely necessary to the full development of our nature. Where is it that we make our hardy sailors? not in the quiet of home, studying navigation. They must "go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters"—must battle with the gigantic waves which make their frail bark "reel to and fro like a drunken man." It is there where their courage is tested and where their skill is tried. No man yet was ever made a warrior by merely learning drill and reading dissertations on war. He must face the thick of the fight, toil in the trenches, scale the ramparts, and press through

the breach. It is in the rugged road of life's stern conflict where God cultures the veterans of the cross. The multitude which John saw before the throne had come up out of "great tribulation." And there is no other path that leads to the victories of heaven but the one they trod. It is still "through much tribulation that we enter into the kingdom of God."

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word."

Had not the world with its suffering and conflicts been in some important sense necessary to our spiritual growth, we should have been removed from it at the moment of our conversion; but knowing our influence upon it, and its influence upon us, the Saviour prayed—not that we should be taken out of the world, but that we should be kept from the evil thereof.

When the artist has drawn his first tracing on the canvas we only see the rough outline of the thought that is imprinted on his mind, but when the outline is filled up by the brush of genius, and touched by the magic spell of art, we recognise in his production the features of our friend.

At conversion we are complete in Christ, but only babes; just the first draft of what the Divine artist intends us to be. His will is our sanctification; our full and entire consecration to his service. And how does he accomplish his will in us? This is done to a considerable extent by the many forms of trial. Each passing day brings with it something we have never had to grapple with before, each passing day does something to reveal to us the depravity of our nature and the corruption of our heart. Sometimes it is a disappointment—then it is a bereavement—now it is a temptation—then it is an affliction; but whatever be the form it assumes, its great object is the same—to make us more like Christ. And while we are thus contending with trial by faith's power, we are answering the grand end of our being, "working out our own salvation," "growing in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." The spiritual life is being perfected little by little, and shall continue to progress till we stand forth a transcript of him who "called us out of darkness into light." Had we no trials, we should never think of "the rest that remaineth to the people of God;" had

we no trials, the world's soft and delusive influence would inperceptibly steal over us, and while fancying ourselves Christ's friends we should find ourselves amongst his foes. It was this which aroused us from our spiritual torpor when "our feet had well nigh slipped," "and when our heart was overwhelmed;" this made us cry, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I."

We often think if we occupied some other position than the one we do, we should be exempt from trial; but this is a delusion. Every conceivable station in the wide range of humanity has trials peculiar to itself; and if we will do our duty in that station, it is impossible to escape them. This world is our probationary or trial state, and it is only by passing through it that our mission can be accomplished. For while God knows us without trial, we do not know ourselves. We have many times thought ourselves to be better than we were, till we have been tried. When Elijah told Hazael, the prospective Syrian king, of the cruelties he would perpetrate during his reign, Hazael replied, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing"? and yet every prediction of the prophet was minutely fulfilled. (2 Kings viii. 12-15; x. 32.) And there have been seasons in our short pilgrimage when we have almost boasted of our strength, till placed in circumstances where our weakness has been tested; and then we have yielded to temptation and fallen into sin. And, oh! how it has humbled us in the dust before God and made us lament our folly. The trial was severe, but we came out of it the better; it made us more watchful, and burned impressions upon our memory never to be forgotten.

We all have besetments by which we are liable to be overcome; God knows them better than we do, and if we are where he would have us be, we are in the place best adapted to our peculiar character. How calculated is the family circle with its diversities and requirements to test our patience? When is our humility so likely to be tried, as when called to serve and consult the wishes of others? How sure is the barter of the market to prove our principles and show whether we are sons of Belial or sons of the light. These are so many centres, from which the rays of our religious influence ought to spread, and thus give a practical contradiction to those who say that it is impossible to serve God and do our duty in the world. True piety shines brighest in the hour of trial. Diamonds they say can only be polished by their own dust. And God has been pleased to make keen-cutting trials the process by which human souls are to be polished as gems to deck the Redeemer's crown. These trials "are not joyous but grievous, still they yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to those that are exercised thereby." "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh

for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." We have seen many beautiful sights during our short journey of life, but what did we ever gaze upon so beautiful as the closing hours of the dying saint. He has encountered life's storms, travelled life's journey, and steadying kimself upon his staff he listens for the summons, steps into the Jordan and passes from our view.

"Who would not wish to die like those,
Whom God as friends delights to bless,—
To sink into a night's repose,
And wake to perfect happiness?"

Every crowned saint in heaven, like his Divine Master, was "made perfect through suffering." And if we would finish our course in triumph, we must follow those "who through faith and patience inherit the promises." Some of us are too impetuous, but trial calms us. Some are fretful, but trial directs our eye to others less favoured than ourselves, and makes us contented. Some are desponding, but trial clears our prospect. Trial refines every grace, quickens every power, and often sets us on full stretch for the kingdom. How many we meet with in the church who are seeking for the christian's enjoyment without his duty; they want the rest without the toil—the reward without the conflict. How little such individuals know about themselves or about religion. They must think God altogether such an one as themselves. But God's ways are not our ways. We reckon just for the exigencies of some single want, but God judges for the requirements of our complex nature; we judge for time, but God for eternity. And whatever may be necessary he will give. If bereavement be necessary he will take away our friends. If poverty be necessary he will give wings to our substance. If affliction be necessary he will send us pining sickness. "He will withhold no good thing from us." But oh! how short sighted we are after all our experience. We are much like children even now. We often want the instrument that would wound us, or the fire that would burn us: but God sees the danger and wisely keeps these things from us. There are some things we call good which if we possessed would prove our ruin. We never yet heard one christian say, "I praise God that I have health, wealth, or friends, for before I had these blessings I went astray, but now I have learned to keep thy laws." Though we have heard many a tried one say this of affliction. If we could only see the dangers that beset the path of some whose position we covet our views would be changed! But this cannot be. "Now we see through a glass darkly," by and by "we shall see as we are seen;" every cloud of error and every mist of imperfection will then be dis-

persed, and with our feet upon the threshold of our mansion-home—we, like the mountain traveller, shall look back along our path, and with gratitude rolling up in our heart, shall exclaim, "he has brought us by the right way to a city of habitation." While we are in the world, whether our time be long or short, let us strive to act well our part, and relying upon the God of Jacob determine to "fight manfully the battles of the Lord, and lay hold of eternal life." When the world's famed Hannibal crossed the Alps with the Carthaginian army, and the tawny sons of Africa had been greatly diminished in number by hunger, cold, and precipitation over the cragged rocks, Livy tells us that the remainder cut their way through those rocks, after they had softened them with vinegar, that they might thunder at the gates of Rome. Perhaps the vinegar was indomitable resolution and undaunted courage. However that may have been, the lesson taught us is the same; and when trials come it is useless to sit and fret and weep; these never helped a troubled soul yet. But like the noble Carthaginians, let us be up fighting, and ever fighting, till we change the sword for the palm, and the garb of the warrior for that of the conqueror.

But these conflicts and trials do not come to us by accident or chance; they are dictated by a Father's wisdom and measured out by his infinite skill. His eye looks upon the thermometer when we are in the furnace, and it shall not be one degree too hot: his balance weighs the burthen, and it shall not be a feather's weight too heavy. His hand ties up the rod, and there shall not be one twig too many. In the inquisition there was a medical officer whose business it was, when they put a poor creature upon the rack, to watch him carefully, and if he saw that the cruel inquisitors were imperilling the life of their victim he would cry, "hold, enough!" for they were not to do as they liked. That was not done from kindness we know, but our heavenly father looks down with mercy and kindness upon us. The world cannot keep us on the rack as long as it chooses. The devil cannot put us to the torture, and do as he listeth with us. Our kind loving father watches us with the deepest interest, and when the trial has gone far enough, he will say, "stop." The world cannot do more than he permits. It is a blessed thing for us that we are under an almighty father's care; and when we have been tried as silver, and found perfect, he will say to us—

"Well and faithfully done,
Enter into my joy,
And sit down on my throne."

JOHN TURNER.

AFFLICTION.

Afflictions serve to quicken our pace in the way to our rest. 'Twere well if more love would prevail with us, and that we were rather drawn to heaven than driven. But seeing our hearts are so bad, that mercy will not do it, it is better to be put on with the sharpest scourge, than loiter like the foolish virgins till the door is shut.—*Boston.*

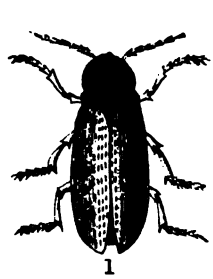
Sent by J. A.

A GREAT TRUTH ODDLY STATED.*

Religion, *When* advanced in power,
Will make you *Husband* every hour;
'Twill make *Men* strive with all their might,
And therein *Find* a sweet delight.
If there were *Nought* besides that may,
Christ gives *To* cheer us in our way,
Should we not *Do* the best we can?
For there's *No* such reward from man.
Shall others *Work*, and not regard
Their strength, *To* get a small reward,
Whilst we *Turn* slugs, and loiter thus?
O that *Their* zeal might quicken us.
Why are our *Hands* and feet so slow,
When we *Unto* our business go?
Nor can we *Then* Christ's pay expect,
And yet the *Christian's* work reject;
If this, then *Also* that; embrace
Them both: *If* not, we both disgrace.
Some if *They* could these two divide,
'Twould *Please* them well with Christ to side:
But if they *May* not, then it were
As good *Cease* pleading; they'll not hear.
Rouse up *From* sloth, my soul; betake
Thee to thy *Work;* no cavils make.
O, strive, *And* try; saints say that even
The pains they *Take* have much of heaven;
But yet *Their* best wines keep till last,
Their rest and *Ease* come all so fast.

Extracted by J. Hawkins.

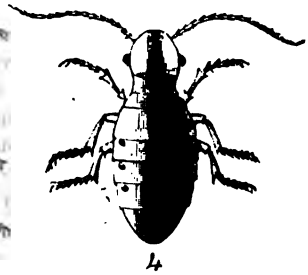
* Flavel's Husbandry Spiritualized, 1678.



1

2

3



4

DEATH-WATCH BEETLES.

"The solemn death-watch clicks the hour of death."

HARK! what is that noise? It sounds like the ticking of a watch; how solemn at the midnight hour. "Tick, tick, tick;" surely something will befall us; it is that awful death-watch, hear it,—"tick, tick, tick, tick;" that ticking is a sure sign of death. Such have been the gloomy thoughts of thousands as they have sat in the stillness of a room of sickness. The sounds of the death-watch fell on their ears as tones from the supernatural world. There was a mystery about the gentle ticking that they could not explain; had they known the cause and design of those ticks they would not have been so greatly terrified. The tick, tick, tick of the death-watch has delighted us many a time. At midnight and early in the morning we have caused, by tapping gently with the point of a steel pen against our book-shelf, the insect to answer us; and so closely does the noise of the beetle resemble the beating of a watch that we have been obliged to put our watch away from the room, that we might the more readily recognise the gentle tap, tap of the insect. In the day time there is some difficulty in hearing the call of the death-watch, because of other sounds, but in the night, when the busy world is still, the little creatures are very interesting. During the past summer we watched them at nearly all hours of the night, and we can assure our readers that the tick, tick, tick of the death-watch is a simple love-call of

the male and female, calling to each other. One writer has translated this love-call in the following manner: —

"*He.*—Tick, tick, tick! I'm waiting for thee
In the crevice, the bookcase behind.
She.—Tick, tick, tick! I'm coming, my love,
Though not on the wings of the wind.
He.—Tick, tick, tick! why don't you make haste?
I cannot wait here all the night.
She.—Tick, tick, tick! Well, do as you please,
It's the same to me, sir, quite.
He.—Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick! Good-bye,
I'm off to you know who.
She.—She was squeezed in the hinge of the door last night;
Tick, tick, tick, tick! Adieu!"

The following extract from the "Philosophical Transactions," vol. 6, page 59, will explain the manner in which the insect makes its noise. The writer says, "As I stood in my study I happened to hear what is commonly called the Death-watch, very near me as I thought. I fancied I heard the beatings somewhat stronger, which encouraged me to search after it; I thereupon removed to another part of the room and soon discovered that I had passed the place where it was; I placed myself therefore about the middle distance, where though the beatings were not so frequent as before, yet I found I was somewhat nearer them, and fancied they were over my head towards the ceiling of the room; upon this I got upon a chair that had a sedge bottom, but then I could hear no beatings at all. I then stepped down from the chair, and after I had stood still for some time the beatings began again; this made me conjecture that they might be about the chair, and that my standing upon it might prevent them. Upon inclining my head down towards the chair I found I was still nearer and nearer to the sound, and at last placing my ear close to the sedge bottom I discovered that it was still further towards the ground; upon that I turned the chair bottom upwards, but heard no beatings for a considerable time after; at length they began again, and as I cast a diligent eye over the bottom of the chair I happened at last, luckily, to perceive the insect beating. I was very much pleased with the discovery, and stood viewing it beat for some time; afterwards I called up others to see it beat, which they did with admiration. The manner of its beating was this:—It lifted up itself upon its hinder legs, and somewhat inclining its neck, beat down its face upon the sedge with great force and agility. The impressions of its strokes were very visible, the coat of the sedge being depressed in the part it had beaten."

We have presented in the engraving four species of the Death-watch insects. Three of them we have copied from other authors and one we have drawn from under a microscope. Figure 2 represents the insect *(Anobium pertinax)* which the gentleman found in the sedge-bottom chair. Figures 1 and 3 are different species, belonging to the genus *Anobium*. Figure 4 is a representation of the Death-watch *(Pediculus fatidicus)* which the Rev. W. Derham, F.R.S., described some years ago in the "Philosophical Transactions."

The remarks which Dean Swift and the Rev. R. Baxter made on the Death-watch are calculated to make a wrong impression, therefore we shall not take the trouble to copy them. Our business is to save our friends from needless terror and alarm; to remove from their minds all needless fears of ghosts, goblins, and death-watches. The human mind is so subject to sin, ignorance and superstition, and the body to weakness, affliction, and death, that we need all the light which philosophy can pour upon our minds, and all the consolation which religion can impart to our hearts, to cheer us amid the stern conflicts of life. Apart from the light of science and Christianity, our world is to many, who are steeped in crime, a den of horrors. But to the man of a cultivated intellect

and sanctified soul, this world, apart from sin, is a beautiful place. Were sin removed, earth would be a paradise regained. And even now, there is much which sin has not destroyed. We have a beautiful atmosphere, sky, sun, moon, and stars; beautiful water which God has bottled up in the hills and preserved in purity for us for six thousand years; beautiful bread-corn coming down to us from year to year, even from Adam till now. And we have beautiful flowers blooming on a thousand hills and valleys; and beautiful birds singing in every wood; and millions of insects humming their songs in the air. The sun shines for us, the clouds carry water to water our gardens and fields, the earth and the sea pour their treasures into our hands, and everything in nature, when rightly understood, is adapted to minister to our many wants. Even the removal of sin is provided for; the guilty can have pardon, the dying can have life, the wounded can be healed, the polluted can be washed, and the lost can be saved. The Saviour is provided for sinners, the Comforter for believers, and Heaven for departed spirits. The fact is, we live in a beautiful world, and we have only to open our eyes to see it. Everything God has made is good and beautiful. Even the Death-watch is beautiful, and it has as much right to call its mate by striking its mandibles against the wood as we have to talk to each other. It is not the insect that produces terror; its strokes are simple and innocent. But the crude notions which ignorant and superstitious people have connected with the beatings of the little creature, have filled thousands of hearts with dread.

"To know and feel God's care for all that lives;
'Tis this that makes the barren waste appear
A fruitful field, each grove a paradise."

J. P. BELLINGHAM.

A VOICE FROM THE PULPIT.

"ONLY ONE SIN!"

How often we hear this remark, "only one sin." Sometimes it is used as a congratulation that no more serious a crime has been perpetrated; at others as a justification of some deliberate act of transgression. As though one sin were no sin, or of little consequence. There is an adage which says, "One leak will sink a ship," and generally speaking, when it is quoted in the pulpit, the preacher adds, "and one sin would send a soul to hell!" Both remarks are true, but the latter does not contain half the truth. To say that "one sin would send a soul to hell," is, we repeat, "true," solemnly true, but not half the truth, no not a thousandth part of the truth. We will explain ourselves by a supposition. Just imagine then that every person who has lived, is living, or ever will live on our earth were placed upon a vast plain. Now bring every saint, angel, and arch-angel from heaven, and place them by their side, and then charge those countless millions of beings with only one unpardoned sin, and it would consign the whole of them to everlasting woe. Or climb up to heaven and convict the millions of pure spirits there of one sin. Drop only one blot of pollution on the white robes of the multitudes around the throne of God on high, and unless that one sin were cancelled—the spot washed from their garments, it would stop their songs, dim their eyes, destroy their heavenly peace and deep ecstatic joys; spread anarchy and death among the peaceful

dwellers, and sink the whole of them from heaven to hell. High, holy, rich, happy, and blessed as they are, this would degrade, defile, ruin, and curse them for ever and ever. How vain then to soothe our consciences or flatter ourselves with the idea that one sin is of little consequence. Every sin is a revolt against Jehovah's government; a dagger aimed at his heart; a draught of poison drunk by the soul; the serpent and a hot coal from hell caressed and hugged by the transgressor. Why, it was only one sin which turned man out of Paradise, and ruined him and his posterity. The "unprofitable servant" who was "cast into outer darkness" had only mis-used one talent. The virgins who were stigmatised as "foolish," and refused admittance into the bridal hall, had not neglected to put on any of their nuptial paraphernalia, neither were they asleep when the bridegroom came, nor did they go to the wrong guest chamber, but they had only omitted to take sufficient oil in their vessels. At the marriage of the king's son the guest who was censured as an intruder and thrust out from the feast had only omitted to put on the "wedding garment;" but in consequence thereof he disturbed and confused the nuptial banquet, was publicly interrogated with, "How camest thou in hither?" and was also disgraced and rejected. We all know that one act would destroy the character or life of the most useful man living. The man of business might serve every customer, dispose of all his goods, and yet soon bring himself and family to ruin simply by neglecting his accounts. If a sick man wish to hasten his death he has only to lie quietly in bed and refuse to take his medicine. The captain needs not run the vessel on the rocks to cause her destruction; let him just neglect to use the helm and her ruin is sure. One weight on the racer in the Olympic games would have prevented him from obtaining the prize; and one sin will prevent you from receiving the "crown of life." Like the young ruler, you need only lack *one* thing in order to be ruined for ever. Yea, were it possible for you to live all the days of your life without committing *one* actual sin, even then the *inborn* defilement of your soul, unless washed out, would exclude you from heaven, and consign you to hell. But, God be praised. How cheering it is to know that every stain of guilt can be washed away by the precious blood of Jesus. You can, every one of you, wash now. Hallelujah! O, then, wash and be clean.

J. HAWKINS.

A WORD TO CHURCH MEMBERS.

A CHURCH may have a good minister, and be in a bad condition; or it may have a second-rate minister and be in a good one; and it is time that the churches knew and felt that their condition depends not so much upon their minister, as upon themselves. It is the membership, more than the minister, that builds it up or pulls it down. The best of ministers will be no more to a church than the church makes him. It holds in its own hand the key of his usefulness or barrenness. You may have heard of the minister who omitted to take his prayer-book along with him. If you have not, I will tell you. Where he was, he was so exceedingly popular and successful, that neighbouring churches coveted his services, and, as any of them became vacant, tried to get him for their minister. By-and-by one of them succeeding in securing him.

But he had not long been there before both he and they felt the change. No success attended his labours. A deputation from the church waited on him to express their disappointment in him and in his want of success.

"Why," said he, "is it but now that you have found that out? I have seen and felt it ever since I first came among you; and the reason is, I left my prayer-book behind me." "Your prayer-book, sir? why we will go and bring it you." "You cannot," said he, "I left a people who prayed for me, and am come to those who do not. If you pray for me as they did, I shall be as successful here as I was there." The church did so, and, in answer to their prayers, his ministry became as blessed there as it had been in his former charge.

God deals with churches as with individuals, who "have not because they ask not." He will force his favours upon none. "The rich will he send empty away."

The churches were the apostle Paul's prayer-book. Hence we hear him again and again saying to them, "Brethren, pray for us, that a door of utterance and of entrance may be administered to us."

If then, you desire your church to prosper, and to have your minister successful in winning souls to Christ, be a *praying* church. We do not mean a few of you, but all. Where the church stops, and when the church stops, in praying for its minister, the Spirit of God will stop. Prayer is the church's John the Baptist, that "prepares the way of the Lord."

The spirit of prayer and meetings for prayer are the church's thermometer or pulse, by which to judge of its health.

"Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air."

A man may as well expect to live without breathing, as to expect Christianity to exist in his heart, or in the church without prayer. A praying church will be a lively, active, holy, prosperous and useful church, "as a city set upon a hill;" while a prayerless professor or church, will be the very reverse. Prayer gives spirit and life; is as the marrow to the bones, and as oil to lamps and wheels. A prayerless church is known by its inactivity in the cause of God, and by its unprofitableness to man. When the spirit of prayer has left a church, you may write upon its doors "Ichabod: the glory is departed." It has the name to live, but is dead. Its existence is of no more use to the moral condition of mankind, than if its members were in their graves. While this continues, disaster only can be expected. Oh, when will the churches know that prayer is their strength, their omnipotence? Satan knows, and

"trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

If such his fears at the prayer of but one of the weakest of saints, what his hopeless despair at seeing a whole church so engaged? Show me a minister labouring faithfully among his people, but without success, and I will show you a church that prays not for him as it ought. Blame yourselves, ye churches of Christ, if your ministers "labour in vain, and spend their strength for naught and in vain;" "Ye have not, because ye ask not." Say not, we have not the *right sort of man* for our minister, but say, the minister has not the *right sort of people*. Had you Paul the Apostle, things would remain the same, except you walk by this rule, and pray for your minister without ceasing.

A PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

THE Rev. Daniel Tyerman, at the close of one of his sermons, mentioned the following circumstance:—"Yesterday was the anniversary of a very remarkable deliverance, which I experienced in the year 1793. At that time I was intimate with several young men as gay and trifling as myself, and we frequently spent our Sabbaths in pleasure on the Thames. Early in the week on the occasion referred to, I and four others had planned a Sunday party down the river; to make the most of it, we agreed to embark on Saturday afternoon, and proceed to Gravesend. On Friday night when I laid down to rest, a transient misgiving, whether it was right so to profane the Sabbath of the Lord, gave me a little uneasiness; but I overcame the monitory feeling and fell asleep. On Saturday morning when I awoke, the thought again came upon me, but I again resisted it, and resolved to meet my companions in the afternoon. I was about to rise, but while I mused I fell asleep again, and dreamed. I thought myself in a certain place, whither Divine Providence often led me at that season of my life. Here a gentleman called me to him, saying that he had a letter for me, which I went to receive from his hand. When I reached him he had opened the enclosure and appeared to be reading its contents. I imagined then that I looked over his shoulder, and perceived that the letter was closely written, but a pen had been drawn over every line, and obliterated all the words. Wondering what this could mean, I was going to take hold of the letter, when a large black seal presented itself to my sight, and so startled me that forthwith I awoke, with this sentence upon my mind, '*you shall not go!*' Though I had never been in any way superstitious about dreams, this so affected me, and the words '*you shall not go*,' seemed so perpetually sounding in my ears, and haunting my imagination that I determined to be obedient and *not go*, persuaded that some evil would befall me if I did. I spent that day and the two following in great anguish and anxiety, expecting to hear something that would explain this singular presentiment. No tidings, however, arrived till Tuesday morning, when I read in a newspaper the following paragraph: 'Last Sunday, in the afternoon, as a boat with four young gentlemen, a waterman, and a boy, belonging to Mr.——, of Wapping, was coming up the river, in Bugsby Hole, a little below Blackwall, a gust of wind upset the boat, and all on board perished.' That was the identical boat in which I was to have embarked. I could scarcely believe my eyes; I read the paragraph again and again. There it was and there it remained, speaking the same words. I cannot express the horror and consternation of my mind. I was constrained to exclaim, 'This is the finger of God.' Who am I, that God should in so wonderful a manner interpose for my deliverance? What a warning against Sabbath breaking! what a call to devote myself to the Lord and his service! A warning which I took and a call which I humbly hope I was thenceforth enabled to obey: 'For God speaketh once, yea twice, *yet man* perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, that he may withdraw man *from his* purpose, and hide pride from man. He keepeth back his soul from the pit, and his life from perishing.'"—Job, xxxiii. 14-18.—*From Tyerman's and Bennett's "Missionary Voyages."*

JOHN O'GROAT'S HOUSE.

How often we hear this saying, "from John O'Groat's house in Scotland, to Land's End in Cornwall." As a short account of this unique and proverbial house may be interesting to our readers, we have pleasure in transcribing one

for this purpose. John O'Groat's house was situated in the northern extremity of Scotland, in the parish of Cannisbay, and originated under the following circumstances:—"In the reign of James IV. of Scotland, three brothers, Malcolm, Gavin, and John O'Groat, (supposed to have been originally from Holland,) arrived in Caithness with a letter from the Prince, recommending them to the countenance and protection of his loving subjects in Caithness. These brothers bought some land near Duncansby Head, and in a short time, by the increase of their families, eight different proprietors of the name of Groat possessed these lands in equal divisions. These eight families lived peaceably and comfortably for a number of years, establishing an annual meeting to celebrate the anniversary of the arrival of their ancestors on the coast. In the course of the festivity on one of these occasions, a question arose respecting the right of taking the door, the head of the table, and such points of precedency, each contending for the seniority and chieftainship, which increased to such a degree as would probably have proved fatal in its consequences, had not John O'Groat, who appears to have gained great knowledge of mankind, interfered. He expatiated on the comfort they had hitherto enjoyed, owing to the harmony which existed among them; he assured them that as soon as they appeared to quarrel among themselves, their neighbours, who had till then treated them with respect would fall upon them and expel them from the country; he therefore conjured them by the ties of blood and mutual safety, to return quietly to their several homes, and pledged himself that he would satisfy them on all points of precedency, and prevent the possibility of such disputes in future. They all aquiesced and departed in peace. In due time John O'Groat, to fulfil his engagement, built a room distinct from all other houses, in an octagonal figure, with eight doors, and placed a table of oak of the same shape in the middle. The next meeting took place: he desired each person to enter by his own door, and to sit at the head of the table, he himself occupying the last. By this ingenious contrivance the harmony and good humour of the company were restored. The building was then named John O'Groat's house; and, though nothing remains but the foundation of the building, the place still retains the name, and deserves to be remembered for the good intention and sound judgment which gave it origin." I trust that each one of us will so live, that we shall hereafter be counted worthy to inhabit that house which has attained a greater fame than John O'Groat's, and which will stand through all the boundless cycles of futurity; the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

J. Hawkins.

OUT OF THE MIST, INTO THE SUNSHINE.

On one occasion, when quite a youth, I was crossing one of the Welsh mountains, when I was suddenly enveloped in a dense fog, so that I could scarcely see a yard before me, and being rather confused, I lost the right path, there being other paths made by the continual walking to and fro of the mountain sheep. I now wandered from one path to another seeking the right one, but failed to find it, until I went right across the top, and down the mountain side, where I got clear of the fog; then I could see my home in the distance. It was just so with me while wandering from God on the barren mountain of sin, surrounded with the vanities and pleasures of this world. I sought happiness in the paths of vice, but failed to find it until I left the mountain top, went down into the valley of humiliation to Christ, stepped out of the mists of sin, into the sunshine of God's pardoning love; then I could see my home in the distance,—my heavenly home.

J. A.

BURY ME IN THE MORNING, MOTHER.

Music by S. C. Foster.

Never sorrow nor sigh for me, mother,
Who fell in early years.
For I'll be in the pleasant land, mother,
That's free from grief and tears.
Chorus—Bury me in the morning, &c.

I have heard of the songs of the blest, mother,
And death is drawing near,
To ferry me o'er the stream, mother,
That mortals dread and fear.
Chorus—Bury me in the morning, &c.

You must promise to come to me, mother,
When life and hope shall fade,
For there's room for you in the home, mother,
That's far from the greenwood shade.
Chorus—Bury me in the morning, &c.

BURY ME IN THE MORNING, MOTHER.

F. Music by S. C. Foster.

f | m : m : m | m : — : m | s :—:— | s : f : m
r | d : d : d | d : — : d | m :—:— | m : r : d
s | s : s : s | s : — : s | s :—:— | s : s : s
d | d : d : d | d : — : d | d :—:— | d : d : d

me down where the grass is green, mo - ther, Be-

—: r | d :—: r | m :—:— | —:—: s.f | m : m :m | m :—: m
—: t, | l, :—: t, | d :—:— | —:—: m.r | d : d :d | d :—: d
—: s | s :—: s | s :—:— | —:—: s.s | s : s :s | s :—: s
—: s, | s, :—: s, | d :—:— | —:—: d.d | d : d :d | d :—: d

h the wil - low shade, Where the murmuring winds will

—:— | s : f : m | r :—: r | m :—: r | d :—:— | —:—
—:— | m : r : d | t, :—: t, | d :—: t, | d :—:— | —:—
—:— | s : s : s | s :—: s | s :—: f | m :—:— | —:—
—:— | d : d : d | s, :—: s, | s, :—: s, | d :—:— | —:—

m, mo-ther, The wreck that death has made.

Chorus.

: l : l | d' :—: l | s :—:— | m : : s | f :—: f
: f : f | l :—: f | m :—:— | d : : m | r :—: r
: d : d | d :—: d | d :—:— | d : : d | t, :—: t,
: f, : f, | f, :—: f, | d, :—:— | d, : : d, | s, :—: s,

· ry me in the morn - ing, And mourn not

:— : m | r :—:— | —:—: s.f | m :—: m | f : m : f
:— : d | t, :—:— | —:—: m.r | d :—: d | r : d : r
:— : d | s :—:— | —:—: s.s | s :—: s | s : s : s
:— : s, | s, :—:— | —:—: s,.s, | d :—: d | t, : d : t,

my loss, For I'll join the beau - ti - ful

:—:— | l :—: f | m : m : m | r :—: r | d :—:— | —:—
:—:— | d :—: r | d : d : d | t, :—: t, | d :—:— | —:—
:—:— | f :—: l | s : s : s | s :—: f | m :—:— | —:—
:—:— | f, :—: f, | s, : s, : s, | s, :—: s, | d :—:— | —:—

- my That car - ried the Sa - viour's cross.

CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE OAKS COLLIERY EXPLOSION.—An official statement shows that 351 lives were lost by the colliery explosion near Barnsley, December 12th, 1866; and it is thought probable that there were one or two volunteers killed whose names have not yet been ascertained. Of the 75 brought out of the pit only five are now alive. There are, therefore, 276 bodies now in the pit, and a considerable time must elapse before any attempt can be made to explore the workings. On Sunday evening, December 30th, a sermon was preached by the Rev. A. Worsnop, in our chapel, Barnsley, for the comfort of the bereaved widows, orphans, and friends of the deceased, who suddenly fell by the above explosion. During the service, reference was made to several excellent young men who had fallen by the explosion, and short biographical sketches were read of a few of them; but as George Smith took a prominent part in the Primitive Methodist Sabbath-school and society at Barnsley, he was more known than the others; and therefore a request was made to print the sketch of him that was read in the above service. George Smith was a native of Cudworth, near Barnsley, and about 29 years of age. Like many others, in the early part of his life he wandered from the central point of bliss, and eagerly pursued earthly pleasures; but ordinary pleasures could not satisfy his feverish mind. He enlisted into the army, and was exposed to a variety of dangers in the battle-field during the Crimean war. Though thousands fell before the roaring cannon and glittering spears, yet George Smith was shielded in the day of battle, and allowed to return to his fatherland. After the conquest of Sebastapol, and the subjugation of the Russians, the British soldiers returned to their own country, and brother Smith, having obtained his freedom from the army, came to reside at Barnsley. Here, as a lodger, he was kindly entertained by Mrs. Clegg, and he found her daughter to be a likely person to make him a suitable companion for life, and, in due time, they were happily united in marriage. Then he became more settled, and, in company with his wife, began to attend the house of God. Divine truth flashed into his mind. He saw and felt himself to be a guilty sinner ready to perish. He earnestly sought the mercy of God, and, through the blood of Jesus, obtained the forgiveness of all his sins. Having now decided to devote himself to the service of God, he joined the Primitive Methodists, and became an active and useful member of the society. Soon his excellences were seen in the church. First he became a Sabbath-school teacher, then a superintendent of the boys' school. For this office he seemed to be particularly adapted, and he won the respect of the teachers and scholars. About three months before his death, he was appointed a class leader. In this department of God's service he was very successful;—"he allured to brighter worlds, and led the way." He was not only adapted, but ready, for every good work. His musical voice was heard in the Sabbath-school, in the prayer and band meetings, and in the public congregations. Yea, his full heart could not be confined within the limits of God's sacred house; his voice was heard sounding the praises of God in the streets, and in the market-place, in connection with the public worship of God. The night previous to the explosion, he attended Mr. G. Holling's class, and spoke of the joy of religion, and of his future home, while his countenance was lighted up with heavenly joy. And on the morning of the fatal accident, he left home singing the praises of God; and, no doubt, when he descended the pit shaft he would repeat his favourite lines—

"In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning has begun."

ould we have beheld him in the struggle, we should have wit- his triumphant flight from the nine to the brightness of eternal nd from his earthly associates to mpany of saints and angels in radise of God.

appy, happy land, in thee
s the unveiled divinity;
ling thro' each adoring breast
y calm, a halcyon rest;
hose blest souls whom death did sever,
met to mingle joys for ever.
soon may heaven unclose to me!
may I soon that glory see!
ny faint, weary spirit stand
n that happy, happy land!"

A. WORSNOP.

OPENING OF BRADSHAW LANE EL, HALIFAX CIRCUIT.—This of worship was first opened in 1865, an account of which was hed in the following October Magazine. Last September it losed for the purpose of being ighly cleaned, painted, and fin- inside, which occasioned an out- about £70. The society and s, deeming it advisable to raise mount thus expended, and there- prevent an addition of debt to incipal, set to work in good t to canvass the neighbourhood scriptions, and they succeeded ging £16. The re-opening ser- were begun on Saturday, Octo- 'th, 1866, with a tea meeting, upwards of 250 partook of the things provided. After tea, a profitable and deeply interesting meeting was held in the chapel, ed over by John Crossley, Esq., of x, and addressed by Henry bent, Esq., of Bradshaw, Mr. J. er, of Bradshaw Lane, and the t Ministers. On the following th, October 28th, two interest- discourses were delivered to ed congregations by Mr. Henry and Mr. John Sutcliffe, both of x. At both the services the ce and power of God were y felt. On Lord's-day, Novem- h, the services were resumed, ro powerful and impressive ser- were preached by Mr. John Hor- Littlebury. The total proceeds e services, including the £16 and a donation of £10 from Messrs. H. and B. Broadbent, of Bradshaw, amounted to the noble sum of £45. This was £25 less than the expenditure. But the friends determined not to rest until every farthing of the expenditure was forthcoming. They, therefore, made a second effort, which, we are happy to say, was a real success. We must here say that they were greatly encouraged by a promise of one half the deficiency from John Crossley, Esq., on condition they would raise the other half before the end of 1866. To secure this generous offer, they set to work again, and on Saturday, December 22nd, held another tea meeting, when about 100 sat down. The trays were gratuitously provided. After tea, the Rev. A. McKechnie delivered one of his spicy lectures, entitled "Sugar Candy for Spoiled Husbands." The amount realised by the second effort, including a donation of £6 from Edward Ackroyd, Esq., M.P., of Halifax, more than reached the sum required. The chapel is now an ornament to the neighbourhood, an honour to the society, and a credit to the Connexion. Our warmest thanks are due, and most cordially given, to the above-named gentlemen for their very liberal donations, to those persons who gave trays, and to all our kind friends who have in any way assisted in this praiseworthy effort. But we most devoutly thank our Heavenly Father.

J. SPENSLEY.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS, BRIERLEY HILL STATION.—The last of our Missionary Meetings for the year 1866 was held on Sunday, December 30th, and now we are prompted to record with gratitude what has been done, so that we may stimulate our friends to renewed exertions on behalf of a cause so good and God-like. With pleasure we report that the pecuniary yield of the year's missionary meetings far surpassed that of any former year, being the goodly sum of £132 16s. 5d., the whole of which, save local expenses, has been sent to the Mission Fund. I may say of all the places that they have done nobly, but of Cradley Heath we say "it excelled them all," the amount raised by that church, a

village society, being £35 9s. 2½d. Other wheels in the Circuit's operations, we are thankful to state, are moving with equal speed; souls are being saved, and we are panting and praying for a general revival of religion. *Ebenezer* is our *note* for the past, and *Excelsior* our *motto* for the future. May the great Spirit establish the work of our hands.

JOHN GUEST.

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

ELEANOR JANE CRAINE was born in the parish of Kirk Marown, Isle of Man, on the 18th of May, 1837, and died at Douglas, on the 2nd of January, 1866, in the 29th year of her age. In early life she was the subject of religious impressions. Her mother was a very pious woman, and strove to train her children up in the way they should go. Eleanor Jane was inclined to serve the Lord from a child, but did not obtain the blessing of pardon until she was about 19 years of age. A few days before her conversion to God she stood by the side of a dying sister, and made a promise that she would meet her sister in heaven. In three days after her sister's death she attended a class meeting, and there received the forgiveness of her sins. From that time she became a consistent member of our society in Douglas. She made a practice of spending one hour every Sabbath afternoon in visiting the sick and dying; and would frequently carry with her a few earthly comforts for those who were in difficult circumstances. Her friends would sometimes say to her, "You give too much to the poor, more than your circumstances will allow," to which she would reply, "I have a generous heart, and shall never want." She believed that those who gave to the poor were only lending to the Lord, and this she proved to be the case, for she had always plenty, and to spare. She was a warm supporter of the temperance cause in Douglas, and a pledged teetotaler for more than fifteen years. She was also a warm supporter of the "Primitive Methodist Benevolent Society:" indeed, she felt a pleasure in helping, so far as her means would allow, all good and useful institutions. She was a noble example, and it would be well if our young females in different parts of the Connexion would follow her as she followed Christ. While health permitted, she was very regular in her attendance at the means of grace, especially her class meeting, and when she was unable to go to it, on account of affliction, the class was held at her mother's house. She was the subject of severe affliction for nearly twelve months before her death, and during the whole of that time she was never heard to murmur or wish her sufferings less; but she frequently expressed her belief that the Lord would not lay more upon her then he would enable her to bear. It was a great pleasure to visit her as she lay upon her bed of suffering, to witness her calmness in prospect of death. As she lay upon her pillow she would frequently sing those beautiful lines:

"My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine;
For thee all the follies of sin I resign:
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou:—
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

As she drew nearer to her journey's end she was frequently visited by the members and friends, and always expressed her readiness to die. A few hours before she breathed her last, I

by her bed-side, and I shall not orget the heavenly smile that upon her countenance. I read 3rd Psalm, and whilst reading explaining it, she exclaimed sev-imes, "Yea, though I walk h the valley of the shadow of I will fear no evil," &c. Whilst ed with her, I felt it to be like begun on earth. "Oh!" she I am on the rock, I know in I have believed. Glory, " "I shall soon be with my aviour." In this state of mind ntinued until the end; and ten es before she died, in the pre- of her aged mother and her r and a few others, she lifted nds, and clasping them together "Sweet Jesus, sweet Jesus." were her dying words. Thus ed, leaving a bright testimony l, that she was going to be with whom she had so ardently loved ten years. May her aged r and the rest of the family meet heaven.

R. MIDDLETON.

NNAH ROUND was born at Old- Worcestershire, August 10th, She was early sent to the Wes- Sunday-school, which she at- l for several years, and where she appointed teacher of the first class of girls, when about 17 years e. At a revival service held at rimitive Methodist chapel, Old- she was led to see her state as a ; and to cast her soul on the atone- of Christ. She then joined our y and became a teacher in the ith-school. She loved her scho- nd endeavoured to bring them to . She also tried to adorn the ne of Christ by a holy and devout About two years before she died ith seemed to waver a little, yet ord never left her. On the loss larling child she seemed to be- more earnest for the kingdom. ne occasion, when a friend called her, she said, "I am glad you come; I feel so happy, I have he glory down here, and I wanted one to share it." During her llness she was visited frequently er leader and friends, and she could say, "I have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." She fell asleep in Jesus at Hart's Hill, January 7th, 1866, in the 26th year of her age, and the ninth of her pilgrim-age to Zion, leaving a husband and two children to mourn their loss.

J. CHARLES.

ELIZA ANN FOSTER was born in the parish of Holbeck, in 1848. A short time subsequent to her birth, her parents removed to the town of Wake-field, where they have since continued to reside. In early life Eliza was led by her mother to our Sunday-school, which was then under the superin-tendency of Brother Carr. It was while attending the Sabbath-school that the good seed was sown in her heart, which, under the influence of the means of grace, afterwards yielded the peaceable fruits of good living. She evinced great aptitude in the re-ception and retention of instruction. She attended the school as a pupil, until she was considered qualified to convey instruction to others, when she was appointed a teacher. Her love for the school was very strong, and sometimes when required by her mother to absent herself, she mani-fested her reluctance to do so by shed-ding tears. In early life she was con-vinced of her danger as a sinner, and of her duty to live in compliance with the requisitions of the Divine will; but she was not brought into the posses-sion of peace with God until the death of her brother, who was suddenly re-moved from earthly life. At the close of a sermon, preached as an improve-ment of his sudden death, by the Rev. H. Crabtree, Eliza found mercy by the exercise of faith in the blood of the Lamb; after which she along with her mother and youngest sister, became members of Brother Seal's class. The time at which this class of believers met together was always regarded by her with great interest, she being accustomed to call it her "sweet hour of fellowship and prayer;" and only a short time before her early removal, she urgently re-quested her friends to carry her to the place of meeting. Already had the hand of the Destroyer enclosed her in

its grasp; evidences of the existence of a pulmonary disorder exhibited themselves, and her constitution soon decayed. She, however, was enabled to bear her affliction with remarkable patience and resignation, and when informed that there was not the faintest possibility of a recovery, she was heard to say, "That earth with all its beauties appeared but as a desert, when compared with the Better Country to which she was going." On the 28th of August, 1865, the symptoms of approaching death made their appearance. About four minutes before her departure, her father asked her if she was ready to go, when she replied that she was, and shortly afterwards her spirit was freed from its cumbersome load and soared to its everlasting rest. Aged 16 years.

J. Dodsworth, Jun.

Mrs. Hannah Hitchens was born at Hollyhead, in the parish of Coedcanlas, Pembrokeshire, 1795. She was of an amiable disposition, and strictly moral in her deportment, but remained a stranger to vital godliness until about twelve months after her marriage (1817), when she was convinced that "by the deeds of the law" she could not be justified, and that without a saving interest in Christ she must perish eternally. She therefore sought and found pardon through faith in his precious blood and righteousness, and "received the spirit of adoption," whereby she was enabled to cry "*Abba, Father.*" Her husband also was converted at the same time, and they at once united in church fellowship with the Calvinistic Methodist Society, and adorned their Christian profession by a holy life and conversation. In the relations of wife and mother, sister Hitchens sought carefully to fulfil her duties, and to train her children in the principles of virtue and religion. Her earnest desire was to see them walking in wisdom's ways, and becoming honourable and useful members of the Christian Church. For this end she set them a good example, taught them pure precepts, and prayed fervently that the Divine blessing might rest upon them. Her efforts and prayers have been crowned in the salvation of nearly all her children, some of whom were taken to heaven before her, and others are still faithfully serving God on earth. She had her full share of sorrow and trial. Her husband was afflicted and unable to follow his employment for fifteen years, and for many years was a confirmed invalid. During this long domestic affliction she had the whole weight of the farming business and the care of a large family on her hands. But in the midst of all she murmured not. Her heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord. Her husband died in the Lord, 1843. About three years after she was again plunged into the sorrows of bereavement by the untimely death of one of her sons, 24 years of age, who, with about forty more, was drowned in a coal pit; the sea broke in and filled the pit, and the bodies could not be recovered. Happily he was prepared to meet his end. Nevertheless, this was a terrible stroke to his dear mother, and she keenly felt the pang of separation in so sudden and unexpected a manner. But the arm of Omnipotence sustained her, and she was enabled to bow to the rod and say, "Thy will be done." About eleven years and a half ago she came to reside among her children at Dowlais, Merthyr Tydvil Station, and finding that they attended our chapel and that some of them were members, she too, joined the society; and she remained a faithful and devoted member until her death. It was evident to all that she was a person of deep-toned piety. Her experience in the class meeting was sound, clear, and scriptural. She made steady, constant progress in the Divine life. In September, 1865, she was taken ill with asthma, and thence continued very poorly, unable to attend the means of grace. She had a presentiment that her end was near, and she sometimes talked familiarly of death. To her he had lost his sting, and had been disrobed of his gloomy pall. On Thursday, January 18th, 1866, she was attacked with bronchitis in one of its direst forms, and at her great age she rapidly sank under so dreadful a malady. In four days it terminated her mortal existence. During her short affliction she was visited by several members and friends, to all

m she expressed her confidence
ist. She was quite calm and
il; her spirit was in communion
he Saviour, and she seemed to
its on the verge of heaven." The
visited her two days before her
and found her happy in the
patiently waiting until her
should come. When he quo-
words of Paul, "For we know
our earthly house of this taber-
were dissolved," she exclaimed,
ave a building of God, a house
de with hands, eternal in the
s." She continued in this
frame of mind until Tuesday
g, January 23rd, when her
washed spirit escaped from the
icle of flesh, and winged its
the mansions of glory. May
rviving relatives, with the rea-
d writer meet her at last in
R. BARRON.

AMBROSE A. ARCHER was born at
gton, near Lynn, Norfolk. He
prived of a mother's care when
ro years of age. His father,
as a labouring man, was then
th seven children, five of them
ling entirely upon his earnings
ir support. The father being
lar attendant at the Established
, young Ambrose was regularly
thither also, until he was thir-
ears of age. He then sought
tained his father's permission to
the Primitive Methodist Sab-
hool. There the seed of truth
own in his mind, though the
lid not appear until some few
had elapsed. From very early
he had a very strong desire to
ea. At fifteen years of age his
was granted. He met with a
ailor on board, who often spoke
of Jesus; but when this good
ft the vessel, Ambrose heard no
of the Saviour for upwards of
ears, and during that time he
d deeply into sin. But the hand
cy was upon him. While in
rt of Dantzic, in 1861, he fell
he topmast. This narrow escape
eath caused him to think, for a
of his soul's eternal welfare.
again resisted the Spirit, in-
in sin, and his good desires left
him. Shortly after this, changing vessels, he was employed by a very pious, devoted captain, who was the means of leading him and many others to the Saviour. On the 21st of February, 1861, at the usual time of prayer, whilst the captain was pleading with heaven, the power of God laid hold of our departed brother in such a manner that, he said, "I trembled so that I could not hold a limb still." He also said, "I felt myself a guilty sinner in the sight of God. I prayed that night, and the next night, but found no peace; but on the third night my soul was set at liberty; such liberty I had never known before. I had always thought that religion bound people down to this and the other; but bless the Lord I found it set me at perfect liberty. Soon after I was converted, all the ship's crew were made partakers of the grace of God, and ofttimes we sung—

'With Christ in the vessel, we'll smile at the storm."'

As a Christian, our brother enjoyed much of the smile of God. He has left on record short accounts of many happy seasons which he enjoyed among God's people in the different ports where duty led him, especially Newcastle-on-Tyne, Shields, Yarmouth, Hull, Grimsby, and one or two places in France. And these records also distinctly mark the deep yearnings of his soul for the blessing of full salvation. He came to reside at New Shoreham, in the Brighton Station, more than two years ago. When he came here he brought with him a good credential, together with a highly recommendatory letter from his beloved captain; and his conduct bore witness to the truthfulness of the character given him. Many of our friends speak highly of the depth and richness of his Christian experience, and of the Divine influence which came down upon the meetings when he spoke. The officials on our station saw in him talents for usefulness, and hence they caused his name to appear on the plan as a prayer leader. But while "man proposes God disposes." Our brother was not long to take part in the good

work. Consumption laid hold of his mortal frame, and for more than twelve months he was laid aside. He bore his long illness with Christian fortitude, giving evidence that the religion which had supported him amidst the persecutions of active life, was equally able to support him in sickness and death. The writer, in all his visits to him, found him resting upon the Rock of ages, and death found him in the same calm, confident, happy state, and released him from this mortal clay, on the 9th of February, 1866, in the 23rd year of his age. He has left a young and sorrowing widow to mourn his loss.

G. CLARK.

JOHN TAYLOR, class leader, of Lympit Hill, in the Oswestry Circuit, exchanged mortality for life, February 10th, 1866, aged 65 years. Some twenty-four years ago he came to reside at Lympit Hill, and he at once became the leader of our society there; and sustained the office with great earnestness, faithfulness, and acceptability up to the time of his death. His conduct was exemplary, and such as becometh the Gospel of Christ. He felt deeply for the welfare of the cause generally, and especially of the society of which he had the oversight; so much so, that he was often moved to shed tears, and spend much time in secret earnest prayer for its prosperity. He was firmly attached to the Connexion and its institutions, the language of his heart and frequently of his lips was, "This people shall be my people, and their God my God." Although old age and the accumulating weight of years had been sometime perceptibly pressing him, yet his removal was somewhat sudden. Up to February the 2nd, he followed his usual calling, but on that day he was taken suddenly ill, and his sufferings continued till the 10th, when he entered into eternal rest.

J. K. LEE.

A PRAYER FOR THE POOR.

O thou who stir'st the northern blast,
Awak'st the eastern gale,
Giv'st sweetness to the balmy south,
Or bid'st the west wind wail:

Whose light'nings blaze the world around,
Whose thunders rend the air,
God of the terrible and grand,
The PRESENT everywhere:—

We own thy power, thy goodness bless,
Thy mercy we adore;
And since thou deign'st to answer pray'r,
We pray thee bless the poor!

Cold blows the wind across the land,
Death rides upon the blast;
The poor complain; their Keeper be
Until its rage be past.

Urge not the tempest's smiting breath,
Bid milder skies look down:
Be near to help the helpless ones—
O keep them as *thine own!*

CHARLES HOWCROFT.

IMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL, STAVELEY, KENDAL CIRCUIT.

STAVELEY was missioned by our people in 1832, and a change was speedily observable in the place. Having worshipped some time in a cottage, in 1834 a humble chapel was built. has undergone several alterations, but being unsuitably situated, and onvenient for ministers and hearers, a chapel more suitable was con-ered a necessity. Application was therefore made to R. W. Buckley, q., who kindly offered an eligible site, upon which we have erected a utiful gothic structure, an engraving of which is given above. The perty is freehold, and conveyed to the connexion as per Model Deed, l is to be insured soon in the connexional Insurance institution. e building is a substantial stone one; the chapel being 40 t long, 27 feet wide, and 18 feet high; and the school room 25 feet g, 19 feet wide, and 16 feet high. As the ground is near the river, secure the building from damp the floor is laid 6 feet above the ndation. The interior is well fitted with pews of modern style, has open roof, and is well ventilated. There is an elegant platform rounded by turned balusters and capped by a mahogany rail, with a gers' pew in front. The whole of the wood-work is stained and

varnished. The partition between the chapel and the school room is a large freestone arch, so that without difficulty the school room is open to the congregation when required. Arrangements have been made for lighting with gas, so soon as a gas house, which is in contemplation, has been built in the village. The chapel will seat about 200 persons, and the school room 100. The premises are enclosed by a boundary wall, with iron palisading in front. A portion of the ground at each end, as well as at the back and front of the building, has been neatly planted with shrubs and a variety of handsome flowers, and the whole is an ornament to the town and a credit to the society.

The opening services of this beautiful sanctuary were held as follow:— On Sunday, September 30th, 1866, the Rev. H. Phillips, of Gateshead, preached morning and evening, and Mr. W. Thornton, of Kendal, in the Afternoon. A lecture on "Wedded Life" was delivered by Rev. H. Phillips on the following evening; the chair being taken by Mr. W. Musgrove, of Kendal. On Sunday, October 7th, sermons were preached by Rev. J. Macpherson, of Manchester, in the morning and evening. Master H. Taylor, of Darlington, preaching in the afternoon. A public tea took place on Tuesday 9th, at which 400 persons sat down. The meeting afterwards was presided over by R. W. Buckley, Esq., and addressed by Revs. W. Nicolls, (Independent), W. Taylor, (Evangelical Union), J. Walker, (Wesleyan), H. G. Wallace, (U. Presbyterian), J. Macpherson, J. Warnes, W. H. Alcock, and R. M. Somervell, Esq. Overflowing numbers attended the services, and the excellent sermons and addresses were listened to with attention, and highly appreciated. The entire cost, including gratuitous labour, is £860 4s. 5d., towards which we have raised by subscriptions, collections, tea parties, and sale of old chapel, £683 2s. 8d., leaving a debt of only £177 1s. 9d. We have borrowed on note of hand £150 at 4½ per cent. In the undertaking we have been liberally helped. Owing to the situation a great deal of work had to be done by way of excavating and filling up, all of which was gratuitously performed by the friends of the cause. Miles Thompson, Esq., of Kendal, architect, made the plans and specifications, and superintended the erection, free of charge; R. W. Buckley, Esq., of London, solicitor, made the deeds and paid for the enrolment, and generously presented £155; R. M. Somervell, Esq., of Windermere, gave £10; Chadwick and Co., £10; Mr. M. Taylor, of Staveley, £10; Joseph Crossley, Esq., of Halifax, £5; S. Gawith, E. Cockshutt, W. Rhodes, J. J. Wilson, W. Wilson, E. Whitwell, T. Richardson, J. Rhodes, Esqrs., all of Kendal, £5 each; Mr. W. Newby and Mr. J. Jackson, of Staveley, £5 each; thirteen persons, £2 each; thirty-four,

£1 each; collected by cards in small sums, £25 11s. 3d.; opening services, £61 12s. 4d.

To the above we tender our sincerest thanks, and to all who have in any way assisted, while to God, the giver of all, we would ascribe devout gratitude and praise, praying that, at the day of final audit many may have to date the beginning of their christian life from the services held in this noble building. Most of the seats in the chapel are already let.

JAMES WARNES,
W. H. ALCOCK.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY ON BIBLE TEXTS.

FOR EACH SABBATH IN APRIL.

1ST SABBATH. Psalm xxxi. 15. "*For I have heard the slander of many.*" We have read in a Bible Dictionary that "*slander*" is "a charging one falsely with faults, or rehearsing his real faults with a bad end, and without a proper call, and it is most ordinarily done when the persons charged are absent, and proceeds from hatred of their persons or envy of their excellences." With this definition of "*slander*" we coincide, because it is the same in substance that the word of God gives. And what a common thing "*slander*" is. All our readers have heard it, and we fear that many of them have been guilty of it at some time and to some extent. And how prevalent it is even amongst *professed* friends. The wise man in the Book of Proverbs, vi. chap., enumerates it amongst those things which are an abomination unto the Lord. And in the Pentateuch it is ranked amongst things forbidden by the Lord and his servants. In Leviticus it is spoken of as "*tale-bearing.*" Solomon speaks of it as "*Babbling.*" David mentions it as "*a deceitful work.*" Jeremiah speaks of it as "*defaming.*" St. James represents it as judging uncharitably. And St. Paul seems to have understood it as "*tattling, evil surmising, whispering,* and *backbiting.*" And God's people in all ages of the world have suffered from it. Leaders in our churches, ministers of the Gospel, and even the most pious of the flock of Christ, have had to endure it. Nay, Christ himself suffered from it. It is one of those things to be found in the treasury of an evil heart. Some persons spend a vast amount of their time in attending to this evil work—hence St. Paul speaks of some in his day who "learnt to be idle, wandering about from

house to house, and not only idle, but tattlers also and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not." One writer says, "That meals and fellowship are seasoned with slander, as if men had got their tongues for no other end but to speak evil of their neighbours." And how true is this. The slander of many is practised in private conversation, when better things ought to engage the mind and the tongue. But whoever may give themselves to it, Christians ought to stand aloof from it. Hypocrites may stand charged with it, but followers of Christ ought to shun the appearance of it, for it is a characteristic of the devil. And one writer observes that the name "*slanderer*" is the same in the *Greek* as that of "*devil*;" it therefore follows that as Christians profess to renounce the works of the devil, they *must* renounce this work. If we had space and time here we could tell a thousand evils which have resulted from slander. For instances read the following chapters in the Bible:—1 Kings xxi. Dan. iii. 2 Sam. xvi. Gen. xxxi. Ezra. iv. Jer. xxxviii. Dan. vi. 1 Sam. 22. Acts xxiv. Matt. xxvi. Mark xv. Acts vi. Acts xvii. Esther iii. 2 Sam. x. &c. Let all our readers remember what is recorded in Matt. xii. 36, "Every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgement."

2nd SABBATH. John viii. 29. "*I do always those things that please him.*" So said Jesus when speaking of his own conduct in the sight of his heavenly Father; but the world has never produced a mere man who under all circumstances, during his whole lifetime, could truthfully say these words in reference to himself. If we are to judge from what our eyes behold, either in the city, the town, the village, the hamlet, the street, the workshop, the market-place, or by the fire-side, the great object of the majority of mankind is first to please themselves—indeed this seems to be their only aim. If they can achieve *honour, fame, learning, respect* and *wealth* for themselves they are well pleased. It is true that we can find many who try to please other persons as well as themselves, but how very small is the number of those who try to please their Creator and the constant bestower of all the blessings they possess, whether of a temporal or a spiritual nature. Man's first business, his highest aim and his constant object should be to please God. As a man, possessing both body and soul, Christ pleased his Father in all things and always. Do we meet with him working miracles, or preaching the Gospel, it was to please his father as well as to do human bodies physical good, and to instruct the ignorant in spiritual things. Christ has therefore left us an example of endeavouring to do those things which are well pleasing before God. If we set the Lord always before us, then we shall ever aim to do his will, and in doing his will we shall enjoy his

"favour, which is better than life." We should seek to please God by our thoughts, words, and actions, both in public and in private. "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight." Such should be our daily prayer. With this petition on our lips and in our hearts, we should go to our regular employment daily. If such a course were pursued by all professors of Christianity, what evil speaking would be avoided—what murmurings and complainings would be silenced in our families, our streets, and our churches. Let our readers remember that "This is the love of God that we keep his commandments," and "He that doeth the will of God abideth for ever," even as Christ lives for ever; for to his people everywhere he says, "Because I live ye shall live also." Then whatever it may cost you to please God, determine to please him—even though earth and hell may oppose you with all their might.

"Then let the hurricane roar,
It will the sooner be o'er,
We'll weather the blast and land at last
Safe on the evergreen shore."

3rd SABBATH. Heb. xi. 5. "*He had this testimony that he pleased God.*" Yes, a mere man, a mortal man, a man travelling to eternity, going to heaven through this wilderness of sin and woe, was furnished by God himself with evidence of the fact that he had the Divine approval. This man was Enoch, the seventh from Adam. Although he lived in a sinful world he hated sin. Though many of his earthly associates were ungodly, he strove to "magnify the Lord and to exalt his name," and by Divine grace he overcame evil, surmounted difficulties, and triumphed over opposing hellish and earthly influences. Observe—

Enoch strove to please God. He was bent upon being religious—he determined to live to God. And it is only by a firm resolution that man can serve God in this present world. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence," &c.

Enoch strove to please God continually. With him, serving God was every-day work. Seven days a-week, and twenty-four hours to the day, did he live to God and honour his religious profession. And nothing less than every-day Christianity can fit mankind for the trials of life and prepare them for an endless life of happiness hereafter.

Enoch knew that he pleased God. For "he had this testimony that he pleased God." The Lord made him conscious of the fact by giving him the Holy Spirit to witness to his spirit that such was the case. And it is by the operation of the same spirit on the human heart that God's

people everywhere now know that they are new creatures in Christ Jesus. "For the Spirit itself beareth witness," &c. Rom. viii. 16.

Let all our readers then copy the example of Enoch, and strive to please God—by a life of holiness, a life of devotedness to his cause and work. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate," it may cost you much pain and anxiety of mind, but never mind: "Lay hold on eternal life." God and truth are on the side of the followers of good, therefore we would urge you to run the way of his commandments, and "so run that ye may obtain" an endless crown, a palm of victory, a robe of righteousness, and an everlasting mansion in the celestial regions. "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." Let us earnestly pray—

"Lord, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine:
May all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine."

4th SABBATH. Romans viii. 8. "*They that are in the flesh cannot please God.*" To be "in the flesh" here signifies to be in a state of sin, and in this state of enmity against God it is impossible to do God's will, consequently impossible to please him. Those who are in sin are the servants of Satan, and as no man can serve two masters, it follows that we cannot serve God and mammon. Those who "are in the flesh" live under the influences of the flesh; the course they take, the way they pursue is evil in itself, evil in its tendency, and evil in its design and end. What careth the wicked man about pleasing God? Nothing. He "receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can we know them, because they are spiritually discerned." If we want a few specimens of real hatred to God, let us examine the conduct of Pharoah, or investigate the case of Herod's conduct towards the Saviour at his birth; or turn our attention to some of the vile persecutors of Christians who have lived during a portion of the last 1866 years. We refer more especially to such persons as Nero, Domitian, Trojan, &c. And though hatred to God and ignorance of Divine things do not exist in the hearts of the ungodly everywhere to the same extent, yet in all souls unsaved by Divine grace these things are to be found, and they are detestable in the sight of the Lord. Wonder not then at the impossibility of the wicked being able to please God, for as sin is contrary to his nature he cannot regard it with the least interest, and he says to mankind, as individuals, as well as nations, "Do not that abominable thing that I hate,"—meaning sin,—sin under any name. It therefore follows that if we would please God, sin must be

repented of, prayer must be offered for its pardon, and the heart must be sprinkled with the precious blood of atonement—the "blood of Jesus Christ" which "cleanseth from all unrighteousness." And realising this blessing, we must enter heartily into God's service; not only must we give ourselves to the Lord, but to his people, to live and labour and die with them.

"Thee Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
May we by Faith receive;
And henceforth die to all below,
And to Thee only live."

WILLIAM BIRKS.

A STRANGE INCIDENT.

INCREDIBLE as the following facts may appear, they may be relied on as undoubtedly authentic.

A mighty prince appointed a set day on which to give audience to his subjects. He caused proclamation to be made that as many as chose might attend, and freely present their petitions. At the same time it was intimated that the business to be transacted on the day of meeting was of the utmost importance, both to themselves and to the whole empire.

When the day arrived, many there were who went to the hall of audience; but still more refused to go, and satisfied themselves with ridiculing and reviling the loyal subjects of the prince as they passed along. If this conduct was strange on the part of those who disobeyed the king's commandment, that of many who entered the hall of audience was not less strange and disloyal; for they made not even the least preparation to appear in the royal presence—they sought no introduction—they took with them no petition — they offered no homage to the monarch, nor even looked towards his throne, but gazed around them with the most indifferent air, observing rather the conduct of their fellow-subjects than anxious to turn the golden opportunity to their own advantage. All this it must be confessed was strange, but the incident about to be mentioned is yet more remarkable.

Among those who appeared in the hall of audience was a wretched criminal in chains and under a strong guard. This criminal had once been a favourite of the prince, and employed in his service; but he had

been detected in repeated acts of treason and rebellion: for which offences he had been arraigned at the bar of justice, tried, proved guilty, and sentenced to death. He now only awaited the moment of execution. It rested wholly with the prince, in whose presence he now stood, either to show his justice by dooming him to immediate death, or his clemency by commanding the prisoner's fetters to be struck off and by proclaiming his free pardon.

And how, think you, did this wretched traitor conduct himself at this awful crisis? Did he tremble? Did he fall at the feet of his sovereign and cry for mercy? Did he earnestly implore the forgiveness of his treasonable offences and the revocation of the fearful sentence which had gone forth against him? No! None of these. As soon as he entered the hall of audience, he showed symptoms of hardened indifference and ill-timed levity. One of the king's officers read from the court-records the bill of indictment against him, which enumerated all his guilty treasons, but he smiled in derision. Another became his advocate, not indeed to justify or palliate his crimes, but to implore the exercise of royal clemency in his favour. Meanwhile the prisoner, instead of joining in the request, inclined his head, folded his arms, and sank into a deep sleep. A royal herald was at length commissioned to make this wretched criminal, in the name of his offended prince, the offer of a free pardon; but in vain,—not a syllable of the proclamation was heard—his senses continued locked up in sleep, and the season of mercy passed away! Some of the officers of the court, moved by pity for the insensible, deluded wretch, endeavoured to arouse him, but in vain—he still "slumbered and slept!" The personal attendants of the prince looked down on this spectacle with astonishment and indignation; and, jealous for the honour of their master, seemed almost ready to invoke his vengeance. At length the prince arose from his seat with awful majesty; with the voice of authority, he summoned into his presence his ministers of justice, and gave them their commission: "Bind him, hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness, there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."

Reader! hast thou ever wilfully and deliberately slept in the house of God—slept under the faithful ministry of the Gospel? If so, "Thou art the man!" Thus hast thou profaned the sanctuary of the Most High; treated with contempt his overtures of mercy, and insulted in "his own courts" the Majesty of heaven and earth. O, beware! beware, lest in righteous indignation he pronounce, in terms like these, thy final, thine eternal doom. "Slumber on, O sinner, unconscious of thy danger, till death and destruction overtake thee. Slumber on, till awakened by the archangel's trumpet, and the terrors of the judgment day. Slumber on, till that awful hour arrive, in which devils shall be commissioned to *drag thee* down to the regions of everlasting despair."

But before this tremendous decree go forth, let him that is "at ease in Zion," listen to the voice of friendly expostulation. Consider, I beseech you, where, and in whose presence you indulge these guilty slumbers. Seldom is it seen that the man of business falls asleep in the midst of his worldly occupations; or the man of pleasure in the hours of convivial enjoyment, and while surrounded by his associates in iniquity. To fall asleep amidst the social circle is deemed an act of inexcusable rudeness; wilfully and deliberately to indulge in sleep in the presence of a superior, and especially of an earthly sovereign, would be resented as a gross insult; and is it nothing thus to treat him before whom devils tremble, in whose august presence angels and archangels veil their faces, whose eyes are as a flame of fire: at the very moment, too, in which he is condescending to address to you the overtures of mercy, and when his ministers are inviting, entreating, commanding you to be reconciled to God?

Consider, too, in what circumstances of imminent and appalling danger you are sleeping; how much is at stake, while you are wasting in guilty slumbers moments and opportunities which can never return. If but a small portion of your worldly property is endangered, you have many anxious days and sleepless nights; if any temporal calamity is dreaded by you, sleep departs from your eyelids, even though the powers of nature are exhausted by fatigue; if you apprehend the death of a near and beloved relative, affection prompts you, night after night, to watch beside the bed of sickness. But think, seriously think, O sleeper, that thy soul is at stake—heaven or hell, eternal happiness or endless woe, are the questions at issue! This hour, nay, this moment, thy soul may be required of thee—the door of mercy shut against thee, the blackness and darkness of despair await thee—and yet thou sleepest! Even now the wrath and curse of God impend over thee—the tempest, heavily charged with Divine vengeance, is gathering around thee—"the axe is laid to the root of the tree," and the sentence may go forth in an instant, "Cut it down, why cumbers it the ground;" and yet thou sleepest! "What meanest thou, O sleeper! arise, call upon thy God, if haply he will have mercy on thee, and thou perish not."

The hour is not far distant when you will sleep in death. We hear much of the shortness of human life, yet how many expedients do men devise to render it still shorter! Surely the thoughtless sinner has no reason to be so prodigal of life, for it must soon end in the sleep of death, or rather, in the anguish of eternal despair. And is it desirable from these sinful, because willingly indulged slumbers in the house of God, to be swept into the grave? Is it your wish, your determination, to dream away the few fleeting moments assigned you on earth, till on a sudden the night of death overtakes you, when "no man can work"

No, rather shake off, while it is called to-day, this sluggish indolence; and "whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor wisdom, nor knowledge, in the grave, whither thou goest."

One other consideration the writer of this address cannot forbear to urge;—and, oh! that it may be duly considered by those for whose benefit it is intended. You will not sleep in hell! "where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched;" where "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever." Though you MAY, and DO, now sleep, while these fearful judgments of the Most High are DENOUNCING, you CANNOT, you WILL NOT when they shall be EXECUTED. Ah! "who can dwell," much less sleep "with everlasting burnings?" Dare not then to trifle with that wrath which ye cannot endure! Defy not that arm which ye cannot resist or withstand! "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Acts xvi. 31. Love him with all thine heart, and then thine attention will be secured to the messages of his love and mercy. Arise, "watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation;" that ye fall not into endless perdition.

Rochdale. *Sent by* JOHN H. ACORNLEY.

THE DOCTOR AND THE BEGGAR.

A GREAT divine prayed to God, during the space of eight years, that he would be graciously pleased to direct him to a man who might teach him the true way to heaven. It was said to him at length, "Go to such a church-porch, and there shalt thou find a man who will instruct thee in the spiritual life." Accordingly he went, and found a poor beggar very meanly clad. He saluted him in these words, "God give you a good day, my friend." The poor man answered, "Sir, I do not remember that I ever had an evil day." The doctor said to him, "God give you a good and happy life!" "Why say you that?" replied the beggar; "I never was unhappy." "God bless you, my friend!" said the doctor; "pray tell me what you mean." He replied, "That I shall willingly do. I told you first, I had never had an evil day, for when I have hunger, I praise God; if it rains, hails, snows, or freezes—be it fair or foul—or if I am despised or ill used, I return God thanks; so I

never have an ill day: nor have I ever been unhappy, since I have learned always to resign myself to his will, being very certain of this,—that all his works are perfectly good: and therefore I never desire any thing else but the good pleasure of God." Then said the doctor, "But what if the good pleasure of God should be to cast you hence into hell?" "If he would do so," replied the beggar, "I have two arms to embrace him with: the one whereof is a profound humility, by which I am united to his holy humanity; the other is love or charity, which joins me to his divinity. Embraced with the two arms, he would descend with me thither, if thither he ordered me; and there I had infinitely rather be with him, than in paradise without him." Hereby the doctor learned that a true resignation to the divine will, accompanied with profound humility of heart is the shortest way to attain God's love. After that he asked him again, from whence he came. The poor man answered, "God sent me." The doctor inquired of him where he found God? He replied, "I found him where I had renounced all the creatures." "And where did you leave him?" said the doctor. "With the poor in spirit, pure in heart, and men of charity?" "But who are you?" says the divine. "I am a king," says the beggar. "Where is your kingdom?" says the former. "In my soul," says the latter. "I have learned to bring into subjection, and to govern my senses as well outward as inward, with my affections and passions—which kingdom is undoubtedly superior to all the kingdoms of this world." The doctor then asked him by what means he had attained to such perfection. He answered, "By silence, watchfulness, meditation, prayer, and the union I have with God. I could find no sure repose or comfort in any creature of the world; by means whereof I found out my God, who will comfort me, world without end." O that such cases as this were more prevalent in the present day.

What are men?
Atoms in the solar beam;
Dancing bubbles on the stream;
Vapours fashion'd by a breeze;
Aspen leaves on brittle trees;
Glim'ring lights that rise in rain;
Set in evening tears again.
We love, we hate, caress, betray,
Abound, and want, and serve, and sway!
Now we dance with sprightly air;
Now we grasp the crutch with care:
Rear to day the splendid dome;
To-morrow make the grave our home:
Welcome, three score years and ten,
If such is life, and such are men! *Sent by* H. G. Hird.

LITERARY EXTRACTS.

MAN.

"MAN is the feeblest reed in existence, but he is a thinking reed."

"Two things may acquaint man with the whole constitution of his nature—Instinct and Experience."—*Pascal.*

"The understanding is the channel of knowledge, as the window of an apartment is the channel of light; with this most important difference, that the understanding is not passive, but active, both in receiving and imparting the knowledge acquired."—*Dr. Beaumont.*

THE SCEPTIC.

"SHRINK from the company of infidels and sceptics as much as may be. Depend upon it, ignorance or vice is the key to nine-tenths of popular infidelity. There is nothing magnanimous in it. The sceptic talks big and looks wise, but in his secret moments he is a wretched creature. He constantly parades his opinions, not from depth of conviction, but because he wants something to keep his conscience quiet, as school boys whistle in dark places to keep their courage up. When you cannot dispose of a sceptic's objection, recollect it is your preparation that is at fault, not his argument that is strong: inquire and you will reach the fact that extinguishes him. His depth is easily sounded, his resources are very limited. Yours are infinite and inexhaustible springs, and your ground the Rock of Ages."—*Dr. Cumming.*

FALSEHOOD.

"WE must not take for granted that a man speaks the truth, because he has no interest in telling a falsehood, for there are those who lie for the lie's sake."—*Pascal.*

MYSTERIES OF REVELATION.

"IT is not our part to devise schemes for avoiding the difficulties of revelation, with the vain hope of reducing all that is told us of the nature and dispensations of God, to the level of our own understanding; but to take each truth separately as we find it declared in Scripture, and to confess that "great is the mystery of godliness." They are not the less true, because they surpass our natural understandings; the simple question being with us, whether they be declared in the Word of God. For the rest, let us be content to wait, till we enter into that more pure and spiritual existence, where the uncertain state of things here, shall give place to the clearness of the perfect day; and we shall be admitted to behold the ineffable brightness of the Divinity, the majesty of the Father, the glory of the only begotten Son, and the pure effulgence of

that Holy Spirit, who now vouchsafes to us only a faint shadow of eternal light."—*Rev. W. Davy, A.B.*

INQUIRIES AFTER TRUTH.

"INQUIRIES after truth have that peculiar commendation above all other designs, that they come on purpose to gratify the most noble faculty of our souls, and do most immediately tend to re-advance the highest perfection of our rational beings. For all our most laudable endeavours after knowledge now are only the gathering up some scattered fragments of what was once an entire fabric, and the recovery of some precious jewels which were lost out of sight, and sunk in the shipwreck of human nature."—*Dr. Stillingfleet.*

HONESTY.

"WHAT the fin is to the fish, and the wing to a bird, honesty is to us; without these, the fish cannot swim, but is sent forward by the current; nor can the bird rise and soar, but must remain robbed of its native pleasures and imprisoned by the force of circumstances."

OPPOSITION AND TRIUMPH.

AN amiable young lady, the daughter of an English nobleman, embraced the truth, and became a follower of Jesus. Her father was almost distracted at the event, and determined to divert her attention and draw her aside from her religious notions and feelings. He used angry threats, employed temptations to vanity and extravagance in dress, tried attractive literature, and travelled with her to foreign countries, and places of fashionable resort, to turn her mind from spirtual things. But her "heart was fixed." At length her father resolved on a final and desperate experiment, by which his end should be gained, or his daughter's prospects in the present life entirely ruined. A large number of the nobility were invited to the house. It was so arranged that during the festivities the daughters of different noblemen, and among others this one, were to be called on to entertain the company with singing and music on the piano. It was a dreadful crisis, and as it approached, different young ladies, at the call of the company, performed their parts with great applause. At last the name of this young lady was announced. In a moment all were fixed in silent suspense to see

how the scale of destiny would turn. Without hesitation she arose, and with a calm and dignified composure took her place at the instrument. After a moment spent in silent prayer, she ran her fingers along the keys, and then, with an unearthly sweetness, elevation, and solemnity, sang, accompanying her voice with notes of the instrument, the following lines:—

"No room for mirth, or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before,
Th' inexorable throne.

Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies;
How make mine own election sure,
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies."

She ceased her extraordinary performance; her faith triumphed; she was victorious in the hour of great trial and temptation. The father could not stand against the power of God which accompanied this minstrel, but wept aloud, and commenced praying for the salvation of his soul, and soon became a true convert to the religion of his noble and lovely daughter's Saviour, and consecrated his wealth and influence to the cause of Christ.

Dear young convert, if you would be the means of converting your opposers, hold fast to Christ when they persecute and tempt you.

Sent by J. GLASS.

"HE HAD POWER WITH GOD."

THERE are many who are accustomed to pray for spiritual and for temporal blessings in a general manner, who would yet think it almost irreverent to pray for God's help in the little particular needs of every day life; a half defined impression exists in their minds that God is very willing to answer our prayers for spiritual benefits, but that our little temporal concerns are almost beneath his notice. Yet will not he who

supports and cares for each one of the myriad insects which float in the sunbeams, much more care for us and for all our temporal interests. There is nothing which it is right for us to do that it is not right for us to pray about, nor that we shall not do better for having prayed about it. One of the first prayers recorded in the Bible was for temporal blessing. Jacob was returning to his native land with all his possessions, and his messengers had brought him word that the brother whom he so much dreaded was coming to meet him with a force of four hundred men. Justly fearing the anger of the one he had so wronged he sent across the Ford Jabbok those precious ones so much dearer to him than his own life, and all night long he wrestled in prayer with God that he would deliver him from the hand of Esau his brother.

We may notice with profit some of the peculiarities of this prayer which was soon favourably heard and answered. It was a prayer that took firm hold upon God. He was not approached as a God afar off, but as one nigh at hand. So we must draw near to him, reverently indeed, but not timidly or distrustfully.

It is still as it was in the days of John Baptist, "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." The real wrestling-Jacob puts forth all his strength of soul; he agonises and struggles as for life itself. Two hundred years ago and more, a pious minister was deeply distressed in view of the dangers which threatened many of the poor sailors who belonged to his parish, who were about to be engaged in a fearful naval battle with the French; so he called together his people and appointed a day of solemn fasting and prayer to God. It is said that he wrestled as in an agony, particularly for the poor seamen of Dartmouth, that they might be preserved in the hour of danger. When the battle was over it was found that John Flavel's prayers had prevailed with God, as Jacob's did. Not a sailor from Dartmouth was lost, though many of them were in the hottest of the engagement. Did you ever think, soldier, when you came unscathed from the battle field, that you may have owed your preservation to the prayers of a christian brother, wife or sister? Who would not choose to go into battle with such an armour girded about him? If not, you can pray for yourself, and your own prayer will be more prevalent in your behalf than the prayers of any other.

Again we find that Jacob did not offer a hasty, anxious prayer in general terms for his safety and that of his family, and then go about his worldly business; he continued all night in prayer. How many of us have ever done that? How many christians spend an hour upon their knees morning and evening? How few think they have time for it. Yet Luther, when he was working out the great problems of the

reformation, with all Europe on his heart, felt that he could not carry on his work without three hours of prayer daily. He felt as all who have tried it know, that—

"He makes no step who leaves unwatched speeds."

Wrestling-Jacob was brought to that point where he could do nothing more than hold fast to God. One touch of the angel's strength had rendered him powerless. He could only cling to him. God never takes the ability to do that from us. Jacob knew that a touch of the same mighty power could crush him to the earth; yet with a holy boldness he still perseveres, and his language is "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." God did not punish as presumptuous such strong supplication. He never answers our petitions until he has brought us to this same point, relying utterly upon him. We must feel ourselves lost and powerless, and recognise all our help as coming from his hand.

And it was when he had thus prevailed with God that he prevailed with men. When the two brothers who had for twenty years been parted, drew near to each other, Esau ran to meet Jacob and embraced him, and fell on his neck and kissed him, and they wept.

If we would be efficient labourers to win souls we must pray much. All our efforts will be powerless without this. We may labour skilfully and faithfully to impress sinners with a sense of their dangers, but our efforts will fall cold and useless, unless we also pray much.

Whatsoever we need, of either earthly or heavenly blessings, let us pray as Jacob did, and we shall not be sent empty away. By his strength he had power with God; yea, had power over the angel, and prevailed. *Sent by* J. B.

SINGULARITY.

It is one of satan's dreadful depths, as wide as hell, and brimful with the blood of infinite souls, to make men ambitious and covetous of singularity in all other things but godliness and God's service;—but as to this not to suffer it in themselves, and to persecute it in others.—*Bolton* *Sent by* J. A.

THE GALL-FLY AND OAK-APPLE.

[EXPLANATION OF THE ENGRAVING:—Figs. 1.1, oak-apple cut through the middle, showing the grub in centre and cavity. Fig. 2, Reaumur's magnified gall-fly. Fig. 4, the ovipositor greatly magnified by Reaumur, Fig. 3, the natural size of the gall-fly. Fig. 5, a microscopical view of the ovipositor, fig. 4, with egg of the fly on it. The centre figure is a branch of oak with two leaves and oak ball on it.]

WE hope the reader will not be startled when we state that the fly represented in the engraving is of more importance to society than many men and women are. This fly produces the gall-nut, commonly called the oak-apple, or oak-ball, from which we get our black ink, gallic acid, the salts of gallic acid, ellagic acid, and a certain volatile oil, which are very important medicines. Surely a fly of such importance to society is worthy of your attention and study. Do not, therefore, turn away from the article, should you find it a little difficult to understand, and say, "Oh! its only

a fly." Almost any silly, narrow, childish mind can master a trashy novel, but a person needs a good share of common sense to understand good articles in natural history. Many things worth knowing are difficult to learn: our young friends must therefore have patience and be determined to master every difficulty.

We will first show that the gall-nuts, or oak-apples, are produced by flies. Most people have noticed the oak apples, and many have concluded that they grow naturally on the trees the same as acorns do, but a very little observation will remove the error. During last September, being out at special services, we collected a number of the gall-nuts and cut many of them through the middle, to show the fly that was inside. A small soft green apple cut through would show the egg of the fly; a larger oak-ball, when cut across the centre, would show the larva of the fly: and an older nut of a brownish colour would, when cut, disclose a perfect fly. See the figs. 1, 1 in the engraving, which show an oak-apple cut through the centre, one half containing the grub of the fly, the other half, with the cavity in the centre, surrounded by a thin hard case, forms the nidus for the young fly. When the gall-nuts are left on the tree the fly eats its way out by cutting a small hole through the side of the nut; this generally takes place before the end of October, as we have witnessed in hundreds of instances, having seen the flies eat their way out: consequently the notion of some naturalists, who state that the fly remains in the nut all the winter, is false. Having shown that an oak-apple is simply a fly's nest, we shall next proceed to show how it is formed.

The oak branch with a ball on it, shown in the engraving, we broke from a tree on which the oak-apple abounded. The gall-fly, fig. 3, is the natural size, and fig. 2 is the gall-fly which Réaumur greatly magnified for the purpose of showing the ovipositor connected with the abdomen (see fig. 4) by which the fly deposits its eggs in the oak buds. We have copied it because it is considered the most accurate sketch of the ovipositor of the female fly ever given. One writer says, "with this instrument the mother gall-fly pierces the part of a plant which she selects, and ejects into the cavity a drop of her corroding liquor, and immediately lays an egg or more there: the circulation of the sap being thus interrupted, and thrown by the poison into a fermentation that burns the contiguous parts, and changes the natural colour. The sap, turned from its proper channel, extravasates and flows round the eggs, while its surface is dried by the external air, and hardens into a vaulted form." Kirby and Spence tell us that the parent fly introduces her egg "into a puncture made by her curious spiral sting, and in a few hours it becomes surrounded with a fleshy chamber." M. Virey says, "the gall tubercle is produced by irritation, in the same way as an inflamed tumor in an animal body, by the swelling of the cellular tissues and the flow of liquid matter, which changes the organisation and alters the natural external form." Another writer says, "Without pretending positively to state facts which are, perhaps, beyond human penetration, we may view the process in the light of analogy. Following the analogy of what is known to occur in the case of saw-flies, after the gall-fly has made a puncture and pushed her egg into the hole, we may suppose that she covers it over with some adhesive gluten or gum, or the egg itself, as is usual among moths, may be coated over with such a gluten. In either of these two cases, the gluten will prevent the sap that flows through the puncture from being scattered over the leaf and wasted; and the sap, being thus confined to the space occupied by the eggs, will expand and force outwards the pellicle of gluten that confines it, till becoming thickened by evaporation and exposure to the air, it at length shuts up the puncture, stops the further escape of the sap, and the process is completed. This explanation will completely account for the globular form of the galls alluded to; that is, supposing the egg of the gall-fly to be globular."

In the above extracts we have the ovipositor spoken of as a single instrument or sting kept in a case. Such was our impression after subjecting the "sting," in connection with the abdomen of the fly, to microscopical investigation. Until

t length we cut out the ovipositor from the body of the fly, in doing this we roke the case into two pieces, and to our astonishment and delight we dis-overed that the ovipositor was formed of two fine horny instruments fitted into . double-tubed case or sheath, and adhering to one of the instruments we dis-erned the egg of the fly. See fig. 5, which gives a view of the ovipositor as een under the microscope. The natural size of the two instruments, including he case in which they are kept, is not more than half the thickness of the uman hair, and about a quarter of an inch in length. From our own experi-aents we should conclude that there is a kind of gluten connected with the ggs, for while we held the root end of the ovipositor with a pair of forceps and ressed the egg between our thumb and finger, we could not remove it. We ound the egg to adhere to the instrument just the same as we have found the ggs of a moth to adhere to a chip-box in which they had been deposited. But uring the fly's life it is certain that the eggs could with the double instrument e readily deposited into either oak buds or oak leaves. How the egg lodged in he bud causes it to assume a globular form is a difficult matter to settle. It is ot done by the egg being round, as a writer referred to has suggested, for the gg is oblong, as we have shown in the illustration; see the egg on (fig. 5) the vipositor, not far from the point. The probability is that the gluten connected vith the egg being placed in the centre of the bud, causes a morbid excrescence vhich assumes a globular form, simply from the egg being deposited in the heart f the bud affected. A writer in "Materia Medica," under "Quercus insectoria," tates that "the gall rises in a few hours and attains its full size in a day or two efore the larva is hatched; the egg grows with the gall; and it is by the irri-ation which it keeps up,—not, as has been supposed, by the maggot feeding on he juices of the plant,—that the morbid excitement is maintained in the ves-els of the part, sufficient for the production of this kind of vegetable wen."

"Galls are gathered before the larva within them changes to a fly and eats its vay out, for when this has happened the galls becomes lighter, and contain less f the astringent principle." The best galls imported are those from Aleppo, Smyrna, and Magnesia. A writer in the "Penny Cyclopædia" states that there re about one hundred and fifty different species of oak, but to name the only pecies affected by gall flies would be rather difficult; therefore we shall leave he subject in the hands of the reader.

Let us remember that that God who has formed the ovipositor of the gall-fly vith such consummate skill, and adapted it to minister to our necessities, can take are of us amid all the complicated circumstances of life and supply all our eeds. Further, as God has arranged most things to minister to us and help us, et us learn to minister to others, that we may live in harmony with the divine rder of things.

J. P. Bellingham.

BOX OF DIAMONDS.

'The wise are ashamed of the Gospel of Christ because it calls men to believe nd not to argue. The great are ashamed of it because it brings all into one ody. The rich are ashamed of it as it is to be had 'without money and with-out price.' The gay are ashamed of it, because they fear it will destroy all heir mirth; and so the good news of the glorious Son of God having come nto the world a surety for lost sinners, is despised, uncared for. Men are ashamed f it. Who are not ashamed of it? A little company; those whose hearts the

Spirit of God has touched. They were all like the world, and of it, but he awakened them to see their sin and misery, and that Christ alone was a 'refuge,' and now they cry 'None but Christ. None but Christ. God forbid I should glory save in the cross of Christ.' He is precious to their heart; he lives there: he is often on their lips; he is praised in their family; they would fain proclaim him to all the world. They have felt in their own experience that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation, to the Jew first and also to the Greek. Is this your experience? Have you received the Gospel, not in word only, but in power? Has the power of God been put forth upon your soul along with the word? Then this word is yours. 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.'"

R. McCHEYNE.

"To love God is the noblest engagement of man, and the man who does not love God after such manifestation on the part of heaven of such infinite love to him, is unworthy the name of man and the destiny of man. He, who under the influence of the Holy Spirit, seeks and finds the joy of reconciliation to God through the death of his Son, and consecrates his heart and life to the love and service of his God and in the hope of a blissful immortality beyond the vale of tears, is 'the highest style of man.' He then becomes a son of God, born in the family of Jesus Christ, and made a participator of life everlasting. Oh! then, what is life? Hope, faith, and love become the guardian angels of the spirit, and these point onward and upward to our higher sphere, where the soul shall rest in ever-during bloom in the welcome presence of its Father and its God. Without this consecration to God, man is nothing—all in vain his boast of greatness, all in vain his intellect, all in vain his life. Within the encircling arms of God as his child it is beautiful to rest. And he who fails to find a refuge here, is exposed to the storms of life without a shelter, to the gloom of earth without a glow of light, to the shadow of death without a ray of hope."

Christian Witness.

"Jehovah might if he pleased shroud himself with midnight gloom, as with a garment; he might pile the stars beneath him for his footstool, and bind blazing suns around his brow for a coronet; he might dwell alone, far, far above us, and look down with cold and silent indifference upon his helpless creatures, or ever and anon terrify them by bounding his burning bolts, shaking the heavens with his thunders, rending the rocky ribs of the world with his earthquakes, and writing his name in fire on midnight darkness. But how different is his conduct towards us. He cares for his creatures, and has revealed himself as 'the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.' His eye is ever upon us, he meets our necessities, he supplies our wants, he redresses our grievances, he wipes our tears; yes, he numbers our very hairs. He is mindful of man."

T. GREENBURY.

"The reception of the atonement changes our spiritual position, disrobes death of its terrors, and enables us to contemplate the dread magnificence of eternity with holy joy. The superstitions of paganism darken the shadows of dissolution; the religion of sentiment and poetry fades before the rising spectre of death; the baseless fabric of an earth-formed morality falls before the tremendous power of a coming judgment, and the most elaborate systems of philosophy fail to gild the tomb with the light of hope. In death the soul feels the want of a spiritual foundation to rest upon. The moralist and philosopher fear to enter upon the unseen world without an atonement to propitiate their offended God. They need a refuge, a Saviour, a rock on which to rest. Now the atonement meets this spiritual want of our nature, and he who receives it attains an elevation from which he surveys death with calmness, and he feels a triumph which enables him to say in fulfilment of prophecy, 'Death is swallowed up in victory.'"

G. MATHER.

"There is a sacredness in tears. They are not a mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than a thousand tongues. They are the

messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is not mortal, I would look for it in the strong emotions of the heart, when the soul has been deeply agitated, when the fountains of feeling are rising, and when tears are gushing forth in crystal streams. Oh, speak not harshly of the stricken one, weeping in silence. Break not the deep solemnity by rude language or intrusive footsteps. Despise not woman's tears; they are what make her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of man is sometimes melted to tears; they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection; they are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is a pleasure in tears, an awful pleasure. If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should loath to live, and if no one might weep over my grave I could never die in peace." DR. JOHNSON.

"How beautiful are the colourings of nature. The clouds how bright and lovely, how rich with gorgeous hues and tints, changing with their ever changing positions; and how beautiful are they fringed, as with brilliant ruby and golden amber. How beautiful is the earth painted with rich and varied colours. The landscape is decorated with the lovely ten thousand flowers, which make earth like a garden, so beautiful and brilliant in colour. Where does nature obtain the colouring elements—the flowers, tints, and brilliant hues? From the sun. The varied colours are mixed up in his rays. He is the great painter of nature, the artist that with his pencil of light gives to nature such magnificent colours, such master touches of inimitable richness and beauty. As the sun colours and beautifies the natural world, so does Christ by his Spirit and grace colour and beautify the spiritual and religious world. He colours the human soul with truth, with piety, with love, with virtue, honour, and every excellence, with the beauty of holiness, with all the loveliness of heaven. Eventually he will beautify the whole earth with Christian truth and purity, make it resplendent with the beauty of holiness—the glory of God. And then earth will be a representation of heaven, a beautiful world, an Eden, a type of the celestial one." W. B.

"The first person in the ever glorious Divinity is the Father, the originator of the plan of human redemption, the beneficent fountain and author of all good. The second person in this mysterious union is the Son, who freely came into the world to make known the way of salvation, and to die for sinners. The third in this Divine fellowship is the Holy Ghost, who took up on earth the blessed work of man's restoration where Christ left it, and who will carry it on to its ultimate consummation in heaven." P. PUGH.

"It is of unspeakable advantage to possess our minds with habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words, and actions at some laudable end, whether it be the glory of our Maker, the good of mankind, or the benefit of our own souls. A person who is possessed with such an habitual good intention, enters upon no single circumstance of life without considering it as well-pleasing to the Author of his being, conformable to the dictates of reason, suitable to human nature in general, or to that particular station in which providence has placed him. He lives in a perpetual sense of the Divine presence, regards himself as acting in the whole course of his existence under the observation and inspiration of that Being who is privy to all his notions and all his thoughts, who knows his 'down sitting and his up rising, who is about his path and about his bed, and spieth out all his ways.' He remembers that the eye of his Judge is always upon him, and on every occasion he reflects that he is doing what is commanded or allowed by him, who will hereafter either reward or punish it. This was the character of those holy men of old, who, in the beautiful phrase of Scripture, are said to have 'walked with God.'"—ADDISON.

Selected by S. HOWARD.

COMMON MAXIMS IMPROVED.

WERE men but as wise for eternity as they are for time, and did they spiritually improve their natural principles for their souls as they do naturally for their bodies and estates, what precious Christians might men be! For instance, these are common maxims: —

1. To believe good news well founded. Why, then, is not the Gospel believed, which is the best news, and best grounded news in the world?

2. To love what is lovely, and that most which is the most lovely. Why, then, is not Christ the beloved of men's souls, seeing he is altogether lovely?

3. To fear that which will hurt them. Why, then, are not men afraid of sin, seeing nothing is so hurtful to them as sin?

4. Not to trust a known deceiver. Why, then, do men trust Satan, the old serpent, the deceiver of the world?—the world and its deceitful riches?—their own hearts, which are deceitful above all things?

5. To lay up for old age. Why, then, do not men lay up for eternity treasures of faith and good works against the day of death and judgment?

6. He that will give most shall have most. Why, then, do not men give their love and service to God? Doth not he bid most?

7. Take warning by others' harms. Why do not men take heed of sinning from the sufferings and torments which others undergo for sinning?

Ah! if men did but walk by their own rules, and improve by their own principles, what a help would it be to godliness! But, alas! God may complain of us, as of his people of old, "My people do not consider."

Sent by T. KENDALL.

SELECT SENTENCES.

"AN hour spent in fervent prayer may obtain more certain apprehensions of the Deity than a whole life spent in philosophical investigation. Adam's sin put out the candle of the Lord in the understanding of man, but the grace of Christ rekindles the extinguished light in every believer."

"The reception of the truth is of more importance than many are aware of: for in proportion as the *doctrines* of God are disbelieved, the *commandments* of God will be disobeyed."

"Every man's family should be a church in miniature, and the father should exercise every talent which he possesses for the instruction of his household."

"The Bible is the word of life, it is the Christian's grand charter, it is his guide through a world of sorrow to a world of happiness, it is the rich man's best treasure and the poor man's best friend."

"The sweetest fruits we gather grow in the valley of humiliation."

"Christians be content; a little with God's blessing is better than thousands with his curse."

"If thou hast Christ in thy heart, the cross on thy shoulder, the world under thy feet, and heaven in thy view, thou art a happy man."

"We must not expect the advantages of a paradise while we are here; every gratification will have its alloy, every habitation its inconvenience, every friend his imperfection, and every change of situation something disagreeable."

"Sinners talk of the pleasures of sin; but they never commend them at last. The people of the world boast of its amusements and delights; but they never speak well of it at parting. In every season, in every condition, however trying, the Christian can say, 'Thou hast dealt well with thy servant, O Lord.'"

Extracted by T. KENDALL.

LET GO THE TWIG.

DURING a revival in Scotland, some years ago, a lady was roused to anxiety for the salvation of her soul. She resolved immediately to set about this great work—to correct her life, to get reconciled to God, and henceforth live to his glory. She was sincere in her determination, but she sought salvation by her own efforts. Of her pastor she inquired earnestly, "What must I *do* to be saved?" His reply was that of the apostle, "*Believe* on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Of that word "*believe*" she was impatient: her yet carnal mind could not comprehend it. She did not seek to know what the Son of God *had done* to save her, but what *she* might *do* to save herself. She repaired to the house of a friend who had recently found peace. The same query met with the same response. Almost in despair, she went home. Rest, there could be none for her. She would spend the night in prayer. Perhaps, before the light of day should dawn again, God would cause the true light to shine into her soul. Twice the clock struck the hour, and found her still upon her knees. Then, weary in body and mind, she lay down upon her bed. She slept, and dreamed.

There was a great chasm between two jutting points of a rocky coast; the sea roared below. Over this dreadful precipice the lady hung, clinging by one hand only to a slender twig. Terror-struck, she cried aloud, "What must I do to be saved?" She looked down the wide abyss. Mid-way she beheld a manly form, beaming with holy love. It was her Lord himself. "Only let go the twig," he said, "fall into my arms, and thou shalt be safe." "I cannot—I shall perish—I cannot," was the faithless reply. Then, roused anew to the full consciousness of her peril, the rocks re-echoed with her piercing exclamation, "What must I do to be saved?" Once again, though now in sterner accents than before, that loving Saviour said, "Let go the twig." A moment's pause. Frail as it seemed, it was the only hope. She let go the twig—she dropped into those tender, outstretched arms, and she was safe.

The lady awoke—now no more to *do*, but to *believe*. She let go the twig of self-righteousness, and, "looking to Jesus," lived henceforth "by the faith of the Son of God," who loved her, and gave himself for her.

My dear reader, you desire to come to Jesus. You are told to believe on him, but you feel there is a gulf between you and saving faith. It is to you a mystery. You are sincere in your wish to believe, but you are painfully conscious that you have not yet believed. Are you sure that you are not trying to save yourself? Do you follow your petitions at the footstool with the piercing eye of love to and faith in him that sitteth upon the throne, or do you trust in the mere act of prayer? Do you plead only the costly ransom paid by your Redeemer, or do you look to the atonement of Christ to make up the deficiency of your own short comings? Do you put *all* your trust in his perfect sacrifice—that is, do you rely on nothing else?

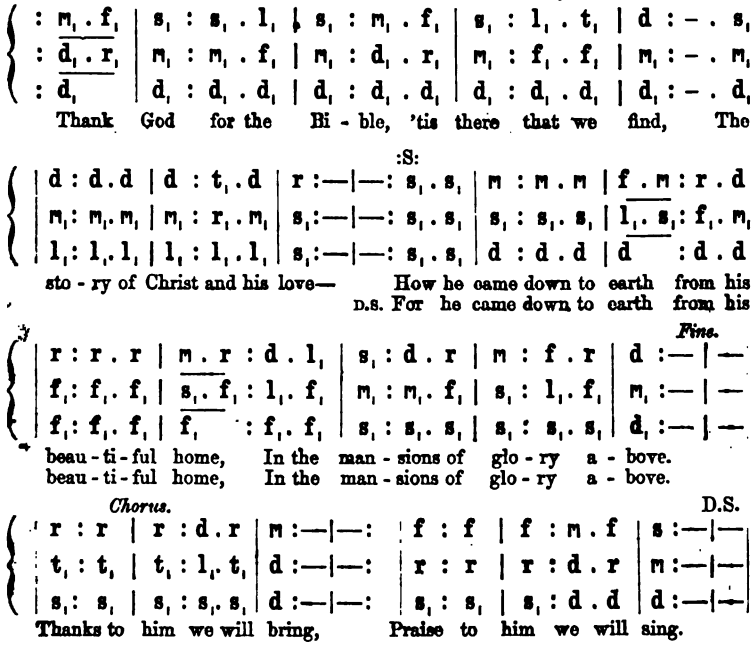
Extracted.

THANK GOD FOR THE BIBLE.

Music by W. B. Bradbury.

THANK GOD FOR THE BIBLE.

Key B♭. Music by W. B. Bradbury.



While he lived on this earth, to the sick and the blind,—
To mourners, his blessings were given,
And he said, let the little ones come unto me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
Jesus calls us to come,
He's prepared us a home,
For he said, let the little ones come unto me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

In the Bible we read of a beautiful land,
Where sorrow and pain never come;
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there he's prepared us a home.
Jesus calls, shall we stay?
No! we'll gladly obey.
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there he's prepared us a home,

Thank God for the Bible! its truth o'er the earth
We'll scatter with bountiful hand;
But we never can tell what a Bible is worth,
Till we go to that beautiful land.
There our thanks we will bring,
There with angels we'll sing,
And its worth we can tell, when with Jesus we dwell,
In heaven—that beautiful land.

CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

REDUCTION OF NORLAND CHAPEL DEBT, HALIFAX CIRCUIT.—Dear Editor,—The numerous readers of the *Messenger* will be glad to hear of the success our Norland friends have met with in their effort to reduce their chapel debt. The chapel was built two or three years ago, having a debt of £140. This was a somewhat heavy burden, and the trustees resolved a short time ago to make it a little lighter. For this purpose a special effort was commenced, which was a real success. In this effort the trustees and society were greatly encouraged by a promise from a friend, that as much as they could beg in the locality he would give them. Stimulated by this generous offer, they set to work in good earnest, and they were both amazed and encouraged by the success they met with. Having thoroughly canvassed the neighbourhood for subscriptions, it was thought advisable to wind up the effort with a tea meeting, which was held on New Year's day, when upwards of 160 sat down. After tea an excellent and deeply interesting public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. W. Thomas, of Sowerby Bridge, and addressed by the Rev. A. B. Carter, the writer, and other friends. The proceeds of the begging and tea amounted to the very pleasing sum of £40. Added to this, according to promise, N. Whiteley, Esq., of Halifax, placed at their disposal another £40. Hence they have reduced the debt £40, and as the mortgagee wishes the remaining £100 to be paid at one payment, they intend to put the other £40 out to interest, hoping ere long to be able to pay off the £100. We tender our cordial thanks to N. Whiteley, Esq., for his handsome gift; to James Fielding, Esq., of Sowerby Bridge, for a donation of £5; and to all our friends for the assistance they have rendered. We also thank God, and take courage. JOHN SPENSLEY.

PLYMOUTH STATION.—When I and my colleagues came to this Station, we found Devonport Chapel in a distressing state, and we saw that if something was not done for it speedily it would be lost to the Connexion, and the trustees involved in great difficulties. The officials laid the case before the last Conference, and the General Chapel Fund Committee generously offered to give £50 if the trustees and friends would raise £100, and lower the debt £150. The officials thought the sum was too great for us to raise. Nevertheless we exhorted them to take courage, and we were determined to do our best, believing that God would help us. I and my colleagues set to work in earnest, begging in the towns day after day for weeks. Our own friends, in most cases, have done their best in working and giving. At Plymouth was obtained, by subscriptions and collections, £34 2s.; by bazaar stall, £9 11s. 2¾d.—Total, £43 13s. 3d. At Devonport, subscriptions and collections, £34 10s. 9d.; bazaar stall, £6 6s. 6d.—Total, £40 17s. 3d. At Morice Town, subscriptions and collections, £16 4s. 10d.; bazaar stall, £5 15s. 1d. —Total, £21 19s. 11d. At Stonehouse, subscriptions and collections, £4 2s. 6d.; bazaar stall, £2 6s. 10d.—£6 9s. 4d. The country places, including donations by — Dawson, Esq., £5, The Bros. Dimmick, £1,—£12 12s. 3d. The grand total, including £50 from the General Chapel Committee, is £175 12s., which will enable the trustees to lower the debt £150, and pay all back interest and outstanding bills. There will be £500 left on the chapel and house, and a further reduction is greatly needed. The trustees and friends tender their thanks to all who have helped them: and we are glad to say that several souls have been converted lately. To God be all the praise!

E. W. MATTHEWS.

OLDHAM FIRST CIRCUIT.—NEW ORGAN OPENING.—The services in connection with the opening of a new organ in the Primitive Methodist

, Boardman Street, were held
ıday, 2nd of December. The
was built by Mr. John Whit-
of Ashton, and is a complete
ıent. Considering its size, its
excellent; the case is neat, and
en tastefully decorated under
ection of Mr. Bamford. The
contains the following stops,
ɔrgan: — Principal, 4ft. tone;
iapason, 8ft.; violi di gamba,
fteenth, 2ft.; flute, 4ft.; clara-
8ft.; open diapason, 8ft.; and
). Swell organ: — Principal,
top diapason, 8ft.; hautboy
top), 8ft.; open diapason, 8ft.;
ın pedals, 2½ octaves, 16ft; and
). Swell to great and great to
There are also four compo-
ɔedals. The organ is placed in
s, the roof of which forms an
arch; the singers' gallery has
re-formed, fitted with music
, and indicator of the hymn and
ɔout to be sung—it now presents
compact and complete orchestra.
ıorning and evening services
ɔonducted by the Rev. J. Gra-
ɔf Chester; and the afternoon
Rev. T. M. Albrighton, of Old-
On each occasion the chapel
owded. Mr. James B. Row-
ɔrganist of St. John's, very
ıtly presided at the organ, and
ıoir sung a selection of sacred
The collections for the day
ted to the handsome sum of
. 1½d. The cost of the organ is
and the alterations £56; total,
The amount of subscriptions
ıd and promised (including Sun-
ollection) is £132; sale of old
£30; total, £162; leaving a bal-
f £64 yet to be realised. It is
ting to note that the whole
arrangements and responsibility
een undertaken by the members
rdman Street Choral Society.
us to the commencement of the
ıg service the choral society met
school-room, near the chapel,
Mr. J. Lowe presented, on their
to Mr. James B. Rowland, a
ully bound folio edition of Han-
'Messiah," as an expression of
ratitude for his assistance and
t. Mr. Rowland briefly ac-
ıdged the compliment. T. S.

CHAPEL OPENING AT SCRAFTON, MIDDLEHAM CIRCUIT.—At this place we have recently built a neat and comfortable little chapel, in a good situation, the land for which was given by Mr. John Glen, of Healey, near Masham. The opening sermons were preached January 13th, 1867, by Rev. A. Holling, and on the following day about 250 persons partook of an excellent tea. After the tables were removed, a public meeting was held, over which Mr. John Hobson, of Langthorne Abbey, presided, and which was addressed by Revs. C. Rumfitt, G. Stout, A. Holling, and Mr. W. Handley. The collections on the Sabbath and at the public meeting amounted to £5 1s. 8d. The cost of the chapel is about £102, towards which we have received, including a donation of £5 from F. Millbank, Esq., M.P., £49, and we have £7 promised, which we hope soon to obtain. All the materials have been carted free of cost. Many friends have done nobly. To all we tender our warmest thanks. The chapel is well attended and the sittings are all let; and it has already been the birth-place of a few precious souls. G. STOUT.

BLACK BROOK, MARKET DRAYTON STATION.—The foundation-stone of a new chapel was laid at the above place on Friday, February 15th, 1867, by Mr. T. Allen, of Tunstall, Mr. M. Mason, of Whitmore, Mr. Foxley, of Redwood, and Mr. John Bennett, of Hill Charlton; each of them contributing to the building fund. Master Job Bennett then laid a brick, placing seven shillings on it, money he might have spent in sweetmeats or toys, but he wished to give it to the chapel. We were assisted by the Rev. J. Heath, of Coventry, and Mr. R. Mayer, of Newcastle. The day was auspicious, the attendance good, and the speaking on the ground and after tea was characterised by influence and point. This is the first chapel (of any kind) in the parish. We tender thanks to all our friends. The chapel will cost (including land, deeds, &c.,) about £100. We have realised about £27 up to this time. JOHN QUARMBY.

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

—"All was silent; and her eyes were fixed,
Trembling no more in the starlight in the dew.
One arm was laid upon the coverlet;
One thin, white arm, like a pale streak in dawn.
They said that she was dead!

HANNAH STREETON was born at Hebsworth, Herts, 1820, and united in fellowship with our Church in Luton, Beds, 1843. From early life she was the subject of religious impressions, and happily led as a lamb to the gentle Shepherd; and she found redemption in his blood, even the forgiveness of all her sins. For several years she suffered protracted affliction, but she largely shared the rich aids of saving grace. In June, 1865, she was prostrated by advancing consumption, but she bore her affliction with exemplary fortitude. The twenty-third Psalm was a source of joy to her heart; frequently, when extremely weak and assailed by the Tempter, she exclaimed, "The Lord is my Shepherd," &c. Her prayers for her sorrowing husband and dear children were fervent and repeated. Her last night on earth was distinguished by special tokens of heavenly favour,—

"Quite on the verge of heaven."

The presence of the Lord was felt by all in the room. "I can see," said the dying mother, as visions of glory unfolded to her departing spirit, "I can see my little Joe! He is waiting to welcome me home." Soon after she peacefully sunk into her last quiet sleep, and—

"The soul undrest
From her mortal vest,
Had stepped in her car of heavenly fire;
And proved how bright
Were the realms of light,
Bursting at once upon the sight."

M. W.

JANE SMITH was born, December 27th, 1842, at Winterton, a small village upon the sea-coast of Norfolk. She had the happiness of being the daughter of a pious mother, who frequently laid her upon the altar before God, who accepted the offering. From a child she feared sin, and was frequently the subject of Divine impressions. When about thirteen years of age she found peace through believing in Jesus. She at once joined our Society, and she remained a consistent member to the day of her death. In the year 1861 she was heavily afflicted, but she could rejoice in the furnace. She earnestly expressed her gratitude to God that she had not *then* to seek religion. It pleased the Lord to restore her from that affliction, and in the same year she was united in marriage with a pious young man, obeying the Scriptural precept, "Not unequalled yoked," &c. Her happiness was much increased by this union, but it was soon interrupted by death. In December, 1865, she gave birth to a son, and was never able to leave her room afterwards. She bore her affliction patiently, and was anxious to "depart and be with Christ, which is far better." She died in peace, February 17th, 1866. D. NEWTON.

THE list of mortality was further augmented on Tuesday, the 20th of February, 1866, by the departure from this wilderness to the land flowing with milk and honey, of Mrs. Amy Day, the mother of the Rev. D. Day. She was born in the year 1784, and she resided at Eastbury, in the Newbury Circuit, most of her life. She was a stranger to saving grace until 1838, when there was a blessed revival at Eastbury, in which our sister came into the fold of Jesus. She never wavered in her allegiance to the Church or to the Great Head of the Church. She fully believed that while it is happiness to gain heavenly wisdom, it is triple happiness to retain it; and in order to retain it, she regularly attended the means of grace and walked humbly and consistently in the footsteps of her Saviour. In 1853, the Lord laid his hand upon her husband and removed him to the better land. Our sister was by this driven closer to

low's God, and although her sometimes hard, she never com- but was satisfied with her por- The young were particularly her, and others with her own and grand-children looked er as a sweet counsellor. In , 1866, when returning from she had a severe fall, from he did not recover; neverthe- was anxious on the next Sab- hear Mr. J. Shephard, of Lam- preach, and she went, but from ne she gradually sank. Her ice in God was unshaken, and h she suffered much, a mur- word never escaped her lips, lived in an atmosphere of Her children asked her "if all ght," a short time before she ier answer was, "Yes, I am heaven," and then her gentle ed away—

ad are like the stars by day.
drawn from mortal eye;
extinct, they hold their way
ory through the sky.

from bondage thus set free,
sh amidst immensity,
human thoughts, like human sight,
to pursue their trackless flight."

A. KING.

ABETH LEAN, of Lostwithiel, tell Circuit, Cornwall, was born , 1833. She was moral and in her behaviour previous to version. Her mother died when about six years old. Religious ions were experienced by her in and a regular attention to God's vas practiced. Her heart was soft and yielding. When about s of age, while attending divine at the Bank Chapel, she was convinced of her state as a sin- l cried aloud for mercy; but she then obtain a consciousness of 's favour. During the follow- k, she attended religious wor- he Primitive Methodist preach- om, and again sought and und the forgiveness of sins faith in Christ. From her ion she continued a regular sistent member of our Church. h which time, and even before, use was a home for the prea- After her conversion she was exceedingly anxious for the conversion of her husband. Often would she rise from her bed, kneel by his side, and pray earnestly for him. She rested not until God heard and answered her prayer. Her religious experience was clear and Scriptural. She was the subject of much affliction, and the mother of several small children, which often detained her from the means of grace. But she delighted to secure an opportunity to attend God's house whenever she could. She also delighted in family worship and in reading the Scriptures. It has been my privilege to witness in her home the practice of reading the Scriptures a verse by turns—father, mother, and eldest child taking part in the exercise. She often suffered from palpitation of the heart. Often when very weak, doubt and hesitation would rise in her heart, and a dread of death creep over her. But she held fast to Jesus in her fear, and was enabled in her affliction and in her manifold family cares, to maintain a patient spirit. Previous to her last affliction, she often experienced a shrinking from death, but when the final conflict came she triumphed gloriously. All fear of death was removed, and the grave was no longer regarded with terror. In December, 1865, she attended the chapel for the last time; an anthem was sung which very much affected her, the sweet words of which consoled her much in her affliction. In the evening of the Sabbath when last at God's house, she was taken violently ill, and vomited blood alarmingly. Very affecting was the scene when the dear children seeing their mother so ill, wept loudly, and her eldest son embraced her in the most affectionate manner, while the vital fluid was being emitted from her mouth. From this attack she never recovered, though she was partially strengthened so as to get down stairs sometime afterwards. Her illness, however, increased, and it was evident that the end was drawing nigh. But she experienced much of the Lord's presence, was very happy, and waited for death's approach. About three weeks before her death, which then seemed very near, she gave up her husband and children. Those who

witnessed that scene will not soon forget it. She called her children, and one by one they were presented to her; she embraced them, kissed them, gave them her dying blessing, told them to be good, and to meet her in heaven. Her experience was now very delightful. Expressions such as the following escaped her lips:—"I am not afraid to die!" "Christ is precious, he will not leave me now. No, no, he will never leave me." Her leader visited her repeatedly, and he says, "She appeared to be dead to the world and all in it." On one of his visits, there was a hymn book on her table; she asked for it, and with much composure and with a beaming countenance selected the hymns to be sung at her burial, and chose the words of the prophet (Amos iv. 12) "Prepare to meet thy God," as the text for her funeral sermon. Very peacefully she departed this life on Thursday, 22nd February, 1866. Her funeral sermon was preached on Lord's-day, 18th of March, 1866, and three souls were made conscious of God's forgiving love. HENRY WORTH.

WILLIAM WIGNAL was born at Hesketh Bank, June 8th, 1840. His parents were members of our Society, and through their influence his mind in early youth received that sacred bias which distinguished him from many of the young people of his day. When about fourteen years of age, he removed with his parents to the neighbourhood of Foxhill Bank. The teachers of our Sunday-school received him as a scholar, and he continued a scholar until he became a teacher. He loved the Sunday-school, and was punctual and regular in attendance. Through the Divine Spirit's power accompanying the outward means he was led to see himself a sinner. This fact became known to some of our teachers, and he was taken to a class meeting. He at once joined the Society, and continued in church-fellowship with us till his death. His affliction was short and severe; his death sudden and unexpected. He was at the chapel on Sunday night, February 18th, 1866, and received with others the sacrament of the Lord's supper. After he got home, he complained of a soreness in his throat. During the week he became worse, and on Saturday inflammation of the bowels set in. The Saturday night and Sunday were spent in very great pain. He often referred to Christ's sufferings for him, and the consideration of what Jesus had done and suffered seemed to give him strength and fortitude. To a female friend who entered the room on the Monday morning he said, "I am packing up for heaven, I shall not be here long now." At his request she sang the hymn commencing—

"My Jesus I love thee, I know thou art mine."

He often repeating with much apparent feeling—

"If ever I loved thee, my Jesus 'tis now."

She read to him three Psalms, after which they engaged in prayer. In prayer his soul seemed to draw near to God. It was good to be there. To his weeping mother, whom he dearly loved, he said, "I should have liked to stay with you a little longer, for your sake, but the Lord is taking me, and he knows best what is good for us. He is only taking me a little before you. He is taking me from the evil to come. As a kind shepherd gathers his flock together before the storm comes on, or like the gardener, who takes his choice flowers into the hot-house before the bad weather sets in; so the Lord is taking me from the trials and temptations of this world to be with him in heaven,

'Far from a world of grief and sin.'

O, bless the Lord. I am so happy. Hallelujah, I'll praise him while he lends me breath." And so he continued till his voice was lost in death, and then his hands kept moving as if still in a devotional exercise, till his happy spirit took its flight to be for ever with the Lord; this was on February 26th, 1866. M. LEWIS.

SAMUEL TUCKER, of Chippenham, was converted to God more than thirty years ago by the preaching of the Primitive Methodist missionaries. He at once joined the Society and continued a member until he departed

on March 6th, 1866, in the second year of his age. Among ny excellent traits in his cha- was his strong attachment to ans of grace. He was never from the house of God so long could attend. When I first im he was living a long way ur chapel, and being a cripple, prevented from being often But like the psalmist he would My soul longeth, yea, even h for the courts of the Lord." uld weep and say, "If I could wl to the place where I have d so many blessings, how thank- ould be." For this he prayed, e Lord granted him the desire of rt. He was removed to live so e chapel that he was enabled at o attend till within a few weeks death. His experience was not joyous, but it was confiding. ighted to talk of his wife and of his children having "gone ng home to glory." When we t him to be too near the other f the river to be conscious of ng on this, he said, "Pray!" tly joining, till prayer was lost ise. In this state his happy eft the cumbrous clay until a re- shall take place, when the "cor- le shall put on incorruption," and e for ever with the Lord.

CHARLOTTE BEST.

BROMLEY, wife of Robert ey, of Ellengrove, in the Mary- ircuit, was born January 19th, and died March 7th, 1866. In ife she was brought under re- influences, and at the age of years became a member with the Wesleyan Methodists. She married in her 21st year, and about the same time declined in piety, broke off her connection with the people of God, and for several years remained undecided in religion, though strictly moral. About six years ago, her eldest daughter was brought to a knowledge of the truth and united with our Society in Maryport. She invited her mother to come and hear the minister at the Primitive Methodist chapel; and God blessed the word to her soul. Under a sermon preached by the Rev. John Taylor, divine light filled her mind; she was led into faith, and joyed in the God of her salvation. She joined the Society and remained a consistent member till death. While health and circumstances allowed, she was seldom absent from the public means in the sanctuary, especially on the Sabbath. She was an attentive hearer, devout in her worship, and frequently exercised in the public prayer meeting. For some years she retired at ten o'clock each day to pray, especially for the salvation of her family and for her aged parents; and others of her family are now walking in the fear of the Lord. Her removal was comparatively sudden and unexpected. In her affliction she murmured not, but felt the Lord was with her in the furnace. At intervals she was much engaged in prayer for her family, and while conscious, her experience was invariably satisfactory. A little before death she desired them to sing,

"Rock of ages cleft for me."

Her final hour brought glory to her God. She fell asleep in Jesus; aged 48 years. A. DODDS.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

The flight of time doth bear me on,
So swift, so fast;
Soon will my mortal life be gone,
Soon all be past:

Aye, soon my earthly life shall close:
The last day's light
Shall dawn for me, and death's repose
Seal my dim sight.

So fleetly glide my years away,
That life doth seem
In its swift passing day by day,
A meteor gleam.

As gloriously the sun will rise
When I am gone;
And walk with majesty the skies,
In splendour on.

And nature's melodies shall wake
At touch of morn;
The song of birds shall o'er me break,
When day is born.

And I shall sleep so silently,
Beneath the bloom
Of flowers, that there perchance may be
Around me thrown.

And thoughts of me will far be placed
In memory's halls;
And dimly will my form be traced
Upon her walls.

I only pray that I may be
Enshrined within
Kind loving hearts, and constantly
Sweet memories win.

By all that loving care can give,
And solace kind;
By this, and this alone, I'd leave
A name behind.

ANNIE HAWKINS.

CURZON STREET CHAPEL AND SCHOOL ROOMS, LEICESTER FIRST CIRCUIT.

THIS chapel was erected in 1851, during the superintendency of the Rev. John Brownson, at an outlay of £1737. Further improvements were deemed necessary for a large and increasing Sabbath School. It was resolved to erect School Rooms, and at the same time enlarge the chapel. 24 feet have been added to its length. On the floor radiating pews of stained deal, with mahogany cappings, have been introduced; the old pulpit and singers' seat have been removed; a new platform with stairs on either side has been erected, surrounded by an elliptic communion rail, the panels of which are of open iron-work; those of the platform are backed with crimson cloth, the whole of the wood and

iron-work being tastefully painted white and grey. The gallery has been continued entirely round the chapel, the portion in the rear of the platform being appropriated as an orchestra, in which an organ has been placed. The portion of the chapel beneath the orchestra is occupied with a minister's vestry and class room. The two main entrances to the gallery have been entirely re-arranged, which has contributed materially to the general comfort of the worshippers. In the rear Sabbath schools have been erected, consisting on the ground floor of a room 54 feet by 28 feet 10 inches, and 14 feet clear height. On the first floor is a room 34 feet 3 inches by 28 feet 10 inches, 13 feet high in the walls, with an open roof, ceiled at the collar beams, giving a total height of 18 feet 6 inches. There are four class rooms, the whole being calculated to accommodate 700 scholars. The cost is £1655. At the opening services, with donations we realised £586 15s. 1d. Further efforts were needful, as the debt remaining on the property before any alterations was £830. Preparations were commenced for a bazaar; sewing meetings were held every alternate Monday, in the afternoon; tea was provided by one of the friends, and the proceeds given to the trust fund. In this way a handsome sum was raised. The bazaar was held September 6th, 7th, and 8th, in Mr. Joseph Harrap's auction mart, kindly lent without charge. The weather was very unfavourable, but we were glad to find that our income increased every day; so that we had reason to thank God and take courage. The receipts from each stall were as follow: Mr. J. Bates', £8; Mr. J. T. Cooper's, £8 12s. 8d.; Mesdames Clark, Grundy, and T. Wilson's, £28 0s. 6d.; Mesdames Roberts, J. Wilson, Berrisford, and Marwood's, £40 2s. 4d.; Mrs. Warner's, £70 0s. 3d.; Mesdames Roscoe, Smith, Hickenbotham, and Bennett's, £82; Mesdames Warner and Chamberlain's refreshment stall, £5 13s. 2d.; entrance fees, £16 14s.; a Christmas tree, £11 17s. 11d.; magic lantern, &c., £5 5s. 3d., which sums amount to £276 6s. 2d.; and adding the £586 15s. 1d. at the opening, the total is £863 6s. 2d. This is very encouraging for a society of 109 members; it shows what can be done by united effort. We found it a great undertaking, but we are now pleased with the improvement. Our friends have done well; it is only right to say that Mr. T. Berrisford and others rendered considerable aid in the bazaar. The greatest harmony has prevailed during these alterations. Our prayer now is, "Arise, O Lord, into thy rest, thou and the ark of thy strength; let thy priests be clothed with righteousness, and let thy saints shout for joy."

THOMAS ROBERTS.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY ON BIBLE TEXTS.

FOR EACH SABBATH IN MAY.

1st SABBATH. 1 Thessalonians, ii. 15. "*They please not God.*" The course of sin pursued by the ungodly in all past ages of the world has been offensive in the sight of Almighty God; and has ever exposed the ungodly to the divine anger. It was through the sin of the Israelites that so many of them were overthrown in the wilderness; and we wish it to be well understood that there is nothing in the Almighty's vast domains that can displease him but sin; and wherever this exists it stands in direct opposition to the divine nature; for God is perfect in holiness and righteousness, and has a perfect hatred to sin in any form, in any person, and under any circumstances. "All that do unrighteously are an abomination unto the Lord." If sin be committed in the palace, or in the cottage; by the monarch, or by the beggar, it is alike offensive in the sight of God. Men may make a mock at sin, or try to throw the blame on their fellow men; or they may charge their Creator with dealing unjustly with them, and placing them in circumstances in which they imagine they cannot avoid sin; but to the guilty sinner everywhere "belongeth shame and confusion of face," and no excuse in life or death, in time or in eternity, will free the wicked from the wrath of God. "Be sure your sins will find you out;" and saith the Almighty, "Behold I will set my face against you for evil." And when God shall set his face against us none can withstand his power and vengeance. "I will punish the world for their evil, and the wicked for their iniquity," saith the Lord. Therefore if men will continue in sin by violating the divine laws, they must eat the fruit of their doings. It is terrible indeed in this life to live under God's displeasure, and how awfully terrible will it be hereafter to have a portion with hypocrites and unbelievers in the bottomless pit, where the divine wrath is continually poured upon lost souls. Let us therefore urge you to "cease to do evil, and learn to do well." "If iniquity be in thine heart put it far away, and let not wickedness dwell in thy tabernacles; then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot," and God shall bless thee, and manifest his pleasure in thee.

"Here then our souls would ever wait
To catch the smilings of thy love,
And stand attending at thy gate,
Till introduced to courts above."

2nd SABBATH. Proverbs xvi. 7. "*When a man's ways please the*

Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." A man's ways may be said to please the Lord when the man lives under the guidance of God's holy Spirit, when he walks in the fear of the Lord, when the Lord is his portion, and when he can appeal to Jesus and truthfully say, "Thou knowest that I love thee." Those who please the Lord are spoken of in Scripture as a "little flock," and we may remark their number is small when compared with the vast number of those who live in sin. It is a fearful fact that in the great majority of our professing Christian churches there are some to be found who profess to please the Lord, but alas the fear of God is not in their souls, the glory of God is not their chief aim; they will scheme and labour, and contribute to please themselves, and to be "men pleasers;" and nothing is more certain than that they shall have their reward, for they are amongst the workers of iniquity, and the "wages of sin is death." But "when a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." Many of God's true servants are surrounded by the opponents of Christianity; and how frequently do we see it to be the case, that by divine power, God working on behalf of his people breaks the enmity of their enemies, and thus turns their foes into friends. There is a constraining power in religion that frequently exerts an influence on the mind and conduct of the non-professor in favour of the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. If righteousness can exalt nations, surely it can make friends for the people of God. He who has the hearts of all men in his hand, uses a variety of means for the benefit and consolation of his people. He himself is a friend that "sticketh closer than a brother," and his people know him as such, and therefore love to hear about him, to read about him, to think about him, to talk about him, and to enjoy his special presence with them on their way to the celestial regions.

"My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father God."

3rd SABBATH. Proverbs xv. 28.—"*The mouth of the wicked poureth out evil things.*" So said one of the wisest kings that ever sat upon an earthly throne; and daily observation teaches the same truth. The world abounds with wicked persons; they are to be found in the city, the town, the village, the hamlet—they exist amongst the rich and the poor—they occupy some of the high places of the earth, and they may be found dwelling in the meanest hovels occupied by mankind; and both in public and in private they pour out evil things from the mouth. "Their throat is an open sepulchre," and "their mouth is full of cursing

and bitterness," and with their tongues they use deceit, and "the poison of asps is under their lips." They pour out evil things such as backbitings, slanderings, &c., and these things frequently tend to injure both themselves and others. In Psalm xviii. they are spoken of as being guilty of speaking wickedly, and speaking loftily, and as having set their mouth against the heavens. And in Psalm lix. we read of "the sin of their mouth;" and the words of their lips are characterised by *pride*, *cursing*, and *lying*; and "they belch out with their mouth, swords are in their lips." Surely, then, such characters are dangerous; and if we would not catch the same spirit we must avoid their company. We should bless with the mouth, *i.e.*, render praise unto God, and seek to instruct our fellowmen in the great and holy principles of vital godliness. Let us therefore use our vocal powers to the glory of God and for the world's good. This we can do by singing the songs of Zion, by our prayers, and by holy conversation. One of old prayed to the Lord of heaven saying, "Let my mouth be filled with thy praise and with thy honour all the day." The mouth cannot be better employed than in celebrating divine praises and bringing honour to him who has said,—"Them that honour me I will honour."

"O, may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord my strength and righteousness."

4th SABBATH. Psalm cxlvi. 10.—"*I will be exalted in the earth.*" So says he who cannot lie, whose throne is heaven and whose footstool is earth, he by whom kings reign and princes decree justice. Already he is the sovereign proprietor and the Lord of the universe, for "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." God is "the King of all the earth," and he designs to have his own name universally known, his saving power universally felt, his glorious gospel universally proclaimed, and his praises universally sung; thus his name shall be gloriously honoured, and all men shall call him blessed, because all shall feel that they are blessed in him. The throne of his holiness shall be the centre of praise, and kings, princes, noblemen, and beggars shall exalt him in their hearts, in their mouths, and by a life consistent with his requirements. Then shall the harps of heaven be tuned to this anthem, "The kingdoms of the world have become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ." And nation shall cease to lift up sword against nation, and every quarter of the globe shall be at peace. The reign of Messiah is one of peace and everlasting joy. And gladness and rejoicing shall be seen and heard in the cottage, the mansion, and the palace, and all

people shall praise God for ever. And then the Lord alone will be exalted, and it will be seen that Christianity has accomplished amongst men what nothing else ever could have effected. The institution of our Bible Societies, Sabbath Schools, Religious Tract Societies, Missionary Societies, &c., was designed to exalt God and benefit mankind.

Let then all our readers aim at the extension of Messiah's kingdom, and resolve to pray—

> "Lord, let the dayspring soon arise,
> On every land beneath the skies;
> And earth's dark climes adoring prove,
> The heights and depths of pardoning love."

If such be the prayer of the Church,

> "His name shall stand for ever,
> His great, best name of love."

W. Birks.

SINGULAR CONVERSION OF AN IRISH ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Bryan McMaken was a poor ignorant Roman Catholic, who acted as herd for a number of families near Newtown Stewart, in the county of Tyrone, north of Ireland. The Methodist preachers visited the place to which he belonged; and Bryan was so deeply convinced of sin under the preaching of Mr. Joseph Armstrong, that when he returned to his cabin, after listening to the sermon, he was unable to conceal his distress from his wife. On her inquiring into the cause, he said, "I think God Almighty is looking at me every minute, and is angry with me." She did her utmost to make him quiet, but to no purpose; and, as a last resort, she advised him to go to the priest on the following morning. He took this advice; and having told his case, the priest said to him, "O, you have been hearing those Methodists; nothing better could come of it."—"Oh," said Bryan, "it is they that have done it upon me; but sir, what shall I do? for I cannot live this way." After scolding him, the priest said, "Well, I will tell you what to do, and you will be well enough to go to the dance, which is to be at John ———'s to night; and when you return home, take a hearty glass of whisky, and get Madge (his wife) to sing you a song, and all will be well." In obedience to this

advice, Bryan and Madge went to the dance; but he had not been long there before he started up, saying to his wife, "Madge, come away; I am worse and worse!" On his return home, however, he took the rest of the advice,—drank the whiskey and heard the song; but to no purpose. In the morning, far from being relieved, his distress had greatly increased; and Madge advised him to go once more to the priest. He went next morning, and told his reverence that he was no better, for God was "still looking at him," and was "angrier and angrier." He was then ordered to go to Lough-Derg, and heavy penances were prescribed, so many crossings, stations, walking on his bare knees, &c. Having accomplished this task, he returned, and told the priest that he was no better. "Then," said the priest, "you may go to the devil; for I I can do no more for you; but mind you must never go near the Methodists again." "O," said Bryan, "there is no danger of that, they have done enough upon me already." Notwithstanding this resolution, however, being drawn by his employment to the preaching-house, during the time of divine service, he ventured to the door to listen to the singing, then heard the prayer, in which he thought there could be no harm, and lastly, ventured in. The preacher, knowing nothing of the case of Bryan, was led to describe the state of awakened sinners, and the advice sometimes given to such to relieve them from their distress. Bryan, having by this time got near the pulpit, exclaimed, "That is just what he said to me;" and then and there before the whole congregation he detailed what had passed between him and the priest. The preacher told him that he could never be happy until he was converted, and obtained the forgiveness of his sins, adding, "Kneel down, and we will pray for you." The whole congregation then fell upon their knees, calling upon God to have mercy upon the penitent. After some time he leaped up, clapped his hands, and said, "I have got it! I have got it! I know he is not angry with me now! O, sir, will you come and convert Madge?" The preacher replied that he would go and talk with her the next morning; but Bryan could with difficulty wait so long. As soon as he got home, he exclaimed, "O, Madge, sure I am converted; God is not angry with me now." "Bryan, dear," said his wife, "who converted you?" "O," said he, "it was the preacher." "Would he convert me?" said she, "for I am as bad as you." "He would convert all the world," said Bryan. The preacher visited Madge, and explained to her the plan of salvation by Jesus Christ; and she also was soon brought to enjoy the power and comfort of religion. Bryan could not rest now without telling the priest. He was advised not to go, but go he would, and in the face of the congregation, in his own way, told the priest of the happiness of his soul. The priest ridiculed him and

threatened him with excommunication: to which Bryan replied, "You may save yourself the trouble; you could do nothing for me in my distress, and I will never come near you again." Bryan and Madge suffered much from their bigoted neighbours, but they held on their way, and are long since lodged in the paradise of God. They also brought up their children in the fear of the Lord, and one son became a respectable local preacher amongst the Methodists.—*From the Wesleyan Magazine for* 1823. *Sent by* G. WALLIS.

ESTHER MALCOLM'S STORY.

My father returned home one afternoon earlier than usual. I was sitting at the window at work, and looked up when I heard the little garden gate opened and then shut with a sharp click.

There was a strange mingling of pleasure and pain in my father's looks: and though he seemed to hurry up the garden path he lingered. I could not make it out.

'You have succeeded better to-day, my dear,' said my mother, when he entered the room.

'Yes, Lucy—perhaps,' he answered, hesitatingly; 'I do not know what to say about that. No; I do not know that I have,' he added hastily.

My father was a mercantile clerk in search of employment. A few months before he had been ill, and we feared he would die; but God spared him. When sufficiently recovered to return to business, he found his situation filled up, and he was cast on his own resources.

These resources, alas! were very slender. His illness had sadly diminished them; and the prospect of a dreary winter approaching, and he unemployed, filled him with natural concern.

Our family was not large. It had been larger; but death had once and again and again entered it. One brother only and myself were left. Harry was younger than I. He was about sixteen, and had left school just as my father's illness commenced; and here was another item in our dear parent's anxiety. Harry had been educated for counting-house life, but we had few friends—none who could assist us in this matter: and he too was unemployed.

My father had made many efforts, had advertised and answered advertisements, and sought and obtained interviews with employers, had

seemed at times within reach of what he sought and needed, but some fatality appeared to attend his efforts. He was too late, or too early, or not young enough; or he was ignorant of some indispensable foreign language. Those only who have been similarly circumstanced know how many incidents go to make up a successful application, and how little, for a time at least, success seems to depend on proved efficiency and unblemished character.

Let this pass for an explanation; or shall I say further, that as a teacher of music to the little girls I was doing the best I could, and it was but little, towards my self-support. Further than this, alas, I had no power.

'I do not understand you, William,' said my mother, as a rejoinder to my father's somewhat contradictory information. 'But I fear you have been again disappointed.'

My father did not immediately reply; and we soon afterward sat down to tea.

'I have had a liberal offer to-day, Lucy,' said my father presently—'or what appears to be such; but it must rest with you whether I can accept it or not.' There was a mournful tone in his voice, I thought, and I wondered at this, for generally he was cheerful and hopeful.

'How can it depend on me?' my mother asked.

'For how long would you agree to part with me?' said my father.

'To part, William?' and my mother's countenance was shaded with anxiety.

'You do not mean, by your going abroad?'

'Even so, my dear. I can, if I please, sail next month for India on business which, at the shortest, will take up three years. The terms, as I said, are liberal; but I shall not go without your consent.'

My mother heard in silence; she only asked, 'When must you decide, William?' and was told that my father must give his answer to-morrow.

That was a sorrowful evening to us all. Before we separated for the night, and when we were by ourselves, I said to my mother, you will not let dear papa go, will you?'

She was a kind indulgent mother, and fondly devoted to our father; she was also a thoughtful prudent woman. 'I dare not answer your question, Esther,' she said. 'You must wait till to-morrow, to know how we have decided.'

I lay awake that night for many hours. The painful possibility of the long separation which seemed to threaten us filled me with dismay. I could hear, too, the voices of my father and mother in the room below: a gentle murmuring sound it was, but it prevented me from sleeping.

I heard my father, too, in solemn, earnest prayer, and then there was a short silence. They had been in consultation I knew, and I longed to know what the result should be. It was long past midnight when I heard their steps on the stairs, and saw the passing glimmer of their light through the chinks of my unlatched door, as they went softly by. When the house was quite still, I sunk into troubled slumber.

The next day their decision was communicated to Harry and me. It was what we feared. My father thought it right to accept the appointment, and my mother had consented.

We had no time to waste in unavailing regrets; we had to prepare for my father's departure, and he to make the best arrangements in his power for our support during his long absence. A small sum of money in hand, and an order upon his new employers for a quarterly advance, to be deducted from his salary, seemed to insure us from the dread of destitution; and we hoped, too, that Harry would soon obtain employment. Thus far all was well.

The day of parting came. It was very painful; but we determined to accompany my father to the dock, where he was to embark. And there we stood, a little family group, on the crowded deck of the ship, taking our last farewell—a very sorrowful one, for how probable it was that we were then parting never again to meet in this world. My father tried to console us and keep up our spirits, but it was easy to see how much he himself needed to be cheered.

You may think that we had neither sight nor hearing for anything transpiring around us; yet in that painful half-hour, we slightly noticed another group, somewhat like our own, on another part of the deck. There were a middle-aged couple, a younger man, and two fair girls. They, like us, were evidently deeply affected; there was to be a parting there. Presently the group was broken up. I saw the elder gentleman in conversation with the captain of the ship; and then, gently leading his wife to the ship's side, they disappeared. The younger gentleman and one of the girls followed, and the sister stood alone on the deck weeping, though striving courageously to suppress her tears, while she waved her last adieu to her friends. She then was to be a passenger, and a solitary one. In a short time the captain approached her, and kindly leading her away, they vanished from our sight. All this came to my memory afterward; at that time, though the scene passed before my eyes, I little regarded it.

Then came our final parting, the last blessing, the last counsel, the last whispered, heart-breathed prayer, the last kiss from a father's lips, which had never uttered a word but in kindness and love.

After this, for some months, we went on much as before our father

left us. My mother had enough to employ her at home, and I with my music lessons. As to poor Harry, he could get nothing to do, and his face began to wear a look of premature anxiety. We did not become reconciled to my father's absence, and we thought much of the long time which must elapse before we could meet again; but time softens even the pangs of separation, and we were not so unhappy as had been predicted. Our greatest trial, perhaps, was on poor Harry's account.

We had two or three letters from my father, in which he spoke hopefully of his prospects, and cheerfully of his health and comfort on shipboard.

The first was written before the ship left the channel; the next, and the next after that, were written on the voyage, and sent to us by homeward-bound ships. Then came a long silence, and after that, when we had begun to conjure up a host of imaginary fears, a long and welcome letter.

My father had landed in safety, and was fully engaged in the business which had taken him abroad. He was well, too, and comparatively unaffected by the climate. All this was a cause for thankfulness. But though safe when the letter was written, my father had been in great peril. The latter part of the voyage had been disastrous. The ship in which he had sailed had encountered heavy gales and storms, and had been nearly lost. For many hours, my father wrote, almost all hope of seeing another morning dawn was given up by both passengers and crew; but the danger was averted and the ship saved.

In his former letters he had mentioned that among his fellow-passengers was a young lady with whom he was much interested. Excepting that she had been placed under the captain's protection, Miss Herbert was solitary and unfriended. He described her manners as very modest and winning, and her tone of conversation superior to that of the passengers in general. My father said that Miss Herbert's loneliness had first touched his sympathy, for he thought of his Esther, as placed under the same circumstances; and he had offered such attentions as an elderly gentleman might with propriety and courtesy show to a young stranger lady. They were received gratefully, and after a time my father and the young lady had become to each other as father and daughter. Miss Herbert was going out to India as a governess in an English family of rank and station in Calcutta. My father's destination was Madras.

The events of the fearful night had increased my father's interest in Mary Herbert, by calling forth his admiration of her fortitude and faith in divine love and protection. While others abandoned themselves to despair, she was pale and shrinking indeed, but calm and composed. Through all the danger my father was by her side, but not, he said, so

much to support her as to witness the power of faith in the prospect of sudden and awful death. Thus much for Miss Herbert, of whom we sometimes talked when talking of my father—for his letters had awakened an interest in her fortunes; and then it was that I remembered the parting on board the ship, and wondered whether the young lady I had seen was the Miss Herbert of my father's story.

My father had been away from us about a year, when a cloud arose, which threatened us with ruin. One evening Harry came home pale and agitated. I should say that he had at length succeeded in obtaining employment in an attorney's office; but his salary was very small, and his situation merely temporary.

'Harry, dear, what is the matter?' asked our mother, anxiously.

'Have you heard anything from Mortimer and Hughes to-day, mother?' he said, hastily. Mortimer and Hughes was the firm for which our father was engaged.

'Mortimer and Hughes!' exclaimed my mother, with increased alarm, 'is it any ill tidings of your father?' she demanded, hurriedly.

'No, mother, no: it is not that; but Mortimer and Hughes have failed—their names are in this day's *Gazette*.'

Our sensations were at first those of blissful relief from the suffocating apprehension which Harry's first words had caused. Not that we thought with indifference of the commercial failure; but we had expected that Harry had been charged with tidings of death. When, however, we began to think calmly of the intelligence, our spirits sunk within us.

The next morning my mother hastened to the city, and our worst apprehensions were confirmed. Not only was my father's mission at an end, but he would be left without employment in India, and unprovided with even the means of returning home. Our income was also, of course, suddenly cut off. It was a hard case, my mother was told by the bankrupts' assignees, but it could not be helped. There might be eventually something secured to us; but they gave little hope even of this, for the firm was deeply involved, and the dividend would be very small.

My mother was not apt to give way to despondency. She had that happy confidence in God's superintending and fatherly care which nothing could effectually and permanently displace, founded as it was on the promises of the gospel; and that support did not fail her now. The burden was not removed, but she was helped to bear it; and her example, inspired us, her children, with courage and energy.

We began by retrenching our hitherto comparatively small expenses, and I exerted myself to extend my limited connection, so as to be fully employed in teaching. As to dear Harry, he mourned his helplessness. The small remuneration he received for his occasional services in the

ttorney's office was not sufficient for his own support. And even this as at length withdrawn and he was again unemployed.

I had obtained one new pupil. It was at some distance from home, ut this was of small importance compared with the additional weekly eceipt which it added to our income. One morning in walking to Mrs. ascelles', my new patroness, I was caught in a hasty and heavy shower f rain. It vexed me sadly. How little did I think that that very un-elcome shower would be the means of deliverance from threatened overty.

Mrs. Lascelles was a motherly, kind lady; when she found that her ittle girl's music teacher had walked through the rain and was very wet, he insisted on my drying my garments at the parlour fire before I ave the lesson. She offered me refreshments also, and made me take hem too—'to keep the cold out,' as she said.

These kindnesses were hardly through, when a knock was heard at the oor, a lady was introduced, whom Mrs. Lascelles received as an intimate riend, without the formality of an announcement.

'I was not coming to see you to-day,' said the stranger, 'but this unxpected shower has driven me to take refuge.'

I was puzzled with the lady's looks. It seemed that the countenance as not altogether unknown to me, though I could not imagine where r when I had seen it. It was an elderly countenance, very pleasant to ok upon, though marked here and there with lines which told of past rials, I thought.

I was about to retire, when Mrs. Lascelles stayed me. 'Do not run way, Miss Malcolm. I am sure you cannot be dry yet; and it is a erious thing for young ladies, you know, or old ladies either,' she dded, with a pleasant smile, 'to catch cold. You must not go, indeed, ll you are quite ready; Mrs. Herbert and I have no secrets to talk over.'

Mrs. Herbert! I remembered it all—the parting scene on ship-board. his was the lady I had seen, sorrowfully bidding farewell to her aughter: she was the mother of our dear father's fellow voyager. How trange! I thought; and I looked into the lady's face.

She was regarding me earnestly also.

'Miss Malcolm!' she repeated. 'My dear young lady, pardon my riosity: do your friends live in London?'

'My mother and brother, madam,' I replied; 'but my father is abroad.'

'In India?' asked the lady.

'Yes; he sailed more than a year ago.'

'In what ship die he go out?' Mrs. Herbert inquired; and her voice, thought, trembled slightly. I gave her the name of the ship, and also ie name of the captain.

'I am glad, I am very glad, to have met you, Miss Malcolm,' she said tenderly; and she took me kindly by the hand. 'You do not know,' she added, how much I am indebted to your kind father, though I have never seen him: and, how sorry Mr. Herbert and I have been not to have known your mother's directions, so that we could have called on her to express our gratitude. You must let us do so now.'

Mrs. Herbert asked me no more questions then, but she noted down our address; and we soon separated, she going homeward when the rain had ceased, and I to my pupils. A few days afterwards, however, she called upon my mother.

Half an hour's conversation sufficed to banish from their mind the idea that they had been life-long strangers to each other. There was a bond of sympathy in the circumstances which had brought them together —the dear ones who were far away. There was another bond of sympathy, each had passed through many domestic sorrows, and had been supported under them. And there was yet a third and a stronger bond —that which unites heart to heart in Christian love—'One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren.'

My mother lightly touched upon her present sources of anxiety, her uncertainty respecting my father's circumstances, the loss of income arising from the bankruptcy of his employers, and my brother Harry's want of occupation.—Mrs. Herbert spoke a few words of encouragement and hope, and then she departed.

We did not suppose we should know any more of our visitor, now she had performed her errand; but we were mistaken. Only a few days afterwards, my mother received a short note—Would Henry Malcolm call on Mr. Herbert, at a certain office in the city, at a certain hour the next day?

Harry went, of course; and returned in high spirits. Mr. Herbert had heard of a situation—a clerkship—which my brother was well qualified to fill. He had introduced Harry, and all preliminaries were arranged. The salary was so liberal as to be sufficient: dear Harry thought it magnificent. Mr. Herbert was of course, in his estimation, one of the pleasantest gentlemen Harry ever met.

My brother went day after day to the counting-house, and I to my pupils, to whom others were added by the recommendation of kind Mrs. Lascelles; and if it had not been for our uncertainty about our dear father, we should have been very happy. But some months passed, and we did not hear from him.

At length came a letter: it contained good news. My father had indeed been put to much inconvenience by the failure of his employers; but he had entered into another engagement, and was prospering. He

emitted money to us which happily we did not urgently need, thanks to ;ood Mr. Herbert's exertions for Harry; and the only drawback to the ıleasure of the letter was the uncertainty of his return to England.

Postscript.—Why should there not be a postscript to a lady's story, s well as a lady's letter? Four years have past away since my father rrived in India. He is not there now; he is on his passage home. We expect him next month; and my dear mother is rather nervous vhen the wind is high, otherwise she is well and happy.—Harry is as gay s a lark; his salary has twice been advanced; and his employers have ıromised him another advance at Christmas. At Christmas I suppose . must give up teaching music, so George Herbert tells me; and I—I ıave promised. We are very friendly indeed with the Herberts; and Mary, who came home last year with the family in which she is gover- ıess, and who is a lovely, affectionate, simple-hearted girl, says that we wo ought to be sisters.

I wonder how many of these later events would have taken place, and ow many of our bright hopes would have beamed, if my father's sym- athies had centred in himself.

Primitive Methodist Canadian "Christian Journal."

THE DYING WIFE.

The following most touching fragment of a letter from a dying wife to ıer husband, was found by him some months after her death, between he leaves of a religious volume, which she was very fond of perusing. The letter, which was dim with tear marks, was written long before the ıusband was aware that the grasp of a fatal disease had fastened upon he lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen:—

"When this shall meet your eye, dear George, some day when you ıre turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away for ever, ınd the cold white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips ;ou have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall ıide for ever from your sight the dust of one who so often nestled close o your warm heart.

"For many long and sleepless nights, when all except my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death until at last it has forced itself upon my mind; although to you and

others it might now seem the nervous imaginations of a girl, yet, dear George, it is so! Many weary hours have I passed in the endeavour to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty. And hard indeed it is to struggle on silently and alone with the sure conviction that I am about to leave all for ever, and go down alone into the dark valley; 'But I know in whom I have believed,' and leaning upon his arm 'I fear no evil.' Do not blame me for keeping even this from you. How could I subject you, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when it will so soon be made apparent to you? I could have wished to live, if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and pillowing your head upon my breast, wipe the death damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into its Maker's presence, embalmed with woman's holiest prayers.

"But it is not so to be—and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching through long dreary nights for the spirit's final flight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my Saviour's bosom! And you shall share my last thoughts; the last faint pressure of the hand, and the feeble kiss shall be yours; and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eye shall rest on yours until glazed by death; and our spirits shall hold one last communion, until gently fading from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpse of the unfading glories of that better world where partings are unknown.

"Well do I know the spot, dear George, where you will lay me; often have we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sunset, as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves and burnished the grassy mounds around us with stripes of burnished gold, each perhaps has thought that some day one of us would come alone, and whichever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But we loved the spot: and I know you'll love it none the less when you see the same quiet sunlight linger and play among the grass that grows over your Mary's grave; I know you'll go often alone when I am elsewhere, and my spirit will be with you then, and whispering among the waving branches, 'I am not lost, but gone before!'"

PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL AND SCHOOLS, COALVILLE, ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH CIRCUIT.

COALVILLE is a large and flourishing hamlet in Leicestershire, four and a half miles S.W. of Ashby, and sixteen miles N.E. of Leicester, and is situated in the four townships of Swannington, Snibstone, Hugglescote, and Whitwick. It was orginally known as "*Long Lane*," and in 1824 it contained only *two* houses; but such has been its remarkable transformation that there are now a large number of comfortable residences, a great variety of respectable shops, five commodious places of worship, and a growing population of more than 2,000 souls. This rapid growth is attributable to the great extension of the Snibstone and Whitwick Coal Companies, which now furnish profitable employment to more than 1000 persons. The latter company has recently established an important auxiliary, under the management of Mr. G. Smith, for the manufacture of blue bricks, fire bricks, floor quarries, sewage pipes, chimney tops, white bricks, classic and gothic mouldings, &c., and employs upwards of 100 hands. There is also a factory for the making of

encaustic tiles, which gives employment to a large number of females as well as males.

About the year 1833, Coalville was missioned by our Ashby Circuit, with very encouraging success; and for the space of 29 years we were greatly indebted to G. Vaughan, Esq., for the gratuitous use of the Snibstone Company's spacious School Room, wherein to hold our religious services and conduct our Sabbath school. In the year 1862, the commodious chapel shown in the engraving was erected at a cost of £434; and in 1865 the beautiful school rooms adjoining it were built. The chapel is 38 feet 6 inches, by 30 feet; and the schools are 38 feet 6 inches, by 21 feet 6 inches, two storys in height. The lower story comprises four separate class rooms, two at each end of the building, and a commodious centre room, 20 feet by 19 feet, opening to the bottom of the chapel by two gothic slides, 5 feet by 8. The upper story is divided in the same proportions as the lower one, but with moveable wood partitions, and opens into the gallery to the chapel by two slides of the same character and dimensions as those below. These rooms are built in the gothic style of architecture, with outer facings of blue brick, ornamented with white dressings and quoins; and with inner facings of white brick, relieved by courses of red pressed brick, neatly tucked and unplastered. The whole of the rooms above and below are well lighted by nine gothic windows, the centre of each being ground glass, with stained margins; and the strongly wooded roof is covered with red and blue tiles in alternate courses. The entire cost of the school rooms, including the erection of a new gallery on three sides of the chapel, palisading, lighting and warming apparatus, and numerous and important alterations, is about £430, towards which more than £200 have been raised. The plans for the erection and alterations were furnished by J. Kerridge, Esq., of Wisbeach; and the materials were supplied from the works of the Whitwick Colliery Company. Mr. G. Smith, the manager of the works and the superintendent of the school, laid the foundation thereof, kindly placing on the stone his own donation of £5 as also a donation of £25 from his liberal employer, J. Whetstone, Esq., of Leicester. Besides the proceeds of bazaars, the sums realised at various collections, and the valuable aid rendered by our own immediate friends, liberal donations have been received from G. Vaughan, Esq., the respected representative of the Snibstone Company; W. Worswick, Esq., the proprietor of the Swannington Collieries; and T. T. Paget, Esq., of the Leicester Bank.

These buildings are not only an ornament to the hamlet, but they are said to be the most convenient and comfortable in the neighbourhood. The school now numbers 140 scholars, several of whom have been brought to the Saviour since the schools were erected, and who are now united with the society; and such has been the numerical and financial prosperity of the church and congregation, that Coalville now occupies the leading position in the Home Branch of the Ashby-de-la-Zouch circuit.

ROBERT PARKS.

A CASKET OF JEWELS.

FAITH must be like the pendulum of a clock; it must be kept moving to put the whole soul in motion; and as your faith increases you will more quickly mount up, run faster, labour more, love more, rejoice more, and drink the cup with greater cheerfulness.—*William Bramwell.*

The man that believes God's testimony, (because it is his word), is the one that honours him most.—*E. Kennedy.*

He who cannot find time to read his Bible will find one day that he has time to be sick; he who has no time to pray, must find time to die.—*Hannah More.*

The Bible is the foundation of our hope, the rule of our life, and the food of our souls; it directs us to a hiding place, a resting place, and a dwelling place.—*John Newton.*

If a man is not rising upwards to be an angel, depend upon it he is sinking downwards to be a devil. He cannot stop at the beast; the most savage men are not beasts; they are worse, a great deal worse.—*Coleridge.*

We read of some birds that never make a noise but at the approach of foul weather; and there are persons who never cry to God but when his chastening hand is upon them.—*William Jay.*

A broken and a contrite heart is infinitely more acceptable to God than either thousands of gold and silver, or the most perfect philosophical morality.—*William Garner.*

There is no gold so inestimable as our precious faith; and in combination with this faith, there is no jewel so fair, there is no crystal so clear, there is no flower so fragrant as love.—*Dr. Redford.*

Most people would rather be told their fortune than be told their duty; how to be rich, than how to be saved; so preposterous is the care of fallen man.—*Matthew Henry.*

Knowledge is the sceptre that gives us our dominion over nature; the key that unlocks the store-house of creation, and opens to us the treasure of the universe.—*Dr. Hawes.*

Good sense is the body of poetic genius, fancy its drapery, motion its life, imagination the soul that forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole.—*S. T. Coleridge.*

Souls stamped with the impress of deity, created for the divine glory, endowed with amazing capacities, redeemed at an unparalleled cost, destined to an eternal existence, are the waving "corn stalks," among which the Christian missionary must toil.—*William Antliff.*

Oh, happy heart where piety affecteth, where humility subjecteth, where repentance correcteth, where obedience directeth, where perseverance perfecteth, where power protecteth, where devotion projecteth, where charity connecteth. —*Augustine.*

Thanks be to God, I see a need, a great need for such a stroke and affliction as I now experience. As a rod to correct me from my faults; as a furnace to purge me from my dross; as a bridle to restrain me from my rebellions; as a spur to excite and stir me up to my duty and work; and as a glass, wherein I see both more and more of my own sinfulness, and more of the glory of God.—*Ralph Erskine.*

The object of the gospel is distinct and definite. It is to shut up idol temples; to elevate the abject minds of their worshippers; to break the fetters from the slave; to reclaim the savage from his wilds; to bind the different tribes of men together by the strong bonds of Christian affection, and so to restore the whole human family to God; to present all nations before him in prostration, adoration, praise, and thanksgiving.—*Thomas Hobson.*

The shield of faith will resist the progress of time, the effects of disease, and the fear of death. It will pass unhurt through the dark and cheerless valley; survive the dissolution of nature; smile over the ruins of the universe; and reign and triumph in immortality.—*William Orme.*

The Christian church has entered upon the noblest enterprise that ever entered into the mind of man: an enterprise in which it contemplates bringing back this fallen, blighted, blackened, broken away planet, to him who died to redeem it, and to make it one of the fairest, the brightest, the most beautiful systems that ever came out of the hands of the ever blessed God: to chase away its darkness, to wash away its guilt, to heal its disorders, to cure its maladies, and to bind it fast to the throne of God. Sustained by his hand, washed in his blood, renewed by his grace, and made happy in his love.—*Robert Key.*

Hope is the ruddy morning ray of joy; recollection is its golden tinge: but the latter is wont to sink amid the dews and dusty shades of twilight: and the bright blue day, which the former promises, breaks indeed but in another world and with another sun.—*J. Paul.*

At the last day there will be the sudden waning of the morning sun, the blackening of the heavens, the dissolving of stars, the growing thunders of coming wrath, the clang of the trumpet, whose notes break the slumbers of the dead, the crash of the pillars of the earth, the bursting forth of treasures of fire, and the solving of all things in the fervent heat.—*Isaac Taylor.*

If the sinner delay repentance or indulge in false repentance, he will be in danger of sinking into a state of impenitency which is not merely the want or absence of repentance, but a state in which the mind becomes darkened, the vice obstinate, the heart hardened, the whole soul degraded and desperately wicked; in which condition he may be given up to reprobation, and eventually be eternally lost.—*Jonas Clarke.*

Extracted by SAMUEL HOWARD.

"NEVER DESPAIR."

WE well remember the day when a beloved sister gave us the above motto worked on a piece of card. The gift to those who have no interest in it may be deemed *trifling*, but by us it was *greatly prized*. Many a time it has cheered us in our *dark, solitary* moments. And should the few words we are about to pen meet the eye of some *tried* and *tempted* Christian, we should bid *him* "Never despair." For "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to men; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." Ever remember, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber."

We have sometimes thought that the nearer we have lived to God, the more we have endeavoured to serve him, the fiercer have been the attacks of the adversary of our souls. Some of the holiest and most devoted men of whom we have ever read or heard, have been the subjects of the enemy's keenest darts: but through grace they have been enabled to triumph. And he who enabled *them* to conquer, *still* "knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation." The temptations which you may have to encounter may be severe; but if you trust in Jesus,

> "He will give you grace to conquer,
> To conquer to the end."

Though you are weak and unworthy, there is one who "daily watches over you in love," that is able to impart unto you all needful strength. Be not cast

down; "never despair!" for "blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive a crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him." "Behold we count them happy which endure."

Perhaps some of our readers have recently been bereft of a loving friend. Death may have lately entered their households, and cut down the one most dear to them on earth; and while they read these lines, their eyes may "overflow with tears," as they think of a smiling face now taken from their gaze. Probably only a few days ago they listened with delight to the prattling of a tongue, now still in death. Ah! now they miss the presence and loving voice which used to cheer them. But still they need not despair, for the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother" is near them, and *He* loves them. My friend, do not despair, for that child on whom you doted with all a mother's fondness, is gone "to be with Christ, which is far better." Your heart may ache as you look into an empty chair, or at a book, or handwriting, or toy, which reminds you of one whose absence seems to make your "life a blank." But "bid each tear be dry." Be faithful to God, and one day you shall meet again in that blessed land, where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

Does an afflicted one read these few lines? If so, we bid you, my friend, "never despair!" Though we can believe it is somewhat painful to be confined to your bed for weeks or months, yet, there is no need to despair; for the Saviour is able to soothe you in your greatest pain. We have known and read of those who have been the subject of affliction for months, and in some cases for years, who have been supported by the grace of God; and we have known them express their heartfelt gratitude to the giver of all good, for his rich mercy in enabling them patiently to endure. They retained their confidence in God, and felt assured the afflictions they had to bear were "blessings in disguise." And when, at length, they were brought out of the furnace, refined, they had cause to exclaim, "It is good that we have been afflicted." My friend, fear not, for

> "Jesus can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are."

In all your pain confide in him; cheering yourself with the precious truth, that so long as you trust in God he will never forsake you; and that at length, when the storms of this short life are o'er, you shall enter a world where the inhabitants never say, "I am sick."

Once more, may we not find a word of comfort in our motto for the faithful labourer in the Saviour's service? My friend, much which you have to endure is fitted to depress your spirits, to cause you to shed a tear, and sometimes to give up in despair. It may be that when you have faithfully laboured in the sphere in which it is your joy to work, that you may have to mourn the lack of fruit; yet do not despair, for "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy." "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

A dear friend of ours was one day starting to one of his appointments very dejected and cast down. He was assailed with the thought that it was no use his going, that his labour would be in vain. His young wife followed him to the door, and looking in his face, said, "would you not be encouraged if you thought I were praying for you?" "Yes," was the immediate reply. "How much more encouraged ought you to be," she continued, "when you know that Jesus is praying for you." Those few words tended to cheer him. And so, my friend, we would have you remember, that not only those on earth whom you love, and who love you, pray for you, but that Jesus, your advocate on high does not forget you. "Never despair," for so long as you live to God, labour in his cause, and thus endeavour to bless those by whom you are surrounded, your "labour shall not be in vain in the Lord." And oh, how frequently do we need words of love and sympathy to encourage us amid our toil and labour. We shall not soon forget the day on which we left a happy home to enter on the work in

which we are now engaged. When taking leave of our parents and friends, they spoke words of encouragement to us, and prayed God's blessing might rest upon us. Having arrived at the end of our journey, we were greeted by one whose memory we hope ever to regard, the superintendent of the Circuit in which we had come to labour. He expressed pleasure in seeing us for the first time, and then bade us "cheer up," assuring us it was "better on before." We had heard words similar to those scores of times before, but they never came to us with such power as did these. Those few words, spoken so kindly, won our heart, and caused us to love him in return. And so it is, amid the duties, the troubles, and temptations of this life, we do indeed need to have words spoken to us calculated to cheer us. My friend, whoever you are, however dark your lot may seem, we would bid you look up; "never despair."

"Jesus smiles and loves thee still."

Labour here, but "there is rest in heaven."

"Sorrowing pilgrim! cease thy grieving,
Cheerless though thy lot may be,
Fondly trust, in hope believing,
There is rest in heaven for thee.

Poor, afflicted, broken-hearted;
Toss'd on life's tempestuous sea;
Mourner over joys departed,
There is rest in heaven for thee.

Time is but a stormy billow,
Rolling to eternity;
Rude thy couch, or hard thy pillow,
There is rest in heaven for thee.

Christian soldier! grow not weary,
Follow on to victory;
Though thy path be lone and dreary,
There is rest in heaven for thee.

Sorely tried by fierce temptation,
Ever longing to be free;
Oh! be this thy consolation,
There is rest in heaven for thee."

Lastly, should our motto, perchance, meet the eye of some who have wandered from the path of uprightness into the paths of sin and folly, we would have them derive a ray of light and hope from it. My friends, you may have wandered, and wandered far from your heavenly Father; but still you need not despair, for he "is gracious, and full of compassion;" he "delighteth in mercy." In deep contrition of heart, go to him and confess your sin, and ask him to "restore unto you the joy of his salvation;" for "behold his hand is not shortened that it cannot save; neither is his ear heavy that it cannot hear." My fellow sinner, "never despair." Do not give way to *remorse*, but yield to *penitence*. Do not fear reproach, for your loving Saviour, with open arms, waits to receive you.

"Come to his throne and grateful learn,
How *freely* he'll forgive."

Amen!

E. JACKSON.

"IT IS TOO LATE NOW!"

"It is too late now."—These words were uttered on her death-bed, by an aged woman whom we visited some time ago. She had seen about 68 years, and was a seatholder in our chapel at E——. She was at times brought to tears under the word preached, but would not be spoken to personally about religion. We have seen her climb over the pew-top and leave the chapel, rather than stand to be spoken to by the minister respecting her salvation. She was at length brought to a sick bed and a dying hour. We were invited to visit her, and we soon found our way to her bedside. We saw that there was no time for delay, so we addressed to her at once words of truth and soberness respecting her salvation. She listened to us patiently, and even thanked us for our kindness; but said she "it is too late now." We reminded her of the longsuffering and goodness of God towards sinners. She said she knew all that, but it was too late for her to be saved. She said that the great sin of her life had been that of *raising* bad reports about the people of God, and this sin was like a millstone upon her soul. She had tried to pray, but all was as dark as midnight. She turned her eyes to the fire, and pointed to it with her finger, and said, "If I could lie on that fire a thousand years to suffer for my sins, and could be forgiven, I should be glad. But I know that I cannot, and I feel that I am lost." We prayed with her, but all was dark. We turned away from that sad sight, hoping never to see another like it. She died without leaving any sign of a change of heart.

Should this account meet the eye of any that have not only neglected their own salvation, but have raised bad reports about the people of God, we hope that it will be a warning to them. R. Ducker.

JOY AT THE RESURRECTION.

Many parents of pious households in that day, when they shall see their sons and their daughters around them, all arrayed with the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, shall respond with holy joy to the voice of the blessed Jesus: "Lord, here am I, and the children which thou hast given me." I was afraid as Job once might be, when his friends suggested this fear; I was afraid that my children had sinned against God, and he had cast them away for their transgression; but I am convinced when he seized them from my sight he only took them out of the way of temptation and danger, and concealed them for a season in his safe hiding-place, (the grave). I mourned in the day time for a lost son or a lost daughter, and in the night my couch was bedewed with tears. I was scared with my midnight dreams on their account, and the visions of the grave terrified me because my children were there. I gave up myself to sorrow for fear of the displeasure of my God, both against them and against me. But how unreasonable were these sorrows? How groundless were my fears? How gloriously am I disappointed this blessed morning! I see my dear offspring called out of that long retreat where God had concealed them, and they arise to meet the divine call. I hear them answering with joy to the happy summons; my eyes behold them risen in the image of my God and their God; they are near me, they stand with me, at the right hand of the Judge. Now shall we rejoice together in the sentence of eternal blessedness from the lips of my Lord and their Lord, my Redeemer and their Redeemer, my King and their King.—*Dr. Watts.* *Extracted by* J. Ashman.

WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

WE'LL WAIT TILL JESUS COMES.

Key F.

:d.r	m : m	m : m	s : m	m.r : d	r :-.d	r : r	m : s	—
:d	d : d	d : d	t_1: d	d : d	t_1:-.l_1	t_1 : t_1	d : m	—
:m.f	s : s	s : s	s : s	s : m	s :-.s	s : s	s :—	—
:d	d : d	d : d	s_1: d	d : d	s_1:-.s_1	s_1 : s_1	d :—	—

O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the mo - ment come;

:d.r	m : m	m : m	s : m	m.r : d	r :-.d	r : m	d :—	—
:d	d : d	d : d	t_1: d	d : d	t_1:-.d	t_1 : t_1	d :—	—
:m.f	s : s	s : s	s : s	s : s	f :-.m	f : s	m :—	—
:d	d : d	d : d	s_1: d	d : m_1	s_1:-.s_1	s_1 : s_1	d :—	—

When shall I lay my ar-mour by, And dwell in peace at home.

Chorus.

:s	s :—	—: s	l : s	m.r : d	m : —	—: r	m : s	s
:m	m :—	—: m	f : m	d :	: d	d : t_1	d : m	m
:	: d'	d' : d'	d': s	s.f : m	s : —	—: s	s : s	s
:	: d	d : d	f_1: d	d :	: d	d : s_1	d : d	d

We'll wait . . . . . We'll wait . . . . .

We'll wait till Je-sus comes, We'll wait till Je-sus comes,

:s	s :—	—: s	l : s	m.r : d	r :-.d	r : m	d :—	—
:m	m :—	—: m	f : m	d : s_1	t_1:-.d	t_1 : t_1	s_1:—	—
:	: d'	d' : d'	d': s	s.f : m	f :-.m	f : s	m :—	—
:	: d	d : d	f_1: d	d : m_1	s_1:-.s_1	s_1 : s_1	d_1:—	—

We'll wait . . . . . .

We'll wait till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.

No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.
Chorus—We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.

To Jesus Christ we fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succour on his breast,
And he'll conduct me home.
Chorus—We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.

I'll seek at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
Alone I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And dwell with Christ at home.
Chorus—We'll wait till Jesus comes, &c.

THE WIDOW'S MEMORIAL.

WHEN the woman anointed our Saviour with ointment of spikenard, very precious, judging not as did those who murmured against her, he said, "She hath wrought a good work upon me. Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." The Lord whom we serve is not unrighteous to forget our work of faith and labour of love. He recognises, remembers, and will honour our services. He registers them in his book of remembrance, as monarchs were wont to register anything done to promote their interests. He would have us recognise and honour those who have done for him what they could. Paul was not slow to recognise and honour those who served with him in the gospel. His Epistles abound with fraternal greetings, grateful acknowledgments, and honourable commendations. In the last chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, there is a beautiful recognition of Christian character and services. The brother in the Lord is mentioned, as well as those who laboured much in the Lord. Names and deeds are there immortalised that might never have been known to us till the dead are judged out of those things which are written in the book, according to their works. A mother in Israel has recently entered into the rest that remaineth to the people of God. Her dying words are worthy of being spoken of as a memorial of her. We believe Paul would have spoken of her as our sister, a servant of the Church. "If there are five shillings to spare after my funeral expenses, you must give it to the missionaries," said Mrs. Huddard on her dying bed. She had attained the age of seventy-five, and for a generation she had done what she could for the missionary cause, and her ruling passion was strong in death. She had not only collected for the mission fund, she had in a large measure the missionary spirit; she was a missionary. She visited from house to house, she even entered the public house, and by her commanding person and Christian spirit gained the attention and respect of those who worshipped at the shrine of bacchus. For a few years she was confined to her room through the infirmities of old age. To her active and earnest soul this for a time was a sore trouble. But her room became a Bethel. She stipulated with the officials to let her have the prayer meeting in her turn, and so much was she loved by the members because of her power in prayer, that it was oftener held there. When the sacrament of the Lord's supper was planned, the minister was expected to visit her, and break bread and drink wine with her in remembrance of him who loved us and gave himself for us; and once we remember it was good for us to be there. Her heart's desire and prayer to God for many years was that her children might be saved. As they were scattered abroad, she seldom saw them. A few days before her death she wrote a most stirring letter to her children, and desired that it might be read to them after her death. She died in faith, believing the promise was to her and to her children. She now rests from her labours, and her works do follow her. She "being dead yet speaketh." She speaks to our missionary collectors to be faithful in their labour of love unto death. She speaks to our wealthy people to bequeath a portion of their abundance to the mission fund. They of their abundance would cast into the treasury; but she of her penury did cast in all the living that she had.

J. WAITE.

CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

APEL OPENING AT WARMLEY KINGSWOOD CIRCUIT.—About ears ago this place was mis- by the preachers from the Bris- rcuit. God smiled upon their s and several souls were saved. hing was established and a hing society raised. In June, under the superintendency of the T. Hobson, an old room and some vere purchased at a cost of £130. ne, 1866, the foundation stone of ew chapel was laid by H. O. , Esq., of Bristol, who gave us ounds. The Rev. W. Mottram, th, delivered an address on the on. On Wednesday, January 1867, the opening sermon were ied by the Rev. C. T. Harris, of l. On January the 20th and the opening sermons were con- , when sermons were preached e Revs. J. Oliver, W. Thomas pendent), J. Spencer (Wesleyan), i. D. Fook, I. Butler, and l Cossham, Esq. On January we had a public tea, when about ere present. After tea a public ng was held, presided over by E. nds, Esq., of Oldland Common, ave us a five pound note when we the collection. The chapel is l stone building, 46 ft. by 27 ft., as 92 lettable sittings and 138 ittings with back rails. The cost of the building is £225, ds which we have raised about The trustees tender their thanks the friends who have in any ndered them any assistance. On d of February I led a lovefeast chapel, it was a blessed time; prayer-meeting two souls pro- to find grace. May this chapel birthplace of many souls. God king with us in this new circuit; l have recently been converted. God's blessing attend all our J. OLIVER.

TESFORD CIRCUIT.—We have eld a series of interesting Mis- sionary Services on this station. On Sunday, February 24th, sermons were preached at Bottesford by the Rev. W. Marwood, of Nottingham; at Bark- stone, by the Rev. J. Stephenson and Mr. S. King; at Redmile, by Mr. S. King and the Rev. J. Stephenson; and at Thoroton by Mr. J. North. During the week missionary meetings were held; at Bottesford we raised £5; at Barkstone, £2 13s. 3d.; at Redmile, £8 4s. 9d.; at Thoroton, £2 10s. 6d.; total, £18 18s. 6d.; £3 8s. 6d. in ad- vance of last year. The meetings were addressed by the Revs. W. Mar- wood and J. Stephenson, Messrs. Ste- venson, Gibson, King, and Silverwood. The congregations were good, and a Divine influence was felt. The col- lectors have nobly exerted themselves, for which we are thankful. The Rev. W. Marwood rendered us very efficient aid. We are happy to say that con- siderable improvement has taken place in our Circuit, the congregations and finances have increased, and several sinners have been converted. To God be all the glory. J. STEPHENSON.

BURTON-UPON-TRENT, CHAPEL AN- NIVERSARY.—On Sunday and Monday, March 3rd and 4th, we celebrated our anniversary in connection with the Station Street Chapel, and were re- markably fortunate in securing the services of our esteemed friend, the Rev. Samuel Antliff, of Derby, who favoured us with two excellent ser- mons on the Sabbath. There were large congregations. On the Monday we held our annual tea meeting in the town hall, when about 400 persons partook of the social repast. The trays were generouly given by members and friends of the church; and the ladies vied with each other in satisfactorily entertaining their patrons. In the evening the chapel was crowded, a lecture having been previously an- nounced on "Human Providence," by Mr. Antliff. The Rev. S. T. Meadows conducted the devotional exercises.

The lecture was adapted to benefit all who heard it, and was listened to with marked attention. The rev. gentleman spoke praiseworthily of well-managed friendly societies and life insurance offices, and contended that it was an important part of practical Christianity that a man should, by his industry and economy, prepare for a time of need. Considering the present depression in trade, the anniversary was a decided success, and the proceeds have fully realised the expectations of the managers of the chapel.

F. HARRISON.

HIGH WYCOMBE STATION.—March 3rd, 1867, was the day on which sermons on behalf of our Home and Foreign Missions were preached on this station at the following places, viz.:—Great Kingshill, Great Missenden, and Hackwell Heath. And during the week Missionary Meetings were held at the above places, also at Downley, and at Wooburn Moor. The following is a list of the persons who took part in either the Sabbath-day or week-day services:—Rev. G. Austin (deputation), J. T. Kearns, W. Birks, W. Norris (Baptist), T. Wheeler, Esq., Messrs. John Nash, J. Bailey, S. Foley, J. Quarterman, and J. North, junr. At every place our missionary revenue was in advance of that of the previous year. We thank God and take courage, earnestly praying for and labouring to extend Messiah's kingdom. At Wooburn Moor we have recently commenced cottage preaching, and have succeeded in forming a small society. O that heaven may still continue to smile upon our station. W. BIRKS.

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

MATILDA, the daughter of John and Louisa Collins was born April 7th, 1846, and departed this life March 9th, 1866. From a child she was trained up in the Sunday-school, and at a very early period she was the subject of the strivings of the Holy Spirit. Under the ministry of the Primitive Methodists she was brought to God, and she joined our society, and continued a member till she took her exit into the eternal world. Her disease was consumption, and for nearly two years she was a great sufferer, but her sufferings she endured with great patience. For some time previous to her death, she had been from home, at Dudley Port, her parents thinking a change of air might do her good. But God saw otherwise, for unexpectedly, on the above date, her immortal spirit took its flight into that world from whence no traveller returns. The day that she died, being asked whether she loved the Lord, she said, "I love the Lord Jesus Christ with all my heart. And the Lord has said, 'I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.'" In the death of our sister, her father, who is a local preacher, and her mother who is a member, have lost an affectionate daughter, the Sabbath school, a teacher, the missionary cause, a good collector, and the church militant a consistent member; but heaven has been enriched with a blood-washed immortal soul. O may her sorrowing, bereaved father and mother, with all their friends, together with the writer, meet her in heaven to part no more for ever. Amen. RICHARD SMITH.

SARAH ANN PEACH was born at Whissendine, in the Melton Mowbray Circuit, September 1845, and died in March, 1866. At an early age she was sent to our Sabbath-school, where

ras taught the principles of re-
, and she showed great attention
ntire obedience to her teachers.
ıe age of fourteen she was re-
ıd with a neat Bible for her
behaviour and regular attendance,
ıs she was not compelled like
others to leave the home of her
ts, she continued a regular at-
nt on our ministry and became a
ar in the Sabbath-school. This
d a new era in her history; she
led the work of a teacher as
so important that she sometimes
ed whether she had done right in
taking it. But her naturally
lisposition and her love for chil-
with a desire to do good, over-
her scruples. Her general in-
tion, her courteous manner, and
rious deportment, rendered her a
pleasing companion to the teach-
and generally beloved by the
ars; and there was but one thing
wanted to make her all we could
and the lack of which no one
red more than herself—true re-
. This, however, she earnestly
ıt and graciously obtained, but
ıntil after deep anxiety of soul,
g from a consciousness of her
unworthiness and a preconceived
ı, in which she had been trained,
God only intended to save a part,
she feared lest she should be
gst the cast-aways. But he who
ıes over the repenting soul sent
pirit to guide her in her decision,
ıe gave her to see the fallacy of
oundation. And oh, with what
re she hailed that hour, in which
as enabled to cast her soul on the
ment and to believe in Christ. This
e soon became visible; she at
joined Society, and continued a
and consistent member till the
f her death; and for the last three
she manifested her deep attach-
to the Saviour by regular attend-
at her class, and at other means
ace; and her piety was of the
st order, and such as is seldom
in so young a person. Her ex-
ıce in the class meetings and
asts, &c., was that of a saint
ing for heaven. The affliction
ı terminated her earthly career
consumption, which she bore with
christian fortitude and resignation; and although the last enemy's approach seemed to be slow and insiduous, yet she felt it to be certain. But her strong faith in the atonement of Christ, and her deep love for the Saviour enabled her to say, "Oh, death, where is thy sting?" And being firmly fixed upon the rock of ages, and sweetly supported by divine grace, she remained stedfast in the last conflict. Her death was improved by the writer to a deeply affected congregation.

W. LEWIN.

GEORGE WALKER, of Beamhurst, in the Ramsor Circuit, was born in September 1793, and died January 14th, 1866. In early life he was the subject of influences which exerted a moral restraint on his character. He was trained in habits of industry, honesty, and sobriety, but yet was destitute of saving grace. When about forty-four years old he listened to the Primitive Methodists, and as they preached Christ and him crucified, conviction was impressed upon his mind, he wept over his sins, and realised the blessing of pardon, by believing in Jesus; and from this time he walked consistently before men. He was most punctual at the means of grace, was never absent from the class meeting except through illness. He was a man of much prayer, delighted to hold communion with God, and maintained a strong assurance of his acceptance with him. For a considerable time he was assistant class leader, and was most efficient in the discharge of his duties. His last affliction was protracted and severe; but he bore it with meekness and fortitude. When asked by his friends if his sufferings were not severe, he instantly replied, "hush, we must not murmur." When asked concerning his prospects of the future he replied, "my feet are on the rock Christ Jesus, and all is well." He told his friends he was going to heaven a little before them, but should expect them to follow him. A few moments before he died, fixing his eyes upon the ceiling of the bedroom, he shouted with all his remaining strength, "Glory, glory, glory!" and thus passed from earth to heaven. As a Christian he

was always in earnest, always liberal; he felt it a high privilege to support the cause of God. May his sorrowing widow and family meet him in heaven, is the prayer of J. TRISTRAM.

JOHN BROOKS of Brierley Hill circuit, was born at Halesowen, November 9th, 1837, and for nearly twenty-nine years he lived a stranger to saving grace and went to great lengths in sin, such as intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, and infidelity. For four years he was not in a place of worship, except once when it pleased God to take away one of his children by death. For two years he would not allow a Bible in his house, but he delighted in reading Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," and would not believe in either God or Devil, heaven or hell. Many a time has he met his brother coming from chapel and abused him for going there and being so foolish as to believe in such nonsense. But it pleased God in answer to the prayers of his brother, to use means to bring him to himself and to turn him from infidelity, and he was led to a temperance meeting where he was convinced that he was wrong; and while his brother was speaking he resolved to sign the temperance pledge and become sober, which he did on the following day, March 10th, 1864, and that was the first step towards his leading a better and happier life; for when he became sober God's spirit began to strive with him and he began to attend our chapel at Hasbury; and on one occasion while the Rev. James Arnold was preaching, the word proved as a hammer, and it broke his heart to pieces, and as a penitent, with tears running down his cheeks, he said, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" And while he was pointed to the great atonement, he was enabled to believe in the shed blood of the Son of God; and God said to him, "thy sins which are many are all forgiven;" and he could rejoice in a sense of sins forgiven, and from that time to his death he manifested a very warm attachment to God's children, and to his house, and to the temperance cause. His affliction was short but very severe, but the religion of Jesus Christ enabled him to bear it with patience, and he said on one occasion, "The happiness that I feel outweighs all the pain I feel." And when I visited him the night before he died I found him trusting in Jesus, and when asked if all was right, he said, "All right; I shall not be here long, I shall soon be in the swellings of Jordan; I shall soon be in heaven." He fell asleep February 14th, 1866.

W. PRICE.

THE Church Militant has suffered a thinning of its host in the death of Mr. James Farr, late of Redditch. He was born at Bromsgrove, and passed the early part of his life a stranger to the things belonging to his peace. Having removed to Redditch, he was convinced of sin and brought to exercise saving faith in Christ, in connection with the Wesleyan Society. For some time he enjoyed communion with that body, during which he tried to do good. During an illness which overtook him about fifteen years ago, Brother Richard Millward was requested to visit him, and in doing so God made him the means of a special blessing to our late brother, who from that time became a member of our Redditch Society. At the time of his death, aged sixty, he stood forth among us a spiritual father, ripened in Christian experience and character. He was fond of Methodism in its spirit, its theology, and its discipline. He had at various times honourably sustained the offices of Sunday-school teacher, tract distributor, class leader, and district family visitor. In the last sphere he was in his element. He was a worthy example of diligent attendance at the public means of grace, and when there he was not an idle spectator. His experience and attendance at his class meeting were of the most exemplary kind. His love for the Bible in preference to other books was supreme. As an official member he was peaceable, intelligent, and wise. He was ever ready for spiritual conversation, and by all who knew him he was deeply respected. Latterly he felt the fleshly tabernacle was sinking, and to his friends at various times he said he should not be here much longer. On the morning of the day of his death,

19th of March, 1866, he breakd in his usual health, but whilst lling the duties of his calling, he in an apoplectic fit, and before two s had elapsed his blood-washed t had taken its flight. May his tle fall upon his bereaved family surviving friends. Amen.

W. FORTH.

RS. SARAH GIBBONS, of Bromham, ie Chippenham Circuit, died March , 1866. She was for many years nsistent member of the Primitive hodist Society. The last four or years of her life she did not enjoy od state of health, and was pre- ted from attending the house of , which privation she endured uncomplaining patience. The er often visited her during the last years of her affliction, and always d her mind in a tranquil state. being united by faith to him who he Conqueror of Death and is the ce of Life, could cheerfully smile he symptoms of her approaching olution, and submissive to the ine appointment say, "Thy will be done." During the last two months of her life she lived in continual expectation of death. When asked by her friends if she was prepared for life's close, without the least hesitation she would say, "To die is gain." Death, indeed, had no terrors for her, for upon the atonement of Christ she relied as upon a "tried stone," until she calmly exchanged the life of suffering for the rest which remains to the people of God. Her death was triumphantly victorious, in the fifty-fourth year of her age.

B. TONKIN.

JOHN GREEN, of Duggleby, in the Malton Circuit, died in the Lord, March 25th, 1866, aged seventy-four years. He was converted in his own house after an evening prayer meeting, about thirty years ago, and forthwith joined our Society, of which he remained a steady and consistent member up to the time of his death. His affliction was borne with much patience and resignation, and his end was peace.

G. NORMANDALE.

UPWARDS AND HEAVENWARDS.

OH! would that I could soar above yon glorious sky,
With wings that never tire in golden light to fly:
How blest beyond all thought my spirit's portion there,
'Mid scenes for ever bright eternal life to share:
Then would I learn the song that burning seraphs sing,
And strike before the throne the harp of golden string.

CHORUS.

Oh! would that I could soar, &c.

Oh! would that I could fly on eagles' wings away,
Where sorrow ne'er can come, in realms of cloudless day;
My weary head would rest, my throbbing heart be still,
From sin and suffering free, on Zion's holy hill:
No pallid cheeks are there, all tears are wiped away—
No fear, no care, no want, no woe, but joy through endless day.

T. LOWE.

RELIANCE UPON PROVIDENCE.

[illegible] world with [illegible] eye
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Life is a sea whose storms must rise
'Tis folly talks of cloudless skies:
He who contracts his swelling sail
Eludes the fury of the gale:
Be still, nor anxious thought employ
Distress embitters present joy;
On God for all events depend—
You cannot want when God's your friend:
Weigh well your part and do your best,
Leave to your Maker all the rest;
The hand which formed thee in the womb
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.
Can the fond mother slight her boy?
Can she forget her prattling joy?
Say, then, shall sovereign Love desert
The humble and the honest heart?
Heaven may not grant thee all thy mind,
Yet say not thou that heaven's unkind:
God is alike, both good and wise,
In what he grants and what denies:
Perhaps what goodness gives to-day
To-morrow's goodness takes away:
You say that troubles intervene,
That sorrow darkens half the scene!
True—and this consequence you see,
The world was ne'er designed for thee;
You're like a passenger below,
That stays perhaps a night or so,
But still his native country lies
Beyond the boundaries of the skies:
Of heaven ask virtue, wisdom, health,
But never let your prayer be wealth;
If food be thine (though little gold)
And raiment to repel the cold.
Such as may nature's wants suffice,
Not what from pride and folly rise:
If soft the emotions of thy soul,
And a calm conscience crowns the whole,
Add but a friend to all this store.
You can't in reason ask for more;
And if kind heaven this comfort brings
'Tis more than heaven bestows on kings.

Selected by S. HOWARD.

HASTINGS.

THE rapidity with which the southern watering-places of England have risen in wealth, importance, population, and beauty, is somewhat remarkable, and is doubtless in a great measure attributable to the facilities of travel afforded by railroad and steamboat. Numbers of visitors repair to the sea-side during the summer months for health, pleasure, and recreation, for bracing breezes, blue skies, green fields, and quiet retreats. Hastings, which is second to none of the watering-places of England for the picturesqueness of its situation, its interesting historical associations, its salubrious climate, its handsome buildings, and bold cliffs, the beauty of its walks and drives, and its magnificent parades, obtains its full share of visitors; and during the "Season" a constant stream of fashionable life may be seen pouring through its streets and along its parades.

The best general view of the town of hastings and St. Leonards is to

be obtained from the sea—a continuous *facade* of buildings extending from the East Cliffs, on the east, to Bopeep on the west, a distance of three miles, presents, perhaps, as fine an architectural sight as any in the kingdom, the foreground being thickly studded by the votaries of fashion, by equestrians and pedestrians, loungers and promenaders, listening to the bands, the pleasure-boats and bathing-machines in full activity, which cannot fail to make a most charming and agreeable picture.

Hastings is the principal of the Cinque (five) Ports. The ports were especially taxed for the protection of the rest of the kingdom. Under Edward the Confessor their ships and sailors were numerous and celebrated; it was in Edward's reign that Hastings became a member of the Cinque Ports. The antiquity of the town is very great; it was called Hastings in the reign of Offa, in 780, and was of sufficient importance to have a mint in the reign of Athelstan in 924. Some pieces of money coined in Hastings are still extant.

Hastings has given name to one of the most sanguinary, and, at the same time, one of the most important and decisive battles ever fought.

Duke William of Normandy having heard that Harold had ascended the English throne, gave way to the most turbulent indignation, and began to mature his plans for an invasion of England; he well knew his own duchy would contribute but an inferior force for so gigantic an undertaking, and hence he promised, to all who would join him, a share of the spoils of the kingdom he had undertaken to conquer. Adventurers from all parts flocked to his standard, allured by such tempting offers: perhaps such a miscellaneous and multitudinous force had never before been collected under one standard. William soon found himself at the head of 60,000 men. He named as a general *rendezvous* the mouth of the Dive, where his fleet was detained for a considerable time by contrary winds, which, becoming more favourable, enabled him to sail as far as St. Valerie, where he was again detained for some time from a like cause, and he lost several ships in the passage. The wind suddenly becoming more favourable, the Normans set out with the greatest alacrity, and landed, totally unopposed, at Pevensey, in Sussex, on the 28th of September, 1066. William caused his ships to be run into deep water and scuttled, thus dispelling all thoughts of retreat, and leaving his soldiers no hopes of safety but by victory. He immediately marched his army to Hastings, where he strongly entrenched himself. Harold, three days previously—namely, on the 25th of September—defeated the Norwegians at the battle of Stamford Bridge, and had marched in triumph to York, in which city he intended to remain for some time to rest his army; but on the 3rd of October a messenger arrived with the

startling intelligence that the Normans, in great force, had effected a landing in Sussex. Harold immediately hastened to London, where he received some additions to his army, which now numbered some 20,000 men, and with this inadequate force marched into Sussex, and encamped at Battle, seven miles from Hastings, on the 3rd of October, having marched from York to Hastings, a distance of 250 miles, in ten days. Harold chose the ground most unfavourable for the attacks of cavalry, an arm in which he knew his opponent was most powerful. The Normans, leaving the heights of Hastings, approached near to the Saxons. William sent a monk to Harold, offering him the choice of these conditions:—"To relinquish the kingdom upon certain conditions." "To hold it under the homage of the duke." "To submit their quarrel to the judgment of the Pope (Alexander II.), according to the laws of England and Normandy," or to "try their cause by single combat." Harold would listen to no such proposals, but haughtily replied, that "the God of battles should decide the quarrel," and offered William a sum of money to quit the kingdom. "Not that he feared him, or aught else his army could do, but simply to avoid the effusion of blood and to save the lives of the followers on either side." This offer was rejected by William with disdain. All negotiations being at an end, both armies prepared for the coming engagement. Harold strongly entrenched himself behind deep ditches and huge palisades, thickly interwoven with stout osier plaits, thus surrounding his army with a perfect breastwork against the charge of the Norman horse. William had no fewer than 20,000 horsemen under his command—a fact well known to the wily Saxon. William endeavoured to delay the engagement so as to give his priests and prelates ample time to inflame his soldiers to the utmost, and he was not without hopes that Harold would leave his formidable entrenchments, and become the assailing party; but this Harold wisely abstained from doing, being strongly impressed with the unattackable nature of the ground he had chosen, and well knowing the superiority of Wiliam's army both in number and discipline to his own; but in the meantime he was making the most of the delay in rendering his position yet the more effectual, and expecting that reinforcements would pour in: but in this he was doomed to disappointment, a few straglers only made their appearance. The lethargy shown by the English was caused, no doubt, by the confidence they reposed in Harold, and the supreme contempt in which they held the invader. William well knew that great caution and circumspection was necessary against a commander so skilful and courageous as Harold, and troops so resolute and determined as the English were known to be.

The night of the 13th of October was passed by the Normans in

prayer and other functions of religion, and receiving the sacrament at the hands of their priests by thousands at a time—by the English, in singing songs, quaffing huge bumpers of ale, according to their ancient convivial customs.

At early dawn the Normans were marshalled in three divisions by William and his half-brother, Odo, the warlike Bishop of Bayeux, who wore a coat of mail beneath his episcopal robe. The first division was composed of the light infantry, armed with the bow; the second division of the heavy-armed infantry. The cavalry composed the third division, with William himself at their head, and was the flower of the Norman chivalry. The Normans advanced towards the English, singing the Song of Roland; the Saxons remained firmly entrenched in their positions, and steadily repulsed for many hours the furious attacks of their confident assailants. The Normans relied greatly upon the bow, but the closed shields of the Saxons rendered the Norman arrows almost inoperative; William, however, showed great ability in rallying his forces after their reverses, for these attacks were telling more visibly upon the assailants than on the assailed.

The attack on the Saxon line was again and again renewed, but with no better success, the Normans being hurled back each time in great disorder, and with immense loss; the Saxons meeting their opponents' attacks in as firm and determined a manner as did their descendants at Waterloo and Inkerman. The Normans, overcome by the difficulties of the ground, their opponents' steadiness, and their repeated unsucessful attempts, began to retreat, when William hastened with a select band to the relief of his dismayed forces, and again attacked the Saxon entrenchments with redoubled vigour; but finding the English still made an obstinate resistance, he gave orders for a thousand horse to advance, and then to take to flight, as if routed, to allure the beleaguered defenders from their impregnable positions: this wary stratagem proved fatal to the English, who, heated by the action, and sanguine in their hopes of victory, left their entrenchments to pursue the retreating foe into the plain, and threw themselves into great disorder, when the Normans, facing about on their pursuers, and making a simultaneous and vigorous attack on their centre and flanks, took them by surprise, and drove them back to the hill with great loss; the same manœuvre again and again successfully repeated, completed the final overthrow of the English, the few survivors seeking safety in flight.

After this sanguinary engagement Harold was found struck with an arrow, which, entering the left eye, penetrated to the brain, causing instantaneous death to the defeated monarch;* his brothers, Leofwin

* The high altar of Battle Abbey Church stands upon the exact spot where

and Gurth, perished also. The battle terminated about sunset. The Norman loss is estimated at about 15,000 men; the Saxon loss was never exactly known, but it was even more considerable. William was crowned king on Christmas Day, 1066, by Hildred, Archishop of York; Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, refusing to perform the ceremony.

In the higher parts of Hastings the air is invigorating and bracing; in the lower it is extremely mild, and consequently well adapted to the most delicate pulmonary invalids. The health of the native population is highly satisfactory, and the advanced ages which they attain, as evidenced by the inscriptions on the tombstones in the various graveyards, proves most unmistakeably that the climate of this favourite watering-place is most salubrious, and we believe a valetudinarian must enjoy the rich marine and rural scenery, and benefit from the soft genial atmosphere.

Hastings can boast a long array of noble and distinguished visitors. The King of Hanover paid it a visit in 1833; Louis Philippe, and the other members of the ex-royal family of France, resided at the Royal Victoria Hotel on several occasions; the late ex-Queen of the French sojourned here for a short time in May, 1864; Napoleon III., the present Emperor of the French, resided at Pelham Cottage in March, 1840—he went *incognito* under the *sobriquet* of Colonel Elliot; the Duke of Sussex lived at East Hill House, and the Princess Sophia at Gloster Lodge, in 1831; Queen Adelaide, at 23, Grand Parade, in 1837; the Duchess of Kent, and her most gracious Majesty the Queen, then Princess Victoria, resided at 57, Marina, in 1834; the Duke of Wellington at Hastings House in 1806; also Lord Byron, E. Capel, Thomas Campbell, Charles Lamb, Prout, Garrick, Sir John Moore, Samuel Phelps, and Lane, the orientalist, visited the town. The Prince and Princess of Wales and suite, resided at the Royal Victoria Hotel for a fortnight in the spring of 1864.

Beachy Head is fourteen miles by sea and twenty by land from Hastings, and well worthy of a visit. It is one of the loftiest promontories in Great Britain, attaining a height of 575 feet above the sea level, being 100 feet more than the celebrated Shakspeare Cliff, at Dover.

The population of the borough is about 23,000. There are ten churches, three Congregational chapels, two Wesleyan chapels, three Baptist chapels, two Hyper Calvinist chapels, three Primitive Methodist chapels, (one Connexional chapel, and two small rented ones), and one Roman Catholic chapel, and a Magdalen Convent.

The Primitive Methodists first missioned this town in February, 1859.

Harold's body was found after the engagement, and where his Standard was also fixed.

The General Missionary Committee sent the Rev. W. Freear, who began his labours by preaching in the open air in the Fish Market, close by the sea-beach. Much people gathered round to hear the gospel. In a short time a school-room was taken in the Bourne Walk, and within a few months of the first efforts in the open air a more convenient room was rented in High-street—the principal street in the old town of Hastings—and fitted up with a pulpit and pews, stained and varnished. The Rev. W. H. Walton was sent as a colleague to Mr. Freear, and they laboured harmoniously and prosperously together. St. Leonards—the west end of Hastings, Bohemia, Sidley Green, and Battle were missioned by these brethren; at the two last named places persecution raged for a time, especially at Battle. But the Lord laid his hand upon one of the vilest of the mob, and converted him; he then opened his cottage for preaching services; but soon afterwards he was called to sleep in Jesus—to die was his gain. At the June Quarter-day, 1860, the members reported were 58, with an income of £5 5s. Since that time several circumstances have transpired on the station which have greatly retarded its progress; yet success has crowned the labours of God's servants and handmaidens. One of our greatest drawbacks in this fashionable watering place is the *want of better chapel accommodation*, and the enormous high price of land, and its scarcity now for such purposes is a hindrance.

The Conference of 1864 stationed Bro. G. H. Fowler for Hastings, and the previous June Quarterly Meeting reported 77 members, with all the chapels or rooms on the mission in debt, except one.

The following is an epitome of our labours and successes during two years and six months. We have had removed from the Roll Books, by deaths, removals, and other causes, 78 members, and only received 7 from other stations. The last December Quarterly Meeting reported 123 members, being a nett increase of 46.

We have built two new chapels—one at Westfield, at a cost of £167, towards which we have raised £67. This chapel will seat 140 persons, and is considered a model of neatness, cheapness, and strength combined. The other chapel is at Bohemia, within the borough, and cost £364 7s. 6d., towards which we have raised £151 18s. 3d. These two freehold trust estates are valued at £675, and the present debt is £340. We have also established two new Sabbath schools, and the congregations have much improved.

The following sums of money have been raised within the above named period: for Missionary purposes, including society moneys, £137 9s. 2d.; for chapel building purposes, £230 14s.; for rents of chapels, repairs, painting, lowering of debt, &c., the sum of £172 8s. 4d., and for Sabbath

schools, &c., £7 16s. 5d., making a grand total of £548 7s. 11d. This we consider is excellent for a few poor people, with the help of friends in the neighbourhood, who have nobly stood by us. We have had many a hard struggle, but our preachers, officials, and members, have lived, prayed, and worked well in the fear of God and in the love of Jesus, and Jehovah has given a blessing. Our chapels and rooms are now in comfortable working condition, and we shall have an increase of members and moneys for the present quarter. To God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be all the glory.

G. H. FOWLER.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY ON BIBLE TEXTS.

FOR EACH SABBATH IN JUNE.

1st SABBATH. Daniel vi. 26.—"*For he is the living God and steadfast for ever.*" The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob was Daniel's God, and he is "the living God" here referred to. Acts, mighty acts of *kindness*, *greatness*, and *goodness* are ascribed to him in the inspired volume. His lifetime is eternity—without beginning and without ending.

"Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame;
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same."

He is ever living, and his life is in himself; consequently he is self-existent, and in this respect there is no being like him. He is the "God of gods, the Lord of lords." He is the living God, living everywhere at one and the same time. There is no possibility of fleeing from his presence; the darkness cannot hide from him, and although we cannot see him with our feeble vision, yet his presence surrounds us. "Do not I fill heaven and earth, saith the Lord?" If then he is ever living, ought not we to remember that his watchful eye is ever over us, and that "thou God seest me"? And we should not forget that as he is the fountain of life we derive our existence from him, for it is in him we live, and move, and have our being. The gods of heathens, which are generally made of wood or stone, possess no life—they are not living—

consequently, having no life in themselves, they cannot impart any kind of life to their votaries. Not so with regard to the Christian's God, for he is the source of all *natural*, *spiritual*, and *eternal* life. So that he is infinitely superior to all other gods, and "the God of the whole earth shall he be called." Millions of other gods have been destroyed, but he is still living. And all the gods of China, Africa, Hindostan, &c., which have been made by men's hands, shall come to nought, but the God of the Bible shall ever live. And the heavens and the earth shall continue to witness his living and active power on behalf of the good of his people. His stedfastness for the welfare of his own children shall continue so long as the sun and moon endure. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Therefore the children of Zion may rejoice in the fact that their God is "the living God," and his throne is for ever and ever. And the sceptre of his kingdom is a right sceptre, and his right hand is full of righteousness. And as in all past ages of the world he has been the helper of his Israel in distress, we may boldly say that he will not forget the seed of Jacob in this our day.

"Then let our humble faith address
His goodness and his power;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour."

2nd SABBATH. John xx. 28.—"*My Lord and my God.*" Unbelief in matters of vital importance in connection with Godliness has deprived mankind of innumerable blessings; for evidence of the truth of this statement read the Bible, and examine the history of the Christian Church. The chapter now before us contains an account of the unbelief of one of the professed followers of Jesus, in the fact of Christ's resurrection from the dead. The other disciples had told Thomas that they had seen the Lord, but his unbelieving heart as well as his tongue said. "Except I shall see in his hands the prints of the nails, and put my finger into the prints of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." By-and-bye, Christ himself knowing the unbelief of this man, paid him a personal visit, and in the presence of the believing disciples, he said to him, "Thomas, reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands, and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless but believing." Thomas was now fully convinced that his Lord and Master had risen again from the dead, and with *wonder* and *delight* he exclaims, "My Lord and my God." Let our readers therefore remember that Thomas's Lord and God (which is Jesus Christ) is the Christian believer's Lord and God, and as such he owns him as his divine Master, and the proper object of religious adoration; hence

his trust for salvation is in Jesus. "Neither is there salvation in any other." And

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find."

Scripture styles him "Over all, God, blessed for ever," and so he is; his people render praise unto him, and even angels in heaven worship him. The prayers of saints are addressed to him, and heard of him; and none of them that trust in him shall be afraid. As God he is ever with his people, and he promises never to leave them. He supplies the need of his followers, and says, "I am the good Shepherd." And to increase our confidence in him as God, and to enable us to boldly confess our belief in his divinity, St. Paul says, "In him dwelleth all the fulness of the godhead bodily." Col. ii. 9. Yes, in him we find a fulness of mercy, a fulness of love, a fulness of goodness, a fulness of justice, and a fulness of all the attributes claimed by the first person in the Trinity. Therefore as we his people acknowledge him to be our Lord and our God, let us run at his bidding and fly at his command, and thus manifest our supreme love for his laws and our willingness to do according to his will.

"Happy beyond description he,
Who, led by faith to Calvary,
Looks up to God the Son;
Whose ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all his paths are joy and peace,
And heaven on earth begun."

3rd. SABBATH. Psalm liv. 4.—"*God is mine helper.*" Wherever man is to be found on the face of the earth he is an object of divine regard, for it is only while the divine Being permits that human life exists; but over his own people the Lord has a special watchful eye, and round about them are his everlasting arms. This they know, and by this fact they are encouraged to say, "I trust in the mercy of God for ever." And again, "This God is our God for ever and ever; and he will be our guide *even* unto death." By a careful examination of the sacred Scriptures we find that special promises are made by the Almighty to afford help to his people. Are they in trouble, he says unto them, "The just shall come out of trouble," and again, "I will turn their mourning into joy and will comfort them and make them rejoice from their sorrow." And again, "The Lord will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble." The trials of some of God's people are *various*, *numerous*, and very *formidable*, yet they are upheld by divine power. And the Church may loudly sing, "Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me; thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies,

and thy right hand shall save me." We cannot examine the history of the Church of God in Old Testament times without seeing that God was the helper of his saints in those days. Let Job, let David, let Jeremiah, let Joseph, let Daniel, and let Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego all bear their testimony on this matter, and they will not hesitate to say, "God *was* our refuge and strength." If we turn our attention to the New Testament saints, who lived eighteen centuries ago, we shall find a willingness on the part of Paul, Peter, and all the apostles to acknowledge that it was by divine aid they resisted the trials of life and that they overcame them through the blood of the Lamb; and such is the experience of all those who have gone to the glory-land through much tribulation. Then let Christian believers everywhere rejoice in the truth, that although the earth may be removed, and the mountains themselves may shake, yet God is the helper of his chosen generation, his peculiar people, his royal priesthood. "I am with thee, saith the Lord, to save thee."

4th SABBATH. 1 Timothy i. 16.—"*I obtained mercy.*" After having given a description of his true character while engaged in the service of Satan, St. Paul says, "I obtained mercy," meaning *divine mercy, pardoning mercy, saving mercy,* mercy which prepares for heaven and saves from everlasting destruction. The mercy which saved Paul of Tarsus was great, infinitely great, for his crimes in the sight of heaven had been of the most aggravating character. He had been a blasphemer, a persecutor, and an injurer of God's people, and nothing less than unbounded mercy from heaven could have saved such a guilty sinner; but sinners as vile as Saul of Tarsus have obtained pardon at the same hands, and have realised full salvation through the precious blood of God's Son. O the mercy of God, it surpasses human description or human thought. The millions of blood-bought souls in the Church triumphant, and the thousands of pardoned sinners in the Church militant can all sing of saving mercy. "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him." One inspired penman says, "I will sing of mercy." And we would ask, is there a song more sweet than that of mercy?

"All other sounds discordant seem,
Compared with mercy's heavenly song,
So sweet and joyful is the theme,
It bears our willing souls along:
'Tis mercy's voice that strikes my ear,
From Calvary it sounds abroad,
It soothes my soul and calms my fear;
It speaks of pardon bought with blood."

Sinner, there is pardoning mercy for thee, and thou mayest realise it

now through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Hasten then to be in time; delays are dangerous; this mercy can dispel thy fears and bid thy soul rejoice in hope of the glory of God. Thus it can soothe thy sorrows, remove thy guilt, and make thee a new creature in Christ Jesus. O, then, turn thine ear to mercy's voice,

"For sweeter sounds were never heard
Than mercy utters from the cross."

5th SABBATH. 2 Thessalonians iii 16.—"*The Lord be with you all.*" How desirable is God's presence, and how much it is desired by his own children. Without it they feel unsafe and uncomfortable; but with it they are safe and cheerful; without it they cannot surmount the difficulties of life; but with it they are conquerors and more than conquerors. Without it they feel friendless, fatherless, and homeless; but with it they enjoy him as their best Friend, their heavenly Father, and they rest beneath the shadow of his wings and this is their abiding place. "The Lord be with you all," to make you strong in himself and in the power of his might; to enable you to fight valiantly for the truth, to guide you through all the chequered scenes of life, to lead you on from glory to glory. God has graciously promised to be with his followers, "I will not forget thee," says he to his servants individually. "I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands," is his own language to his children everywhere. The Divine Being very often allows his people to be cast down, severely tempted and sometimes persecuted by the enemies of the cross of Christ; but says he, "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me." God cannot forget his people. We may forget our best friends and our nearest relatives, but God is not man—he cannot forget those who love him.

"The winds may blow, and storms arise,
And rocks and sands appear."

But they are safe while they confide in the everlasting Jehovah for—

"The Saviour to his people flies
And bids them not to fear."

Yes, even—

"Tho' neither sun nor stars appear
For many days in sight."

They are not out of God's sight, they are not beyond the reach of his protecting and Almighty arm.

"Then let the saints in God confide,
And on his promise rest;
They shall the storms of life outride,
And be for ever blest."

WILLIAM BIBBS.

HAPPY NANCY'S SECRET.

THERE once lived in an old brown cottage a solitary woman; she was some thirty years of age, tended her little garden, and knit and spun for her living. She was known everywhere from village to village by the name of "Happy Nancy." She had no money, no family, no relations; and was half blind, quite lame, and very crooked. There was no comeliness in her, and yet there, in that homely, deformed body, the great God, who loves to bring strength out of weakness, had set his royal seal.

"Well, Nancy, singing again?" would the chance visitor say, as he stopped at her door.

"O, yes, I'm for ever at it."

"I wish you'd tell me your secret, Nancy. You are all alone, you work hard, you have nothing very pleasant surrounding you, what is the reason you're so happy?"

"Perhaps its because I hav'nt got anybody but God," replied the good creature, looking up. "You see rich folks like you depend upon their families and their houses: they've got to thinking of their business, of their wives and children, and then they're always mighty afraid of troubles ahead. I a'nt got anything to trouble myself about you see, 'cause I leave it all to the Lord. I think, well if he can keep this great world in such good order, the sun, rolling day after day, and the stars a shining night after night, make my garden things come up the same, season after season, he can certainly take care of such a poor, simple thing as I am; and so you see, I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

"Well, but, Nancy, suppose a frost should come after your fruit trees are all in blossom, and your little plants out, suppose——"

"But I don't suppose; I never can suppose; I don't want to suppose, except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people unhappy; you're all the time supposing. Now, why can't you wait till the suppose comes, as I do, and then make the best of it?"

"Ah! Nancy, its pretty certain you'll get to heaven, while many of us, with all our worldly wisdom, will have to stay out."

"There you are at it again," said Nancy, shaking her head, "always looking out for some black cloud. Why, if I was you, I'd keep the devil at arm's length, instead of taking him right into my heart—he'll do you a desperate sight of mischief."

She was right. We do take the demon of care, of distrust, of melan-

choly foreboding, of ingratitude, right into our hearts. We canker every pleasure with this gloomy fear of coming ill; we seldom trust that blessings will enter, or hail them when they come. Instead of that, we smother them under the blanket of apprehension, and choke them with our mistrust.

It would be well for us to imitate Happy Nancy, and "never suppose." If you see a cloud, don't suppose it's going to rain; if you see a frown, don't suppose a scolding will follow—do whatever your hands find to do, and there leave it. Be more child-like towards your heavenly Father; believe in his love; learn to confide in his wisdom, and not in your own; and above all, "wait till the suppose comes, and then make the best of it." Depend upon it, earth would seem an Eden if you would follow Happy Nancy's rule, and never give place in your bosom to imaginary evils.

From the "Christian Treasury," by G. T. Baron.

HOPE—THE BALM OF LIFE.

What is hope? What is the precise meaning of the word? Hope is an emotion of the mind, so interwoven with every motive in life, that without it we should not live—we should only exist. In order to define clearly the meaning of the word hope we must combine the meaning expressed by the two words—desire and expectation. Hope is desire, with an expectation of obtaining that for which we hope.

Something for which to live, and for which to hope, was granted by the beneficent Creator when man fell from his original happy state. Hope must have originated with the fall of man, and when time shall be no more, hope may be no more. God implanted hope in the bosom of man to mitigate the awful, the stupendous misery which must have well-nigh overwhelmed him when he first realised, even faintly, the extent of sorrow and suffering which his one act of disobedience had entailed upon his descendants. The promise of a future Saviour, held out as a guiding star to illumine the darkness of a sinful world, gave birth to hope. From that time to the world's end, hope has been, and will be to man during life's pilgrimage, a gentle soothing angel, comforting him in his darkest hours, and gilding even his brightest ones with a more brilliant glow.

Hope is a flower whose sweetness, fragrance, and beauty accompanied man from Paradise, and in gentle, inaudible whispers breathed into his world-weary ear tidings of a Paradise awaiting his return—a Paradise that would ever bloom on as fresh and beautiful as on the memorable morn when he roamed with his newly-found partner through sylvan bowers, whose beauty no imagination ever conceived—in that perfect joy and happiness, which had in it not one particle of earth's alloy. Hope is the stimulus of life, the mainspring of action, the ever encouraging messenger from the far-off future. It is an interceder between our future and us. It draws pictures of comfort, of happiness, of wealth, of greatness, of fame, and presents them to our view; and through these its silent language urges us to strive now in the present, that the future may unfold to us the things we so much desire. We seldom stop to consider how much the feeling of hope aids us in great undertakings. We hope to succeed, and so we are content to strive, and delve, and toil, in a gloomy cellar, or a dim attic, or a dreary workshop, with pen or pencil, hammer or saw. It may be that we sometimes grow weary; and then doubt comes with its vacillating countenance; then fear with its wild looks; then despair with his grim visage; our hand falters, and the work we do, surrounded by these sombre visitants, is worth but little. We may be, perhaps, ready to give up, and to say, "we cannot perform the great task before us." Just then hope comes with a smiling face, and fairy-like garments, holding in her hand an exquisite picture of the future; again our pen or pencil, hammer or saw, is making rapid and effective strokes, again we are working vigorously to attain some mighty end. The old adage says, "If it were not for hope the heart would break," and there are few people who cannot recall some bitter hour when hope was the only oasis in the desert of trial. In "The Pilgrim's Progress" we have an account of Christian while passing through the river. It would have gone hardly with him had it not been for old Hopeful, who did much to help his fainting brother. "Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole," said Hopeful. Inspired by these comforting words, Christian broke out with a loud voice, "Oh, I see him again and he tells me, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'" And they went on their way rejoicing. If we strive to live aright, hope helps us to do great things here, and speaks to us the while of a mansion in the skies. Hope was strong in the heart of Columbus, when he went out to discover America, or he would never have pushed on through his severe hardships. Hope nerved Wilberforce to plead with such powerful unction the cause of the poor enslaved negroes. And after repeated failures, hope told him still to go on, till he achieved

his purpose. Hope spoke to a poor office-boy, while he swept the floor and ran errands, and told him to try to become great. The boy listened to the encouraging language of hope, and, step by step, he won his patient way to the woolsack of England, and died among the most honoured men of his nation and age—the Lord Chancellor Campbell. The hope of earthly good, and the hope of eternal happiness—which is far better—support man in dark hours, in perilous adventures, and under the most trying circumstances. The hope of saving souls, of making others eternally happy, inspires the Missionary to venture among savage men, to put his life in jeopardy, to preach to the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ. Hope has helped men to gain position, wealth, honour, learning, and fame; but all these dwindle into insignificance when compared with the all-important hope of "eternal life through Christ." The hope of earthly blessings renders us happy in youth and health, and when the little day of life is over, the hope founded on the Gospel of Jesus Christ will not fail to sustain the Christian in the hour of death. The psalmist says, "Happy is he whose hope is in the Lord his God." And the pilgrim can say with the poet:

"We've no abiding city here;
This may distress the worldling's mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who *hopes* a better rest to find."

It is this glorious hope which soothes the bed of sickness, and mingles its radiance even with the pallor of death. It is triumphant, too, over that dread enemy; for who can describe the impress of holy calm, often stamped upon the mortal tenement, when the soul has gone to realise in the presence of its Maker that hope in Christ, that ineffable happiness, before which the brightest earthly hopes fade into nothingness? S.

LYING PUNISHED.

On the Market-cross at Devizes is the following inscription:—

"The Mayor and Corporation of Devizes avail themselves of the stability of this building, to transmit to future times the record of an awful event, which occurred in this market-place in the year 1753; hoping that such a record may serve as a salutary warning against the danger of impiously invoking the Divine vengeance, or of calling on the holy name of God, to conceal the devices of falsehood and fraud.

"On Thursday the 25th of January, 1753, Ruth Pierce, of Pottern,* in this

* Pottern is a large and populous village, two miles distant from this town, and lies on the south-eastern road from Devizes to Salisbury.

county, agreed with three other women to buy a sack of wheat in the market, each paying her due proportion towards the same. One of these women in collecting the several quotas of money, discovered a deficiency, and demanded of Ruth Pierce the sum which was wanting to make good the amount. Ruth Pierce protested that she had paid her share, and said, she wished she might drop down dead if she had not. She rashly repeated this awful wish, when, to the consternation of the surrounding multitude, she instantly fell down and expired, having the money concealed in her hand!"

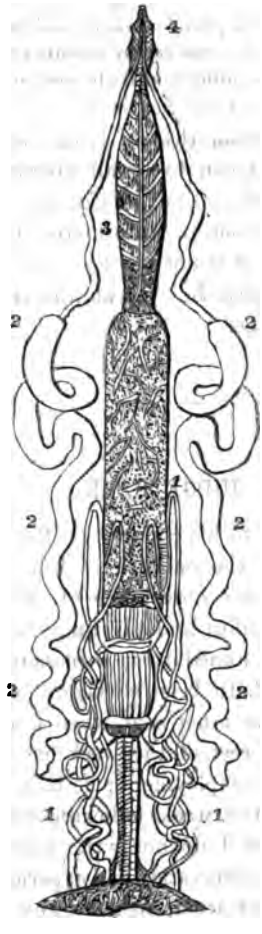
No vice is more hateful than that of lying; and to appeal to God in confirmation of what is known to be an untruth, is to add impiety to falsehood. All who are addicted to this vice may rest assured that their punishment is as certain as that of Ruth Pierce; though it may not come upon them so speedily, yet it is not the less sure. It is essential to the character of a good man that he "speak the truth to his neighbour," even to his own disadvantage.

JUDGE HALE.

THIS great man, in writing to his children on the duties they were called to observe, thus speaks of the Sabbath: "I have by long and sound experience found, that the due observance of this day and the duties of it, hath been of singular comfort and advantage to me. The observance of this day hath ever had joined to it a blessing upon the rest of my time; and the week that hath been so begun hath been blessed and prospered to me; and on the other side, when I have been negligent of the duties of this day, the rest of the week has been unsuccessful and unhappy to my own secular employment; so that I could easily make an estimate of my successes the week following by the manner of my passing this day. And this I do not write lightly or inconsiderately, but upon a long and sound observation and experience." "If," says he, I had at any time borrowed from this day any time for my secular employments, I find it did further me less than if I had let it alone." The same distinguished judge penned for the benefit of his grandchildren, the expressive stanza:—

"A Sabbath well spent,
Brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of the morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatsoe'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."

Another of his sayings was, "that if he did not honour God's word by reading a portion of it every morning, things went not well with him all the day."



THE NEW SILKWORM:

OVER thirteen hundred years ago two monks carried from China, in a hollow cane, to Constantinople the first eggs of the silkworm that were ever introduced into Europe. Previous to that event silk was sold in Rome for its weight in gold. From Constantinople the silkworm was introduced into Italy, Spain, and France ; and millions of people have been fed and clothed by its instrumentality. But a sad plague, known as *La Gettine*, has for a number of years past destroyed hundreds of millions of silkworms. While the cattle plague has been spreading poverty and distress

in our own country, it is possible that the worm plague, in the south of Europe, has been as great if not even a greater calamity. Our agricultural friends may deem our statements wild and extravagant, therefore we will try to establish our position. In 1825 there were produced by France, Milan, Tuscany, Naples, Calabria, &c., over seven million pounds of raw silk, and thirty-five millions of mulberry trees were stripped to furnish the worms with leaves. The average growth of the trees was 30 years each: the silk produced was worth over £6,000,000. Since that period the silk culture has been more than doubled, in every sense of the word, in the whole of the south of Europe; but the plague has destroyed in some places nearly the whole of the produce. For instance, Tuscany produced in 1825 100,000lbs. of silk, but since then the cultivation has reached 900,000lbs. per year. Until recently the silk trade prospered greatly. The plague, however, has so affected Tuscany that the yearly produce has been reduced from 900,000lbs. to about 100,000lbs. In 1865 it was reduced to about 84,000lbs. We have annually imported raw silk and silk goods to the amount of £16,500,000, and probably the whole silk crop would be worth more than £40,000,000 yearly. Therefore if only half the amount of silk had been destroyed, and the plague had only continued for one year, that one year's loss would have been greater than the loss of all the cows in England. Take the whole of our 600,000 cows at £18 per head, and they would be worth about £10,800,000; but the loss on silk for one year would more than double that sum. While we feel deeply sorry for the many farmers in our own country who have suffered so deeply from the cattle plague, we would not forget the tens of thousands who have suffered from the silkworm plague. Our argument is based on general grounds, that is, we have viewed the worm plague in many countries, but the cattle plague has been viewed only on a particular ground, that is only as it affected our own country. Probably, had we viewed the destruction of silk from a particular premiss, and regarded it only in a limited district, i.e., in a country about the same size as our own, the cattle plague would have appeared by far the greater calamity; but put the two plagues together, and then we shall see great room for much humility and earnest prayer before God. May he sanctify these sad calamities to the public good.

Continental Governments have made efforts to supply the place of the mulberry feeding insect, and they have in a measure succeeded. There are twenty-three species of the silkworm not generally known in our country; two of them may become useful in Europe. We will notice one kind, the Ailanthus worm, which is becoming popular in our country now as the new silkworm; but it is not really new, for the same species of caterpillar has been spinning silk in China, according to the records of that country, for 4,000 years. About two hundred years ago, in London, and the immediate neighbourhood, 40,000 persons were employed in connection with the mulberry worm: but England was too cold for the open culture and prosperity of the insect. The Ailanthus worm is more hardy, and better adapted to our climate. It feeds on the Ailanthus tree, hence we term it the Ailanthus worm. The tree is found to grow and do well in every part of our country, and it is healthy even in the dirty squares of London; therefore the worm, which can bear either cold or rain is likely to do well in every part of England. Already Dr. Wallace, of Colchester, Essex, has commenced the work; he has planted 2,300 Ailanthus trees by the side of the railway at Colchester, and the insect is being rapidly multiplied. The eggs are sold by Dr. Wallace at one shilling per score; one worm, or rather moth, will deposit 300 eggs. The following statements from Dr. Wallace will show that his heart is in the work; he says:—"Fortunate will it be for England, fortunate, indeed, for Ireland, if land, hitherto valueless, can be so tended as to furnish, with little care and slight cost, a fabric warm and durable. Fortunate will it be for women and children (especially for workhouse habitues) if another health-giving industry be opened up for their nimble fingers. I cannot but be deeply struck with the remarkable chain of events which has preceded these novel projects, and I feel confident that at no very distant period

Ailanthiculture will take high rank among English industries." For some time the silk from the Ailanthus worms has been publicly sold in Paris. The silk of the mulberry worm *(Bomyx Mori)* is finer, and has a better gloss than the silk of the Ailanthus insect *(Bomyx Cynthia)*, but the silk of the latter is more durable; of its durability there is said to be no end. In China garments of it have been handed down from one generation to another. We have just turned to a volume by Mr. Kirby, and he says, "The durability of this silk is indeed astonishing. After constant use for nine or ten years it does not show any signs of decay."

In the December number of the *Christian Messenger* we showed the external adaptation of caterpillars for spinning silk. The engraving at the head of this article is intended to show the internal adaptation of the worm for this purpose. Fig. 1, shows the intestines; fig. 2, the silk bags; fig. 3, the stomach; and fig. 4, the silk tube through which the viscid matter of which the silk threads are formed is pressed. One single thread of silk under the microscope, measured by the micromiter, is about the two thousandth part of an inch in thickness. We look on Arkwright's spinning jenny, and admire the simplicity and usefulness of human inventions; but when we study the spinning apparatus, which God has formed in worms, we are overwhelmed with a sense of his wisdom and goodness. That little tube shown by fig. 4 is beyond the power of our pencil to sketch. We have seen it magnified 20,000 times, but we cannot copy it. How wonderful are thy works, O Lord!

The silk bags are filled with a kind of gum, which the worm somehow or other presses through the little tube, in that tube there are two holes, and the two holes are about the thousandth part of an inch in size. The worm puts the point of this tube against any object it pleases, then throws back its head and the silk threads, two together, are drawn out, something like as men draw gold wire. Soon as the threads become exposed to the air they become hard and strong. One thread will bear the weight of the worm.

(To be continued.) J. P. BELLINGHAM.

TRUE RELIGION: WHAT IS IT?

TRUE Religion is not only a science to be understood, but a blessing to be enjoyed. It is not the acquisition of divine knowledge, or the gratification of the moral feelings separately, but the two combined. It is not designed for the head or the heart alone, but for both proportionately. It is not the enlightenment of the conscience, the purifying of the nature, or the infusion of the love of God into the soul, singly, but the accomplishment of each conjointly. It is not the transforming of any one faculty of the soul, but the conversion of the entire man—his body, spirit, soul. It is a new creation. To leave any attribute or portion of the moral man untransformed, to partially enlighten or instruct the conscience, to vivify the soul in part with the love of God, to merely fill the heart with joy and peace, through believing, or not to bring the entire being into subjection to the will of Christ, is only a semi or an imperfect conversion. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." His knowledge, faith, principles, desires, prospects, practice, and joys are new. He is holy, happy, useful, and God-like. He possesses heavenly wisdom, has imbibed Christ's spirit, walks in the light of Jehovah's countenance, enjoys His smile and benediction, keeps his

commandments and dedicates his entire being to the service of God. To honour Christ is the wish, delight, and great purpose of his life. His daily appeal to heaven is "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And the Lord no sooner responds to this appeal by the Bible, the Holy Spirit, providence, conscience, reason, circumstances, or any of His many envoys than the suppliant carries out his behests with alacrity and untiring zeal. It affords him supreme delight now, and will yield him everlasting happiness to do the will of the Most High.

Sin has fearfully impaired man's intellectual powers, vitiated his taste, perverted his will, polluted the fountain of his being, and robbed him of his wealth and happiness. It has deranged, depraved, and ruined him, and would inflict upon him all the agonies of eternal death, unless he were delivered from the monster by the strong and mighty hand of divine truth. It has been said that sin has not damaged man's intellectual faculties to the same extent it has his moral powers. Granted; nevertheless it has injured them, and true religion alone can restore them to their original precision and dignity.

True religion then, as the rectifier of man's wrongs, the restorer of his peace, joy, hope and purity, the healer of his wounds and maladies, and, as his guide and solace, comes to him with a benignant smile, with boundless benevolence, consummate wisdom, and never failing skill, and rectifies his intellect, puts reason erect upon her throne, and supplies her with philosophical, established, and infallible rules, to guide her to right conclusions on all moral questions and subjects. The imagination is taken from the grovelling scenes of vanity and sin, and made to rove amid the beautiful, ennobling and enchanting scenes of supernal delights, with righteousness and prudence set as a watch over her. The judgment is not only freed from the dominion of ignorance, superstition, and prejudice, but also instructed by divine verities and wisdom, and brought under the reign of truth and equity, while the memory is sanctified and richly stored with useful and saving knowledge. Having set in order man's mental being, so that his mind becomes eager for the possession, and firm in its grasp, of divine truths, this gracious and mighty renovater at once regenerates and adjusts man's moral constitution; his conscience is aroused from its sleep or stupor, and illuminated and cleansed; his will is made docile and obedient, and yet allowed to retain all its pristine and indomitable force; his affections are gratified with the lovely and beautiful, and his moral appetite is supplied with the choicest and most nutricious heavenly food. True religion ennobles and sanctifies man's entire being, his intellectual, moral, and physical nature, it saves him from many sorrows and afflictions under which he would otherwise groan, languish, and die, fills his life with gladness, and his heart with joy and peace unspeakable. It re-instates him upon his throne of moral rectitude and dignity, and crowns him with wisdom, holiness, and felicity, resembling those of his primeval state; it comforts him in sorrow, succours him in affliction and adversity, guides him in perplexities, delivers him in danger, cheers him in life, gives him victory over death, and crowns him with heavenly joys, pleasures, and honours for ever and ever. How sad then that factious hypocrites or semi-christians should disturb the deep peace of the church, tarnish her fair name, rend her with schisms, paralyze her energies, circumscribe, and render ineffectual her active labours by their anti-christian notions and unholy strife. When will such unhallowed wars cease? When? Not until the respective members of the church get to understand, possess, and practice true religion. One man has polished his intellect, had his mind somewhat enlightened, and so far educated his conscience, that he is enabled to discover that Jehovah's redemptive scheme for our race is philosophical in its construction, benevolent in its design, glorious in its development, perfect in its execution, practicable in its application, and most blessed in its results, or that religion, as a science, is absolutely perfect, transcendently grand, and worthy of every body's admiration: and instead of appropriating to his own soul the proffered benefits of this glorious scheme he stands admiring the wisdom and goodness of God, forgetting His truth and justice. Instead of enriching his heart with joy and peace and the blessings of full re-

demption, imbibing the spirit of the gospel, or discharging the many duties enjoined upon him, he continues to censure and condemn all who differ from him in opinion, temperament, or mode of worship, especially those who are below him in intellectual attainments, or are more zealous, and who lay a little stress upon their pleasant sensations while engaged in divine worship. Instead of his heart glowing with the love of God, and his breast burning with zeal for Christ's glory and the salvation of his fellow men, he is cold, formal, and inactive; his religion extends chiefly to his intellect, leaving the more important part of his being unregenerated and unsaved. I need not say that 'this man's religion is vain.' Another man judges of the value of a religious service and of the genuineness of his religion by his good feelings. Because he feels well in his religious exercises, although his mind is locked up in ignorance, his conscience unenlightened, his conduct opposed to the word of truth, and his life unholy, yet as his excited animal feelings and strong physical impulses make him bold and impertinent, he dares to condemn everyone who is not as conceited, vulgar, officious, and irreverent as himself, as being deceived, irreligious, and as having only head religion, while himself is keeping more out of the church, and doing more harm to the cause of truth than many of the infidels of the present day. O that all who profess did also understand, possess, and practice true religion.

J. HAWKINS.

GOD RULES THE STORM.

A MERCHANT was once returning from market on horse-back, and behind his saddle was a valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the good old man was wet to the skin. At the time he was quite vexed, and murmured because God had given him such hard weather for his journey. He soon reached the border of a thick forest, and what was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber, whose gun was aimed at him. The robber attempted to fire! But the powder being wet with the rain, the gun did not go off, and the merchant urging onward his horse, fortunately had time to escape. As soon as he found himself out of danger he said, "How wrong was I not to endure the rain patiently, as sent by Providence. If the weather had been dry and fair, I should not probably have been alive at this hour. The rain which caused me to murmur came at a fortunate moment to save my life, and preserve to me my prosperity."

How often do we imitate the merchant by complaining of that weather which is sent for our welfare? Does not God rule the storm? If the weather is wet, and the road dark, we forget that the same Good Being, who sends fair weather and sunshine, sends us such seasons of rain and darkness, and that He sends them for our benefit. Oh, forget not, that the same hand that draws the black tapestry aside for the sun to shine, uncorks heaven's bottles that the rain may descend, and gives the lightening power to flash. He who causes the silvery moon in all her modesty and splendour to shine with her ten thousand companions, which sparkle like diamonds in the sky, hides them at His good pleasure, and His pleasure is the welfare of His people. There *are* dark nights, but *all* are not dark. There *are* bitters, but have the words, *sweet*, *joy*, and *happiness* become obsolete in your spiritual history? Ah! my dear ones, we err in looking too much at the dark side. The clouds sometimes are thick and black, but there is something wonderfully like *silver* streaking the edge. Is not

that indicative that the black cloud will be rolled away, and that there is bliss beyond? The clouds *hide* the sun from us, but they do not pluck it from the heavens, or *take* it from us. It is *there* though we cannot see it; there as sure as are the clouds. Just so, your troubles come, yet the bliss beyond is not less sure because you cannot see it. In order to reach Columbia's gold, you will have to cross the "deep, blue sea." Heaven's joy and the Christian's reward are on the other side the hill difficulty. So if the joy and bliss of heaven are to be realised the hill has to be climbed, and the troubles passed through. Look at the bright side. Jacob could only see the blood-stained coat, Simeon manacled, and the threatening famine. His Joseph ruling Egypt, the Egyptian wagons laden with plenty for him and for his, and the last happy days to be spent when Joseph was restored, Simeon released, and Benjamin retained, were all on the other side, and consequently were blessings he could not see. Things are not always as bad as they appear to be. Joseph was alive, if the coat was stained with blood; Simeon was in good hands and safe, if he was cast into prison; Benjamin, though on the tip-toe for going from his aged sire, was going to a loving brother, who rejoiced to see him, and wept as he embraced him. Was not Jacob wrong, when he said, "Me have ye bereaved of my children: Joseph is not, Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away also: all these things are against me?" Do we not dishonour God with our false prophesying and bad interpretation? We do. It is a blessed thing when we can say of God,—

"Good when he gives supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
And crosses from his gracious hand,
Are blessings in disguise."

Never mind the storm. God rules it, and all will be right. Do not allow the thunder's roar, though like "the sound of many waters;" nor the lightning's coruscation, nor the meteor's burning glare to alarm you. They only roar and flash at the bidding of *your Father;* and before the thunder can roar, and the lightning flash, or the avalanche roll, He consults the welfare of His children. You have read of the lady, who, when out at sea, was afraid of the storm, and awoke her husband who was sleeping. In an exclamatory voice she asked, "Are you not afraid?" At such an interrogation he drew his sword, and pointing to her breast, said, "Are *you* not afraid?" She was unmoved, and calmly replied, "No;" "And why?" the husband asked, she replied, "Because the sword is in the hands of my husband." He then said, "I fear not because the storm is ruled by my Father." Who rules the storm? It is God; and cannot Christians say—

"This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love,
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above."

They can; and moreover, we would have you remember that the storm is before the calm; the foaming, dashing sea here, is the precursor to that "sea of glass" in heaven, where vessels never foundered, and crews were never wrecked. You are on time's stormy sea now, but will not be for ever: for "There's land ahead," "A light beyond the clouds," where the thunder is turned into music, the boisterous winds into gentle zephyrs, the storm into a calm, and where the lightnings flash not at intervals, and then leave us in the dark. No; for there the sun goeth not down, "neither doth the moon withdraw her light." Then press along, my brother, for "There is a better day coming on." Murmur not because your path lies through the dark forest, where "the robbers lurk and lions roar;" for though the "old robber"—the robber of peace, happiness, life and soul, may point at you his deadly weapon, you need not fear. You have the panoply of God's mercy to shield you, and it is im-

pregnable. Other robbers may be concealed, other foes may attack; but you are not alone. "The Captain's on before." Look to him. Are your troubles great? If you feel you are sinking beneath the burden, cry out, "Lord, save me, or I perish;" and the hand that saved Peter will save you. "He is a very present help in time of trouble." Welcome, ye hellish darts, for I fear you not; for,

"Not a single shaft can hit,
Until the God of heaven sees fit."

E. D. SOLOMON.

CHRIST OUR MEDIATOR.

"FOR there is one God and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." A mediator between God and man. How can that be? God is infinite and almighty; men are all finite and infirm. God is the great, all-wise Creator of the whole world; men are altogether sinful and unclean. God is the judge of heaven and earth; men are all notorious malefactors, guilty of many crimes against Him, and before Him too. What umpire, or, as it is expressed in Job, what daysman can be found betwixt them that can lay his hand upon both, and so bring them together? Verily if we look no further than human reason is able to reach, we cannot see the least shadow of probability that the thing is possible; and yet we have found one that can do it, or rather, not we, but God himself hath found out one for us, and hath likewise directed us to Him, assuring us that, as certainly as there is one God, there is one Mediator between God and man; and that we may not mistake the person, he tells us who it is—"the man Christ Jesus." What infinite cause we have to rejoice and be glad that we have such a Mediator, and to bless and magnify the eternal Son of God for undertaking so great and glorious a work for us. *Sent by* T. KENDALL.

WORKING CHRISTIANS.

LEARN to be working christians. "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving yourselves." It is very striking to see the usefulness of many christians. Are there none of you who know what it is to be selfish in your christianity? You have seen a selfish child go into a secret place to enjoy some delicious morsel undisturbed by his companions. So it is with some christians. They feed upon Christ and forgiveness; but it is alone, and all for themselves. Are there not some of you who can enjoy being a christian, whilst your dearest friend is not, and yet you will not speak to him? See here, you have got work to do. When Christ found you, he said "Go, work in my vineyard." What were you hired for, if it was not to spread salvation? What blessed for? O my christian friends, how little you live as though you were servants of Christ! How much idle time and talk you have! This is not like a good servant. How many things you have to do for yourself, how few for Christ and his people! This is not like a good servant.—*Mc Cheyne.* *Sent by* T. KENDALL.

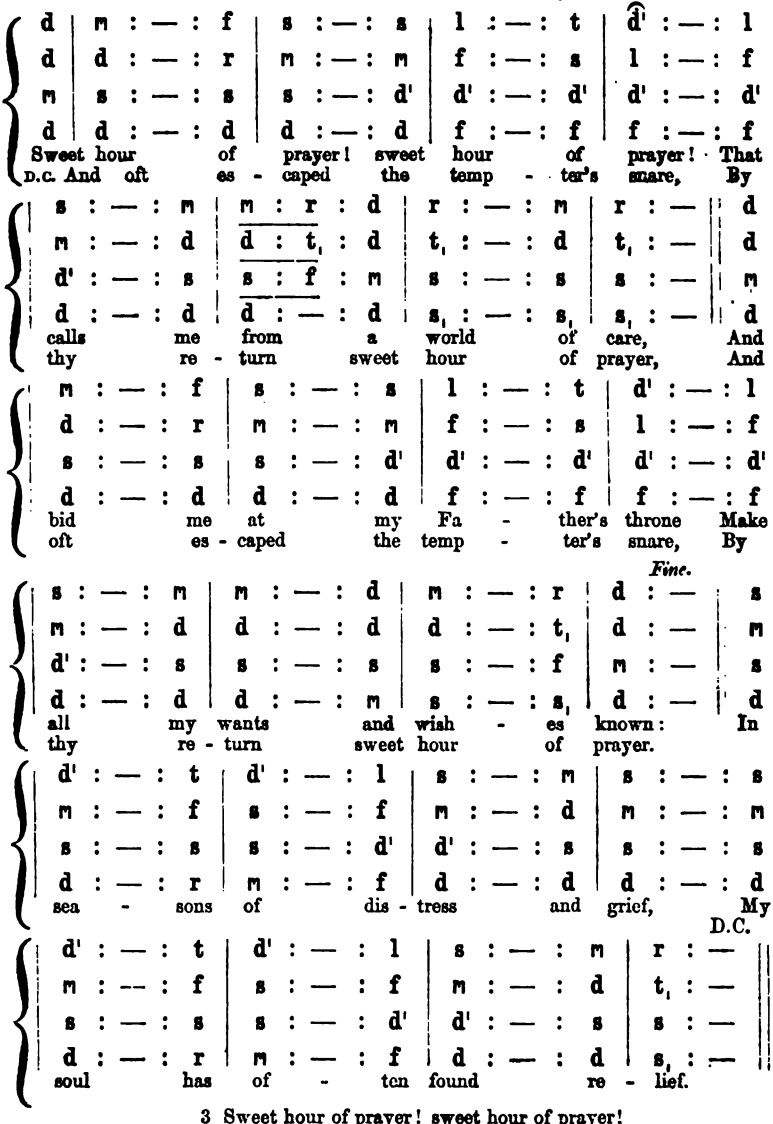
SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

KEY D.

Music by W. B. BRADBURY.



3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell sweet hour of prayer.

W. COWPER, ESQ.

It is instructive, as well pleasing, to trace the operations of divine truth on the minds of men possessing eminent talents, as well as extensive learning. After the amiable poet, Cowper, had long endured unutterable distress of mind, he writes:—"But the happy period which was to shake off my fetters, and afford me a clear opening of the free mercy of God in Christ Jesus, was now arrived. I flung myself in a chair near the window, and seeing a Bible there, ventured once more to apply to it for comfort and instruction. The first verse I saw was the 25th of Romans iii. "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in His blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God." Immediately I received strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the atonement he had made, my pardon sealed in his blood, and all the fulness and completeness of his justification. In a moment I believed, and received the gospel. Whatever my friend Madan had said to me so long before revived in all its clearness, with demonstration of the Spirit, and with power.

ROWLAND HILL.

Probably one great cause of the usefulness of the Rev. Rowland Hill's own preaching was his utter forgetfulness of self, when engaged in delivering his message to sinners. The beautiful illustrations he employed were simply intended to elucidate his meaning, and not to exhibit the power of his imagination. He considered all unprofitable pomp and vain-glorious flashes of oratory in preaching, as happily compared by king James to the red and blue flowers in the corn-fields, which at once dazzle the eye, injure the growing crop, and prove the barrenness of the soil.—*Life of R. Hill, by Sidney.*

THE SABBATH.

The late Dr. Scoresby says:—"In no instance when on (Greenland) fishing stations was our refraining from the ordinary duties of our profession on the Sunday ever supposed to have been eventually a loss to us, for we in general found, that if others who were less regardful or had not the same view of the obligatory nature of the command respecting the Sabbath day succeeded in their endeavours to promote the success of the voyage, we seldom failed to procure a decided advantage in the succeeding week." And he adds "I could relate several instances in which, after our refraining to fish on the Sabbath, while others were thus successfully employed, our subsequent labours succeeded under circumstances so striking, that there was not, I believe, a man in the ship who did not consider it the effect of the divine blessing."

CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

ELLERDINE, PREES GREEN CIRCUIT.—We have recently erected a School-room at Ellerdine, in which to conduct a day and Sabbath-school. A dissenting day school has been much needed for several years, as the two or three small schools held in cottages are not sufficient to meet the requirements of the inhabitants. The foundation stone was laid October 2nd, 1866, by Mrs. Hamer, of the Hayles, and Mrs. Powell, of Muckleton (Wesleyan), each lady being presented with a beautiful silver trowel on the occasion. The Rev. T. Guttery, of Shrewsbury, delivered an appropriate address at the close of the ceremony. A tea meeting and religious service were held in the evening. The congregations were large, the day was fine, and each service very profitable. On Sunday, March 17th, 1867, the school-room was opened by divine service, when two powerful sermons were preached by the Rev. W. E. Saunders, of Dawley, and one by Mr. Shaw, of Wellington. On the Friday following a very excellent and impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. S. Antliff, of Derby, and at half-past four a tea meeting was held, when about 250 persons sat down to the repast. The weather was very unfavourable, it snowed and rained almost all the day. A lecture was delivered at night by the Rev. S. Antliff; subject, "Sources of Pleasure." The lecture was a very interesting one, and gave great satisfaction. T. Groom, Esq., of Wellington, had engaged to take the chair on the occasion, but owing to the state of the weather he was unable to attend; he however kindly forwarded a donation of £1 10s. for the school. His position on the platform was efficiently occupied by Mr. Powell, of Muckleton (Wesleyan), who made some appropriate and eulogistic remarks. At the close of the lecture the Rev. C. Temperton gave a financial account of the building. The cost will be about £150, towards which the following sums have been raised, viz: stone laying collection, £23 2s. 4d.; collected by several friends, £34 19s. 6d.; Mr. Hamer's donation, £10; Mrs. Hamer's donation, £10; opening services, £17 2s. 6d.; total, £95 4s. 4d. In addition to the money raised, Mr. Hamer (circuit steward), and other farmers caused all the materials required for the erection to be carted gratuitously. The room is a good substantial building, thirty feet by fifteen feet, and twelve feet from the floor to the wall plate, with two large windows at each side, and one at the East end. Thanks to all who have helped us in this undertaking.

C. TEMPERTON.

ST. CLEMENTS, OXFORD CIRCUIT.—Dear Mr. Editor,—I have no doubt but that you will be glad to hear of our success. Since October last God has blessed our feeble efforts in this part of his vineyard by saving several souls, and increasing our congregations, also our number of Sabbath scholars. We number upwards of seventy in our school. We have had to enlarge our room, and have made it into a very comfortable chapel, which will seat about one hundred and fifty persons. On Good Friday we had a tea meeting, which was well attended, after which we held a public meeting, when addresses were delivered by some of the local brethren. On the Sunday following we held our re-opening services, when two sermons were preached, that in the afternoon by a stranger, and that in the evening by J. M. Crapper, Esq., of this city, to an overflowing congregation. Very impressive sermons were preached, and we felt it good to be there. The collections far exceeded our expectations. To God be all the glory. Great credit is due to our brothers Walter Carter and Hine for the work they have done gratuitously, and for the interest they take in the cause, also to Mr. Gibbs, of this city, for presenting us with a stone which is placed in the front with the inscrip-

tion, "Primitive Methodist Chapel," besides the donation he gave us. We express our kind thanks to all our friends who have contributed towards our Zion. That the hand of the Lord may be with us, and that he may still enlarge our coasts, is the prayer of

D. DINGLE.

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts not breaths.
. . . . . He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the most, and acts the best."

HARRY TINKER was born at Zottys, in Huddersfield station, February 15th, 1842. His parents, though strangers to vital godliness were wishful to furnish their children, not only with an intellectual education, but to teach them moral and industrious habits. Our late brother attended the church Sunday-school till he was drawn away by sinful companions, and he then followed the wicked devices of his unrenewed heart, until he was twenty years of age; he was then attracted to our place of worship by the singing and processioning of our people in the streets. While under the ministry of the Rev. H. Hatherly the word of God found a way to his heart. He was led to the foot of the cross, and found redemption through Jesus' blood, even the forgiveness of sins. There and then a mighty change was wrought in his heart, as was manifested in his life by an entire dedication to God's service. "I remember," says Mr. Hatherly, "seeing him kneel at the feet of Jesus, seeking the forgiveness of his sins, which he by faith attained, and then joined in singing:—

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear," &c.

From that time he began to bring forth good fruit. He appeared anxious to be a real Christian in heart and life, that others might see his good works, and glorify his Heavenly Father." And by the grace of God he was enabled to be a burning and shining light, and a living epistle, known and read of all men. Having obtained mercy he became anxious to promote the moral and religious welfare of others; therefore he went to the Sabbath-school to assist in training the young people in the way they should go. Some time afterwards he was appointed to be a superintendent. To the school he was warmly attached, and he attended to this benevolent work as long as he was able; and, when detained by affliction at home, he prayed for its prosperity. Not less did his Christianity shine in his attendance on the appointed means of grace, and in his contributions for the cause of God. On May 28th, 1864, he entered the marriage state with Miss Castle, who now mourns her irreparable loss. Their matrimonial union was short, but happy. His residence was the home of order, peace, and affection. He sometimes spoke of his happy home in comparison with others. To his habitation his ministers always found a welcome reception. His affliction was long and flattering; sometimes he had a prospect of restoration, but again his hopes were blighted. Pale consumption frustrated all the efforts of medical aid, and on January 1st, 1866, he was compelled to give up work. His medical attendant told him there was no hope of his recovery; he bowed to the divine will, and said, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." In addition to this trial of mind, he lost his dear and

only child; but the grace of God sustained him, and enabled him to say, "Thy will be done." As he neared the eternal world, he acted the part of a Christian minister, and preached to his relatives and friends. To his class mates he said, "What happy meetings we have had; but I am going to heaven: meet me there. What could I have done without religion: it bears up my mind, and gives me a bright prospect. Bless the Lord, O my soul." He exhorted his brother to attend the Sabbath-school, and to love Jesus, and to meet him in heaven. To his sister he said, "I am going a little before you. I will be looking out for you." To his dear wife he said, "Don't weep: I am going to Jesus;" and in prayer he commended her to God. His death was in harmony with his life. Having loved the Sabbath-school and the society of which he was a member, and having been anxious for the salvation of his relatives, he once more poured out his soul in earnest prayer for their eternal salvation. On the day of his departure his sufferings were great, but his mind was calm:—

"Not a cloud did arise to darken the skies,
Or hide for a moment the Lord from his eyes."

Then with a faltering voice he was heard to say, "Jesus is precious; I love him: he is my Saviour, and when I get to heaven I shall never be tired of praising him." At last he waved his hand in token of victory, and sweetly entered into the joy of his Lord. Thus he departed this life on February 24th, 1866. O that his dying charge and prayers may result in the salvation of all his relations, for Christ's sake. Amen.

A. WORSNOP.

MRS. HANNAH GILES died at Slipp, Poole Circuit, March 20th, 1866, aged forty-nine years. She was blest with a pious mother, and early impressions were made upon her youthful mind while in the Sabbath-school among the Independents. But she lived a stranger to divine grace till just before her marriage. She subsequently, with her now sorrowing husband, heard the Primitive Methodist missionaries to saving purpose. They both united with our society at Higher Lytchett, and she retained her membership till death. They often entertained the servants of the Most High, and had religious services held in their house for many years, where much good was done. Our sister was an excellent wife, and the devoted mother of eight children. She had many family trials, but loving God, she felt herself divinely sustained amidst them all. During the last three months of her earthly sojourn her health was much impaired, but she bore her affliction with exemplary patience and resignation; and though insensible at times, at intervals she felt herself happy in God, and said, "Oh, how I would sing if I had strength." Her end was peace.

E. HANCOCK.

JOSIAH MALE was born at Hagley, in the year 1804, and died at Hasbury, Brierly Hill Circuit, on the 26th of March, 1866, aged sixty-two. The early part of his life was spent according to the course of this world. When the pioneers of Primitive Methodism first visited this part of the country they caused great excitement. Many went out of curiosity to hear the men who preached on the green; and their lively singing and earnest preaching had a peculiar attraction for brother Male. He considered these things, and came to the conclusion that these were the servants of the most high God, who shewed the way of salvation. Deeming it an honour to be counted among them, he gave his heart to God, and was the first at the place to give his name as a member. This was the commencement of the society at Hasbury. Having entered the vineyard, to work for his Master was his delight. He and his wife gathered the children out of the lanes, and taught them on the Sabbath-day. 'Twas thus our Sabbath-school commenced. He opened his house for preaching, and for the reception of Christ's ambassadors, and gave so liberally to God's cause that he resembled the poor widow. A rented chapel was procured, and very hard our brother worked in fitting it up. This he did free, in hours not belonging to his earthly masters, for to them he

was faithful as well as to his heavenly one. In a few years he was appointed leader of a class—an office in which he sought to honour God and benefit his members. His was a peaceable disposition: he always strove to keep peace in the society, and employed various means to bring souls to God. He was in society upwards of thirty-two years—with the exception of a short time, when he erred through drink, and after that, like a resolute racer, he laid aside every weight, and the sin which did so easily beset him. He joined the temperance cause, and ever after pursued his heavenly course keeping himself unspotted from the world. He lived to see the erection of a new and commodious connexional chapel, for which he became a trustee, as he had been for the old rented one. He had been subject to asthma for many years, but through it all he had great confidence in God's word: could rely with strong faith on the promises, believing that God would be with him even to the end. On the Sunday, eight days previous to his death, he was at chapel, and in class he proposed special prayer for an afflicted member, and remarked that probably it would be the last time he should meet them: and so it proved. I visited him the night before he died, and found him quite resigned to the will of God, and, like the summer's sun, without a cloud. Our dear brother met the last enemy in triumph, and with his expiring breath, exclaimed, "Praise the Lord, and I shall praise him in eternity." Thus with peaceful triumph he quitted earth's scenes, leaving a wife and seven children to mourn his loss. Hundreds attended his funeral, to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory. I improved his death to a very large congregation; many wept; but our loss is his gain. We believe he is gone to receive his reward in glory.

WILLIAM PRICE.

DANIEL HARRIS was born at Twyford, Leicestershire, May 11th, 1839, and departed this life at Oakham, March 29th, 1866, in the 27th year of his age. Prior to his conversion he was the subject of very powerful impressions, and at length weeping his way to the cross, and exercising a living faith in the Redeemer, he obtained, in his own room,

"The blessedness of sins forgiven,
The favour and the peace of heaven."

Having made an entire consecration of himself to God, he at once united in church fellowship with the Wesleyans, and having given evidence of his deep-toned piety, intelligence, and industry, his name soon appeared on the Wesleyan plan. Possessing good natural abilities he was well received as a local preacher, and he laboured as a hired local preacher among the Wesleyans for a time with considerable acceptability and success. On quietly withdrawing from that body he united with a few others in forming the first Primitive Methodist society at Oakham, and he remained a true friend until the day of his death. The preachers, local and itinerant, always found under his roof a home, and a welcome to his table. When our present chapel was bought he became a trustee, and from the first of his being united with us he sustained with considerable acceptability and success the offices of class leader and local preacher, and his duty was his delight. The love of Christ constrained him. Often after the week's labours would he walk ten, fifteen, or even twenty miles, "To seek the wandering sons of men;" nor did he labour in vain. Often when he has been pointing the sinner to the dying Saviour, has the tear of penitence been seen to flow, and from the broken and the contrite heart the prayer has been offered up, "God be merciful to me a sinner." On Sunday, September 10th, 1865, he, in connection with others, held a camp meeting at Oakham, and for his text he read the solemn words, "Thus saith the Lord, set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live." And it is well remembered with what earnestness and fervour he urged upon the people the importance and necessity of being prepared to die. This was his last sermon. His health gave way, and indications of consumption began to show themselves, and though at times hopes were entertained of his recovery, and means were used to prolong his

life, yet he continued to sink until it was clear to all that he must die. During the last days of his life his sufferings at times were great, and his mind was harassed by the enemy of his soul; but his faith in the Great Atonement remained unshaken, and a few days prior to his death, after a severe and awful struggle, he triumphantly exclaimed, "The foe is under my feet at last; under my feet at last. Sing, sing, the conqueror's song!" and with his face lit up with an unearthly radiance he cried, "There's a hope, there's a hope beyond the grave." Yes, looking across the darkness and the gloom of death, he saw the brightness and the glory of an eternal day, and cried, "Glory, glory! I'll praise my Maker while I've breath." Thus were the last moments of his short but useful career spent in sweetly lisping the precious name of Jesus, until his happy spirit, borne on angels' wings, entered the portals of bliss. On Monday, April 2nd, 1866, followed by a large number of people, his remains were borne to the grave, when a very affecting and solemn address was delivered by the Rev. J. G. Smith, who officiated on the occasion. On Sunday, April 8th, his death was improved by the writer, to a large and attentive congregation, from the last words from which he himself preached, viz: "Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live." He's gone, and we feel that we have lost one whose labours the church needed, but while we sorrow, "We sorrow not as those without hope, for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." May his sorrowing widow, his fatherless children, the reader and the writer, follow him to heaven. I. R. BARNSLEY.

MARY HARRISON, of Masham, Ripon Circuit, was converted to God at the age of fourten years, and for about four years she continued to serve God; but alas, she allowed secular things to draw her heart away, and she relapsed into a backsliding state, and in this state she remained for years. Affliction, however, brought her to reflection and repentance, and again she sought the Lord with all her heart, and he who hath said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," healed her backsliding, and blessed her with salvation. She then united with us in church fellowship, and subsequently held fast her confidence unto the end. The disease that brought down her tabernacle was consumption, and sometimes she suffered much. In peace with God, she ended her days, on the 22nd of April, 1866.

W. BENNETT.

THE VALLEY OF DRY BONES.

"The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones."—Ezekiel xxxvii. 1.

Behold a sad and sorrowful vale,
No sound of life is there,
Nor aught with breath of life doth move
Through all the silent air.

O breeze from the celestial hills,
Sweep o'er this vale of death;
Let these dry bones be once again
Endowed with life and breath.

Behold this valley teems with what
Was once instinct with life;
But ignominiously they fell,
In some hot, deadly strife.

And now their whitened bones do lie
Beneath the broad blue heaven:—
Let man's proud majesty and strength,
Once more to them be given.

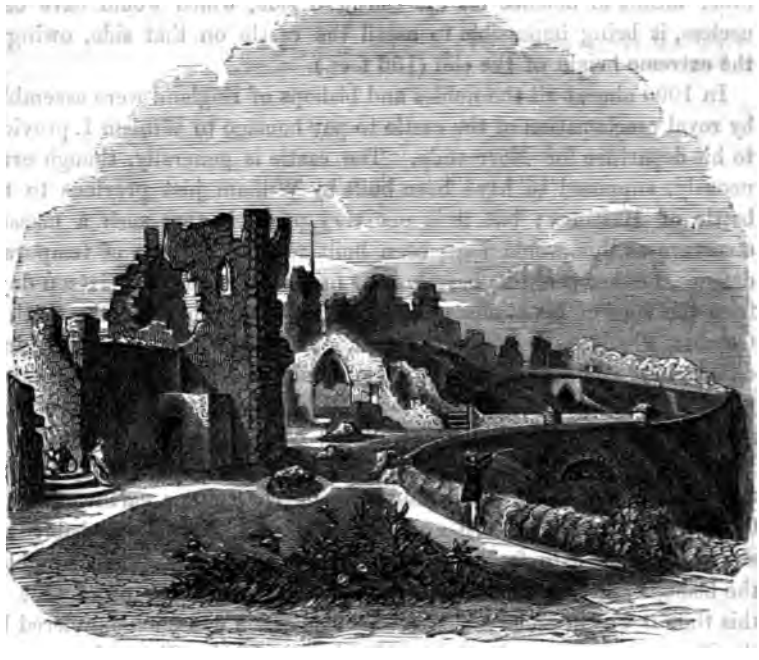
Let them a living army stand,
Erect, and brave, and strong;
With gleaming arms and burnished shields,
A glorious warrior throng:

Waiting to win for thee their king,
Spoils from the hosts of hell;
If they perchance in hottest fight,
May sin's rebellion quell:

That they may put to flight their foes,
With slaughter great and dire;
Pushing the battle to the gates,
Winning so as by fire.

That when before thy throne they stand,
And lay their weapons down,
They may receive for their reward,
A kingdom and a crown.

St. Ives A. HAWKINS.



HASTINGS CASTLE,

WHICH has stood for nearly a thousand years, will most probably stand for centuries yet to come. The rugged walls remind us of what the exquisite said in reference to Rome, "A very interesting place, but sadly out of repair." Although "out of repair," the walls are still rich in interesting historical reminiscences. By whom the castle was built is unknown; but its founders certainly showed great judgment in their choice of a situation, for it must have proved impregnable previous to the use of artillery, the walls in some parts being eight feet in thickness, and strengthened by three massive semicircular towers, and being nearly encompassed by a ditch some sixty feet deep and a hundred feet wide; the walls are loopholed, with sallyport and square tower; there are also the remains of a round tower, with courses of

herring-bone work. The ruins approach nearest in shape to two sides of an oblique spherical triangle, with the points rounded off, and cover about an acre and one-fifth of ground. There is no vestige of walls or other means of defence on the southern side, which would have been useless, it being impossible to assail the castle on that side, owing to the extreme height of the cliff (156 feet.)

In 1090 almost all the nobles and bishops of England were assembled by royal proclamation at the castle to pay homage to William I. previous to his departure for Normandy. The castle is generally, though erroneously, supposed to have been built by William just previous to the battle of Hastings; but it is not very probable that such a massive structure as this would have been built for the purpose of temporary defence, neither could he have built it in the short space of sixteen days, from the time of his landing on the 28th of September to the 14th of October, when the battle was fought. The castle was, no doubt, in a dilapidated condition when William landed. The Bayeux Tapestry, which is considered to be the most authentic record extant of the Norman invasion, has it that he (William) ordered a castle to be *dug* at Hastings; he may probably have made addition to the castle by cutting the ditch on the eastern side, and forming the various earthworks still to be traced on the eastern and northern sides. It was probably restored at a later date, for, as we have before intimated, William assembled the bishops and nobles at the castle in 1090, a sufficient proof that at this time it was of some importance. The castle was once plundered by the French, when they landed at Hastings in 1340. Extensive excavations were made in it in 1824 by order of the Earl of Chichester, when the Royal Free chapel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, was, after a burial of centuries, brought to light; (the chapel was Transitional Norman, 110 feet in length, and consisted of a nave and a chancel, with aisles. Amongst its canons are found the names of Wykeham and Thomas a Becket, who was made dean of the college of St. Mary, in the castle, in 1153,) also the deanery and prebendal houses; part of the flooring of the keep; the whole of the castle mount, the entire line of the east wall with a semicircular tower and towered gateway; the foundations of the great gatehouse and guard-room attached, and without, the remains of the drawbridge and wall communicating from it with the castle mount: in fact all of this once extensive and royal fortress which has survived. Several coins, remains of pottery, sculptured capitals of pillars, mouldings and other architectural fragments were discovered during this excavation, together with an ancient cross and other curiosities now in the possession of Lord Chichester.

The following extract from "A Reverie on the West Hill," by a local iter, may fitly close this short sketch of the ancient Castle of Hastings.

Inspiring spot! inspiring scene!
Fit theme to fire a poet's brain!
Not ever wast thou thus serene—
Or mute had been this minstrel-strain.

The Norman shout, the Saxon groan,
In mem'ry here demand a place;
And, e'en 'mid sorrows of our own,
We drop a tear for "Pride of race."

This smiling mound, so silent now,
So lovely in its spring array,
In age remote upon its brow
Bore horrid proofs of bloody fray.

The yells of hate, the shrieks of fear,
Once broke the quiet of this hill;
"Heroes have trod this spot"—and here
Their ling'ring shades may wander still

Myriad deeds of woe and wrong
Yon castle-walls have erst conceal'd:
How mute to crowds their hoary tongue—
To poet's mind alone reveal'd.

The warder's watch, the baron's feud,
The holy father's sacred drawl,
Are ended now—by Time subdued,
Whose only spoils now deck the hall.

A cloud comes o'er the soul, when thus
We ponder o'er the wreck of Death:
How sure upon *our* works and *us*
Decay will breathe his killing breath!

Sent by G. H. Fowler.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY ON BIBLE TEXTS.

FOR EACH SABBATH IN JULY.

1st SABBATH. Heb. xi. 13.—"*These all died in faith.*" The word faith is of frequent occurrence in the Sacred Scriptures, and it is said to imply "*trustworthiness, assurance* and *confidence.*" If we speak of faith in the New Testament light it relates to the divine character, for God is the proper object of religious confidence, and his spirit inspires the breast of man with hope and trust in him. St. Paul says, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen;" thus unseen things are presented to the believer's mind as a substance already in possession, for truthfulness on the part of the Almighty produces this feeling in the heart of his people. To all the Old Testament patriarchs, prophets and saints he promised his Son as the great sacrifice for their sin, and although they lived and died without the sight of "God manifest in the flesh," yet on the divine promise they rested, and built all their hopes for salvation, and in this faith they died, being assured that through Christ they would realise the divine presence in heaven for ever and ever. Here then is faith in connection with Christianity, which conquers the world, and realises full salvation. Though these ancient worthies never beheld with *mortal vision* the Babe of Bethlehem as the world's Saviour, yet, through the divine promises, they claimed all the blessings of the new and better covenant which were procured by the sufferings and death of Christ. Probably at times during their lifetime on earth satan would tempt them to disbelieve the Divine Word, and the world would try to induce them to believe that the spirit of prophecy in the prophets was a false spirit, but they walked by faith and not by sight, being fully persuaded of the fact of the divine truthfulness, for "God is not man that he should lie," &c. And it was by faith in God that these just persons lived, for "the just shall live by faith." By faith Abel's sacrifice was accepted by God; by faith Enoch experienced a glorious translation from earth to heaven; by faith Noah built an ark for the preservation of himself and his family; by faith Abraham looked for a heavenly city, and by faith Sarah became the mother of Isaac, from whom Jesus sprang. Faith in Christ honours God; and God will ever honour those whose confidence is in him, and he will enable them to say,

"Christ is my hope, my strength, my guide,
For me he bled, and groaned, and died;
My Saviour, brother, and my friend,
On him alone I will depend.

He is my life and portion too,
My soul in him can all things do;
Thro' him I'll triumph o'er the grave,
Nor death, nor hell my soul out-brave."

2nd SABBATH. Heb. xi. 16.—"*But now they desire a better country, that is an heavenly.*" The world in which we now live is a very beautiful one, for it has in it very beautiful hills, mountains, woods, rivers, brooks, seas, fields, gardens, vineyards, houses, mansions and palaces, men, women, and children; but there is a better country than the very best of which earth can boast. As many of God's ancient saints in journeying through the wilderness looked forward to the period when they would dwell in the land of promise—the earthly Canaan, flowing with milk and honey—which was a far better country than the land of Egypt or the wilderness which led to Canaan, so God's children now, much as they may value the earth, and all its beauties and good things, "desire a better country,"—the heavenly Canaan, the land already possessed by millions of blood-bought souls, and promised by the everlasting God to all his servants. It is heaven, pure heaven, bright and glorious heaven; a country without sin, a land without pain, sorrow or death. It is the residence of the King of kings. The Prince of Peace dwells there; angels, archangels and saints inhabit that world. It is a country too extensive for us to describe or conceive; its dwellers are all blest; its atmosphere is free from all impurities; its fountains are numerous, and its waters are pure; its gates are pearly white; its light emanates from God and the Lamb; its streets are of shining gold. It is a country without poverty, it is a land of plenty, its government is all divine. Its crowns; its thrones, its palms, its robes and its songs are all perfect. No wonder, then, that Christians should desire this "better country," for it is heaven with all its bliss,—

"O for a mind to soar above,
My God that mind bestow;
Draw me with thy sweet cords of love
From grovelling cares below.

Swifter and swifter let us fly,
Higher and higher rise;
Until we reach beyond the sky,
And drink celestial joys."

Let us never forget that heaven is the purchase of Christ's death and the gift of God through the Son.

3rd SABBATH. Genesis xlix. 19.—"*But he shall overcome at the last.*" How anxious are all mankind to overcome the opposition of an earthly

character with which they have to contend. Let the soldier go into the battle field to contend with an enemy, it is with the hope that he shall overcome his opponent, and leave the field of blood as a conqueror. What will the man of trade and commerce not do in order that in competition he may be the successful rival of his neighbour, or be more successful than he in his earthly business. All the world over opposition of some kind has to be fought against by all men: but there is no kind of opposition so powerful and formidable as that with which Christians and christianity have to contend. Continually are satan and his agents endeavouring to overthrow godliness in the believer's heart, and to thwart the public and private means used by Christians for the evangelisation of the world by the cross of Christ. There are times and reasons when the devil and his votaries are successful in preventing the progress of religion in the soul, and the spread of divine truth in the world, but how often is it the case that even the devil and his co-workers are frustrated in their wicked designs, for God can make even the wrath of man to praise him, and actually tend to promote the good of his servants, and to further the spread of true godliness. Notwithstanding all the obstacles that have been thrown in the way of christianity, it still lives and continues to bless the world, and shall ultimately convert the world to Christ. And although his people may be buffetted and tossed about by satan, the world, the flesh, &c., yet the day will come when they shall have fought their last battle, and have gloriously triumphed over their latest foe, for the very God of peace will bruise satan under their feet, and even death itself will lose its sting as to the believer, and the grave shall not have an endless victory over him. Thus "*He shall overcome at last.*" He shall be a conqueror, and more than a conqueror, through the blood of Christ. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" All these things possess an influence to disturb the mind, and without watchfulness and much prayer, to rob the follower of the Saviour of "the pearl of great price," but "neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus," while we have confidence in him to whom belongeth all might—

"Christian soldier, dread no evil;
Girded with your Captain's might,
Soon the world, the flesh, the devil,
Vanquish'd, shall resign the fight:
Short the warfare,
Lo! the crown appears in sight."

1 SABBATH. Philippians ii. 16.—"*Holding forth the word of life.*" Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ is the water of life, the bread of ınd "the word of life." And wherever the gospel is not, there essings are not; hence the importance of spreading the gospel—of ng it known to all mankind. It is "the glorious gospel of the ed God" that reveals to man his state of spiritual deadness and offers ıpiritual and eternal life. It is the duty of the Christian church to the tidings of salvation to men everywhere—to hold forth the d of Life by preaching the gospel, by circulating religious tracts, by buting copies of the Holy Bible, and by using all the means in her r to proclaim *pardon*, *peace*, *happiness* and *holiness* through Christ. Word of Life should be held forth wherever winds can waft it—ever waters can bear it. It should be sent to the prisoner in his ay cell, to the slave in his iron chains, to the poor man in his ıle cot, to the rich man in his mansion. India's sons should have all its fulness; Africa's children should hear it in all its plainness; outh-sea Islanders should be made well acquainted with its saving r. The Chinaman and the Japanese, and the wild Aborigines of e nations should all have it offered to them. What a glorious vill that be when the dayspring from on high shall have visited all es, lands, and nations beneath the skies, then—

"Arabia's desert ranger,
To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see.
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of Ocean,
In tribute at his feet.

Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing;
To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end."

ın let all our readers, whether young or old, rich or poor, seek to d religious knowledge, and thus assist to gather the world around ross of Christ, so that "His name shall stand for ever."

W. BIRKS.

THE THIEF ON THE CROSS.

THIS world has been the scene of many great and wonderful events. History abounds with them. But of them all, what was the greatest and most wonderful? It was the death and crucifixion of the Lord of Life and Glory. Think of the world under the old dispensation, with all its rites and ceremonies, of the patriarchs and the prophets, how all pointed to and culminated in the great sacrifice, the coming and crucifixion of Christ! think of that momentous event itself as narrated in Holy Scripture; and think of the impress it has made on the world: and then say whether any event has equalled it in wonderful importance, judged either by that which preceded it, by its own intensity, or by that which it has wrought.

When our Lord was crucified, the Evangelists tell us, "Then were there two thieves crucified with him, one on the right hand, and the other on the left." They also inform us that the chief priests mocked him, saying, "He saved others, himself he cannot save;" and then add, "*The thieves also which were crucified with him cast the same in his teeth.*" Well may the Apostle exhort us to "consider him that endureth such contradiction of sinners against himself," when not only "all the disciples forsook him and fled," but the very thieves, who were "in the same condemnation," even "they that were crucified with him, *reviled* him!"

Behold then this scene on Cavalry! "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world"—offering his own "precious blood as of a lamb without blemish and without spot"—"the one sacrifice for sin"—and with him two sinners, "on either side one, and Jesus in the midst." The mockings of the one have ceased: he rails no longer. His eyes are turned towards Christ. His heart softens. "He saved others," can he save *me?* Through the aid of that good and Holy Spirit, without whose help we can neither act nor pray aright, he is enabled to utter that brief but comprehensive prayer, "Lord, remember me, when thou comest into thy kingdom."

Brief as the prayer is, we cannot fail to see how much it comprehends. He addresses Christ no longer as "this man," but as "Lord." He makes an acknowledgment of the kingship of Christ, "when thou comest into thy kingdom." This the Jews had denied him. Have you not felt the language of the unregenerate heart, of the rebellious self-will to be, "We have no king but Cæsar;" "*We will* NOT *have* THIS MAN *to reign over us;*" but the renewed spirit becomes *subject* to Christ, rejoices in him as *king*, and cries "*Thine is the kingdom*," "Thy kingdom

come." Oh! when the light of the Holy Spirit breaks in, how thoroughly does it illuminate the dark heart of man. What had this poor thief known of the possession of a soul and of a future life? But *now* he sees that he has a soul, and is concerned for its welfare; *now* he sees there is a futurity before him, and that the remembrance of Jesus can alone secure his safety and salvation. One beam from the Sun of Righteousness, and "life and immortality are brought to light!" Conscious of his guilty and lost condition, his soul's first language is that of prayer, prompted by the Holy Spirit, of availing prayer, of humble, penitent, and fervent prayer.

"And when my failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, Remember me."

And oh, how condescending and complete the answer. Our Lord might have referred him to his *former* sayings, might have repeated one of his many gracious but *general* declarations of "ALL" and "WHOSOEVER;" but no, it is direct and personal, "THOU," and immediate, "TO-DAY," and admitting of no degree of doubt, "VERILY;" exceeding all he had asked or thought, "Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise!"

Thus concludes the short narrative of the Thief on the Cross, but who can tell and apply its teachings? Whatever occurred at this solemn moment must be full of peculiar import and instruction.

We see then the need and value of PRAYER.

We see that the FIRST to enter in the complete rapture of triumph the kingdom of our Saviour, to share his moment of victory, this first-fruit of his work, was not from the great or wise, or the respectable of this world, but the criminal, suffering "the due reward of his deeds," who had scarcely ceased to blaspheme, whose first prayer was his last and only one; what a signal announcement of salvation "TO THE UTTERMOST!" to all who go to Jesus in faith.

We see how great a CHANGE is wrought when once the eyes are effectually turned towards Christ, and the heart is yielded to his Holy Spirit. Oh, what a blessed change for the poor thief in that day! The morn is indeed black and cloudy; an awful storm is gathering, dark lowers the tempest over-head, but the Morning Star also appears in the horizon, one ray of light disperses the darkness—that light spreads—the clouds disperse, there is a great calm, at eventide it is light. What tongue can tell of the glory of the soul's translation from the "power of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son!"

We see also in this wondrous narrative, that whilst on the one hand

there is hope, and salvation, and a check to despair, there is no less reproof on the other, and an awful warning against delay and presumption. There is in the story of the thieves on the cross no encouragement to postpone "the day of salvation." ONE WAS SAVED, but at the same time and under the same circumstances, ONE WAS LOST. What a comment on the words "One shall be taken, and the other left."

We see too in this scene an epitome of the whole world. The converted and the condemned, "the one on the right hand, and the other on the left"—"on either side one, and Jesus in the midst." And from this hour of his "HUMILIATION" the mind turns to the time "When the Son of Man shall come in his GLORY;" then "He shall set the sheep on his right hand, and the goats on his left." The two classes! the *only* two! How remarkable the unanimity of all the inspired testimony. "The sheep" and "the goats"—"the saved" and "the lost"—"vessels of wrath" and "heirs of glory."

Thus, dear readers, the subject comes closely home to us. We belong to one of these classes; there is no other position; and the class we belong to now, will be ours beyond the grave. Go then in faith to Christ, before the door is shut, before "the things which belong unto thy peace are hid from thine eyes."

Think of the Thief on the Cross, and of his Companion. Never forget in the Salvation of the one the condemnation of the other; in the pardon and acceptance of the penitent, the eternal ruin and alienation of the impenitent sinner. He "found no place for repentance," and his awful condition and final doom *may be*, oh, my brother, WILL BE YOURS! unless whilst his Spirit pleads with you, "in this thy day," you too pray, "Lord, remember me."

The Dying Thief rejoiced to see
That Fountain in his day,
And there may you, tho' vile as he,
Wash all your sins away.

REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS.

One sunny afternoon in June I walked ten miles to preach in village A. Having arrived I took tea with an old Christian lady of some thirty years' membership with the Primitive Methodists, and in whose house their services were conducted. Tea being over the old Christian arranged for the preaching by moving the chairs, placing the forms, &c. Having so done there were several minutes before the service commenced, accordingly she drew her chair and prepared for a little spiritual conversation; "The cause of God is very low here, yes, very low, sir!" "Indeed," I said, "that's sorry news;" and after a pause, inquired, "Have you made an effort to raise it?" She proceeded, "For many years, apparently, the adversary has had the village under control—all his own way, and the people follow with the multitude to do evil: but, sir, I am gladdened to tell you, that about a fortnight ago, a passage of Scripture with holy power came to my heart, 'If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it;' and faith exulted, 'Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear.' And so, sir, another and myself concluded to pray and believe God would induce some poor transgressor to attend preaching to night, and send us a conversion." Further said the old lady saint, "We shall have a revival." "Be it according to your faith," was my reply, and I began singing,—

"Faith is the conquering host that storms
The battlements of sin."

Before ending my song the people came, and I repaired to the corner of the room to preach: after praise, prayer and lesson, the text was announced, "But the path of the just is as the shining light." During preaching a pentecostal influence came upon the people—the room was filled with God. The few who had not defiled their robes, felt their salvation nearer than when they first believed: sinners were pricked to the heart and cried, "men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" Amongst the number was a farmer's lady, who had never attended a dissenting meeting before. Seeing her produced wonder in the minds of those who were accustomed to attend: likewise she was on her knees in deep penitential grief, seeking the Lord. Having ascertained her spiritual position I pointed her to Jesus, who taketh away the sin of the world. Loud were her cries for mercy; earnest her entreaties for peace. Her sins were before her vision as if written with a sunbeam. But away she went to Christ, relying on his vicarious atonement, and through faith,

the clouds broke, the inner storm subsided, a halcyon calmness bathed her spirit, and firm reliance obtained the blessing of salvation, we exclaiming—

"Exults our rising soul,
Disburden'd of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God."

After two hours the meeting was concluded, and all went to their homes, praising the Lord. The afore mentioned lady on arriving at home began to tell her husband how the Lord had convinced and saved her. "Oh! praise the Lord," exclaimed the wife. "I am a new creature in Christ Jesus, and you my dear husband must be saved!" Let it be said this farmer had pious parents. His mother, now with God, was a devoted class leader with the Primitive Methodists, and often had brought him before the Lord, and such were the strivings of the Spirit, prompting repentance and reformation of life, that frequently he had been afraid to sleep lest he should awake in hell; and now, while listening to his changed wife, all his sins were set in order and passed before his mind's eye, and he said, "O, wretched man that I am!" and to use his own words, "Hell seemed moved to swallow me up." Sinai muttered thunder and emitted flashes of flame, and his anguish became intolerable to be borne. He rushed from his wife's presence; from the beaureau seized a razor, and in one of his fields in a dyke was about doing the fatal deed, when his strong, muscular arm became strengthless—the deadly weapon fell from his hand, and he lay like one dead. At this arrogant men will scoff, physicians think it fanaticism and vain, flippant philosophy cry, aha! aha! But it reminds the Scripture student of the story narrated Acts xvi. 25-31. Some time elapsed; his wife became uneasy, and went in search; she found him and induced him to return home. Meanwhile he was thinking of his wonderful deliverance from perdition, and resolved he would pray and render all he had and was to God. Upon his knees he fell, pouring out his invocations at the throne of Grace for help. His wife, with all the fervour of a new-born heart, pleaded with God on his behalf. "Oh! the room," she exclaimed, "is illumed, the cross is in view: you may be saved this moment." He wept; he agonised. Thank God! He believed with his heart, and like Thomas, confessed with his mouth—

"Yes, I yield, I yield at last,
Listen to thy speaking blood,
Me with all my sins I cast
On my atoning God."

Light bathed his mind, peace his conscience, and he had joy in the Holy Ghost through believing. This was no idle sentiment, no passing superficial emotion. *It was conversion;* crucifying the old man: passing from death unto life. Thus was prayer answered, faith vindicated, the Word fulfilled, souls were saved, and God was praised.

Soon after the farmer and his lady joined the Primitive Methodists, and have since been of great service to them. He stands an accredited local preacher, and through his agency others have been won for Christ. His home fraught with comfort is a welcome to all who love God, and from the cottage we have gone to preach occasionally in his barn, and the thrashing floor has become the birth-place of souls.

Reader, are you concerned about your soul? Do you feel you are on the precipice of ruin? Have you gotten so near hell that your inner ears hear the shrieks of damned ones? Thank God! You can come to Jesus and accept Him as your Saviour. Now, yes, even now; while you read throw your arms of faith around the cross, saying thou art my Saviour. I do believe!

Allow a warning against *unbelief*—

> "Blind unbelief is sure to err,
> And scan His work in vain."

Unbelief is the quintessence of guilt, the dregs of the wine of Sodom; the first child of darkness; the chief work of the devil, and the masterpiece of hell; yea, the seed of all offence, and the egg of all crime.

Unbelief buried Pharaoh in the sea, sank Peter in the waves, and kept Thomas, surnamed Didymus, in distress. Yea, it has sharpened the razor, mixed the poisonous cup to end existence, and buried thousands in dark and shameful graves: yea, hell is filling with souls through that Prince sin—unbelief. Oh, away! away reader to the throne of grace; there the olive leaves of peace are thickly strewn, and the lips of mercy publish peace. Hush doubt—silence fear; let faith grasp as you plead,

> "O, rock of ages, fount of bliss,
> Thy needful help afford,
> And let my constant prayer be this,
> 'Increase my faith, O Lord.'"

W. ANDREWS.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

KINDNESS is that sweet and gracious angel of love which has not been driven from this sin-blighted earth, but which has accompanied man in his wanderings through the wilderness-world to cheer and console him as he journeys on. Kindness is omnipotent in its persuasive power over human hearts. You may lead with kindness when you cannot drive with harsh words. The kind approving look when approval is due; the loving reproof given with the overflowing love and pity of a sympathetic heart which feels an interest in perhaps the wayward wanderings of an erring brother and would fain lead him to better paths and purer and holier feelings, how powerful is this!

A kind and gentle word falls often soothingly on a grief-stricken and sin-laden spirit, when harsh words would have driven it to greater lengths in sin, and perchance to entire and hopeless despair. How often have kind and persuasive words spoken from a gentle and loving woman's heart raised an outcast sister from the degradation and woe of a sinful life to thoughts of a higher, better life in this world; nobler far than living for the mere gratification of the appetites and passions. Kindness carries with it a powerful influence in the home circle, winning and softening rugged spirits to be genial and sociable with their fellows. Then the gentle persuasion of kindness asserts its power over the soul with resistless force, bringing order and beauty and light where all before had been a gloomy chaos; and causing the despairing and gloomy soul to feel that there are yet kindly thoughts and sympathetic feelings living in the breasts of some for him, and that there are yet some blossoms of Eden springing around his earthly path.

Our loving Saviour in his sojournings on earth manifested strikingly this tender love and kindness to suffering ones. Mary and Martha, the bereft sisters of Lazarus experienced His compassionate sympathy, and the widow of Nain was gladdened and cheered by the restoration to life of her dear and only son, and great joy and gladness were brought to her heart by the Great Physician and Healer of all wounded and sorrowful hearts. He sent not the multitude empty away, lest they should faint in their homeward journey. He is a perfect and holy example for us to follow, of the tenderest love and sympathy for earth's suffering ones. In his tender compassion "He raised the weak, embraced the babe, lifted the reed long bruised out from the dust, healed up the broken heart, shed tears of holy sympathy with those who wept, with a look hushed the wild storm of human passions into infant

quietude." And may we not strive more earnestly to imitate our blessed Lord and Master in patience, love, and above all constant and unvarying kindness to all with whom we may be associated. We should then carry always within us a sweet peace, a tranquil happiness, the sure result of having faithfully performed our duty in this as in all the other things pertaining to our daily life—

"Thine outstretched hand may raise and save,
Some weak, down-trodden one;
Strength'ning for holy deeds and brave,
That else had ne'er been done.

Some broken spirit thou hast bound,
O'er *thine* may pour its balm,
When *thou* art girt by suffering round,
And help *thee* to be calm."

Let us seek to be more like our kind and loving Saviour who went about doing good, chiding not, but healing and forgiving all who were sorrowing or oppressed, and who, when He was reviled answered not again, but meekly bore all the scoffs and sneers of His persecutors. Let us seek from day to day to rule ever by the gentle persuasion of kindness.

A. HAWKINS.

THE OLD SCOTCHWOMAN'S FAITH.

BY the side of a rippling brook, in one of the secluded glens of Scotland, there stands a low, mud thatched cottage, with its neat honey-suckled porch facing the south. Beneath this humble roof, on her snow-white bed, lay Old Nanny, the Scotch woman, patiently and cheerfully awaiting the moment when her happy spirit would take its flight to "mansions in the skies." Experiencing with holy Paul, "We know, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands—eternal in the heavens." By her bed side, on a small table, lay her spectacles, and her well-thumbed Bible —"her barrel and cruse," as she used to call it, from which she daily, yea, hourly, spirtually fed on the "Bread of Life." Her minister frequently called to see her; he loved to listen to her simple expressions of bible truths, for when she spoke of her "inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away," it seemed but a little way off, and

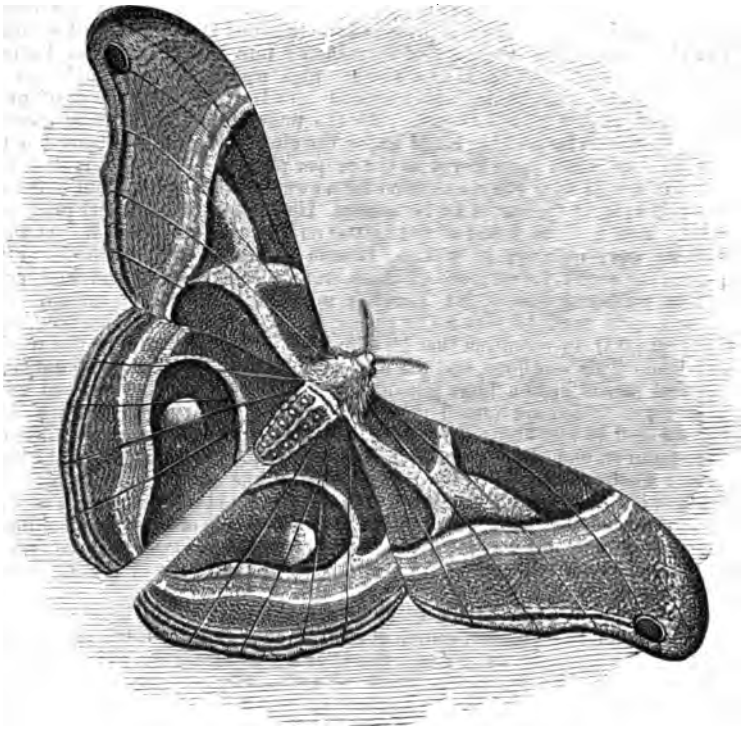
the listener almost fancied he heard the redeemed in heaven, saying, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood."

One day the young minister put to the happy saint the following startling question: "Now Nanny," he said, "what if after all your prayers, and watching, and waiting, God should suffer your soul to be eternally lost?" Pious Nanny raised herself on her elbow, and turning to him a wistful look; laid her right hand on the "precious Bible" which lay open before her, and quietly replied, "Ae, dearie me, is that a' the length you hae got yet, man?" and then continued, her eyes sparkling with almost heavenly brightness, "*God would hae the greatest loss.* Poor Nanny would but lose her soul, and that would be a great loss indeed, but God would lose his honour and his character. Havn't I hung my soul upon his 'exceeding great and precious promises,' an' if he brak his word he would make himself a liar, and a' the universe would rush into confusion."

Thus the Old Scotch Pilgrim spake. These were among the last words that fell from her dying lips. They were most precious words, like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." By faith she rested on the "Word of the Lord," knowing that "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth and the flower thereof falleth away, but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever." The young minister left Old Nanny's cottage a wiser and holier man than he entered; his faith strengthened, his zeal increased, and with a stronger determination than ever to preach the truths of that Gospel on which the old Scotch woman built her hopes of salvation.

Dear reader, the promise still holds good: "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever."—Psalm cxxv. 1.

H. P.



THE AILANTHUS SILKWORM MOTH.

THERE are difficulties connected with the working of the silk of the Ailanthus worm which Englishmen have not yet been able to overcome. The cocoons cannot be reeled off as the silk cocoons of the *B. Mori* have been. The caterpillar B. cynthia spins the threads and glues them together, so that hitherto, in France, the cocoons have been carded like cotton. But these difficulties are nothing to the Chinese; they have for many years separated the agglutinated filaments. In India this silk, and also the cocoons of the "Tusseh" worms, have been reeled off with readiness; so that Englishmen and Frenchmen lack the intelligence in this matter which the heathen possess.

From experiments made in 1853 on *Bombyx Mori*, it appears that one hundred silkworms produced 73,370 feet of silk, or about 13 miles and 4-5ths. The weight of the skein of silk produced from 100 silkworms was 109 grains and 8-10ths. The average weight of silk produced by each silkworm, was one grain and 98-1000ths. The weight of 100 eggs, one grain and 3-10ths; the average weight of each egg, the 13-1000th part of a grain. The one hundred silkworms produced 100 moths, 40 of which were males and 60 females. And the 60 females would deposit about 9,000 eggs.

The first silk mill erected in this country was built at Derby, and it is somewhat singular that the first cotton-mill, Arkwright's, at Cromford, was erected in Derbyshire; both mills we believe remain to this day. A short account of the first silk mill may be interesting to some of our readers. At the commencement of the last century, a person of the name of Crochet erected a small mill at Derby with the intention of introducing into this country the Italian method of spinning. About 1715 a similar plan was in the contemplation of Mr. John Lombe, a mechanic, who travelled into Italy for the purpose of procuring drawings and models necessary for the undertaking, and having gained all the information he possibly could under the circumstances, he returned with two natives and fixed upon Derby as the proper place at which to establish his works. He agreed with the corporation for a swamp in the river about 500 feet long and 52 wide, at the rent of £8 per annum. He erected his mills and procured a patent. The Italians heard of the matter and became exasperated. At that time there were numbers of women, Roman Catholics, who were clever in administering secret poison; one of these women came to England and succeeded in poisoning one of Mr. Lombe's men, but the work went on. Sir Thomas Lombe tried to renew the patent, but did not succeed; he, however, received £14,000 on condition that he allowed a complete model of the works to be taken. This was done, and the property now belongs to the corporation.

The mill stands upon a huge pile of oak, double planked and covered with stone-work, on which are turned thirteen stone arches. The mill is about 100 feet by 30, and 55 feet high; it contains five storeys. The spinning mills are eight in number, and give motion to upwards of 25,000 reel bobbins, and about 3,000 star wheels belonging to the reels. Each of the four twist mills contains four rounds of spindles, about 389 of which are connected with each mill, as well as the numerous reels, bobbins, star wheels, &c. The whole of this vast machinery is put in motion by one water-wheel. The old wheel was twenty-three feet in diameter, and was in use nearly 150 years. The original cost of the mill was about £30,000.

To convey a proper idea of the manufacture of silk it would be necessary to draw sketches of the winding, spinning, and doubling machines, but this cannot under present circumstances be done, therefore we must content ourselves with briefly referring to the various operations of a silk-mill.

Reeling the Silk.—The cocoons become an article of trade as soon as the insects inside have been killed; this is done by exposing them to the heat of the sun, or that of an oven, or to the steam of boiling water. A number of cocoons are saved as seed for the next crop. In India the caterpillars are watched by the natives night and day, to save them from the birds by day and the bats and other foes by night. To accomplish this the natives make a dreadful noise with horns, &c. The following extract is from one who travelled in India:—"For between two and three hours the cocoons about to be wound are allowed to soak in a mixture contained in a pot. They are then wet and are transferred to another vessel. Here they are allowed to remain until sufficiently soft for winding, which takes four or five days. Flat shallow dishes are now provided; into these the softened cocoons are thrown, without water. The terminal threads of four or five cocoons, after having been dexterously unravelled, are carried to the drum of a small primitive-looking reel, built up of four bars of hard wood, running through a couple of the hardened knots of a large bamboo cane. The reel is held in the left hand and turned with the right, the threads passing in an oblique direction over the thigh of the spinner, who squats on the ground before his dish of cocoons as if about to indulge in a feast of tempting fruit. By a peculiar species of sleight-of-hand, a dexterous twist is given to the compound thread as it is wound off." The raw silk is then ready for sale.

Winding.—The silk being imported in skein the first thing is to wind it off on bobbins. This used to be done by the hand but at present it is done by machinery; a number of reels extending to a great length, lying horizontally

receive as many skeins of silk, and on each side is an equal number of bobbins, the whole of which are put in motion by machinery driven by steam or water. In large mills thousands of children are employed to attend to the threads. The doubling or tramming and throwing or twisting we cannot very well describe without illustrations.

The Ailanthus silk-worm was sent to Europe from Shang Tung, in the North of China, by a Piedmontese missionary, in 1856, and the first cocoons were hatched out at Turin in May, 1857.

The Roman authors were altogether ignorant of the origin of silk, some having supposed it to be grown on trees, as hair grows on animals; others that it was produced by a shell fish, similar to the mussel, which is known to throw out threads for the purpose of attaching itself to rocks; others that it was the entrails of a sort of spider, which was fed four years with paste, and then with the leaves of the green-willow till it burst with fat; and others that it was the produce of a worm, which built nests of clay, and collected wax. And how many thousands are there in our own country who are ignorant of the origin of silk. In 1855 there was about £7,000,000 worth of raw silk imported, that is, reckoning the silk imported at twenty shillings per pound. Now it requires 3,000 worms to produce one pound of reeled silk, it follows that the above quantity represents the labours of 21,000,000,000 insects, which toiled and died in their work, during one year, to supply England with an article of dress. During the last fourteen years 294,000,000,000 silkworms have been reared with the greatest care, and these little creatures have spun silk enough to reach 38,220,000,000 miles. Yet we met with a gentleman the other day who could read his Hebrew Bible, but did not know that silk was made by worms.

J. P. BELLINGHAM.

BLIND BARTIMÆUS; OR, CAUTION AND ENCOURAGEMENT TO SEEKERS OF SALVATION.—Mark x. 46-52.

IT is written of the Lord Jesus, that "he went about doing good." His life, like his coat, was without seam, woven from the top throughout; it was of one piece, a piece of pure benevolence, large hearted affection for human kind. His example was perfect, it was a copy without a blot, a sun without a spot on its disc. His every act was marked by purest love. Tenderness was one of his most prominent characteristics. Those of his miracles, which were seemingly most severe, such as the blighting of the fruitless figtree, were instructive and benevolent in their aims, were salutary as well as demonstrative. Sharp remedies are often necessary for obstinate diseases. Amputation of the limb is better than loss of life. A kind physician does not consult the whims and fancies of his patient, but his recovery; so the Lord Jesus. He was the world's physician. He moved to and fro in this huge lazar-house of physical, social and moral affliction, healing all manner of diseases. There was never a case too desperate for his power and skill. At his word the bluest plagues were removed, and the most loathsome diseases banished from the bodies of men. He unstopped the ears of the deaf, caused the tongue of the dumb to speak; at his bidding the lame leaped as harts for joy. We see him in the narrative before us, pouring the light of day on the sightless eyeballs of the blind. This is a very interesting and most instructive portion of the Saviour's history; it brings him before us in the most engaging of aspects. The man on whom the miracle was wrought was very poor, sitting by the roadside soliciting aid at the hands of such as were passing by. The hum of voices and the tramp of feet informed him that something of importance was taking place, or, some

important personage was on the road. In reply to his inquiries, he was given to understand that the great healer, Jesus of Nazareth, was at hand. The man having heard of the Saviour's astonishing cures, and wonderful love to the victims of pain and disease, deemed it a favourable opportunity for obtaining what above every earthly thing he wished to enjoy, the use of his eyes; hence he made an effort to reach the Lord, but no sooner did he do so, than difficulties were thrown athwart his path. This narrative furnishes us with spiritual lessons. We shall not be wresting the scriptures to our hurt when we say, that *the opposition this man encountered, and the earnest and determined spirit he manifested, with the successful and glorious issue to which his case was brought* afford abundant encouragement to such as are in pursuit of salvation.

"Thy miracles," says one, "are mysteries, and prove thy power to heal." Yes, the miracles of Jesus were mysteries: sublime, glorious, and hallowed mysteries, inasmuch as there was couched in them spiritual instruction. They were gloriously prophetic, they shadowed forth his mighty moral power, they revealed the love of his heart, and displayed the strength of his arm, that arm whose power can never be impaired, and which is ever stretched out to such as call upon his name.

The dire diseases, complicated sicknesses, and fearful maladies, removed by the Son of God, were also illustrative of the direr disease of sin. There is a fearful analogy between the two; though dissimilar in some respects, there are between them strong points of resemblance. Those stiffened limbs, and maimed organs, incurable by human agency, pointed to our morally disabled condition, the wounds, bruises, and putrefying sores, beneath which we all do labour.

We may remark that the instant this blind man made an attempt to reach the Saviour, many charged him to hold his peace. Those who saw had but little sympathy with him who was blind. Spiritually it is the reverse. The blind have no sympathy with such as see, hence no sooner are the eyes of the sinner opened by the Spirit of God so that he recognises his guilty, lost, and exposed condition, and begins to inquire what he must do to be saved, than such as are still behind charge him to hold his peace. The entrance to the kingdom of God is beset with difficulties. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." "In the world ye shall have tribulation." "Marvel not if the world hate you;" and "think it not strange" the hostile attitude it assumes; it hated, loathed, cursed, and killed the Master—how then shall the servant escape? "A man's foes shall be they of his own household," said the Saviour; and his words have been often verified. Take the following:—A young lady, who moved in what are called "the higher circles," was awakened to an acute sense of her need of a Saviour; her convictions were deep and pungent, and evidenced themselves in a change in her whole demeanour. Her father saw the change, and he dreaded lest the sprightliness and vivacity which had previously characterised her should be abandoned. He sought by all the means his foolish heart could devise to lead her back to the world and its frivolities, but for a while she rose superior to all his efforts to hinder her from seizing the pearl of great price. Threatenings rough and promises smooth were alike in vain, but the infatuated man, as if madly bent on the ruin of his child, laboured on. She yielded, her convictions forsook her; those places where God is forgotten, and prayer never heard, were again visited. But there is an end. Affliction came suddenly upon her. We have seen the damask rose, but newly blown, disclose its bashful beauties to the sun, when, lo, at once the chilling storm has come, swept its blushing beauties to the dust, bowed its fair head and blasted its opening bloom. So death come upon J.E. Weeping friends stood by her death couch, among the rest was her father: taking him by the hand she said, "father, there was a time when I would have given my heart to God, but you hindered me, and now I have no hope," and in a few minutes she died. Surely the parent who can act thus is blind, and far more guilty than the poor Hindoo mother, who plunges her offspring into the

Ganges, or leaves it to perish beneath the rude wheels of the ponderous car of Juggernaut.

Again, youthful companions often oppose the anxious inquirer; being blind to their own lost condition, they wonder at the anxiety manifested by the newly awakened soul, and deem it something needless, a sort of superstitious gloominess. "The world knoweth us not." A young man was one night sitting beneath the word, when he was powerfully aroused to a sense of the misery of his unpardoned state, and resolved to stay at the prayer-meeting and give his heart to God. He descended from the gallery; just as he reached the foot of the stairs he was accosted by two of his companions, who said "we are going to spend an hour or two at such a place to-night, will you go?" In reply he feebly said "No." One of them detecting a rather unusual appearance of gravity in his face said, "What, you are not going to be religious, are you? Pooh! pooh! come along with you, don't make a fool of yourself." Alas! alas! he had not sufficient courage to brave their banter and ridicule. He went with them, sank back again into a state of indifference and sin, and in three short weeks he slept the sleep of death, and left behind him no satisfactory evidence of his salvation. "God is not mocked," and if the world laughs men into hell, it cannot pray them out again. "Awed by a mortal's frown" shall we dare to deny our Lord? God forbid. "Fear not them which kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do, but I will warn you whom to fear, fear him who has power to cast both body and soul into hell, yea I say unto you fear him." How deep the anguish and consternation which shall seize the souls of such who have dared to offend God rather than brave the displeasure of their fellow-creatures, when amid the horrors of judgement, and the terrors of retribution, the judge of all the earth shall say, "Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels."

The inquiring soul at the beginning of its new life is opposed by the devil personally. "While he was yet a coming the devil threw him down and tare him." While in our sins the object of Satan is to keep us asleep in them. He administers opiates, and sings soft and soothing lullabies to the conscience, such as, "there's time enough yet, wait awile, you will have fewer difficulties then, there is no necessity for such urgency and anxiety; if such as you are not safe, pray who is?" Thus he seeks to divert the attention and pre-occupy the mind to the neglect of salvation; but if, through the mighty power of the spirit of God, the fears, hopes, and convictions of the seeking penitent are such as to lead him to rise and break through all, as Samson shook the withs from his arms, he will then oppose him with all his might, and make his path as rugged as possible. "He has an old grudge against Jesus." He hates the Saviour, and his followers too. Heed him not; he that is for you is the lion of the tribe of Judah, and is more than a match for all your enemies. He will give you the victory again and again. Take hold of his strength; he is greater than your fallen nature, greater than the world, greater than the devil. These may be mighty, but Jesus is almighty, and to them that believe he is the power of God in man.

Copy the example of Bartimæus; the more he was charged to hold his peace the more determined and earnest were his cries. Go and do likewise. He felt there was danger. If the present opportunity had been allowed to pass by unimproved, one so favourable might never more have come: Jesus was passing by, he might never pass that way again. We believe he never did; he was on his way to Jerusalem, there to suffer and bleed for the sins of mankind. He died, revived, rose, and now lives, and is passing by. Call upon him. He is within the reach of your voice; the eye of faith can behold him. He is in his word. He is in providence. He is to be met with in the closet, in the ordinances of his house, and as you walk by the way. He is near in everything, but he will not in the offer of his grace be passing by for ever. No! emphatically no! the last time will come. Be in earnest. Your everlasting in-

terests are at stake. Call upon the son of David while he is near. The magnitude of the blessings Bartimæus was in quest of was sufficient to induce earnestness. "The light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." Dismal indeed must it be to dwell in one perpetual night. Precious as is the light of the eyes, glorious as it is to contemplate the wonderful works of God, the blessings of the gospel of Jesus Christ are of richer worth than all the blessings in the world beside. Salvation! what a world of meaning is contained in that word. As none but the lost in hell can ever understand the word "lost" in its full significance, so none but the glorified in heaven will ever grasp the meaning of the word "Salvation." Reader, if you are asking—"what must I do to be saved?" you are in pursuit of the richest and most durable treasures; if earnestness is commendable anywhere it is here; if sleepiness and indifference be out of place, be madness and folly anywhere, it is here. Strive, man, strive, act as did this man, who, casting away his garments, rose and came to Jesus. In joyful and eager expectation of getting a cure he threw off his upper garments, and made his way to the Saviour. This part of the narrative teems with instruction to such as are desiring salvation. Why do numbers go mourning for days and weeks under deep conviction and distress of heart, without realising the sweet assurance of pardon and the spirit of adoption? These delays in conversion are not necessary: there is a cause; it is not the will of God that it should be so. Salvation is of the Lord; but man is not a mere passive instrument in the work of his conversion. Though we have no power by which we can new-create ourselves, we have, through Christ, a power by which we can facilitate the work of conversion; the sick man cannot heal himself, but he may apply to the physician. The reason why so many do not become speedily settled and rooted in Christ is, they hesitate, they pause and look at themselves instead of the Saviour, until a sense of their vileness fills them with a sort of shy distrust and selfish guilt; they are afraid to come, unbelief keeps them back, or they are not prepared to cast aside their sinful impediments, besetting sins, loved but sinful pleasures, and give up all, yielding to be freely saved by grace. "A great revival of religion took place in some of the American states, about the year 1773. Many were brought to an acquaintance with God, who bought them. Two of these, a white man and a negro, meeting together, began to speak concerning the goodness of God to their souls. Among other things, they were led to inquire how long it was after they were convinced of their sins and danger, before they obtained a satisfactory evidence of pardoning mercy. The white man said, "I was three months in deep distress of soul before God spoke peace to my troubled, guilty conscience." "But it was only a fortnight," replied the negro, "from the time I first heard of Jesus, and felt that I was a sinner, till I received the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins." "But what was the reason," said the white man, "that you found salvation sooner than I did?" "This was the reason," replied the other, "you white men have much clothing upon you, and, when Christ calls, you cannot run to him, but we poor negroes have only this (pointing to the cloth which was tied round his waist), and when we hear the call, we throw it off instantly and run to him." People who have been educated in the principles of the christian religion imagine themselves on this account christians; and, when convinced of sin, they find great difficulty in coming as mere sinners to God, to be saved only through the merits of Christ. Yet, this is the way the anxious inquirer must come. Not until made deeply sensible of sin, and stripped of all notions of merit, is there the state of mind essential to the reception of the Lord Jesus.

"Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requires
Is to feel your need of him."

Anxiety and alarm cannot save you. You must come to Jesus. Forsake false grounds of trust. Come out from among the ungodly. Cast away the deadly idea of doing something by way of reccommending yourself to the Saviour. It was for sinners Jesus died, and sinners he invites to come. Do as did Bartimæus, he rose and came to Jesus. Was he received? He was. Jesus never sent the seeking soul away without his pardoning grace; he never will: he may seem to delay, but his mercy never fails.

And he said unto the blind man, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee," and the man replied, "Lord that I might receive my sight." The Saviour knew well what the man was in quest of; but the question was asked by way of directing the thoughts of the man and the multitude to the fact that human help was all in vain, and that in himself alone was there power requisite to restore the man to soundness. God is jealous of his glory; he will have us acknowledge his hand; he shuts us up in weakness, that we may recognise his power; his mercies are wisely bestowed. A blessing given too soon would not be so gratefully received. We should lose much of its benefit, while he himself would be robbed of the glory. He hems us in by the rocks, that we may stand still and see his salvation. He says to the sin-burdened soul "What wilt thou that I should do for thee?" that he may lead it from trusting in an arm of flesh; he asks the question to test and excite the faith of the suppliant; and when he saw his faith, he said "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt," and immediately he received his sight. Faith, faith, trembling penitent, is what you need; this, and this alone, unites the soul to Jesus, and secures his blessing. Do you ask "What am I to believe?" you are to believe the testimony of God concerning his son Jesus Christ, and this is the record that we have of him; he died for our sins; his death was really and truly (not figuratively) a sacrifice for human guilt. "O believe the record true, that God to you his son hath given; that you may be happy now, and find on earth the life of heaven." Do you ask "When am I to believe?" why, just now, this instant, lay hold of the promise. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;" blessed words these; they have brought life and salvation to many hearts; why not to yours, so that Bartimæus-like you should instantly receive your sight? Bartimæus was at once made whole. What! did the beauties of nature suddenly burst upon his vision? Yes; he was made sensible of the fact that he was healed, and he rejoiced in the change. The salvation of Christ is a felt and known salvation.

"What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell,
And publish to the sons of men,
The signs infallible."

"We know that we have passed from death unto life." Nothing less than an assurance of forgiveness by the testimony of the Holy Ghost ought to satisfy any christian. "Ah; ken varra weel," said Jeanie Wilson, a poor Scotch woman, "that God has pardoned all my sins, because things in the world look so different now. Ah fancy ah can see the love of God in the fields, in the trees, and the birds. Ah love him varry much, but ah want to see his face in heaven, and love him there as much as the angels do." "For forty years," said Dr. Annesley, when lying on his death bed, "have I enjoyed a satisfying sense of God's pardoning mercy, and it comforts me now." Salvation is a matter of consciousness; nothing short of this ought to satisfy us. Stop not short of the gospel hope; because of this many go back. Assurance is strength. Have you doubts? Seek to have them cleared up. Look to Jesus in believing prayer. You may have doubts and be a believer; but while you have these doubts your name is "Little Faith." There must be faith before there can be the fruits of faith, and strong faith before there can be much and ripe fruit. The weak believer is full of doubts and fears, and when he wants comfort or

strength, or any other thing which Christ has promised to give his people, he is questioning whether he has any right to expect them, and therefore he does not receive them, because he has not boldness and access with confidence to God by faith in Jesus Christ. Hence appears the necessity of being established in the faith. The believer must have a clear evidence of his interest in Christ, before he can live comfortably in Christ. According as this point is settled, so will be the life of faith: if the believer be thoroughly grounded in it, without any doubt or fear, then he may and will with confidence improve his interest in Christ, but if he still leave it in suspense, his faith can be but little, and therefore he will obtain little comfort or strength from Christ. An exalted state of grace will give us boldness to follow Christ. As Bartimæus, on receiving his sight, followed Jesus in the way, so the believer in Christ: he no longer lives to himself, he no more regulates his life and conduct by the tastes, whims, customs, and fashions of the people by whom he is surrounded, or the society in which he happens to move; he follows no man except so far as he follows Christ; he knows no man after the flesh; he follows Jesus in the way, in the way of holiness, humility, self-denial, and submission to God; he dares to be singular for Christ's sake, and is willing to be a fool that he may be wise; such a soul honours God; men of the world may deem his life madness, and his end without honour; but the Lord knoweth them that are his. Angels linger o'er the dwelling places of the saints, yea, they encamp round about them. Reader, hast thou peace with God? then let the example of Bartimæus encourage thee. What the Lord Jesus Christ was while here on earth, he is now, in heaven—the friend of sinners; he is the physician of souls, and, as we never read of him performing an imperfect cure, or doing the afflicted, who sought his aid, some good without making them perfectly whole, so he now blesses all who believe on him with a full salvation: he frees them from condemnation, and blesses them with the privileges of obedience; he pardons their sins, renews their heart by grace, destroys the power of sin in the mind, and opens to the soul new sources of enjoyment, unseals to it fresh fountains of pleasure, by giving it a high and sacred relish for things divine; he makes it meet to be a partaker of the joys which are at God's right hand for ever.

Fear not, humble believer: hope thou in God; never shun the cross for fear of the scandal. It is better to struggle with opposition here, than to wrestle with damnation in eternity. The cross bearer shall be the crown wearer: no cross no crown. Our sufferings are as nothing compared with what the martyrs endured, and we are contending for the same heaven, we have the same Saviour. Let us possess the same spirit, and like them we shall overcome.

J. MILNER.

LIFE'S WORK.

All around thee, fair with flowers,
  Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around thee clarion voices
  Call to duty stern and high.

Be thou thankful, and rejoice in
  All the beauty God has given;
But beware it does not win thee
  From the work ordain'd of heaven:

To remove the wide-spread darkness
That the light of truth may shine;
And recall the child of error
To Jehovah's holy shrine:—

To unbind the iron fetter
Of the maim'd and wretched slave;
To uplift the long degraded,
Sin's abandon'd victim save:—

To encourage suffering virtue,
Lest, despairing, it shall die;
And the light of hope rekindle
In the dark and vacant eye:—

Cheerfully of thine abundance
To the sick and poor impart,
And lift up the weight of sorrow
From the crush'd and burthen'd heart:—

This the work ordain'd of heaven
This is thine, and this for all—
O be faithful, ever ready
To obey the heavenly call:—

Follow every work of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart;
And in all life's earnest labour
Be thou sure to do thy part:—

Now, *to-day*, and not to-morrow,
Work, O work with all thy might;
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night:—

Now, *to-day*, and not to-morrow,
Lest before to-morrow's sun
Thou, too, mournfully departing,
Shalt have left thy work undone.

Sent by T. KENDALL.

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

Music by S. J. Vail.

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

KEY A♭ Music by S. J. VAIL.

s, | s,: l,: t, | d : —: s, | m :—: r | d :—: t,	l,:—: l, | l,: t,: d r : d : l, |
m, | m,: f,: f, | m,: —: m, | s,:—: f, | m,:—: s,	f,:—: f, | f : s,: l, l,:—: f, |
d, | d,: d,: d, | d,: —: d, | d,:—: d, | d,:—: d,	f,:—: f, | f,:—: f, f,:—: f, |

A beauti-ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from sor row

s, : — : s, | s, : l, : t, | d : — : d | r : — : m | f : — : f
m, : — : m, | m, : f, : f, | m, : — : s, | t, : —:d,ta, | l, : — : l,
d, : — : d, | d, : d, : d, | d, : — : m, | s, : — : d | f, : — : f,

free, The home of the ran - somed, bright and fair, And

m : r : d | d : t, : d | m : — : r | d : — : —
s, : f, : m, | m, : r, : d, | s, : — : f, | m, : — : —
s, : s, : s, | s, : — : s, | s, : — : s, | d, : — : —

beau - ti - ful an - gels too are there.

℣ *Chorus.*

r :—: r | r :—:— | m :—: m | m :—:— | f :-.m :f | l : s : m
s, :—: s, | s, :—:— | s, :—: s, | s, :—:— | r :-.d :r | f : m : d
t, :—: t, | t, :—:— | d :—: d | d :—:— | s :-.s :s | s : s : s
s, :—: s, | s, :—:— | d :—: d | d :—:— | s, :-.s, :s, | s, : s, : s,

Will you go? will you go? Go to that beau - ti-ful

s :—: m | r :—:— | r :—: m | f :—:— | m :—: f |
m :—: d | t, :—:— | t, :—: d | r :—:— | d :—: r |
s :—: s | s :—:— | s :—: s | s :—:— | d :—: d |
d :—: d | s, :—:— | s, :—: s, | s, :—:— | d :—: d |

land with me? Will you go? Will you

n s. *pp*

ŝ :—:— | l :-.l : l | l : s : d | m :—: r | d :—:— |
m :—:— | f :-.f : f | f : m : d | d :—: t, | d :—:— |
d :—:— | d :-.d : d | d : d : m | s :—: f | m :—:— |
d :—:— | f, :-.f, : f, | f, : s, : l, | s, :—: s, | d, :—:— |

go? Go to that beau - ti - ful land with me?

That beautiful land where all is light,
It ne'er has known the shades of night;
The glory of God, the light of day
Hath driven the darkness far away.
Chorus—Will you go, &c.

In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its beautiful gates I too behold,
The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.
Chorus—Will you go, &c.

The heavenly throng arrayed in white,
In rapture range the plains of light;
And in one harmonious choir they praise,
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.
Chorus—Will you go, &c.

CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

OLD BASFORD, NOTTINGHAM 2ND CIRCUIT.—The school anniversary was celebrated March 31st, when two sermons were preached by Rev. J. Barfoot, and the sum of £8 1d. was collected—a great advance on any former year. The singing and recitations were good.

J. B.

ST. ALBANS CHAPEL ANNIVERSARY FOR APRIL, 1867.—I am happy to state this anniversary has been a triumph, as we have realised over £8. The writer preached morning and night, and the Rev. T. Watts in the afternoon. On Easter Monday we had a very good tea which was well attended. Our brethren, Waller, Corley, Bassford, Garment, Giles, Sheldrake, and others took an interesting part. Miss Holmes brought in several subscriptions, and all were very thankfully appreciated. We have made some valuable alterations in the chapel; the centre pews instead of being just under the pulpit are set back, and four of the pews are elevated. We have also lowered the Bible-board and brought it more into the pulpit, and put a shelf under. We have likewise made a moving communion ten inches high, with a beautiful mahogany rail. This is 12-ft. by 6-ft., with gates into it on each side, and two men can easily lift it up and set it on forms, so that at once, without much difficulty, we can have a good platform. We are making things in readiness for building two new chapels; but what is better than building new chapels or improving old ones, souls are being saved. This is a matter of great thankfulness.

T. RUSSELL.

ANNIVERSARY OF BURTON LEONARD CHAPEL, KNARESBRO' CIRCUIT.—This was held April 21st and 22nd. Mrs. Jackson, of Poppleton, preached two sermons on the Sabbath, and about a hundred persons took tea on the Monday, after which an interesting meeting followed, addressed by Mrs. Jackson, Revds. A. Johnson, T. Self, and Messrs. W. and L. Middleton. The collections this year have exceeded those of the past, and it is due to our Burton Leonard friends to say, they have nobly exerted themselves for several years in trying to remove the entire debt off the chapel, which, by the help of God, is now accomplished.

R. DAVIES.

SCHOOL SERMONS, BRIERLEY HILL CIRCUIT.—On Sunday, April 14th, three sermons were preached in the chapel at Wordsley; in the morning and evening by the Rev. J. Barnes, of Oswestry, and in the afternoon by Mr. G. Williams, of Kinver. Many could not gain admittance in the evening. The collections amounted to £12 9s. 2d. being more than £2 in advance of last year.

S. D.

ROCHFORD MISSION—GREAT WAKERING.—During the past quarter we have purchased a chapel, vestry, cottage and ground 46-ft. by 60-ft., in this village of some 1400 inhabitants, for the sum of £160, freehold. The celebration of this purchase took place on Good Friday, when a public tea meeting was held in the chapel. The number of persons present at the tea was 170. After the tea more than 200 persons attended the public meeting, which was addressed by brothers G. Bishop, D. Wendon, G. Loppage, B. Dinnick, G. Parkins, J. Monk, W. Dinnick, and R. May. The meeting was highly satisfactory. Although our purchase took place at a time when great distress prevailed—many of our members wanting the common necessaries of life—yet the Lord has graciously come to our help and cleared our way before us. Since the purchase of our chapel more than twenty souls have been brought to God in it, and over £30 raised toward the purchase. Sums kindly contributed—Mr. Witney, £10; Mrs. Witney, £5; Mr.

Dinnick, £1; Mr. Hopkins, £1; Mr. Jackson, £1; Mr. Cater, £1; Mr. Monk, £1; Mr. Packer, £1; Mr. Harris, 10s.; Mr. Loppage, 10s.; small sums, £3 18s. 3d.; by the school children, £2 5s.; profits of tea, £2 1s.; collections, £3 4s. 6d.; total, £33 8s. 9d. For our good collections we are greatly indebted to our esteemed friend Mr. M. Tomlin (Wesleyan), who preached us three excellent sermons, and contributed largely to the collections himself. Our present debt is now below £128, which is very easily managed, as we have a rent of £5 per annum coming in from the cottage; £2 from the school; and £5 10s. from seats. We purpose making another effort the coming quarter, and hope to clear off the remaining £28, so that only £100 will remain as debt. We are happy to state that both our society and Sunday-school are doing well. We have more than seventy regular scholars under the care of a pious band of teachers and of our able untiring superintendent, Mr. James Monk. To all our kind friends that have aided us we tender our earnest thanks, while to God we give the praise. W. DINNICK.

BOTTESFORD CIRCUIT.—On Easter Sunday two useful sermons were preached at *Thoroton*, by Mr. J. Stevenson, of Redmile, and collections were made in behalf of our chapel. On Good Friday we held our annual tea meeting, which was well sustained by our friends from several places in the circuit. A public meeting was held in the evening, when addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. Stephenson and several of our local preachers. The chapel was densely crowded. The collections and the profits realised at the tea amounted to £5 16s. 9d. The congregations have of late increased, and fresh accessions have been made to the society.

On Sunday, April 28th, two useful sermons were preached in our chapel at *Westborough*, by the Rev. J. T. Neal, of Grantham. The congregations were good and the collections liberal. On Monday, April 29th, our annual tea meeting was held in the chapel, when a large influx of visitors from various places partook of the "Cup that cheers, but not inebriates." A public meeting was held after tea; the Rev. J. Stephenson presided, when addresses were delivered by several of our local preachers. The collections and the profits of tea amounted to £4 8s. 1d. The congregations have of late increased. The converting work has been going on. £10 have been paid off the chapel debt, and it has been since the last anniversary a year of religious and financial prosperity. To God be all the glory.

J. STEPHENSON.

WEDNESFIELD, WOLVERHAMPTON CIRCUIT.—We celebrated our Sunday-school anniversary on April 28th, when three sermons were preached by Rev. W. E. Saunders and Rev. J. B. Knapp. It was a blessed day; the chapel at night was crowded, and many could not get in. Formerly we used to get about £8 or £10, but last year we got £21; and this year we have realised the noble sum of £23. To God be all the glory. We hope soon to have our chapel and schools out of debt. The Lord has blessed us here abundantly, and we feel determined to love him in return.

R. COOPER.

BULWELL, NOTTINGHAM SECOND CIRCUIT.—Two sermons were preached in behalf of this school, May 5th, to crowded congregations, by Rev. J. Barfoot, when £8 3s. was realised—a considerable increase on previous years. The recitations were of a scriptural character, and the singing was plain and good. J. B.

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

Mrs. Sarah Chapman was born at Little Cressingham, in the Brandon Circuit, in the year 1789, and died at the same place early in 1866. For more than thirty years of her life she continued a rebel against God, nor was it until a severe affliction overtook her that her thoughts were turned upon her past life; but he who is rich in mercy, at length brought her to himself. She gave evidence of her change by a life of devotion to the service of God. At this time the Primitive Methodists missioned this neighbourhood, and among its first ministers, was the Rev. R. Key. Sister Chapman having been greatly blessed under his ministry, resolved to cast in her lot with the infant cause, and with commendable diligence and zeal she pursued her onward course, and many a weary mile has she, with some of her children, travelled after a hard day's toil, to be present at a prayer meeting or other religious service; and her profiting appeared to all. Her house was always open for the welcome reception of the messengers of salvation, and under its roof too the word of eternal life has for many years been proclaimed; and many sinners have been converted, including several of her family, some of whom passed to their rest in heaven before her, and others are on their way. Her last affliction was distressing, but she endured as seeing him who is invisible, and in seasons of severest suffering she would frequently repeat the following lines—

"Oh, what shall I do my Saviour to praise?
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace."

At length the final hour came, and calmly she entered into the joy of her Lord. The name of sister Chapman will long live in the affectionate remembrance of both ministers and members.

D. Dunnett.

Christopher Wright was born in 1838, at Bishopwearmouth, and was killed on January 26th, 1866, by a fall of stone, while at work. In the early part of his life he neglected religion, but at Christmas, 1862, he went round the village of Middle Rainton with the singers, and after they had gone round the village they repaired to the chapel and held a prayer meeting, which he attended: after this meeting they went to the house of Mrs. Thompson, and a devotional meeting was held by the members, and while there he was deeply convinced of his sinful condition, and was shortly after led to give his heart to God and his hand to his people. He became a teacher in the Sabbath-school, in which he took great delight, and from his conversion to the day of his death he progressed in the divine life. He took great interest in the singing-service, in which he promised to be very useful. The Sabbath he prized above all other days: many times whilst speaking among his brethen in the class meeting he expressed his gratitude to God for the Sabbath in which he could lay aside the toils and anxious cares of this world, and spend it in peace and joy in God. He had strong desires for his relations and friends to attend the house of God. The last Sabbath he lived he invited his parents to the house of his God, which he delighted to see well filled. He was very liberal in supporting the cause and all good things. He has left a widow and two children to mourn his death.

H. Lowery.

Thomas Sargeant Skeffington was brought to God about four years ago, and died in the month of February, 1866, on board H.M.S. "Highflyer," stationed in the Persian Gulf. He was led to attend our chapel at Southsea, in the Portsmouth station, by the invitation of a local preacher, at whose house he lodged, and with whose family he afterwards became united by marriage. Unlike many young men in the Royal Navy, he had

s been distinguished for sober, conduct, and high moral char-
His conversion was genuine. w it, and felt it. Every oppor- of getting to the means of was eagerly seized and thorough- oyed by him. He was success- leading several of his ship-mates nowledge of the truth, and was to be seen surrounded by eight men, reading and expounding criptures. The commander of ip in which he died, wrote a to his sorrowing widow, full of tian consolation, and exhorting o follow her husband as he had ed Christ. Perhaps the follow- tract may not be unacceptable— ugh I am personally unknown to cannot refrain from expressing n on this sad occasion, my deep of the worth of your late hus- who was mortally wounded in tack on an Arab fort. He died fully on board, regretted by every In him this ship and the country indeed lost a first-rate man, whose ct, whether considered as a tian or a seaman, was in many ts a model to all of us. He had given cause for censure, and ntly ruled his life by the precepts e Saviour." J. H.

RBARA NIXON was born at Birt- near Chester-le-street, in the y of Durham, June 10th, 1807. was blessed with parents who l God, and who walked before n the paths of righteousness and e morality; so that under the re- ing influence of home piety she prevented from falling into those vanities, and follies, into which run in the days of their youth. received a moderately good ed- on, and from the days of her hood she was the subject of the ngs of the Holy Spirit, and almost felt a strong desire to obtain the rl of great price," and to be a Christian. She was only young ars when she left home to engage e duties of life in the domestic of another; and after twelve absence she was called to return to watch over the last lingering ents of her dear mother; and whilst attending to the duties of that solemn and to her anxious period, the spirit of God worked very powerfully upon her heart, and she resolved to give herself to Christ. In the year 1839 the Primitive Methodist mission- aries visited Birtley, and under their powerful labours she found peace, and from that hour it was her delight to pursue a steady course to the better land. During the later period of her life, when in the furnace of affliction, she ever showed a perfect resignation to the will of her heavenly father; and her delight in prayer was such that she continued to breathe out her aspirations until the close of her life. For some months before her death she was so much reduced in bodily strength by the hand of affliction that she was utterly unable to attend her class meeting and the services of the Lord's-day, which caused her deep sorrow. She frequently spoke of these means with delight, and when the Sabbath arrived she wanted to go; but whilst her spirit was willing her flesh was weak; however the occasional visits of her leader and other kind friends proved to her a source of consolation, cheering her spirit, and encouraging her to hold fast her confidence to the end. She felt her Sabbaths to be greatly sweetened by reading the word of God, meditation, and prayer. And when it pleased God to bring her down to a bed of death, in her last moments she gave evidence of holy calmness of spirit. The following were her last utterances: "Blessed Jesus;" "Oh! to be with Jesus, and away from earth, where the inhabitants say no more I am sick;" "I want to go;" "Lord, help me." And thus she gently fell asleep in Jesus, in the fifty-ninth year of her age, "Having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better," April 26th, 1866, leaving behind her a bereaved husband, son, and daughter-in-law, all of whom are members with us, and the son is a local preacher at Jarrow, in the South Shields Circuit. W. NATION.

MILCAH MALTBY, was born January 10th, 1829, at Brandsburton, and died May 5th, 1866, at Long Riston, in the

Hornsea, [illegible] to God in 1856, [illegible] after a comparatively [illegible] village, and [illegible] society, and eventually professed [illegible] the heavenly road to [illegible] life. She had a long affliction, [illegible] years in a decline, [illegible] affliction the [illegible] heavily on [illegible] family at times oppressed her mind, but a few weeks before she died she became particularly happy, and [illegible] heavenly light to the [illegible] she was about with. "Joy and [illegible] and full of glory." In the latter [illegible] she said, "Hope was full, [illegible] hope of immortality." And in this happy state of soul she passed away [illegible]

Samuel [illegible] Pontefract, March 2nd, 18[illegible]. When eight years of age he was bound an apprentice to a chimney sweep. His master was hard-hearted and cruel, and he often said he believed that his treatment had laid the foundation of the disease that proved fatal. In youth he was [illegible] and wicked, and in this state he remained till he reached [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL, POCKLINGTON.

A NOTICE of the above chapel and its opening services was given in the Large Magazine for July, 1866. The chapel is situated in a prominent position in one of the principal thoroughfares of the town, and needs only to be seen to elicit the warmest admiration. In its unique beauty, and the completeness of the entire arrangements, it is surpassed by no chapel with which we are acquainted, and even equalled by very few. The services of the first anniversary were brought to a close on Sunday, March 31st, 1867. At the different services sermons were preached by the Revs. C. Kendall, P. Clark, R. Cheeseman, and Mr. Hall. A social tea was gratuitously provided on Tuesday, March 19th, and a public meeting was afterwards

held, presided over by our highly esteemed friend Captain H. J. McCulloch, of York. The assembly was large, and a feeling of enthusiastic joy and gratitude pervaded it. The proceeds of the anniversary amounted to nearly £60. The sittings of the chapel are well let; the congregations equal to the expectations of all who were engaged in the erection, and the degree of success vouchsafed justifies the hope that, through the blessing of the Most High on persevering exertion, this place will be an honour to the connexion. Already about fifty souls have professed to find peace within its walls. May this sanctuary, and its religious ordinances and influences, tend to hasten the universal spread of the kingdom of Christ.

R. CHEESEMAN.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY ON BIBLE TEXTS.

FOR EACH SABBATH IN AUGUST.

1st SABBATH. Micah vii. 11.—"*Who is God like unto thee?*" The divine character can be savingly understood only from the volume of holy inspiration, and from the revelation which God makes to the minds of those who submit to this government, and receive his spirit as their enlightener and instructor. China and Hindoostan may boast of their millions of gods, and regularly convene in their temples to do homage to blocks of wood and stone, but the Bible challenges all countries, all nations, and all worlds to produce a god like unto him referred to by the prophet Micah. No god possesses such honourable names as many of those by which he is distinguished and which he claims for himself. The Hindoo may worship *Bramah* as his creator; *Seva* as his destroyer; *Vishnu* as his preserver. And other dark nations may bow down to *Baal*, *Dagon*, *Moloch*, and *Rimmon*, while vast numbers adore the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars*; but the worship of all these objects is vain, unprofitable, and sinful. For says he, "who is over all, God blessed for ever," "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." He alone can create, preserve, heal, and make alive. And while heathenism encourages cruelty, pride, ignorance and barbarity of the worst kind, christianity promotes kindness, humility, knowledge and everything tending to make mankind happy, holy, useful and godlike.

There is no god possessing the same nature as our God; for he is a spirit, and everything in the universe is manifest in his sight: "All things are naked and open to the eyes of him." He is the "king eternal, immortal, invisible," and none in the heavens or the earth can be compared to him. Speak we of the "sons of the mighty," they cannot "be likened unto our God." To Moses he said, "Thou canst not see my face, for no man shall see me and live." His nature is unchangeable. "I change not," says he. And we read, "Thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end;" and again, "With whom there is no variableness, nor shadow of turning." Well doth the prophet Isaiah speak of him as "the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity," and Moses mentions him as "the eternal God," who is the refuge of his saints, having underneath them his "everlasting arms." There is no God like unto him for goodness, justice, mercy, truth, righteousness, knowledge, holiness, wisdom, duration, and power, and all these attributes are essential in him as the God of the universe, and we would say,—

"Great be the glory of thy reign,
Let every creature say amen."

2nd SABBATH. Rev. xi. 16.—"*And worshipped God.*" The only true worship that can exist in earth or heaven is that which ascribes honour, power, wisdom, might and salvation unto the everlasting God. He is the only God who can break the sinner's hard heart, dry up the mourner's tears, ease the troubled mind, calm the disturbed breast, speak pardon to the guilty, and grant peace to the miserable, holiness to the polluted, liberty to the captive, and life to the spiritually dead. Eternal strength, majesty, light and life are his, and says he, "I AM, that I AM;" and scripture declares that "power belongeth unto God;" that "he is mighty in strength and wisdom," is "a strong hold in the day of trouble." Surely then his servants on earth or in heaven can make no mistake in celebrating his praise, singing his *love* and *power* and *glory*, for he "rules in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, working all things after the counsel of his own will." That religious worship which is acceptable in the sight of God always implies communion with God—fellowship with the Almighty, and with his son Jesus Christ: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will shew them his covenant." In worshipping God the Psalmist said, "I will love thee, O Lord my strength. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." Such language implies exalted views of God—strong attachment to him and a loving zeal for him. Morning, noon and night ought to find us worshipping God. Divine worship should be celebrated in every family,

by every heart and voice. We worship God only through Christ, for it is only by him that we have access to the Father, and it is for his sake alone that our feeble services are accepted by God. One writer observes, "A God in Christ is a God in me, a God with me, a God for me; he is my God." Thus through Jesus our worship is presented to the Father, and the Father recognises it. Let the husband and the wife, the young man and the maiden, devote a portion of their time every day to the worship of the true God, then shall they all be able to address the Almighty thus: "Thou art my Father, my God, and the work of my salvation." Thank God, while angels in heaven worship him, it is the privilege of believers on earth to do the same. O, then, let us—

> "Conspire to raise his glories high,
> And shout his endless praise."

3rd SABBATH. Psalm xxxiv. 15.—"*His ears are open unto their cry.*" In sacred Scripture we read of "the hands of the Lord," "his holy arm," "The eyes of the Lord," &c.—and here we find reference made to "his ears." Such language is highly figurative, and greatly assists the human mind to understand the divine character. The mind of man is constituted to receive impressions, therefore God through his word instructs mankind and prepares the mind for the reception of holy and sublime truths. In 2 Chronicles, 7th chapter, he says, "If my people which are called by my name shall humble themselves and pray and seek my face and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land; now mine eyes shall be open and mine ears attend unto the prayer that is made in this place, for now have I chosen and sanctified this house that my name may be there for ever, and mine eyes and mine heart shall be there perpetually." In all ages God has taken a deep interest in the cries (or prayers) of his people when they have been characterised for sincerity, humility, earnestness and lively faith. When Jordan was divided, it was in answer to prayer. When Jacob obtained his new name, it was in answer to prayer. When Daniel was delivered from the lions' den, it was in answer to prayer. When Shadrack, Meshech and Abednego were preserved from destruction by fire, it was in answer to prayer. When Peter was delivered from prison, it was in answer to prayer; and the Bible still informs us that "the prayer of the upright is his delight," and "he believeth the prayer of the righteous." And the good which has resulted to families, countries, and nations in answer to prayer is indescribable. "When the righteous cry the Lord heareth," and thus heaven comes to the help of earth. There is a fable told of

Hercules and a waggoner. When the wheels of the waggon stuck in the mire the waggoner cried out, "O Hercules, help me;" but said Hercules, "Set thy shoulder to the wheel, and then I will help thee." Thus we should ever remember that prayer is a condition on which God engages to grant us all necessary blessings. Complain not of being in distress or difficulties if you try not by prayer to obtain deliverance. "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee."

"Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain."

4th SABBATH. Psalm lv. 17.—"*He shall hear my voice.*" The sweet singer of Israel here refers to the voice of prayer; he has just resolved how to spend a portion of his time every day. "Evening and morning and at noon will I pray and cry aloud." When writing on prayer one author observes that it consists of "*invocation, adoration, confession, petition, pleading, dedication, thanksgiving* and *blessing.*" In attending to any of these parts of prayer deep humiliation of heart is necessary, and a spirit of holy reverence for God should dwell in our hearts. "He shall hear my voice." This language is expressive of the good man's confidence in the Lord, for God has promised to listen to the prayers of his children. Read Jeremiah, 29th chapter, "Then shall ye call upon me, and ye shall seek me and find me when ye shall search for me with all your heart." There can be no acceptable or profitable prayer in the sight of God without heart work. The heart must enter into all our prayers, and all our prayers must come from the heart, and then, "He shall hear my voice," and grant the things desired in prayer. Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name he will give it you," says Jesus. And again, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." O this abiding in Christ, it is this that gives us power with God, and makes us valiant for the truth. Talk we of Abraham standing before the Lord in prayer, or of Daniel going down on his knees to pray, or of Paul and Silas praying in prison, it should not be forgotten by us that all these men of God knew what it was experimentally to abide in the divine *favour*, the divine *love*, the divine *law*, and in all his *commandments*. Christian believer, let us tell thee that the eye which watches over thee never sleeps; the arm that supports thee never tires; the power that is exercised for thy good never weakens; and the ear that listens to thy petitions is never deaf. Remember that in all thy praying thou—

"Must link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name."

Do you ask when shall I pray? We reply--

"Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the day declineth,
Go in the dusk of night,
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away;
And at His foot-stool bowing,
Do thou in earnest pray."

W. BIBES.

IN A PASSION; OR, THE EVILS OF A HASTY TEMPER.

"PLEASE, sir," said Hannah, our chambermaid, speaking in a hesitating manner, as if she knew the communication about to be made would produce a disagreeable impression.

"Well, Hannah, what is it?" returned Uncle Abel, looking at her over the top of the morning paper, which had proved more attractive to him than the cup of coffee which he had only tasted and left to cool on the table beside him. The expression of the good man's countenance showed that he was prepared for something disagreeable.

"Mr. Edward's girl is at the door, sir."

"Well what does Mr. Edward's girl want now?"

The Edward's family were inveterate borrowers, and my uncle was beginning to lose all his patience with them.

"She says you will please—" The chambermaid hesitated.

"Send what? It's lent of course!"

The old gentleman's face was crimsoning.

"I'll say you're using it," replied Hannah, in as soothing a tone as she could venture to assume.

"No; you needn't!" angrily replied my uncle. "I don't want you to put words into my mouth. Tell the girl to tell Mr. Edwards, that if he wants to read the morning paper, he can subscribe for it, as I do."

Hannah looked doubtingly at the excited old gentleman. She did not wish to be the bearer of such a message.

"D'ye hear?" said uncle Abel, in an imperative voice.

Hannah turned and left the room.

"Too bad! outrageous! The family is a nuisance!" ejaculated Uncle Abel, in an unusually excited manner. "I'll stop taking the paper, if I am to be annoyed in this way." And he fluttered the crackling sheet as he threw his hands about him.

I could with difficulty repress a smile as I looked at the really kind-hearted old man in his temporary excitement.

"Is it well to be angry?" I said, the moment I saw that I could speak to his reason.

"No, it is not well, Kate," he answered, in a subdued voice. "It is not well; and I am old enough to do better."

"That was a very rough message you sent to a neighbour."

"What did I say?" The old gentleman looked a little frightened.

"Why, you told Hannah to tell the girl to tell Mr. Edwards, if he wanted to read the morning paper to subscribe for it, as you did."

Uncle Abel sighed, and looked down upon the floor with a fixed absent gaze. His spirit was troubled.

"Mr. Edwards appears to be a very gentlemanly person," said I.

"It isn't gentlemanly to be for ever annoying neighbours, and coveting their property," retorted uncle Abel a little sharply.

He was making a feeble effort at self-justification, but it wouldn't answer. His own conscience was not satisfied.

"Perhaps," said I, "Mr. Edward's paper failed to reach him."

"I got mine," he answered.

"It's no use to argue the matter, Kate, and try to place me in the wrong," said the old gentleman, warming up. "There's nothing to justify his conduct."

Well, Uncle Abel's breakfast was spoiled for that morning. He laid down the paper, tasted the cold coffee, and then pushed the cup away.

"Your coffee is cold," said I, "let me pour out another cup."

"No, I don't want any more," he answered, getting up and leaving the table.

What a troublesome thing a quick temper is; and the more so, if it leads to hasty speech. Some of the best-hearted people, naturally, are quick tempered. They suffer, of course, greatly from their infirmity, but never seem to gain much power over it. Of this class is my excellent uncle, to whose affectionate care I am indebted for a pleasant home.

I noticed that he did not leave the house quite so early as usual, and that as he walked uneasily over the parlour floor, he every now and then bent listeningly an ear toward the street. In truth he was waiting until he was certain Mr. Edwards had left home, so as to run no risk of meeting him.

My uncle was, in fact, heartily ashamed of his little outbreak of temper, and he felt that he must appear very badly in the eyes of his neighbour. It was not an unusual thing for them to meet during the day, and to pass a friendly greeting. How could my uncle look Mr. Edwards in the face after what had happened? And on the other hand, how would Mr. Edwards treat him, should their paths cross each other during the day?

Poor old gentleman! He was sorely troubled in consequence of his hasty speech.

The day, as he feared, proved one of serious annoyance. Once he saw Mr. Edwards, a short distance in advance, and coming toward him. A friendly corner was at hand, and a short turn enabled him to escape the unwelcome contact.

Again on entering a store he saw Mr. Edwards talking to the proprietor. The former did not observe him, and he quietly withdrew feeling something like guilt in his heart.

Once he met Mr. Edwards face to face. The latter bowed with his usual politeness, as if nothing had happened; and this was to Uncle Abel a most cutting rebuke. He would have felt better if Mr. Edwards had met him coldly, or with disdain.

The fourth and last time that he came in contact with his neighbour, was late in the afternoon, when he was within a few paces of his own house. Mr. Edwards overtook him, and, offering his hand, remarked cheerfully on the state of weather, and the news of the day. As they were parting at our door, Mr. Edwards drew from his pocket a newspaper, and said, as he handed it to my uncle:

"I received a late copy of the *Times* to-day. It contains an article which I am sure will interest you."

"Thank you, thank you!" stammered Uncle Abel, pushing back the paper; "but don't let me deprive you of the pleasure of reading it."

"Time enough for me," replied Mr. Edwards; "time enough for me. I shall enjoy it the more for knowing that its perusal has given you pleasure; so take it, and you can send it in any time. Good evening." And Mr. Edwards passed on, leaving the *Times* with Uncle Abel.

Now this was too pointed, and my uncle felt it keenly. He came in, looking hurt and depressed, and laid the paper quietly down.

I happened to be standing at the parlour window, and heard what passed between the two gentlemen. My uncle's state of mind was, therefore, no mystery to me.

"Pretty severely punished," thought I. It was all in vain that I tried to win his thoughts from unpleasant reflections; he answered me

only in monosyllables. Even his favourite air on the piano failed to restore a cheerful shade to his spirits.

"Alas," thought I "how much suffering we draw upon our own hearts! These quick tempers and hasty words, how, like the foxes, do they spoil our tender grapes!

"Hannah," said I as we sat at the tea-table (Uncle Able had spread the butter on both sides of his bread, played with his spoon; done, in fact, almost anything but eat his supper), "what message did you send to Mr. Edwards this morning?"

Uncle Abel started.

Hannah grew crimson in the face, and stammered forth something that neither of us could make out.

"What was it, Hannah?" said I.

"I—I—I—I told the girl th—that I would send Mr. Edwards the paper in a few minutes."

"You did," said Uncle Abel in a tone of surprise.

"Yes—yes, sir."

"And why did you say that?"

"Be—because, sir, I thought that was what you would say on reflection."

"And did you send the paper in?"

"Yes, sir, when you were through with it. I hope I haven't done very wrong!"

"No, Hannah," said the dear old man, getting up and assuming almost a respectful air toward the girl; "you did very right, and I thank you for your kind discretion."

Hannah, relieved in heart, turned away and glided from the room.

Uncle Abel was restored to himself, and I think what he suffered through that day has helped him to a little self-control.

Sent by E. NEAL.

"STEPPING STONES" FOR CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS.

"CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS" are those who have left the city of destruction, who have come out of spiritual Egypt, and are journeying on to the Canaan of promised rest. They have passed through the narrow gate of being "born again," they have left the burden of their sins at the

foot of the cross, through believing on Jesus, the crucified one, and are now plodding their way towards that "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

"They long for a city which hands hath not piled,
They pant for a country by sin undefiled."

Help being always needed by travellers through any country, particularly over an unknown tract of desert land, it is my intention to endeavour to give to those travellers who are thus passing over the desert of life toward Zion, a few "Stepping Stones" on which they may place their feet as they pass over the quagmires in the "good old way." May the Lord bless them to each "pilgrim," for Jesus' sake.

My first "stepping stone" then is *faith*. "Now *faith* is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Heb. xi. 1. It is in substance, taking God at his word.

"*Faith* is the throb of love that makes
Man rest on God alone."

Fellow pilgrim, "let your whole life, henceforth, be a life of *faith* in the son of God, who hath loved you, and given himself for you." "As you have received Christ into your hearts by *faith*, so walk in him." Every moment let your "*faith*" be in lively exercise, knowing that "the just shall live by *faith*." Be sure you see to it that your "*faith*" is that which works by love and purifies the heart. It is said—this is "the victory that overcometh the world, even *our faith*." Remember, your spiritual life must be sustained by a constant exercise of "*faith*" on the great atonement, as your natural life is sustained by breathing the vital air. Without air your body would soon languish and die; so in like manner without this pure atmosphere of heaven your soul would soon become morbid, dead, yea, "twice dead." You are every moment a believer or an unbeliever, a child of God, or a child of the devil, an heir of heaven, or an heir of wrath, living in hope of eternal life, or the fear of hell's torments. Therefore, evermore believe. It is well for you, Pilgrim, to know the very time and place when and where you first looked by "*faith*" to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world;" but it is a million times better to know experimentally that you are living by holy, simple, childlike "*faith*" THIS MOMENT, on the promises, power, and blood of Jesus. Then look, now, look this moment to heaven, look with confidence, and with your whole heart sing,

"All that he hath for mine I claim,
I do just now believe in Jesus name.

Then it is your duty also, as a pilgrim going to heaven, to do all you do

in "*faith*," yea, it is more than your duty, it is your privilege. "For without '*faith*' it is impossible to please God." "Whatsoever is not of *faith* is sin." "Be not faithless, but believing." "Above all take the shield of "*faith*." Then, Christian Pilgrim, evermore believe; hold fast your shield, and all will be well. "Fight the good fight of '*faith*,' and lay hold on eternal life." Then,

"If *faith* surround your heart
Satan shall be subdued;
Repelled his every fiery dart
And quenched in Jesus' blood."

By thus believing and holding fast when you come to die, you will be able to say with holy Paul, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the *faith*, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

My second "*stepping stone*" is "*punctuality*." *Punctuality* signifies exactness in time and manner, and though there be no precise command in the blessed Bible to be punctual, yet we believe the whole tenor of its teaching urges it unmistakeably. The apostle Paul in his epistle to the Corinthians commanded, "Let all things be done decently and in order." And another scripture saith, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." If christian pilgrims would progress in the divine life and make sure work for eternity they must cultivate the habit of *punctuality*. Fellow pilgrim, *be punctual!* *Be punctual* in everything; particularly in the matters pertaining to the all momentous subject—your soul's eternal salvation. "*Be punctual*," first in your times of private devotion. Christ commanded, "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." Set apart particular seasons for prayer and meditation, and take care that nothing comes between you, and those hours devoted to God. Do you say, "this is an impossibility," then think of Daniel, prime minister of Persia, with the affairs of one hundred and twenty provinces resting on his mind, yet finding time to go "into his chamber to pray and give thanks to his God." Think again of Alfred the Great, with the cares of monarchy; of Luther, buffeted by the storms of papal wrath; of Thornton encompassed with a thousand mercantile engagements; yet none of these allowed the hurry of business to intrude on their devotional hours. Copy their example. *Be punctual* also in attending the public means of grace, such as preaching services, prayer meetings, class meetings, &c. I do not ask you to attend the public means of grace every night in the week, and three or four times on the Lord's day, to the neglect of reading your Bible, and private devotion; for the

devil cares not a straw about your running from meeting to meeting all day long, if he can keep you out of your closets. He knows you will not injure his kingdom much by thus acting, but I do urge *punctual* attendance at all the legitimate means within your reach. *Be punctual* by going in time to the preaching services. Always be in time, for when I see a person frequently coming in late to the house of God I fear he will at the last be shut out like the five foolish virgins. When going to God's house to hear his word expounded, go if possible from your closet, where the Lord has prepared you to worship him in spirit and in truth. Do not talk about worldly matters on the way, as many professing christianity do; never stand about outside the chapel doors, nor encourage others to do so. Enter the house of God solemnly; bow in humble reverence before the Great I AM; get your mind into a suitable worshipping frame, that you may worship him with reverence and godly fear in the beauty of holiness. Never look about you in the house of God; imitate the Society of Friends in this respect, and when hearing God's word hear it in faith. Watch any person you may think affected under the word, and speak to him without delay. Never think of going to the house of prayer alone; always invite some one to accompany you, by doing so you will without doubt become wise in winning souls for Jesus, and you will "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Fail not to attend meetings for prayer, especially the early meetings on the Sabbath morn; use every means to keep them up; invite persons to attend, particularly those who are seeking the Lord. Mind, also, and *be punctual* at your class-meetings. *Attend always*, if possible; if lawfully hindered, let your leader know it and get him to pray for you, for "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." At every opportunity approach the table of your dying Lord, partake of the emblems of the mangled body, and shed blood, of your once crucified but now risen and exalted Saviour, obeying his divine command, "This do in remembrance of me." Be *punctual* in attending all the means of grace until you love to attend them. "Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together, but exhorting one another, and so much the more as ye see the day approaching."

My third "*stepping stone*" is "*spiritual growth.*" "*Grow* up into him, in all things, which is the head, even Christ." Christian Pilgrims, you must *grow* in grace daily. Every day you live become more and more like Jesus, who hath left you "An example, that ye should follow his steps." Do not imitate the Israelites in the wilderness, by walking over the same ground again and again, but rather follow the apostle Paul's advice, "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching

forth unto those things which are before; press towards the mark of the prize, of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Go on unto perfection. Never think of standing still until the Master appears. Numbers of pilgrims have lost all the blessings of the "Great Salvation" through not pressing after a greater fulness of New Testament glory. Remember, fellow pilgrim, that if you are fully cleansed from all sin (which it is your privilege to be) and have daily the witness of the spirit, that you are a child of God—yet even then you may still "deeper sink and higher rise;" you may be, yea, you must be "changed from glory into glory."

"Till in heaven you take your place;"—

"Till you cast your crowns before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise."

My fourth "*stepping stone*" is the "*continual realization of God's presence.*" "My (Jehovah's) presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." Christian Pilgrims,—you must live *continually under a sense of the presence of God.* If you thus live, you will be enabled to say with Jacob at Bethel, "How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." Every moment remember "Thou God seest me." Yes, fellow pilgrim, his holy piercing eyes of flame *are ever upon thee,* by day and night, at home and abroad. "The Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." If you knew that twelve legions of angels were looking at you every moment, how carefully would you stand on your guard? but the eye of God is on you *continually.* You are *watched* momentarily by an eye that is a million times keener than the eye of an angel; that all penetrating eye is the eye of God. Whether you are in company or alone, by night or by day, on the land or on the briny deep, *God sees you. Act* then as in *his sight; think* as in *his sight.* Live like holy Enoch; "*Walk* with God." Like Moses *see* his glory; like John *lean* on Jesus' bosom. Live, oh live very near to God, then his guiding and protecting eye will keep you safe. You will then realise to its fullest extent the heart-cheering promise of our blessed Redeemer; "*I am with you alway, even unto the end,*" and be able to say with the poet—

"To us, O Lord, the wisdom give,
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with thee may live,
Where life and bliss shall never end."

My fifth "*stepping stone*" is "*christian activity.*" "He that winneth souls is wise." Christian pilgrims—do not rest without *leading souls* to the Saviour. It is as much your duty to seek by all practicable and

legitimate means the *conversion* of your *fellow men* as it is to cultivate a watchful and devotional spirit. If you neglect this duty you grieve the Holy Spirit, and act inconsistently with your christian profession. God, angels, and the church militant expect you to win souls for Immanuel. Then, fellow pilgrim, be up and be doing. "*Arise—shine.*" As soon as a soul is "born again of the spirit" that soul should begin to work for God in plucking sinners as brands from the eternal burning. Multitudes have been saved in answer to the holy, simple, faithful, loving prayer of the young convert; and if older members of the church did not find fault with the zeal of their virgin souls, thousands would be led to Jesus through their agency. I have seen numbers of young converts whose souls were all on fire, and in full earnest for the salvation of sinners—going to penitents

"With cries, entreaties, tears to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave,"—

thrown down, knocked over, yea, turned out of the heavenly way by old, cold, half-hearted professors. May God save you, christian pilgrim, from being a hindrance to the great work of soul saving. Christian pilgrim, are you a parent? If you are mind you do not neglect the never dying souls of your children, but bind them by strong faith and earnest prayer to Calvary's blood-stained tree. It is a lamentable fact that hundreds of parents who profess to love the Saviour with all their hearts, who pray, and make a great fuss and stir for the salvation of sinners, yet pay but little attention to the deathless souls of their own offspring. "Men, women—you are bound," says C. G. Finney, "to be wise in winning souls." "Do not say I cannot convert sinners. How can I convert sinners? God alone can convert sinners. Look at God's Word; it says, 'He that winneth souls is wise;' and do not think you can escape the sentence. It is true that God converts sinners, but there is a sense also in which you convert them. You have something to do which, if you do it wisely, will insure the conversion of sinners in proportion to the wisdom employed. Perhaps already souls have perished; perhaps a friend or a child is in hell, because you have not put forth the wisdom which you might in winning him. Christians, unless you work for God in plucking souls from hell, you will probably become backsliders in heart, for if you gather not with Christ you scatter. "It is high time to awake out of sleep. Arise and shake thyself from the dust. Be up and be doing."

"Hear the watchword, forward—forward,
On to glorious victory go;
Raise the war shout—glory, glory!
And believing charge the foe.

Soon the contest will be ended,
War and strife will then be o'er;
Satan's kingdom now is falling,
And shall fall to rise no more."

My sixth "*stepping stone*" is "*Bible meditation.*" "Search the Scriptures." "Seek ye out of the book of the Lord, and read." Christian pilgrims, you must "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" God's Holy Word. His word is spirit and life; make it the lamp of your feet, the light of your path, your guide through life, your prop and consolation in death, and your passport to the mansions of glory. The *Bible* is a matchless book. God is its author; its copyright is secured in the high court of heaven. Angels, prophets, priests and kings, apostles and ministers are its publishers; untold millions are its readers; and the learned of all ages have been its admirers. The subjects on which it treats are God and the Devil, angels and men, good and evil, time and eternity, heaven and hell, salvation and condemnation, immateriality and immortality, death and judgment, everlasting happiness and everlasting punishment. The *Bible* is a divine book. Christian pilgrims, read it prayerfully. Your souls cannot live without it. The Holy Word of God is soul food; and you as Christian pilgrims will need some of this food every day. If you do not give your souls *Bible food* they will die. All the holiest men and women whose history I am acquainted with were remarkable for their *deep study of the Scriptures*, especially in private, on their knees before God, seeking the assistance of his Holy Spirit. Fellow pilgrim, imitate these full grown *Bible Christians*. Those who have had the clearest views of their justification and entire sanctification, the strongest and highest, the steadiest flame of holy fire burning on their souls, have paid the greatest attention to the *meditation* of Bible truths. Yea, entire holiness, heart purity, Christian perfection itself, will soon be lost, unless the *Bible* be read and studied. The holy, learned, and humble Wesley said, "I am a man of one book;" that book was the *Bible*. The seraphic Fletcher was a lover of his *Bible*. The holy and God-fearing John Smith, with Bramwell, and others whose names are as ointment poured, read the *Bible* constantly, and make it the rule and guide of their lives. Christian pilgrim, follow their example if you would become "mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds." May it be said of you as of the godly man in the first Psalm:

"The Bible? That's the Book. The Book, indeed
The Book of books;
On which who looks
As he should do aright, shall never need
Wish for a better light
To guide him in the night.

It is the look of God. What if I should
Say, God of looks?
Let him that looks
Angry at that expression as too bold,
His thoughts in silence smother,
Till he find such another."

"His delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night." *Communicated by* H. PORTNALL.

MR. WEDGEWOOD'S PORTRAIT.

ON seeing the portrait of Mr. John Wedgewood in our magazine I felt humbled and thankful in thinking of him and of what the Lord has done for us. Surely we may say, "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto thee be all the glory."

How very vividly did the affairs of my setting out to travel in the Tunstall circuit with Mr. Wedgewood as my colleague, now nearly thirty-eight years since, come unto my mind, and the good counsel he gave me. 1st. On etiquette. 2nd. On reading. 3rd. On doctrine. But 4th, and especially, on earnest and constant prayer.

"We are called to labour now for the Lord," he said, "and when a day labourer goes to work he does not start late in the day, but *goes off in the morning* that he may have time to do a day's work. Rise early, diligently read the Scriptures, and then any other valuable book. See all that is in our magazines every month, and pray much for divine light and life. In three hours you may do much; then see to your journal, and start off to your preaching appointment by ten o'clock, and though you may have eight or ten miles to walk you can reach it by two or three o'clock. Rest half an hour; look through your journal and manuscripts; write down anything that you may want to remember, and by four o'clock set out to visit. In one hour you may see a great many families, and the whole neighbourhood may learn of your arrival, then especially see the sick and any member who may have been growing slack in religion: see the class paper, and this will tell you who has missed meeting, and you can speak kindly to them, and if possible *pray with them* especially. Live to God and you will do well. Labour hard and you will see much good done. These courses may expose you to the persecution of the lazy, but go forward, and the Lord will crown the labour and wish of your life." The above advice very forcibly came afresh in my mind when I saw the portrait of Mr. Wedgewood.

THOMAS RUSSELL.

THE CICADA SPUMARIA; OR, CUCKOO-SPIT FROG-HOPPER.

THIRTY years ago we asked what made the spittle which, during July, abounded on almost every plant. We were told that it was "cuckoo-spit." Since then we have asked many men what produced the spittle; some have said it was "frog-spit," others have called it "toad-spit," and some have said it was "devil's spit." But other persons have wisely said it was "spittle produced by an insect," though they could not tell the name of the little creature. Last summer the froth producing insects were very numerous, and the spittle abounded on a fuschia which grew near the writer's door. Fig. 1 in the engraving shows the spittle, and fig 2 the perfect insect. The reader must bear in mind that the term *Cicada* includes many families of leaping insects; the one that produces the spittle is the frog-hopper. The following description of the insect is from "Cassell's Natural History:"—"Who has not noticed, about the time of the cuckoo's welcome advent, the leaves of hawthorn, hazel, woodbine—the leaves, in short, of almost every common shrub and plant in hedge and garden—beginning to be sprinkled with frothy masses which they know, probably, by the familiar name of 'cuckoo-spit?' If, however, they would enter on an examination for themselves, they would find embedded in the centre of each frothy mass a little

green, black-eyed insect, from whose body the froth is no other than a secretion, intended, it seems, to cover and protect its wingless infancy.

If removed by violence, the insect very soon is gradually renewed, but as its little wearer approaches maturity the process becomes lessened and thinner. Then is the time, if we wish to acquire from this little creature some slender notion of his comparatively gigantic relation, the Cicada, to pluck him, with leaf and branch from his native tree, and set him under a glass for careful inspection. The veil of froth having since been withdrawn, we shall then discern, as each part of the insect emerges from a previous skin, first, a large, flat, frog-shaped head, with eyes set wide apart; then a triangular back or shoulder piece, flanked by small protuberances; and lastly, a short annulated body, pointed at the extremity, six legs, of which the hinder pair, more strong and healthy than their fellows, bespeak a leaping power, will complete, to all appearance, the somewhat grotesque figure of the little tree-hopper or frog-hopper, as he is more generally called." This writer confounds the frog-hopper with the tree-hopper, and states that the young spumiferous insect has "*black eyes*." We have examined the frog-hopper's eyes under a microscope more than once, but we never saw one with black eyes yet. The tree-hopper was called by the Greek poets, "*Tettix*," and by the Romans "*Cicada*;" an insect almost worshipped by the Greeks because of its musical powers. However, as we do not wish to confound species we shall allow the tree-hopper to rest for the present. Our young readers will now understand that the cuckoo has nothing whatever to do with the formation of the spittle, and if they will take the trouble to remove the froth they will probably find, if they use a good glass, that the little green insect has light red eyes. They will also find on careful examination that the little frog-hopper has a fine proboscis by which it cuts the plant on which it feeds, and sucks the juice which is excreted at the apex of the abdomen in spume to cover the body. As this insect is common in every part of England, we deem it needless to add any further remarks on it, but we will offer a few observations which are suggested to us respecting the study of nature.

Does it not seem strange that hundreds and thousands of persons should walk out into the country and notice the "cuckoo spit" year after year, and yet remain in ignorance respecting its cause and design? We have found great numbers of intelligent persons who could not account for the appearance of the spittle which abounded on every wayside. People generally regard little things with indifference. Yet there have been periods in the history of our country when even a tiny fly has made itself important. Not eighty years ago the Hessian fly of America was supposed to have been brought to England with American corn. The fly had produced awful ravages in America. The privy council sat day after day studying plans to ward off the dreaded calamity. Expresses were sent off in every direction to the officers of the customs respecting the examination of cargoes. Despatches were written to the ambassadors in France, Austria, Russia, and America, to seek information respecting the Hessian fly. And so important was the business deemed that the minutes of council and other documents respecting the fly filled upwards of two hundred octavo pages. At last the privy council applied to Sir Joseph Banks, a naturalist of that day, who possessed entomological information enough to calm, in a measure, the great excitement of the nation. The frothy masses on the hedgerows seem to us as so many invitations calling us to the study of nature. Some persons may regard the study of such things as a mere loss of time, others may look upon it as the greatest folly, and others will treat all such little things with utter contempt. We must bear in mind that those things which appear little in our eyes may not be so when looked at by other eyes which are better adapted for the work than ours are; our eyes are wisely adapted to suit our position in the universe. Further, no living thing, however little in our eyes, can be worthless. Can a great mind do a little, or a worthless act? Can God create a worthless thing? Can God make a creature which man may justly

and wisely ignore? Is there not more infidelity among ignorant Christians respecting the works of God than can be found among sceptical philosophers? About ten years ago we met with a country squire, who was a preacher among the Baptists, and on referring to a certain animal, that gentleman declared that "God never made it," and "it must have been made by the devil." Now, we solemnly believe that there is not an intelligent sceptic in England that would utter such blasphemy as that. "All things were made by God, and without him was not even *one* thing made that was made." Such is the literal sense of the passage. What God does must be good, because he does it.

We contend that every preacher of the gospel ought to study nature with the Bible. We argue this on the following grounds:—

1. Every preacher is a theologian; he professes to study theology. Now the term theology may be thus explained:—Theo, God; logy, discourse; hence the word simply means discourse about God. Well, God has given an expression of his goodness, wisdom, and power, in nature and in the Bible; therefore every preacher should study nature and the Bible. We have nothing to say against good theological books, nor any other book that would afford help in the composition of a sermon, but what we contend for is general information respecting the works of God. A knowledge of history, ancient and modern, is very important, especially for politicians, and a good acquaintance with biography may be useful. Without a knowledge of grammar and composition a man can neither talk nor write with any comfort to himself, and unless he has a knowledge of logic he cannot conduct an argument with power and certainty. But what are these things after all? Grammar, composition, rhetoric, and logic, only give a preacher tools to work with, and no man can work efficiently without tools. What does a man gather from history? He will be sure to gather bloody scenes from the beginning until now; the history of the world is a history of bloody deeds. Human biography tells of failings as well as excellencies. Let us go back to Adam. Most preachers are fond of talking about the innocency of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. Adam was an intelligent, holy man then. But what history or biography had he read? We presume that he was too wise to need the aid of grammar or anything of the kind. What then did he know? He knew God; he knew the happiness of a pure heart. But what else did he know? He had a great knowledge of the Flora and Fauna of the world, in other words, he was a first-class botanist and the first entomologist that ever lived; he was acquainted with the science of nature. Adam first gave the name of all living things, and so intelligently did he name them that the names have continued to this day. Such was the study that God laid before the first man; and we contend that no good man can study anything so interesting, instructive, and pleasing, as the study of nature, except the Bible.

2. Every preacher should be prepared to defend Christianity against the attacks of modern infidelity. Where are the most powerful arguments, which sceptics bring against the Bible, gathered from? We answer, from science. Some of the sceptical arguments have been refuted, and there are others that must be refuted. Dr. Chalmers has met, in his astronomical discourses, the arguments which sceptics had drawn from that science against the Christian system. When the telescope brought to view the wonders of the "Milky Way," as Sir John Herschel states, "This remarkable belt has maintained, from the earliest ages, the same relative situation among the stars; and when examined through powerful telescopes, is found to consist entirely of stars scattered by millions, like glittering dust on the black ground of the general heavens." It was then shown that there were millions of stars that had never been seen by the naked eye, and that some of these stars were so far away from this earth that a flash of lightning on the earth that would be visible on the moon in a second and a quarter, or on the sun in eight minutes, would not be visible on a star of the twelth magnitude under 4,000 years; that some of these stars are many thousand times larger than our earth, in fact,

that the earth is only as a small speck in this corner of the universe, when compared with the worlds above; and that analogy would teach that those vast worlds are inhabited by intelligent beings.

With such views before them sceptics have asked:—"How is it to be conceived that the Lord and Creator of all those countless, immeasurable, and glorious worlds, before which our earth shrinks away as a mote in the presence of a mighty globe, or as lost as a drop in the ocean, should have chosen this little point, earth, out of all the rich depths of the universe, in order here to appear and here take upon himself the sorrows and infirmities of humanity, veiling himself for man's sake in mortal flesh, in order, through agony and death, to redeem the children of men, and establish the throne of his glory in the midst of them; in order, as their brother and friend, and the partner of their flesh and blood, to make them partakers of all his majesty and glory? Is there indeed none to be found among all the countless celestial worlds, all of which are infinitely glorious, more worthy and fitting to be the place of the most glorious revelation of Deity, the centre of the universe, the eternal throne of his immediate presence? And have not all those worlds—each, singly—the very same, and even higher claims to such distinction? Or can it be that he, the unchangeable and the just, is so arbitrary and partial as to give to one what he denies to another?"

Dr. Chalmers, in his reply to those sceptical objections, has contrasted the telescope with the microscope. He says, "It was the telescope that, by piercing the obscurity which lies between us and distant worlds, put infidelity in possession of the argument against which we are contending. But, about the time of its invention another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man with a discovery, which serves to neutralise the whole of this argument. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star, the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people, and of its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity—the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbour within it the tribes and families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon,—the other redeems it from all its insignificance, for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament."

But apart from the microscope, is human reason to be put up as a standard of the Divine procedure? Or shall infinite love be measured by cubic miles? The earth needed a divine visit, for man was ruined. Ninty-nine sheep in the fold may cause but little anxiety, but the one that is lost needs to be sought. And though our earth is small when compared with other worlds, yet it is great in its record of deeds. The prayers of good men, their moral conflicts and triumphs, will raise this little earth in the scale of greatness above the mere bulk of material greatness: and the deeds, prayers, words, tears, life, sufferings, and death of Jesus Christ, will embalm the history of our earth in the memories of the blood-washed for ever.

J. P. BELLINGHAM.

(To be continued).

TAKE TIME FOR DEVOTION.

A COMMAND given by Jesus Christ, whilst upon earth, was that men should always pray, and not faint. But the larger portion of us are so occupied and burdened with cares as to be strongly tempted at times to neglect or slight our devotions. We are liable to fall under the impression that we have really no time to attend to them. Because the bearing of prayer upon business and household cares is not direct nor palpable to the senses, we are led to regard it in the light of an interruption; only persons of leisure, we imagine, can take time for deliberate acts of worship. But we are greatly in error in this. Prayer facilitates business. It brings us into sympathy with him who planned our busy lives, and puts the lines of events into our hands. It refreshes, and invigorates, and restores elasticity to the jaded spirit. It delivers us from mere bondage to the world. It sweetens our tempers, and saves us from peevishness and discontent. It diffuses an oil among the machinery of life, causing it to move easily, taking away the harshness of friction, and lessening the expenditure of vital force.

What would be thought of the engineer who persisted in driving on the ponderous locomotive, entrusted to his care hour after hour, refusing to stop and introduce among the joints and axles the necessary labricating substance for want of time? Would his excuse be regarded as valid or sincere? Do not we all know that time would actually be saved by such a judicious delay? Would not a greater amount of work be done in a given time, and the machinery last longer, to say nothing of the ease and pleasurableness of the whole performance?

Prayer saves time; it is a real economy. To neglect it is unwise, unthrifty, and reckless. We should pause and pray deliberately, taking time enough for the exercise to leave its soothing and solemnising influence upon us. But like the wise engineer, we should oil the machinery while it is in motion too. As its arms move to and fro, he snatches the opportune moment, and drops the oil upon it many times in the day. Thus in the height of our cares, in the clatter of business, in our very bargaining and banking, our counselling, pleading, and prescribing, our ploughing, and sowing, and reaping, we can and must introduce the mellowing influence of prayer. Brethren! acts of devout isolation like those which Jesus wrought when he was upon earth, are binding upon us all. "When he had sent the multitude away, he went up into a mountain to pray; and when the evening was come he was there alone." He retired from impure humanity to the Holy Father, from the finite to the infinite, from acts of social benevolence to acts of religious devotions, on a mountain at night, alone. The eye of day was closed, and nature, wrapped in the sheets of darkness, is silent in the arms of sleep. Stillness has hung her mantle over the whole scene, but there in the noiseless depths of retirement, Jesus may be seen in the attitude of prayer; there he was on that cold dark night, alone with the infinite in prayer. We must attend to prayer as the necessity of our spiritual existence. We must often bid the multitude depart, or we shall be ruined. The lamp of piety will soon flicker and expire in the gusts of social influences, unless we retire to devout solitude for fresh oil to feed its waning fires. The social air is full of noise, and thick with fog. Would'st thou hear His voice? Then thou must go like Ezekiel into the "plain" of solitude, and He will there talk to thee. Would'st thou see His moral beauty, and be enchanted by it? Then thou must leave the foggy scenes of social life, retire into the sunny plain of devout solitude, and thou shalt, like Ezekiel, see "the visions of God." Brethren, would you imitate your Divine Master? If so, you must often drive the busy multitude away, climb the

steeps of solitude, until you reach the mountain top: there in the depths of silence commune with the spiritual and the infinite. And by so doing, we shall get strong for our work. John the Baptist gained his invincible energy in the lonely wilderness: Paul grew to an apostle in the quiets of Arabia; and it was in the awful midnight solitude of Gethsemane that an angel came sweeping from the realms of light and glory to strengthen Jesus for his work. Thus we see that the open air—the noiseless amplitude of the "solitary place" —the hill side with the stars above, and the shadowy world below, were the places where the Man of Sorrows loved to pray. Blessed privilege! there is no place in which it is suitable for a Christian to be found, in which it is unsuitable for him to pray. Isaac went out into the fields, and Jacob plied his night-long prayer beside the running brook. Abraham planted a grove, and in the cool shadow of his oaks at Beersheba, he called on the name of the Lord. Abraham's servant knelt down beside his camel, and Peter had chosen for his place of prayer the quiet and airy roof of his sea-side lodgings, where the messengers of Cornelius found him: "But thou, when thou prayest," says Christ, "enter into thy closet: and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." "I will," said the apostle, "that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands."

S. CHENOWETH.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

"EDWARD, what are you going to do with that beggar boy you brought in with you?" asked Mrs. Hamilton of her husband, as they sat at tea.

"I shall keep him here for a few days, Susie, dear, and then I shall place him at the free school."

"I wish you would not bring beggars into the house, Edward; it is very unpleasant to me, and you do not know who they are."

"If you will wait a few minutes, Susie, I will tell you what I know of him. He is a friendless orphan boy, his father died when he was but a baby, and his mother supported herself and child by selling cakes and toffy; but it was evident that she had seen better days. She died about a week ago; the boy came to me to know if I could tell him where he could get employment; I liked him, and have determined to educate him and give him a trade, and I have not the slightest doubt but that he will make a fine man. We will lose nothing by being kind to him, dear Susie; remember that 'bread cast upon the waters shall return after many days.'"

"Rest assured, Edward, no good ever comes of befriending low born people."

"Do not speak thus, my dear Susie, a kind word, or a kind deed, is never for nought."

"Speak gently to the poor.
Let no harsh tones be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word."

"You have an example in the life of our blessed Saviour. During his sojourn upon earth, none, however poor and humble, came to him in vain; and his own holy words are, 'Give to him that asketh, and he that would borrow of thee, turn thou not away.'"

Mrs. Hamilton remained silent for some time; at length she said, "Edward, what is the name of your protege?"

"Richard Clarke," replied Mr. Hamilton; and nothing more was said on the subject by either of them.

Richard Clarke was placed at a school by Mr. Hamilton. He progressed in his studies even beyond his kind friend's highest expectations. When his school days were ended, Mr. Hamilton apprenticed him to a gentleman he knew but slightly, but whose business both he and Richard liked. The boy's master proved a hard one, and he rebelled against the iron rule with which he tried to guide him; high words ensued, and Richard ran away.

Mr. Hamilton was deeply grieved when he heard it, and his wife said she always knew it would turn out thus. Now he saw that she was right when she said, that there is no gratitude in low born people.

Years rolled on! Mr. Hamilton sits in his counting room; silver streaks had mingled with his raven hair, and the impress of time and age had furrowed his cheek. He had been unfortunate in business, and was now tottering on the brink of ruin, a few days would see him left destitute in his old age. A young man entered and approached him.

"Do I address Mr. Edward Hamilton?" he asked.

"You do, young man; what do you wish?" answered Mr. Hamilton.

The young man turned away and brushed a tear from his eye.

"Mr. Hamilton," he said, "my dear, kind benefactor, behold before you Richard Clarke, the grateful child of your bounty."

Mr. Hamilton arose and clasped him in his arms, while tears of joy filled his eyes and rolled down his cheeks, when he found that the boy he cared so much for, and had never ceased to remember with kindness, had not proved ungrateful to him, but had returned to cheer his declining years.

Richard then gave an account of his adventures; he had gone West—after many trials and hardships he obtained work; he had risen step by step, until now he was a wealthy man. He had heard, he said, of Mr. Hamilton's misfortunes, and his wealth was now at his disposal, if it could in the least benefit him.

When Mr. Hamilton returned home that evening, his face wore a look of such perfect happiness, that his wife asked him if the wheels of fortune had turned in his favour.

"Through the overruling providence of God, Susie, we have been snatched from the brink of ruin;" and he told her of the coming of Richard, and how he had been the means of saving him from poverty.

"Did I not tell you, my dear wife, that a little kindness is never thrown away. In the end it will bless both him that gives and him that receives. Bread cast upon the waters shall not return again void, and the harvest will always be more abundant than the seed which was sown."

Mrs. Hamilton's tears fell fast, and she uttered a faint, "Thank God!" as she leaned her head upon her husband's shoulder.

"We have, indeed, cause to thank our heavenly Father, Susie, and let us now at his throne offer up our evening prayer to him."

Together they knelt, and sweet was the incense wafted up to heaven from those hearts o'erflowing with gratitude to him from whom their every blessing came.

Mrs. Hamilton was ever after known as one of the kindest and most zealous benefactors of the poor; the aged and infirm showered blessings upon her head, and her praises were lisped by the tongues of childhood. The sick and afflicted were relieved by her hand, and the eyes of the sufferer brightened at her approach. Many a dying bed was made calm and peaceful by the knowledge of the Saviour and his holy book, which she had imparted to the passing soul.

Mr. Hamilton's house is now standing securely. It is the firm of Hamilton and Clarke, and their motto is, "Bread cast upon the waters shall return after many days."

Sent by E. NEALE.

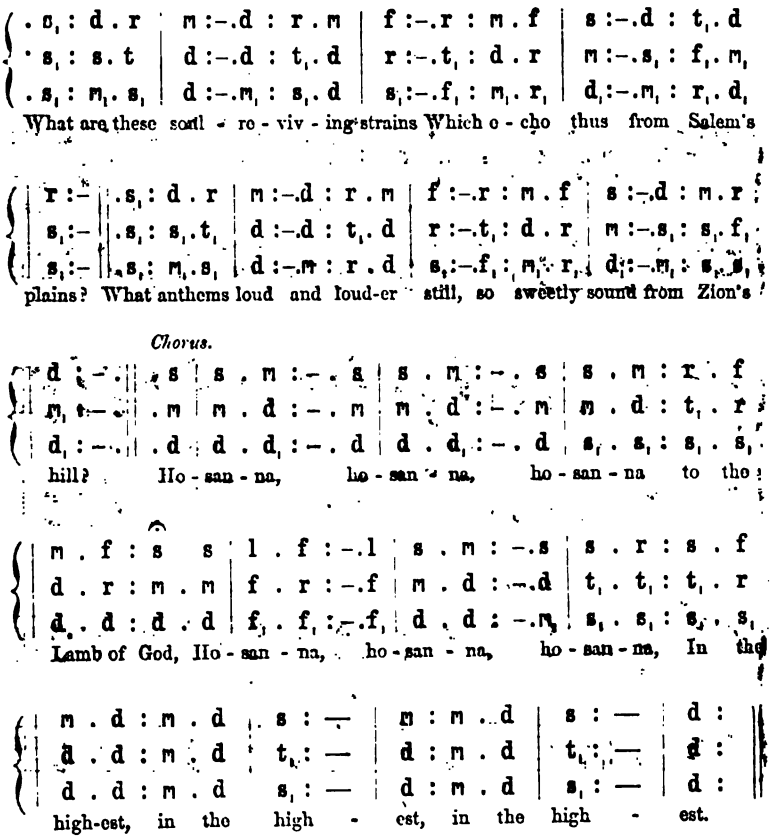
ZION'S HILL.

AMERICAN.

ZION'S HILL.

KEY A.

AMERICAN.



Lo! 'tis an infant chorus sings,
Hosanna to the King of kings,
The Saviour comes! and babes proclaim
Salvation sent in Jesus' name.
Chorus.—Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

Messiah's name shall joy impart,
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart;
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.
Chorus.—Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear,
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout thro' highest heaven.
Chorus.—Hosanna, hosanna, &c.

CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

KIRBY SUNDAY SCHOOL.—The third anniversary of this school was celebrated on Sunday, June 2nd, 1867, when three sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Smith, of Colchester, and pieces of poetry and dialogues were recited by the children. The congregations were good, and the collections amounted to £3 3s. To God be all the praise. On Tuesday, June 4th, the children were regaled with plum-cake and tea, after which the teachers and a few friends partook of a social repast. A public meeting was held afterwards, when a dialogue on the "Better Land" was recited, and a sermon preached by the Rev. J. Smith. That the parents, teachers, and children may all meet in heaven, is the prayer of the writer,

L. SNARE.

SIRHOWY SABBATH SCHOOL.—The anniversary of our Sirhowy Sabbath School was celebrated June 2nd and 3rd, 1867. On the former day the Rev. W. Harvey preached in the morning and afternoon, and Mrs. Harvey in the evening; and on the latter day the usual procession, tea meeting, and public meeting were duly attended to. The singing and recitations were highly creditable to the teachers and children; the pieces were well chosen, and delivered with distinctness and good feeling. It was truly encouraging to hear several of the speakers at the public meeting declare that they had learned to read the word of God in this school, they had become new creatures in Christ Jesus, and were now labouring to show others the way of salvation. The collections and proceeds of the tea meeting amounted to £9 18s. 10½d.

W. HARVEY.

BLAINA SABBATH SCHOOL.—On Sunday, June 2nd, 1867, the anniversary sermons for Blaina Sabbath School were preached by Mr. J. Orphan, of Newport, and Mr. H. Beaver. The congregations were overflowing in the afternoon and evening, and a powerful influence from heaven attended the services. On Monday, 3rd, the annual tea treat was given to the children, and an interesting public meeting was held in the evening supported principally by the teachers. The amount raised at this anniversary is £10 7s. 2½d. In the last year the school has prospered, having had an increase of eighteen teachers and thirteen scholars; and best of all, several have given their hearts to God and are promising to be useful.

W. HARVEY.

BRADSHAW LANE, HALIFAX STATION.—The anniversary sermons of Bradshaw Lane School were preached on Whit-Sunday, by the Rev. G. Mercer, of Sowerby Bridge. The attendance was very good, the chapel and chapel-yard being crowded with people. The choir did us admirable service, and the children recited pieces in excellent style. The power of God was signally present, especially in the evening. The collections amounted to £18 6s. 6d., being upwards of £1 in advance of the previous year. To God be glory everlasting. G. MERCER.

LONDON FIRST CIRCUIT.—The officials of the London First Circuit recently convened a circuit meeting in the school-room of Cooper's Gardens chapel, to acknowledge the valuable services of their esteemed circuit steward, Mr. James Wood, by presenting him with a copy of Dr. Adam Clarke's "Commentary on the Old and New Testaments," as a small token of their christian affection, and in recognition of his continued services as a local preacher and class leader for upwards of twenty-six years, and as circuit steward fourteen years. The Rev. T. Penrose presided, and the Revs. W. R. Burnett, R. Durrant, of Wickham Brook, Messrs. E. Hurcombe, W. Yarrow, J. Lobb, and C. Wallis, of

'ourth Circuit, took part in the ng. Mr. E. Hurcombe made the itation on behalf of the officials, ı was acknowledged in a few by Mr. Wood. It is hoped that eavenly influences which per- that deeply interesting service nd to unite us more closely and in the bonds of brotherly and ian affection. J. LOBB.

WPORT BRANCH, LINCOLN CIR-—We have just completed a l effort at Newport on behalf r pretty, but heavily burdened, l, by which the trustees are en- to reduce the debt £100, leaving present debt £495. The whole salised by the effort is £116 15s. hich was obtained by donations, r, tea meeting, and collections at ıl services, in which the Revs. efferson, W. F. Clarkson, B.A., pendent) J. Eckersley, J. Wenn, rtliff, and W. Durance took a part; he General Chapel Fund Com-) made us a grant of £20. Con- ıg the circumstances and small four society at Newport we think fort a good one, and that the s have done nobly. We may ore be allowed the present oppor- of expressing our thanks to those s who have so kindly helped us, ally to the ladies of both Portland Society and Newport, for their nce in getting up the bazaar.

W. DURANCE.

LSHAM SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNI- RY.—On Sunday, June 16th, we held the third anniversary of nday school in this picturesque Three sermons were preached e writer, and very interesting and dialogues were recited by hildren, whose faces said that ad happy hearts, and lived in a ful neighbourhood. On Tuesday, ith, at four o'clock, the scholars gratuitously regaled with tea ake, after which a public tea ng was held, when about eighty wn to tea. After tea a re- ı service was held, when ad- s were delivered by the Revs. hurst (Baptist), J. Jackson, D. n, and J. Middleton, Esq., who presided. The children again recited other pieces and dialogues. Good collections were taken up after each service. Although the town and neighbourhood are much under the influence of clergymen, who prove themselves no friends to our Sunday schools, yet we are happy to say we are in a prosperous condition. To God be all the glory. D. NEWTON.

BURTON-ON-TRENT.—The anniversary sermons in connection with our Sabbath school were preached on Sunday, April 28th, by the Rev. John G. Smith, now of Boston. The congregations were as large as usual, and numbers were deeply impressed with the thoughtful and earnest appeals of the preacher. On Monday evening Mr. Smith delivered a brief address, which was supplemented with recitations and dialogues by the children. Appropriate hymns were sung on each occasion by the choir and children; the strangers were much pleased with the great improvement in that part of the service. The collections and donations amounted to about £10. F. RICHARDSON.

BEAUFORT PRIMITIVE METHODIST SABBATH SCHOOL, TREDEGAR CIRCUIT.—On Lord's-day, May 12th, 1867, the anniversary sermons of the above school were preached by the Rev. J. Odell, of Abergavenny. Several interesting pieces were recited by the scholars, namely: "The Little Outcast," "The Wreck and the Rescue," "The Divine Lamp," "The Number Three," "The Answered Prayer," and several others, to the general satisfaction of the congregation. The weather, which was very unpropitious the whole of the day, prevented many attending the services; but we hope that those who attended will be permanently benefitted. Many tears were shed while the juveniles were going through their pieces. The choir, under the leadership of Mr. William Burchil, sang several anthems, Mr. William Greenland and Miss M. Greenland presiding at the harmonium. The collections during the day amounted to above £8.

D. SCRINE.

FULBECK, SLEAFORD CIRCUIT.—We held our Sabbath school anniversary on May 5th and 6th, which proved to be a deeply entertaining service. The sermons were preached by Mr. Webster, of Sleaford, to very large congregations. The singing and recitations of the children were all that could be desired. Miss E. Lewartan and Jas. Jenkins rendered good service at the harmonium. The little society here has had much to contend with, and such has been the case with our little school. We have had much to discourage, but some little to encourage, having had some few hopeful conversions of the children, four of which have met in class for the past four years. Although we are now few and feeble, with only sixteen members in society, and twenty-eight scholars, with no other Primitive Methodist Society within six miles, we have annually been able to provide our children with a good tea, and also some good Connexional books by way of prizes. On Monday, May 6th, the children had their usual treat, and all seemed to enjoy the occasion. In the evening a public meeting was addressed by the writer, and Messrs. Webster, Medley, Procter, and the Rev. S. Stafford, Sleaford. The proceeds were £2 5s. 10½d. Hitherto the Lord hath helped us, and we ascribe all praise to him. G. JENKINSON.

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

HARRIET SADLER, the beloved wife of Samuel Sadler, of Northmoor, in the Faringdon Station, exchanged mortality for life, January 27th, 1866, in the thirtieth year of her age, leaving an affectionate husband and four dear children to lament their loss. She was converted to God through the instrumentality of the Primitive Methodists, about sixteen years ago, in a revival that broke out at her native place. Soon after she gave her heart to God she joined our society, and remained a consistent member till the day of her death. But it was during her affliction that the religion of Jesus shone most brilliantly in her Christian character. The writer visited her several times during her protracted illness, and always found her resting on the rock of eternal ages. During the whole of her affliction there was but one thing that bound her to earth, and that was a darling infant. But finally, she gave it up into the hands of him who hath promised to be a father to the fatherless. For several days before her death she enjoyed much of the Divine presence, and often shouted, "Glory, glory, glory! I must shout glory." She spoke to all who visited her of Christ being precious to her soul, and urged upon them the necessity of being employed in his service. A short time before her death she earnestly entreated her husband to train up their dear children for heaven, and to preach Christ to a guilty world, saying, "If I had strength I would

> "Preach him to all, and cry in death,
> Behold, behold, the Lamb."

When Jordan's waves rolled around her, she exclaimed,—

> "If this be death, I soon shall be
> From every sin and sorrow free,
> I shall the king of glory see;
> All is well, all is well."

And thus she sweetly fell asleep in the arms of Jesus. J. KNIPE.

JANE MOSS, the beloved wife of John Moss, was born at Coate, in the

county of Oxfordshire, in the year 1808, and departed this life May 2nd, 1866, at Northmoor, in the Faringdon Circuit. For upwards of thirty years she lived according to the course of this world, neglecting the one thing needful—the salvation of her immortal soul. She was united in marriage to him, who now laments his loss, in the year 1825. About that time the Primitive Methodist Missionaries visited this part of the country, and they found that the generality of the people in this neighbourhood were living in open rebellion against God. But the Lord owned their labours, and many who were then strangers to the saving grace of God soon after obtained a sense of sins forgiven, among whom was the subject of this sketch. This took place while she was listening to a sermon preached by Mrs. Buntin, of Witney. She was awakened to a sense of her danger, and soon after obtained the blessed assurance that her peace was made with God. This was in the year 1831. Her husband being converted about the same time they united at once with the people of God. Although the society, of which they formed part, at that time had to meet with much brutal opposition, they maintained their integrity, and bore the burden and heat of the day. The Lord in his overruling providence made public examples of some of the ring-leaders of the persecution, and others were taken hold of by the power of truth, and are now consistent members of our society; some of them local preachers. Thus God cleared the way for the spread of his truth in this place. For the last eighteen years our ministers have taken shelter under her roof, and shared in her hospitality. In February, 1866, she was seized with gastric fever, and suffered much in affliction's furnace for about ten weeks, but she was graciously sustained by the Divine presence. When asked by the writer, on one occasion, how she felt with regard to the future, "Oh," she said, "its all right, its all right; to die is gain," &c. At another time she was heard to say, "This moment for heaven, I'd leave all below." It was quite evident to all who visited her that she was ready for her departure. May her bereaved husband, with the remainder of the family, meet her in heaven. J. KNIPE.

DIED at Tregavethan, in the parish of Kewyn, county of Cornwall, May 4th, 1866, Mrs Catherine Clarke, the beloved wife of Mr. Thomas Clarke, farmer, aged seventy-two years. For half a century she lived a strictly moral life, but a stranger to experimental and saving religion, although the Holy Spirit strove most powerfully with her. About twenty years ago our people missioned Tregavethan, and Mrs. Clarke was attracted to the services, which interested, impressed, and soon became the means of her soul's salvation. For upwards of twenty years she was an humble, earnest, liberal, and consistent member with us. Our place of worship at Tregavethan is of the most humble description, yet with regularity and zeal she repaired to it—sat with her servants and poorer neighbours to hear the Word of Life, and offer prayer and praise to the God of her salvation as long as health permitted. She invited the preachers to her house to partake of her hospitality; and they have been heartily welcomed and kindly entertained by the family during the whole period of her membership with us. In fact the ministeral visits were looked forward to by her as seasons for special edification and spiritual communion. The last few months of her life she was confined to her bed; her sufferings during this time were most intense, but she bore them with Christian resignation and meekness. She had an intelligent trust in the Saviour. The last time I visited her was a few days before her death, and in a peculiarly sweet and triumphing faith she said,—

"Its all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died."

About the last words she was heard to utter were,—

"My God I am thine, what a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that the Saviour is mine."

I pray that her bereft husband and family may follow her to —

The [illegible]
J. HAWKINS.

ANN COVE was converted to God about fifteen years ago. She then joined our society at Bean Town, in the Brinkworth Circuit, and continued a member until she departed this life. She regularly attended the public means of grace when health and circumstances permitted, and was generally punctual in attending her class meeting, and often prayed there for the conversion of souls, especially for her husband and family. As a wife she was faithful, industrious, and careful; as a Christian she studied the interest of her Saviour, and as far as her means allowed supported his cause. When confined to her home by affliction it was without murmuring, and she still trusted in the Saviour for the salvation of her soul. Thus she died in the faith, May 14th, 1866, aged forty-one years. I. HUMPHRIES.

ROBERT, the son of James and Hannah Turner, was born at Lower Mortley, near Leeds, August 1st, 1826. His mother was a pious woman, but died when Robert was about sixteen years of age. Soon after his mother's death his father became decidedly pious, and remained a member with the Primitive Methodists until his death in 1845. Robert had from that time to care for, and to tax his own industry and skill in helping to rear the younger branches of the family. This, although a heavy responsibility, was cheerfully and resolutely undertaken. At the age of twenty-one years Robert was married to Miss Sarah Jackson, of Armley, and the union proved to be a very happy one. Nevertheless, their wedded life lacked the religious element, and therefore while tenderness, urbanity, fidelity, affection, honesty, truthfulness, industry, and such like excellent moral qualities were all, singly and in combination, working out for them an ample amount of conjugal pleasure, one thing was still lacking, and that, undoubtedly, the principal constituent of real happiness. About three years ago Robert was induced to enter our Sunday school at Silver Road Hill, in the Leeds Third Circuit, as a teacher, and in about twelve months afterwards he was converted. He frequently spoke of these events, this enrolment in the school and his conversion with joy, and always accounted the first as leading to the second. Converted, Robert, as a man, became more manly; as a husband, more affectionate; as a father, more kind; and as a citizen, more conscientious. His life was a mirror in which were reflected, with becoming consistency and clearness, but quietly and unpretendingly, the distinguishing principles of the Christian religion. But death came. He came, too, draped in deepest mourning, and with the hue of melancholy on his brow. The closing scene of brother Turner's earthly pilgrimage is soon told; but not so soon the lessons of his life, and the still more impressive lessons of his death. Our departed friend was by occupation a cloth-fuller, and worked among machinery. On the morning of Tuesday, May 16th, 1866, he went to his employment as usual. During the forenoon, having removed a weight off one of the spindles of the machine under his care, he was in the act of lifting himself up, when some portion of his top garment was caught by the shafting, and he was killed instantly. All was over in a moment. Quick as thought

> * * * "His spirit exchanged
> This scene of corruptible clay,
> For mansions celestial, to range
> Through realms of ineffable day."

This is an inscrutable providence. "How unsearchable are thy judgments, O God, and thy ways are past finding out!" Our brother's death speaks loudly; it speaks, first, to his fellow-workmen, "Be ye also ready!" next, to his companions in Sunday school teaching, "Work, while it is called day:" next, to the members of the church, "Whatsoever your hands find to do, do it with all your might;" next, to his bereaved and sorrowing widow and her four children, "Ye know not what a day or an hour may bring forth;"

nally, it speaks to thee, reader! as it rings in thine ear; aye, el its force as it thrills thy heart, thine house in order, for thou lie and not live."

T. DEARLOVE.

ES ASHWIN was born near am, in Worcestershire, in the 1804, and died May 24th, He was born of a wealthy spectable family, but his parents when he was very young his s cast amongst pious people at hall, to whom he was bound tice. His master brought him the way he should go when , and when he was old he did part from it, and it may be said that he knew the Scriptures child, and enjoyed its blessed He was a consistent member the Wesleyan Methodists for aree years, also a sabbath school r and superintendent for more hirty years; and in recognition valuable labours the teachers ted him with a large family which he delighted to read, and which he received much comfort. 33 some unpleasant things oc- which caused him to leave the yan body, and he cast his lot in st the Primitive Methodists at esfield, and he was a consistent er up to the day of his death. he last six years of his life he uch afflicted; his disease baffled al skill. He often said "It is rd, and it must be right." He his affliction with Christian ce, and frequently said, "It will heaven all the sweeter when I ere." His acceptance with God ways clear. I visited him several before he died, and asked him ne state of his soul was; he said, t is precious, and I am sorry have not done more for God." said he, "thank him I can ack on fifty-six years in his , and now my work is done. going to my reward. Christ e, and I am his." Our dear brother was a kind husband, a good master, and a faithful Christian. His end was peace.

R. COOPER.

ON Wednesday, June 13th, 1860, in her 39th year, Sarah, the beloved wife of John Ballard, of Thatcham, in the Newbury Station, was taken out of this world of death to dwell where the the tree of life for ever blooms. Her mother died when she was young, leaving her and her four brothers to the care of her father, and as he was a stranger to vital godliness she laboured under many disadvantages, but, nevertheless, while young, she found the pearl of great price, and though she was of a retiring disposition she declared the fact by a consistent walk and her active labour in the Sunday school at Leold Ash. Her profession was without the noise and bombast so often witnessed. Like the still waters, her piety was deep. Since her marriage she, in conjunction with her partner, has laboured for Zion's weal; she was always kind to God's ministers; she loved them for their work's sake; She and her husband were our chief support in Thatcham. She had gradually grown weaker since her confinement in December last, but through her illness, painful as it was, her patience, truth, and faith were seen by all. A week before her decease I visited her and urged her to trust in Jesus; she replied, "Trust, trust, trust; that is it." It was a great grief at first to think of parting with her husband and children, but at last she gained the victory and could freely resign them. As her end drew nigh the enemy mustered his strength and made a last attack upon her; this led her, like the woman of Canaan, to say, "Lord, help me;" then with renewed confidence she said, "I am determined to go, but how can I be so bold." Her last words were, "My Saviour, my Saviour," and then she was carried by angels into his bosom. May we all meet her there.

C. DEACON.

WHAT IS TIME?

I ASKED an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs
"Time is the warp of life," he said, "Oh tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well."

I asked the ancient, venerable dead;
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled;
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flow'd,
"Time sow'd the seed we reap in this abode."

I ask'd the dying sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his veins,—"Time!" he replied,
"I've lost it; ah! the treasure," and he died.

I ask'd the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years;
They answered, "Time is but a meteor glare."
And bade me for eternity prepare.

I ask'd the seasons in their annual round,
Which beautify or desolate the ground;
And they replied (no oracle more wise),
"'Tis folly's blank, and wisdom's highest prize."

I ask'd a spirit lost, but, oh! the shriek
That pierced my soul, I shudder while I speak
It cried, "A particle, a speck, a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!"

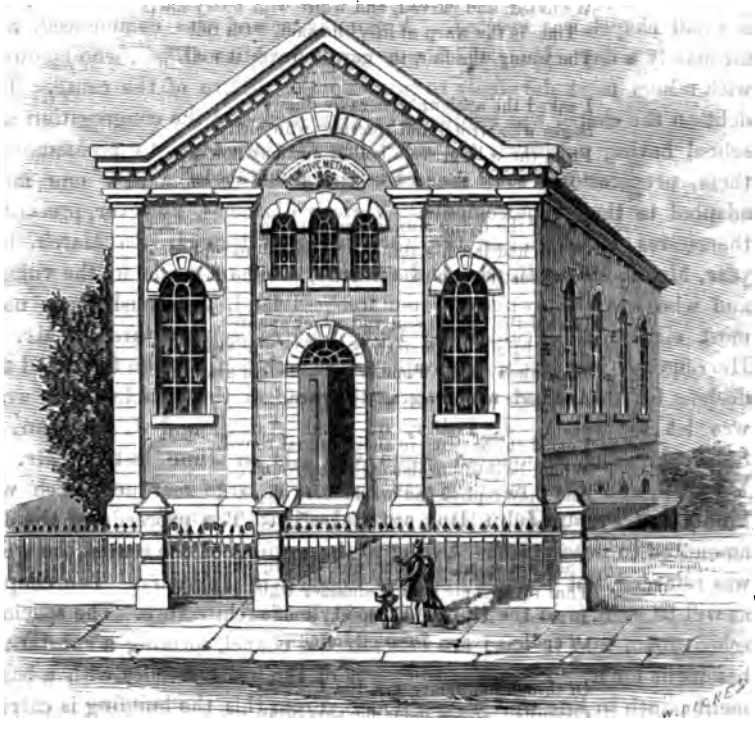
Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply;—
"Time is the season fair of living well,
The path of glory, or the path of hell."

I ask'd my Bible, and methinks it said,
"Time is the present hour, the past is fled;
Live! live to-day! to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set."

I ask'd old father Time himself at last,
But in a moment he flew swiftly past;
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.

I ask'd the mighty angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea and one on solid land;
"By heaven," he cried, "I swear the mystery's o'er;
Time was," he cried, "but Time shall be no more."

REV. J. MARSDEN.



COAL ASTON PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL, SHEFFIELD FIRST CIRCUIT.

COAL ASTON is a village in North Derbyshire, containing a population of eight hundred souls. Primitive Methodism was introduced into the place by the Rev. C. Lace, in the year 1832. Taking his stand on a low wall as a rostrum, he preached the Gospel with such earnestness and power that several received impressions, which resulted in their conversion. One of the villagers opened his house for preaching, and a good society was established. The house soon became too small to accommodate the villagers who flocked to hear the Word. Among those who believed with their hearts unto righteousness, were Mr. Francis Oldall, a respectable farmer in the village, and

his wife. They very kindly received the preachers into their house, and for many years under their hospitable roof the servants of God were entertained. In 1833 Mr. Oldall gave a suitable building site, and under the superintendency of the Rev. Thomas King, in the same year, a small chapel was erected. A Sunday school was commenced, and ultimately a day school, which was taught by Miss Oldall, who laboured with others most devotedly to promote the welfare of the cause. The debt on the chapel was gradually extinguished, and the congregation and school having outgrown the capability of the chapel to accommodate them, preparations were made for the building of a new one more adapted to their requirements. Various obstacles, however, presented themselves, which caused the work to be postponed. In March, last year, Mr. J. Marshall, who had recently come to reside in the village, and who was the owner of some freehold land, generously gave us a most eligible site, containing four hundred square yards. Mr. J. Herridge, of Wisbeach, was employed as architect, and he furnished the designs for the chapel standing at the head of this article. The work was let to Messrs. J. Fidler, of Coal Aston, and J. Johnson, of Sheffield. The foundation stone was laid in June last by Mr. J. Marshall, and a tea meeting was held in a large marque, which was kindly lent by Mr. John Hobson, of Derby. The proceeds of the day amounted to nearly £30. Owing to the wetness of the season the work was retarded, but the building was finished in February. The chapel, as will be seen, is in the Romanesque style of architecture. The spacious school room and vestries are beneath the chapel, forming a substantial basement for it. The extra thickness of the walls recedes with a basement plinth in line with chapel floor. From this the building is carried up with chamfered, quoined pilasters, terminating with the lave and string courses, which are formed with oversailing dentils, and cant and plain oversailing courses. The front gable cornice is finished in the same manner; these, with the very tasteful and appropriate inscription stone, and the dressings of the doors and windows, present a substantial and beautiful appearance. The front fence walls, piers, and chapel front, are of wrought coursed stone. The internal arrangements of the chapel are in harmony with the exterior. The chapel lobby is octagonal and tastefully decorated with semi-circular mouldings. The seats are open, with substantial end standards, closed backs, book boards, &c.; the whole surmounted with roll capping. The platform and communion are polygonal in form, the latter is elevated nine inches above chapel floor, and enclosed with handsome cast iron standards and wrought scrolls, which, with the elaborately designed lamp standards, are beautiful specimens of Sheffield workmanship. The platform is enclosed with

framed, panelled, stop-chamfered, capped, and moulded woodwork. The chapel walls throughout are lined three feet high with seven-eights chamfered boarding. The window openings are splayed and finished with angle beds, and the moulded sashes are glazed with obscure and amber tinted glass. The ceiling is divided into four compartments by the wrought and chamfered tie beams being shewn beneath the ceiling line; these, with the mouldings and ventilators are a happy combination of the useful and ornamental. The whole of the masonry, plastering, woodwork, &c., give proof of skilled workmanship on the part of the contractors. The building is warmed with heated air by Mr. Smith's patent heating apparatus, which is a most simple, clean, and effective method of warming public buildings. The chapel is greatly admired by all who have seen it, and is considered an ornament to the neighbourhood. It is forty-two feet by thirty-feet, and eighteen feet from the floor to the ceiling. The entire cost is about £730, towards which we shall realise by donations, collections, and sale of the old chapel, upwards of £400. The chapel was opened for divine service on Sunday, March 10th, when Rev. J. Dickenson preached morning and evening, and Rev. J. Gair in the afternoon; the collections for the day amounting to the noble sum of £84. The opening services were continued on 17th and 24th; Revs. R. Robinson, of Sheffield, and C. H. Boden, of Nottingham, being the officiating ministers. A tea meeting was held on the 25th; the day was very unfavourable, nevertheless about three hundred and fifty sat down to an excellent tea, and the meeting was afterwards addressed by Revs. J. Gair, R. Barron, J. Dickenson, C. H. Boden, and Messrs. J. Mitchell and J. Herridge. Mr. N. Berry ably occupying the chair. A collection was made which brought up the opening collections to £110. Our thanks are due to Mr. J. Marshall, for land, to Mr. and Mrs. Berry and friends, for £23 and a beautiful Bible and hymn book for the pulpit; Miss M. Jones and friends, £9; Mr. W. C. Jones, £5; W. B. Fennell, Esq., £4 4s.; Mr. J. Fidler, £10; Mr. J. Johnson, £5; Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and friends, £5 5s.; Mr. and Mrs. Dingworth, £4; Miss. E. Mosley and friends, £5 10s.; Mrs. G. Mather and friends, £5; Mr. J. Haywood and friends, £8; Mr. and Mrs. Cook, £6; Mr. Fox, £2; W. and S. Cutcher, Esqrs., £5; Messrs. Addy and Ward, £5; E. T. France, Esq., £2; Mr. and Mrs. Havenhand and friends, £2 10s.; Mr. Walker, £2; Mr. G. Silcock and friends, £2 12s.; Rev. J. Gair and friends, £2; and to a number of others whose names are too numerous to mention, who have given sums varying from 10s. to £1 10s. Thanks are also due to Mr. R. Gilbert, the treasurer, for the service he has rendered in the undertaking. Above all, we offer our grateful acknowledgements to God, who has given us

success in our work, and we devoutly pray that many souls may be saved in the building which has been erected and dedicated to the glory of his name.

J. Dickenson.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY ON BIBLE TEXTS.

FOR EACH SABBATH IN SEPTEMBER.

1st Sabbath. Joshua xxii. 20.—"*And that man perished.*" Yes, Achan perished; and he deserved to perish, for his wilful violation of the divine law. The word "*perish*" has a variety of significations given to it; sometimes it implies annihilation, at other times it means a deprivation of earthly existence, while under some circumstances it has reference to present and eternal punishment. The terms *perish* and *perished* are of very frequent occurrence in the sacred Scriptures, as in Numbers xvii. 12; Judges v. 31; Job. iii. 3; Psalm ii. 12; Psalm xlix. 12; 2 Peter iii. 9; John iii. 16; 2 Peter, iii. 6; Jer. xlviii. 36; Micah vii. 2; Heb. xi. 31; Psalm x. 16; Jonah i. 6; Mat. v. 29; Mat. viii. 25; Mark iv. 38; Jude 11 verse. Thus we learn that *persons*, *places*, and *things* have perished, and all perishing is the result of sin. The Bible abounds with instances of men and women perishing in their sin. Hence the cases of Saul, Ahab, Judas, Annanias, Sapphira, Lot's wife, and a host of others, including Achan. It was the sin of *covetousness* that led to Achan's destruction. Listen to his own confession to Joshua respecting the matter:—"Indeed, I have sinned against the Lord God of Israel, and thus, and thus have I done, when I saw among the spoils a goodly Babylonish garment, and two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold of fifty shekels weight, then I coveted them, and took them," &c. To what a fearful extent of evil has covetousness led some individuals. St. Paul says that covetousness "is idolatry," and the Scriptures inform us that, "the Lord abhorreth the covetous." We are therefore warned against this great and ruining evil. "Beware of covetousness." The guilt of sin in all cases is proportionate to the knowledge of the law possessed by the offender. Achan knew the divine mind relating to the garments and the gold, yet he yielded to the power of temptations, which made his guilt the more aggravating. The Lord had said to the people, "Keep yourselves from the accursed thing," &c. Achan's sin found him out, and numbered him with the transgressors;

"And all Israel stoned him with stones" until death was the result. And we fear the "*second death*" followed; for "the wicked shall be turned into hell," &c. Millions of sinners since the day of Achan, have perished—some in their covetousness, some in their idolatry, some in their hypocrisy, some in their drunkenness, some in their uncleanness, some in their lying, some in their Sabbath breaking, &c., &c. And the Bible still declares respecting the ungodly, "They shall perish in their own corruption." Then let all our readers who *now* feel the guilt of their sin hasten to Calvary, to him who can save to the uttermost all them that come unto God by him."

"None need perish,
All may live for Christ hath died."

2nd SABBATH. Romans i. 1.—"*A Servant of Jesus Christ.*" To be such is honourable, yes, honourable indeed; the most honourable. In this short sentence is implied activity in the best kind of service possible for us to mention or conceive. The service of Christ is reasonable and profitable; and all who enter into it must first abandon the service of sin and satan—must "*cease to do evil.*" "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts." No man can serve two masters in a spiritual sense; and this fact is corroborated by the statements of Scripture, by daily observation, and by our own experience. The dignity of Christ claims our service and adoration. The love of Christ to man demands that we seek to do his will on earth, so that we may be prepared to serve him in heaven. At the ascent of Christ the everlasting Father said, "And let all the angels of God worship him." Then if angels are to worship him, surely mortal man upon earth can make no mistake by seeking to obey his laws, and doing those things which will tend to glorify him. Hearken while Jesus says, "If any man serve me, him will my father honour;" which implies the Father's approbation of those who love his Son. In the service of Christ both the Old and New Testament saints were all engaged, and when death visited them and found them fully and heartily engaged in this service, to them it served as a boat in which they were ferried over the river to the "beautiful land" where the divine will is done; done by all, and done continually, and done without the least interruption. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and Demosthenes to some extent served the interest of Greece; Cicero and others might have been good servants of Rome; and England may boast of services rendered her by such men as Pitt, Peel, Wellington, Nelson, Palmerston, and a host of others in the political world, but we would rather tell of the labours of such men as Wesley, Whitfield, Fletcher, Bourne, Clowes, Williams, Morrison, Carey, Livingston, &c.,

in the service of Jesus for the divine honour and the spiritual elevation of mankind, for these persons in serving Christ have served the world's best interests. The service of Jesus demands *earnestness* and *sincerity*, and all engaged therein should seek to be blameless and harmless. In this service no time should be wasted in idleness, there are no moments to murder, no time to destroy. "Blessed is that servant whom when his Lord cometh he shall find watching." We therefore urge upon the reader, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," for very soon our working days upon earth will terminate.

"O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne."

3rd. SABBATH. John vii. 46.—"*Never man spake like this man.*" Jesus Christ was really man—a human being possessed of both body and soul, and as such was capable of walking, handling, eating, drinking, thinking, purposing, devising, and talking; and as man he was holy, harmless, undefiled, and although he frequently had occasion to dwell amongst the ungodly, yet he was never tainted by sin; there was no evil in his heart, consequently his life was characterised for purity, and to us it is no matter of surprise that he spake as "never man spake." It would certainly have been a cause for wonder if any man had ever spoken like him, for it should not be forgotten that while he was man he was "*the Godman, i.e.*, God and man united in the same person, and as a natural consequence none could speak like unto him, for he had all knowledge and all wisdom. The spirit of God rested upon him, and he was divinely *anointed*, and divinely *appointed* to "preach good tidings unto the weak, to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God, to comfort all that mourn," &c. When he spoke to the people he "taught as one having authority," and all the subjects on which he discoursed, whether in public or in private, he treated in a masterly manner. When he conversed with Nicodemus he pointed out to him the value and necessity and the importance of the new birth, which things astonished the Jewish Rabbi. And when he held the dialogue with the woman who came to draw water out of Jacob's well she was surprised to hear him say, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Thank God, every believer has within him this well of cleansing, purifying, and refreshing water.

Well may the church on earth and the church in heaven ascribe glory and admiration unto Christ for ever and ever. In the days of his flesh Jesus said many things concerning himself, concerning his people, concerning the world, concerning the signs of the times, concerning heaven, concerning hell, concerning time and eternity, which no other man ever could have said. Long before Christ became incarnate patriarchs and prophets, and other Old Testament saints had spoken on sublime subjects—subjects of vital importance respecting all future time. And after the birth of Christ, orators, philosophers, and others spoke eloquently on a variety of themes, but even the enemies as well as the friends of Jesus said, "Never man spake like this man." Nature obeyed his voice, devils did as he commanded them, and even the dead arose at his bidding, and even now

> "He speaks, and listening to his voice,
> New life the dead receive;
> The mournful, broken hearts, rejoice,
> The humble poor believe."

4th SABBATH. 1 Cor. ix. 18.—"*The gospel of Christ*" is the same system which is elsewhere spoken of as "the gospel of God," "the glorious gospel?" &c. It is so called because it reveals the divine character, and makes known to mankind the great facts relative to the person, character, and work of Jesus Christ, and to the eye of faith it exhibits glorious truths, a glorious heaven, and a glorious futurity awaiting all the faithful servants of the everlasting God. From the Bible, from ecclesiastical history, and from the influences of Christianity on nations, countries, peoples, families, churches, and individuals, we learn that no system extant upon earth is equal to this, none can reform countries and nations like this, none can raise mankind to such true dignity as this, none can bless the world with peace and happiness like this, none can impart such knowledge as this. It is this gospel that informs a guilty world that

> "There is life for a look at the crucified One.—
> There is life at this moment for thee!"

In the gospel we see Christ assuming our nature, Christ bearing our sins, Christ carrying our sorrows, Christ suffering in our stead, Christ dying in our room, Christ rising again for our justification, Christ going to heaven to prepare a place for his followers, Christ seated at his Father's right hand to plead our cause, and Christ coming down from heaven to earth to lift guilty, lost, and undone sinners from earth

to heaven. In the gospel we hear Christ inviting the most guilty sinners to come to him for pardon, we hear him urging the miserable sons of men to come to him for peace and happiness, we hear him beseeching the unholy to seek him for the purification of their unclean hearts. In the gospel we can rally round the cross of liberty, and learn that we "were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ." Do you ask for whom is the gospel designed? We can only say, it is for the world's benefit, for mankind everywhere, and for all mankind; for all men are lost until it finds them. We are all undone until it saves us, we are naked until it clothes us, we are all dead in trespasses and sins until it imparts spiritual life, and we are all unhappy until it cheers and comforts us. Well may it be called "glad tidings," or "good news." It is "the best robe," mentioned in the New Testament, it is the righteousness which exalteth believers, and its power is enlightening, quickening, justifying, sanctifying, transforming, regenerating, elevating, comforting, upholding, and strengthening, and it enables all its real possessors to say, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

5th SABBATH. Mark x. 13.—"*And they brought young children to him.*" Yes, children, young children ought to be brought to Christ. But how careless and indifferent do many parents and guardians of children appear to be about the spiritual welfare of their little ones; hence in preference to taking them to Christ they take them to the theatre, the race course, and the ale bench, and other places of worldly amusement; thus they train them for the pleasures of earth only, the fleeting joys of this vain world. They use no means to instruct them in religious knowledge; they seem not to understand that "children are an heritage of the Lord," and they appear to have overlooked the fact that children have in possession immortal souls. Such unconcernedness about children is deserving of censure from the highest court in the universe, and in this matter the Judge of all the earth will do right. In all past ages God and his true servants upon earth have delighted to feel and manifest deep interest in the welfare of children. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." Yes, we have heard little children sing the praises of God in the spirit, and with the understanding also. We have heard them call upon the name of the Lord for salvation, and seen them made partakers of the divine nature. The Bible abounds with instances of children being early brought to God, and dedicated to him; hence we read of Samuel, David, Solomon, Joseph, Timothy, and many others. In their prayers, parents, ministers, and teachers, should bring young children to the throne of grace; these persons should also endeavour to instruct children in the

great principles of Christianity. Children should be brought to Christ for salvation, "Neither is their salvation by any other." They should be early taught to trust in Christ, to work for Christ, to seek the honour of Christ, to spread the fame of Christ, and to help to fill the world with the knowledge of Christ.

"Bestow, my Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit."

W. Birks.

BEWARE OF BAD HABITS.

BY REV. DR. HAMILTON.

It was the third hour of the day, and Abdallah still lingered over the morning repast, when there came a little fly and alighted on the rim of his goblet. It sipped a particle of syrup and was gone. It came next morning, and the next, and the next again, till it caught the eye of the scholar. As he considered it, and as it gave forth its many colours and moved itself aright, it seemed beautiful exceedingly, and in his heart he could not find to drive it away. Wherefore it came day by day continually, and waxing bolder and bolder, it withal became greater and greater, till in the size as of a locust could be perceived as of the likeness of a man; and the greater that it grew the more winning were its ways, frisking like a sunbeam, singing like a peri, so that the eyes of the simple one were blinded, and in all this he did not perceive the subtlety of an evil jinn. Wherefore, waxing bolder and yet bolder, whatsoever of dainty meats its soul desired the lying spirit freely took, and when waxing wroth, the son of the prophet said, 'This is my daily portion from the table of the mufti; there is not enough for me and thee'; playing one of its pleasant tricks, the brazen-faced deceiver caused the simple one to smile; until in process of time the scholar perceived that

as his guest waxed stronger and stronger, he himself waxed weaker and weaker.

Now also there rose frequent contention between the demon and his dupe, and the youth smote the demon so sore that it departed for a season. Thereupon Abdallah rejoiced exceedingly, and said, 'I have triumphed over mine enemy, and when it seemeth good in my sight I shall smite him that he die.'

But after not many days, lo and behold! the jinn came again, arrayed in goodly garments, and bringing a present in its hand, and with its fair speech saying, 'Is it not a little one?' it enticed the silly dove so that he again received it into its chamber.

On the morrow, when Abdallah came not into the assembly of studious youths, the mufti said, 'Wherefore tarrieth the son of the faithful? perchance he sleepeth.' Therefore they resorted to his chamber and knocked, and lifted up their voice; but as he made no answer the mufti opened the door, and behold! on the divan lay the dead body of his disciple. His visage was black and swollen, and on his throat was the pressure of a finger broader than the palm of a mighty man. All the stuff belonging to the hapless one was gone, the gold and jewels, and the parchment rolls, and the changes of raiment; and in the soft earth of the garden were discerned the footsteps of a giant. The mufti measured one of the prints, and lo! it was six cubits long.

What means the apologue? who can expound the riddle? Is it the bottle or the betting-book? is it the billiard-table? is it the theatre, or the tea-garden, or the music-room? is it laziness? is it debt? is it the wasted Sunday? But know that an evil habit is an elf constantly expanding. It may come in at the key-hole, but it will soon grow too big for the house. At first it may seem too trivial for serious attack, but it will presently prove the death of the owner. We know not that we can give a better commentary than the experience of a citizen of Boston, whose kindly memory is still honoured in New England. Writing to a young friend, says Amos Lawrence: 'At the commencement of your journey take this for your motto, that the difference of going *just right* or *a little wrong* will be the difference of finding yourself in good quarters or in a miserable bog or slough at the end of it. Of the whole number educated in the Groton stores for some years after myself, no one else to my knowledge escaped the bog or slough; and my escape I trace to the simple fact of my having put a restraint upon my appetite. We five boys were in the habit every forenoon of making a drink compounded of rum, raisins, &c., with biscuit—all palatable to eat and drink. After being in the store four weeks I found myself admonished by my appetite of the approach of the hour for indulgence. Thinking the habit might

make trouble if allowed to grow stronger, without further apology to my seniors I declined partaking with them. My first resolution was to abstain for a week, and when the week was out, for a month, and then for a year. Finally, I resolved to abstain for the rest of my apprenticeship, which was for five years longer. During that whole period I never drank a spoonful, though I mixed gallons daily for my old master and his customers. I decided not to be a slave to tobacco in any form, though I loved the odour of it then, and even now have in my drawer a superior Havannah cigar, give me not long since by a friend, but only to smell at. I never in my life smoked a cigar; never chewed but one quid, and that was before I was fifteen; and never took an ounce of snuff, though the scented rapee of forty years ago had great charms for me. Now I say, to this simple fact of starting *just right*, am I indebted, with God's blessing on my labours, for my present position, as well as that of the numerous connections sprung up around me.'

It is of vast moment to be 'just right' when starting. At Preston, at Malines, at many such places, the lines go gently asunder; so fine is the angle that at first the lines are almost parallel, and it seems of small moment which you select. But a little further on one of them turns a corner or dives into a tunnel, and now the speed is full, the angle opens up, and at the rate of a mile a minute the divided convoy flies asunder: one passenger is on the way to Italy, another to the swamps of Holland; one will step out in London, the other in the Irish Channel. It is not enough that you book for the better country; you must keep the way, and a small deviation may send you entirely wrong. A slight defection from honesty, a slight divergence from perfect sobriety, may throw you on a wrong track altogether, and make a failure of that life which should have prove a comfort to your family, a credit to your country, a blessing to mankind.

Beware of the bad habit. It makes its first appearance as a tiny fay, and is so innocent, so playful, so minute, that none save a precisian would denounce it, and it seems hardly worth while to whisk it away. The trick is a good joke, the lie is white, the glass is harmless, the theft is only a few apples from a farmer's orchard, the bet is only sixpence, the debt is only half-a-crown. But the tiny fay is capable of becoming a tremendous giant; and if you connive and harbour him, he will nourish himself at your expense, and then, springing on you as an armed man, will drag you down to destruction.

AWFUL JUDGMENTS.

At Amsterdam, in Holland, occurred the following remarkable event in the seventeenth century. As Mr. Fleming, a pious and godly minister, was on a Lord's-day preaching to his congregation, there were observed amidst the multitude three young gentlemen, whose behaviour during divine service was so very indecorous and infamous that it not only attracted the notice of the people but also excited the attention of the minister, who after a little time took the liberty to reprove them in public, desiring at least their decent behaviour while under the sacred roof. This gentle admonition seemed rather to increase than abate their behaviour, which, as a proof of, they most daringly offered still greater contempt to the preaching of the word, which they signified by peeling oranges, cracking nuts, making wry mouths at the minister, showing how they could distort the natural shape of the face. The serious preacher was moved a second time to admonish them, at which they appeared still more enraged than before, persisting in their shameful and unhallowed practices, growing still more callous and incorrigible in this their notorious conduct.

The worthy minister seemed so impressed and shocked at their hardened behaviour, that in the midst of his discourse he made a solemn pause, and an awful pause, too, prophetic of their end. He turned and looked them full in the face for some time, apparently with much agitation in his countenance—at length he spoke to the three young men in the following awful and solemn manner: "My young friends, I am sorry to be the author of such a dreadful alarming message to you, and I have begged of the Lord to excuse me from it, but he will not, therefore I must not shrink from the painful duty of declaring the awful and confirmed impression on my mind. I now tell you that you have not a week longer to live in this world."

This direful sentence proceeding from the mouth of a man somewhat excited the doubtful apprehensions of the congregation, who thought it was a degree of precipitancy and rashness; and some of his intimate friends were of opinion that religion would suffer scoff and reproach for it, especially if it should not prove true. The minister said, "Let the event prove the truth of it, for I am persuaded I was moved by the Spirit of God to say and affirm what I did, as prophetic of their awful end."

Monday passed and nothing occurred, but on the Tuesday one of the young men went on board a vessel to prosecute an intended voyage

(which was fixed previous to this affair), but in consequence of a violent storm that arose the ship was driven on shore, whereby this poor unhappy wretch was launched into an awful eternity. On Wednesday another of the young men was concerned in a quarrel with some person, the issue of which was fighting a duel with swords, wherein this unhappy victim fell. On Thursday the only surviving one was taken suddenly ill, at which he began to be terrified, as both his sinful companions were already cut off; he then was desirous to send for the same minister whom he had ridiculed the preceding Sabbath. When the minister arrived at his house, he asked the young man what he wanted him for. The young man begged he would pray with him, when the minister requested to know what he would have him petition for, he told him for his life. "That is not in my power to do," said he, "for I am sure you will die." "Then," said he, "beg or pray for the life of my soul, if you please." The minister so far consented as to kneel down by his bed-side, in which posture he remained for a considerable time, and then arose without speaking a word.

He then said to the young man that he found his lips so sealed that he could not utter a syllable on his behalf, and so took his leave of him. Soon after the young man died in horror and despair.

GRACE PADDY.

Mr. Wesley, in his Journal, gives the following instance of religious experience, and remarks respecting it,—"Such a case I never knew before, such an instance I never read: a person convinced of sin, converted to God, and renewed in love, within twelve hours! Yet it is by no means incredible, seeing one day is with God as a thousand years."—Sunday, Sept. 8th, 1755, after preaching at Gwennap, I returned to Redruth, where hearing an exceeding strange story I sent for the person herself, Grace Paddy, a well-bred, sensible young woman. I can speak of her now without restraint, as she is safe in Abraham's bosom. She said,—"I was harmless as I thought, but quite careless about religion till about Christmas, when my brother was saying, 'God has given me all I want, I'm as happy as I can live!' This was about ten in the morning. The words went like an arrow to my heart.

I went into my chamber and thought, why am I not so? O, I cannot be, because I am not convinced of sin. I cried out vehemently, 'Lord lay as much conviction on me as my body can bear. Immediately I saw myself in such a light that I roared for the disquietude of my heart. The maid coming up, I said, 'Call my brother.' He came, rejoiced over me and said, 'Christ is just ready to receive you, only believe!' He went to prayer, and in a short time all my trouble was gone, and I did believe all my sins were blotted out; but in the evening I was throughly convinced of the want of a deeper change. I felt the remains of sin in my heart, which I longed to have taken away. I longed to be saved from all sin, to be 'cleansed from all unrighteousness,' and at the time Mr. Rankin was preaching this desire increased exceedingly. Afterwards he met the society. During his last prayer, I was quite overwhelmed with the power of God. I felt an inexpressible change, in the very depth of my heart, and from that hour I felt no danger, no pride, no wrong temper of any kind. Nothing contrary to the pure love of God, which I feel continually."

THE METROPOLIS OF THE SCRIPTURES.

A YOUNG man had been preaching in the presence of a venerable divine, and after he had done, went to the old minister and said, "What do you think of my sermon?" "A very poor sermon indeed," said he. "A poor sermon?" said the young man, "it took me a long time to study it." "Aye, no doubt of it." "Why, did you not think my explanation of the text a good one?" "Oh yes," said the aged preacher, "very good, indeed." "Well, then, why do you say it was a poor sermon?" Because said he, "*there was no Christ in it.*" "Well" said the young man, "Christ was not in the text; we are not to be preaching Christ always, we must preach what is in the text." The old man replied, "Don't you know, young man, that from every town, and every village, and every hamlet in England, wherever it may be, there is a road to London?" "Yes," said the young man. "Ah!" said the aged divine, "so from every text in Scripture, there is a road to the *metropolis of the Scriptures*, that is Christ. And, my dear brother, your business is when you get to a text, to say, 'Now, what is the road to Christ?' and

then preach your sermon, running along the road towards the *great metropolis—Christ.*" "And," said he, "I have never found a text that had not a road to Christ in it, and if ever I do find one that has not a road to Christ in it, I will make one! I will go over hedge and ditch but I will get at my *Master*, for *the sermon cannot do any good unless there is a savour of Christ in it.*"—*A Welsh Minister.*

PETER GARDINER AT BRIDLINGTON.

WHILST lately reading the memoirs of John Churchman, a member of the Society of Friends in America, I met with a most striking narrative, with which, perhaps, very few of this age are acquainted. Churchman was called to visit the Friends in England about a century since, at a time when there was a declension in spirituality among the members; and he was rendered the instrument of great good at the time when Wesley and his companions were, under God, rousing a slumbering Church in the kingdom.

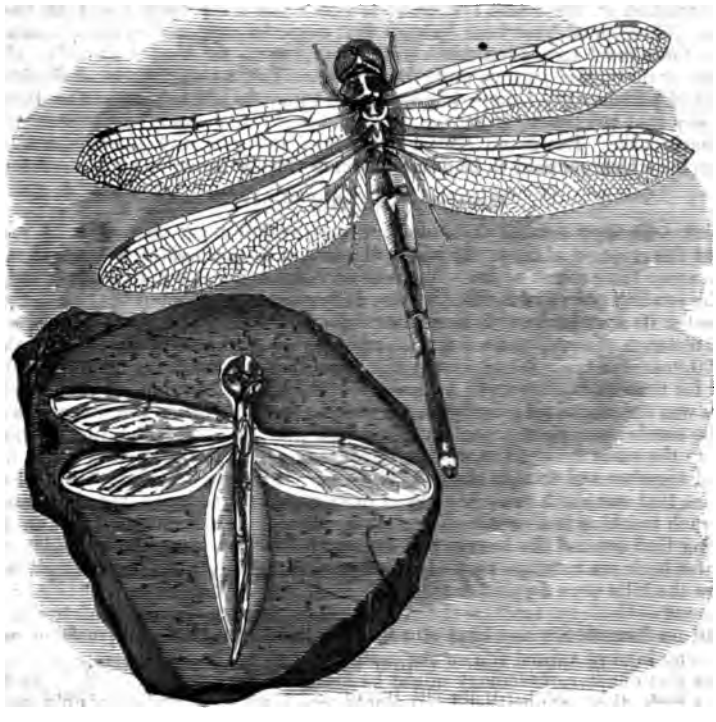
Peter Gardiner, a Friend in Essex, had a concern on him to visit Friends in Scotland, and coming to Bridlington, where J. Richardson lived, he asked him if any Friend lived that way—pointing with his finger. He said he believed he must see somebody that way. Gardiner left, and coming to a Friend's house saw the master and inquired whether his wife was well, to which an answer was given that she was sick in bed. Gardiner was conducted into the chamber where the sick woman was, sat down by her, and after a short time told her that the will and resignation of her mind was accepted instead of the deed, and that she was excused from the journey which had been before her, and should die in peace with God and man. Gardiner then turned to the husband, and said:—"Thy wife had a concern to visit the churches in another country, beyond the sea, but THOU wouldst not give her leave; so she shall be taken from thee, and behold, the Lord's hand is against thee, and thou shalt be blasted in whatever thou doest, and reduced to want thy bread." He pursued his journey on foot, outstripping the horses, and being entreated to ride he would not, saying, "My master told me before I left home that he would give me hind's feet, and he hath performed his promise to me."

In about two weeks afterwards [illegible] died, as Peter Gardener had [illegible]. At that time the same man [illegible] three ships at sea; his son was master of one, a second son was [illegible] board another, and in their voyages they were all wrecked or foundered, and their cargoes chiefly lost, his two sons and several of the hands being drowned. The man soon broke up and could not pay his debts, but came to want bread before he died, though he had been in good circumstances—if not very rich.

Such is the narrative, and the inference to be drawn from it is this, viz., never throw any obstacle in the way of Christ's kingdom, for if you do the consequences, even in this world, may be of the most painful character—the elements and the society by which we are surrounded, the Lord can arm against us to our ruin. Too lightly, indeed, are matters of a spiritual kind regarded, but, in themselves, they are as REAL as natural things which we can *see* and *handle*.

CHRIST IS ALL AND IN ALL.

PERHAPS the idea of the Apostle in this passage is, that there is everything in the Saviour which a sinner can need. Is he in danger? Christ saves him as a "brand from the burning." Is he dead in trespasses and sin? Christ quickens him by his almighty power. Is he guilty? Christ washes away his sins in his own blood. Is he polluted? Christ sanctifies him by his word and spirit. Is he spiritually destitute of raiment? Christ clothes him with the immaculate robe of his righteousness. Is he poor? Christ enriches him by his grace. Is he afar off from God? Christ brings him nigh by the blood of his cross. Is he an enemy to God? Christ destroys that enmity, and sheds abroad his love in his heart by his holy Spirit, which he gives him. Is he blind through the native ignorance of his mind? Christ opens the eyes of his understanding, to behold the divine glory. Is he a mourner? Christ, as "the consolation of Israel," is his comforter; yea, he gives everlasting consolation, and good hope through grace. Is he weak? He strengthens him with might in the inner man, and makes him more than a conqueror over all his enemies. He translates him from the kingdom of satan into his own. He makes him a child of God, and an heir of eternal life and glory.



THE DRAGON-FLY.

WE have shown in the engraving the large green Dragon-fly, and a fossil Dragon-fly; the latter it will be seen has one wing beneath its body, embedded in the stone; it was found in the oolitic system. There are many species of dragon-flies. Some people call them "horse-stingers," others call them "horse-adders," but they bite neither horses nor cows, neither do they sting. We have captured several kinds for the sake of getting a correct illustration for this article, but we have felt no inconvenience from them except an unpleasant feeling arising from the peculiar construction of their feet. On examining their feet under the microscope we found that each foot was armed with a horny three-pronged claw, which did not appear larger than a pin, though it was magnified ten thousand times: these claws would enter the pores of the skin very readily and cause a little sensation, but nothing to hurt. Dragon-flies live in pools of water during the larvæ state; they have an air pump in their tail and a mask on their face, and are generally called water-devils; they live on insects in the water, and when they have assumed the perfect state, and become adapted to live out of the water, they feed on butterflies. Were it not for dragon-flies the country would be swarming with

caterpillars, a[illegible]
dragon-flies or [illegible]

But that [illegible] must have lived [illegible] the formation of these [illegible] rocks. There [illegible] over there must [illegible] killing many [illegible] Let us face these difficulties. Sceptical philosophers [illegible] geology, but they do not believe in the Bible; they say that the teachings of the Bible and the deductions of geology contradict each other. Let us go among the rocks and carefully search for the principles which are said to be antagonistic to the Bible.

GEOLOGY AND THE BIBLE.

First.—Geology teaches that the earth was created many thousands of years before the creation of man. It is a well known fact that hills of water gradually wear away the hardest rocks. The falls of Niagara furnish a striking example of the eroding power of flowing water; it is generally supposed that that river has eaten its way backwards from the original falls through the silurian rocks for a distance of seven miles. Sir Charles Lyell calculates that it has taken 35,000 years for the river to wear away those rocks, but geology takes us further back for thousands of years to a period when the first stratum of the silurian rocks was not deposited; further back still, to the time when the first sediment of the cambrian system consolidated on the granite crust; and further back still, to the early ages of the world, when the quartz, feldspar, and mica, first joined together and formed the granite rocks. It is true therefore that geology teaches that our earth must have been in existence for many thousands of years. But such teaching is no contradiction to the Bible: it is written, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Now, can any geologist tell how far back we must go to find "the beginning?" "The beginning" was before the hills were formed or the earth itself was framed.

Second.—Geology teaches that the earth was once destitute of trees; no plants, no flowers, nor any kind of vegetable life could be found; neither was there any kind of animal life on the earth.

The first chapter of Geology might be headed the "Lifeless Period." In the lowest rocks there are neither fossil plants nor fossil animals. Probably there are 1,500 feet of the Cambrian rocks, which joins the granite, without a solitary fossil. Professor Ansted says, of these lifeless rocks:—"These lowest and oldest of the sedimentary strata, whose antiquity is, in many places, unquestionable, which repose on the bare skeleton—the rocky framework of the earth—thus occupy a fixed, a prominent, and an important place among the rocks of which the earth's crust is made up. They also mark a strange and dark passage from that state which has been mentioned as chaotic, to a condition of regular and quiet deposit; they are, however, as far as we can tell, and with reference to other sedimentary rocks, azoic (lifeless); but they form a class almost as widely spread, and as distinctly universal, as the granite rocks themselves. On their surface, however, all was then bare and desolate—not a moss, not a lichen, then covered the naked framework of the globe; not a seaweed floated on the broad ocean; not an animalcule was present in the whole of the wide expanse. All was still with the stillness of absolute death." Geology carries us back to a period when life had not (neither vegetable nor animal) a place on the earth, and the Bible teaches the same truth. We learn from the Bible that God formed the earth before he formed either plants or animals. Therefore, on this point, science and the Bible agree.

Third.—Geology teaches that there was once universal ocean.

During the long period of the azoic formation, when the first sedimentary rocks were deposited on the primordial granite, *the waters must have been extensive with the stratified rocks; these rocks have been found in almost every*

accessible part of the world, therefore the water must have covered the whole earth. We know that Sir Charles Lyell has stated.—"That there never was a universal ocean since this planet was inhabited, or rather since the oldest groups of strata yet known to contain *organic remains* were found, is proved by the presence of terrestial plants in all the older formations." But no plants have ever been found in the Cambrian system. The whole of the Cambrian rocks, which it is probable once covered the globe, as the skin covers the orange, for 20,000 feet in thickness, are destitute of any marks of plants or of dry land. Therefore on Geological data, it is highly probable that there once was a universal ocean. The Bible states that—"the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." Or as a scholar has said, the "*earth was invisible and unfurnished.* Invisible, inasmuch as it was covered with water or vapour and enveloped in the darkness that was on the face of the deep:—and unfurnished, inasmuch as no organic forms of plants and animals had yet been called into being."

Fourth.—Geology teaches that Zoophytes were the first orders of living things on our globe. We understand that in the rocks at Brayhead, near Dublin, a fossil Zoophyte of low organization has been met with in the higher part of the Cambrian system, but it is in connection with the Silurian rocks that the greatest number of Zoophytes, Mollusks, and Crustaceous have been found. Some five years ago we formed a salt water aquarium, in which we kept the water unchanged for twelve months. During that period we tried a number of experiments on the *Actinia*, a class of Zoophytes. They could not hear, nor *see*, nor taste, but they could feel. If the fossil Zoophytes were anything like those of the present day they would be well adapted to live in the world where there was no sunlight. In fact Geology teaches that there were thousands of these creatures living in our world long before the light of the sun burst on the infant earth. What does the Bible teach on this subject? It says, "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Why did the Spirit brood on the waters? Was it to give life? We presume it was. What Geology teaches on this point the Bible also suggests. We now leave the Silurian and Cambrian systems behind us, reminding the reader that no trees, or vertebrate animals, either of reptiles or birds, have ever been found in the 50,000 feet of rocks of the Silurian and Cambrian eras. Geology points to Zoophytes, Mollusks and Crustaceous as the only tenants of the globe.

Fifth.—Geology teaches that our planet has been subject to great and sudden changes.

The Old Red Sandstone joins the Silurian rocks, and according to Hugh Miller and other geologists, this system of rocks was accompanied with violent and extensive "volcanic disturbances which broke up the previous formations in numerous places, and upheaved them, with the protruded granite from the waters into dry land, forming extensive mountain ranges." It has been stated that the "Grampian and Welsh ranges, Hartz mountains, Uralian, Atlas ranges, Mountains of the Moon, and other African ridges, the Andes &c., were elevated at this period." Geology teaches us therefore that there was great disturbances when the rock was upheaved, or when dry land appeared. Let us listen to the Bible on this subject:—"And God said, Let the waters be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear; and it was so." Geology indicates the manner in which dry land was formed, the Bible simply declares the fact; Geology represents the land being lifted out of the water, the Bible represents the water running from the land.

Sixth.—Geology teaches that animals were created thousands of years before Adam.

On this point we have to battle with our own notions; which are not easily changed when once by custom they have been settled and fixed. For example, our notion of a day is 24 hours. There is a strong prejudice in our minds with regard to the meaning of the word *day*. We must not therefore say that the Bible and Geology do not agree in their statements when the disagreement simply arises from our own prejudiced notions. We can very easily prove that

the word day in the Bible does not mean, in all cases, twenty-four hours. "Abraham saw my *day* and was glad." "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, if thou hadst known in this thy *day* the things which belong to thy peace, but now they are forever hid from thine eyes." "The day of wrath, the day of vengeance, the day of God's fierce anger, the day of mercy, the day of trouble, the day of affliction, and the day of salvation." There is not one instance in the above quotations in which the word day means twenty-four hours. In one case the term day means forty years, in another, the whole term of a man's life, and in another it means the whole term of the gospel dispensation. It is evident therefore that in the Bible the term day often means an indefinite period. But in what sense does Moses use the term day? That is the question. In the first chapter of Genesis we have six days with the work of each day specified, and in Exodus xx. 11, we have the following statement,—In six days Jehovah made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is." Here we have the work of creation occupying six days. Now turn to the second chapter of Genesis and the fourth verse:—"These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in THE DAY that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens." In this passage the six days are called *the day*, that is one day, clearly proving that Moses used the term day in an indefinite manner. If Moses meant twenty-four hours by the word day in the first chapter of Genesis, how many hours does he include in the word day in the second chapter? Let it be granted that the creative day embraced an indefinite period, and there will be perfect harmony between Geology and the Bible.

Seventh,—Geology teaches us that death was in the world for thousands of years before Adam sinned, therefore death was in the world before sin.

More than 700 kinds of fossil animals have been found in the rocks. The bones of the mammoth, the dinotherium, the megatherium, and many others have been put together. The megatherium is said to have been much larger than the elephant. The fossil monster measured thus—"Its haunches were more than five feet wide, and its body twelve feet long and eight feet high: its feet were a yard long, and terminated by most gigantic claws." But Geology, or Paleontology, does not oppose the Bible on this subject. The Scriptures nowhere state that sin caused the death of the animal creation. We think that the Bible indicates that death was before sin, at least among animals. 1. The Bible teaches that Adam had a knowledge of death before he had a knowledge of sin: "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Death is held up as a terror to man to keep him from sin. But if Adam knew nothing of death, then, how could he dread it? 2. Death is necessary to man's existence. God intended that man should eat animal food. Adam was no vegetarian. Jesus Christ was the purest of all beings, yet he ate animal food; therefore the eating of animal food is not inconsistent with the highest state of human purity. 3. On the very same day that Adam sinned he was clothed in skins; there must have been death before there could have been skins suitable for clothing. 4. The Bible teaches us that animals were created before Adam. The greater part of the animal kingdom is unseen. Millions of animalculæ live in a drop of water. We have seen beautiful little animals walking upon a flea's leg, which would appear when compared with the flea no larger than a flea appears when compared with a horse. Therefore, it is reasonable to suppose that thousands of these little creatures had been devoured by the larger animals before Adam was created, and that Adam himself had eaten and drunk thousands of the animalculæ before he had touched the forbidden fruit. 5. But the Bible teaches us that sin brought death on the human family: "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon ALL MEN." This very passage of Scripture indicates the previous existence of death. Death was not formed by sin, but sin increased the extent of death's dominions, it now passed over its former bounds and entered the human family. We know that good men have regarded the following passage as having reference to the animal creation;—"For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travail-

eth in pain together until now." Roman viii. 22. If the terms, the "*whole creation*," in this passage, mean the whole animal kingdom, then, we ask, what do the terms "*every creature*" in the following passage mean?—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." The terms, "every creature," and the "whole creation" in the Greek language are the same; therefore to prove that the term, the "whole creation" in Romans, includes the animal kingdom, is simply to prove—that is, allowing the same meaning to the same words in Mark—that the Gospel is to be preached to the animal kingdom. We are persuaded that a careful reading of the Bible will lead to the conclusion, that sin brought death on the human race only.

We have noticed the leading points in Geology, which have been said to oppose the Bible and we have done what we can, in a limited article like this, to show that there is perfect agreement between the teachings of Geology and the teachings of the Bible. We hope our remarks may be of service in aiding the intelligent christian to silence the common cavils of the sceptical artisan. Let the reader not forget that while sin brought death on man, the death of Christ brought life, and to secure an interest in his death by faith in his atoning work is the great end of human life, to live without Christ, is to live in vain. The study of nature fills the mind with intellectual pleasure, but the study of Christ fills the soul with love and life.

J. P. BELLINGHAM.

RECOGNITION OF DEITY.—No. V.

TRINITY OF PERSONS IN GODHEAD.

SOME of the evidences exhibited in the works of creation and providence, in proof of the existence and natural attributes of Deity, were adduced in former papers. Before treating of his moral attributes we shall consider the testimony of Revelation respecting his being. The Bible is not only an authoritative republication of truths previously communicated by the light of nature, but it is also a revelation of new truths not discoverable by the unaided powers of the human understanding. It is in theology and religion, what the telescope, or microscope, is to the eye in the investigations of the arcana of physical nature. It brings information from territories which, without its aid, would have been for ever unknown in our present state of existence. The Trinity of persons in unity of Deity is one of those truths revealed only by the testimony of Scripture. This witness clearly attests that the everlasting Jehovah subsists in a plurality of persons, designated "Father, Son, and Holy Spirit." Each of these divine persons ought to be the object of the faith and worship of every christian.

It has been frequently alleged by many who profess to hold the inspiration of the Scriptures, that this doctrine is a contradiction and an absurdity; that it implies the existence of three Gods; and, therefore, they hesitate not to employ every engine of torture, and every expedient of false criticism to evade the obvious import of the Divine testimony. But unity and plurality, as taught in Scripture, do not refer to the same thing. God is not one in the same sense in which it is affirmed that he is three persons, nor three in the sense in which it is said he is one. This effectually removes the charge of contradiction and absurdity; and reason cannot, from metaphysical disquisitions, or arguments drawn from necessary truth, pronounce this doctrine to be impossible. The absolute unity of God is as much a doctrine of revelation as is that of Trinity. Unity of counsel or design is all that reason can discover in nature's boundless

realms evidential of ONE DESIGNER. The incomprehensibility of this doctrine is no valid reason for its rejection. The truth attested by a witness may be utterly incomprehensible, while we clearly comprehend that he has averred that truth. Many, for instance, who avail themselves of the telegraph as a medium of communication, are wholly ignorant of the nature and properties of electricity and the working of magnetic apparatus. But they never decline to transmit their message, till they comprehend the nature of the potent agent pressed into their service. The God of truth makes evidence on the doctrine of the Trinity, and declares there is a plurality in unity. Is it not the perfection of angelic nature to bow with submission to his authority, and believe with implicit credence everything that he attests? If his words can be fairly understood without implying a contradiction, that sense ought to be adopted, though the truths which he deigns to communicate may be incomprehensible to our puny intellects. The mode of the divine existence is not revealed. All we have to do is to ascertain the infallible testimony respecting it and believe it upon the authority of God, and not on our capacity to understand it.

The word PERSON is the most expressive term in our language to mark the distinction in Deity, though this term, as applicable to men, may imply modes of existence not applicable to the Supreme Being. The nature of Deity is *sui-generis*—there is not another such in existence. Hence the relations in which creatures stand to each other and to God cannot be employed in judging of the reasonableness of any truth attested as peculiar to the Divine Mind. He is eternally self-existent and infinite, and cannot admit of comparisons with any other being. What may be false, if affirmed of finite creatures, because contrary to what we know of their modes of existence and relations, may be true of the infinite God of whose peculiar nature and attributes we can form no conception. Certain truths in reference to human nature would be false if applied to angelic beings. The marriage union amongst men, Jesus, in refuting the cavils of the Sadducees, attests has no existence amongst the angelic hosts; nor shall it have any place in reference to redeemed humanity in its resurrection and glorified state in the realms of the celestial. (Luke xx. 34-36.) Hence the term Person, as applicable to finite creatures may signify a separate, distinct being, but as applicable to God may characterise relations in the mode of his incomprehensible existence, not only not absurd, but quite in harmony with the unity of the Divine essence. That it is so we know, because God asserts it in his infallible word. Before reason can pronounce anything to be absurd and contradictory, it must comprehend fully that on which it speaks; but it cannot give any deliverance on that which it does not comprehend. All truth is consistent with itself, is one of the universally received maxims of sound philesophy. "All truth," says Rev. Richard Watson, in "Theological Institutes," vol. i., "even that which to us is most abstruse and mysterious, is capable of rational demonstration, though not to the reason of man in the present state, and in some cases, probably, to no reason below that of the divine nature. The use of reason, therefore, in matters of revelation, is to investigate the evidence on which it is founded, and fairly and impartially to interpret it according to the ordinary rules of interpretation in other cases. When God has explicitly laid down a doctrine, that doctrine is to be humbly received, whatever degree of rational evidence may be afforded of its truth, or withheld; and no torturing or perverting criticism can be innocently resorted to." The Scriptures sanction the use of the word PERSON, in Heb. i. 3, to designate the distinction in Deity, and to mark the relation between Father and Son—"The brightness of his glory, and the express image of HIS PERSON." The pronouns which amongst men designate personality, are used in Scripture to point out the distinction in the Divine essence. The opponents of this doctrine cannot demonstrate that it is impossible for one Divine nature to be communicated to three persons, so as not to violate the unity of that nature. The surest and only proof which the christian ought to adopt, is the testimony of Scripture. It is said, St. Patrick, the Patron of the Emerald Isle, converted to christianity one of the Hibernian kings by showing his majesty a Shamrock, which consists

of three leaves in one plant. But it is palpably obvious, that no illustration from finite things can make a doctrine comprehensible which, from its nature, is incomprehensible. The finite can never give an adequate manifestation of the infinite.

(To be continued.)

ON THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

I ask'd the name of an azure leav'd flower
  Which bloom'd in a lonely spot,
They said "It was valued in hall and in bower,
  And was named 'Forget-me-not.'"

"And what," I ask'd, "do the words intend?
  And to whom is their import confined?"
Some answer'd "a lover," and some, "a friend,
  Say the flow'ret was called to mind."

Then I thought, as I look'd on the blossom so fair,
  With its petals of heavenly blue,
That it stood as a silent remembrancer there
  Of the God at whose word it grew.

O! who could examine thy form, sweet flower!
  So perfect without a blot,
And not feel thou recordest his love, his power,
  And bid'st us "Forget him not."

He endued with its wondrous virtue thy seed,
  The form it developed he chose,
His crystalline dews on thy leaves are shed,
  His sunshine thy colour bestows.

Then whene'er thy bright blossom adorneth my way,
  Towards heaven may it waft my thoughts;
May he give thee a still small voice to say,
  In his name—"Forget-me-not!"

E. Elliot.

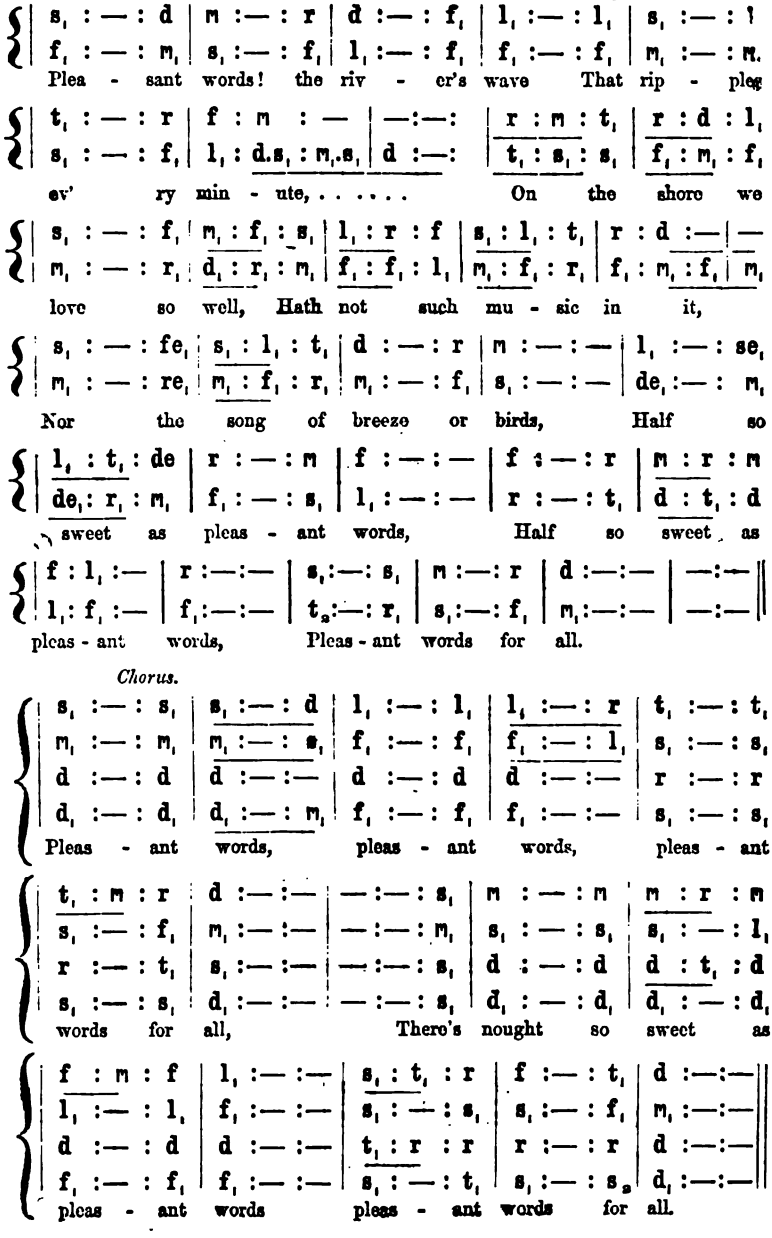
PLEASANT WORDS FOR ALL.

Duet and Chorus. Music by J. Roberts.

PLEASANT WORDS FOR ALL.

KEY B♭

Duet and Chorus. Music by J. ROBERTS.



And as honey is not found,
Where no flowers are blooming;
So unless within our hearts,
All love and truth are growing,
No one on our lips will find,
Pleasant words, sincere and kind,
Pleasant words, sincere and kind.
Pleasant words for all.
Chorus—Pleasant words, pleasant words, pleasant words for all;
There's nought so sweet as pleasant words, pleasant words for all.

Let us then, ask God to plant
In us flowers of beauty:
Teach us to watch over them,
With humble, patient duty.
Flowers that give the heart of youth,
Meekness, gentleness, and truth,
Meekness, gentleness, and truth,
Pleasant words for all!
Chorus—Pleasant words for all, &c.

Pleasant words! oh, let us strive
To use them very often;
Other hearts they will delight,
And our own will soften.
Prove in every state and mood,
Happy way of doing good,
Happy way of doing good,
Pleasant words for all.
Chorus—Pleasant words for all, &c.

LIFE.

What is life? let sages say;
'Tis a fleeting April day;
'Tis a fading summer flower:
'Tis the vision of an hour.

What is life? gay hope may deem
'Tis a calmly gliding stream,
Winding on its flow'ry way,
Sparkling in the golden ray.

What is life? experience shows
'Tis a pilgrimage of woes;
'Tis a clouded, shadowy gleam;
'Tis a restless, feverish dream.

What is life? let truth divine
Tell us of its wise design;
'Tis a warfare, not a rest;
'Tis a struggle to be blest.

What is life? though but a span,
It decides the lot of man;
Endless good or ill to be—
'Tis his hour of destiny.

Life's a space by mercy given,
Life is the soul's path to heaven;
What is life beyond the sky?
Let eternity reply!

Sent by J. HAWK

ROCKHAMPTON, QUEENSLAND.—The third anniversary services of the Primitive Methodist Sunday School commenced on Sunday last, when sermons were preached by the Revs. R. Hartley, R. W. Orton, and S. Savage, in the Church, Fitzroy-street. On the following Tuesday evening a tea and public meeting, presided over by the pastor, was held in the Church, and was very largely attended. The Chairman having briefly addressed the meeting, Mr. R. T. Hartley read the annual report for the year ending December 31st, 1866. The report, which stated that while returning thanks to God for the measure of prosperity afforded to the institution in its operations during the past year, the superintendent and teachers believed that were they as office-bearers and teachers more earnest, zealous, and energetic in such an important field of usefulness, greater and more blessed results would have been attained. Since the formation of the school in 1864, 210 names had appeared on its books; thirty-seven children having been admitted during the past year: but the present roll numbered only ninety. The teachers were nine in number, and it was to be hoped that the ensuing year would be marked by more earnestness and zeal on the part of the teachers and office-bearers. There was in connection with the school a library containing about 250 volumes, of which the scholars had free use, and more than fifty of the children availed themselves of the privilege. The financial statement showed the receipts of the year to amount to £18 10s. 1½d., and the expenditure (including a deficiency of £6 5s. 4d., from the year 1865) to £24 3s. 5d., leaving a debit balance of £5 13s. 3½d. The report further stated that the office-bearers hoped that the liberality of the meeting would enable them not only to discharge the school debt, but to add at least 100 volumes to the school library. During the year the Juvenile Missionary Society in connection with the school, realised £4 for the Mission Fund. The report was adopted, and addresses were delivered by the Revds. S. Savage, W. Orton, and Mr. W. Davis. During the evening twenty-one children delivered, in an interesting manner, dialogues and recitations, while a choir of children, under the conductorship of Mr. Sims—Mrs. Allen presiding at the harmonium, effectively performed several new pieces of music. Votes of thanks to the ladies for preparing the tea, and to the choir, were proposed by Messrs. Gray and Houndsell, seconded by Messrs. W. Allen and Power, and carried unanimously. A collection was made during the evening with a very satisfactory result. On Wednesday afternoon the children met at the Church and were indulged with their annual treat.

BEAUFORT, TREDEGAR CIRCUIT. Dear Editor,—Our chapel anniversary was celebrated on Sunday, July 14th, 1867, when three impressive sermons were preached by the Rev. E. Powell, who held forth the Word of Life earnestly and affectionately. The congregations were good considering that another denomination had special services in the afternoon. The collections amounted to £15. The brethren have had hard toiling in by-gone days, but now we are making progress, and will pay off part of the heavy debt now on the chapel and school-room. We are happy to say that several of the Sabbath school children have been converted, and are now on their way to heaven. May heaven continue to smile upon us, and prosper the good work amongst us, and to God will we ascribe the glory. D. SCRINE.

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

MRS. MARTHA ELLIS, the wife of Mr. J. B. Ellis, formerly of Grimsby, died at Gloucester, March 11th, 1866, in the thirty-sixth year of her age. She was brought to God under the ministry of the Rev. P. Milson: and her subsequent devotedness to the service of the Lord evinced the blessedness of the change which divine grace had effected in her heart and life. On her arrival at this city we may, indeed, say, she came "in the fullness of the Gospel of Peace:" for her devotional exercises, diligent attention to the means of grace, and consistent walk, made a gracious impression on those among whom she moved. On February 11th, 1866, Mrs. Loxton spent some time with her in conversation on spiritual and eternal things, when she manifested deep concern, and wept while speaking of her solicitude for the salvation of her children. I visited her during her affliction, and found her placing her dependance on the atonement; "Christ is all in all to me." As her end drew near she exerted herself in singing the following lines:

"Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward
A golden harp for me,

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine."

And shortly after her ransomed spirit took its flight to her eternal rest.

S. LOXTON.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL was born at Dearham, in the Maryport Circuit, September 2nd, 1846. While but a boy he was seriously impressed about his soul's welfare, and was much drawn to secret prayer and reading the Scriptures. At the early age of twelve years he was brought to a knowledge of the truth; while brother Joseph Jobling was conducting revival services in Dearham, William was powerfully awakened, and was earnestly led to seek pardon for his sins. After a restless night, on his way to the coal-pit the next morning, he retired behind a hedge to pray, and soon light and liberty came, and he rejoiced in God his Saviour. He united with the society, and was a most exemplary youth, was diligent in all the means of grace: whoever was absent William was not, while health and opportunity allowed him to attend, and often in class and lovefeasts he would with much feeling declare what God had done for his soul. He was a teacher in the Sabbath school, and deeply interested in the welfare of the young. For a few months before he was laid aside by the affliction which terminated his life on earth, he took appointments on the circuit plan, and his exhortations were well received. His piety, consistency, and general conduct, gave weight to his prayers and counsels. His worldly neighbours, as well as others, confessed he was a good young man, and when gone said he had left none like himself. He bore his affliction without a murmer, and was happy to go or stay. When visited by the preachers and others he was uniformly found happy and resigned. When asked about his state of mind a little before his death, he said, "I have a bright prospect of glory;" and frequently holding up his hands, he would say, "Ready to die, ready to die." He died April 14th, 1866, aged nineteen years. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and my last end be like his."

J. THOMPSON.

JOHN JONES was born at Church Stoke, in the Bishop's Castle Station, September 1st, 1839. When very young he felt the strivings of the Holy Spirit, but put off the day of grace until he was twenty-one years of age; then, through the agency of the Primitive Methodists, he was led to seek peace, and while pouring out his soul at the penitent's form at a prayer-meeting in Bishop's Castle chapel,

ained the pardon of his sins by
n Christ. At once he joined the
, and soon became very useful
teacher in the Sabbath-school.
s united in marriage to her who
leeply mourns her loss, and re-
l in 1863 to Primrose Bank
h, were they were both joyfully
ed by the society as members
abbath school teachers. He re-
d there till God called him home.
ssessed general knowledge, but
f a very meek, quiet, and retiring
ition. In his daily walk and
ct he was strictly upright: in
is light shone before the world
icing the ungodly that religion
ue. He was a regular attendant
house of God, and a liberal
rter of the cause of Christ, and
eloved by all who knew him.
liction was short—a rapid con-
ion soon brought him to the

We were struck with his
n appearance the last time he
led the chapel, which was about
k before his death. When his
aw his end approaching she asked
everal questions relative to the
f his mind, to all of which he gave
satisfactory answers. He said,
e is nothing to bind me to this
or cause me any sorrow in death,
eaving you and our dear child;
e sure to meet me in heaven."
ext morning when he saw her
ng over him and anxious for the
to restore him, he said, "Pray
e Lord to teach us to say, 'Thy
e done.'" When visited by his
he said, "Why do you pray for
live." He said little after, but
sang, "Hallelujah, send the
" He sweetly fell asleep in
on Tuesday, May 1st, 1866, in
th year of his age. The church
s the loss of a useful member,
is widow, that of a most affection-
usband. May she and his dear
child meet him in glory.—A. G.

OMAS TAYLOR died at Wednes-
Bilston Station, May 20th, 1866.
e age of twenty he became a
tian, and continued to adorn the
l until he was taken to a better
. His death was triumphant.

R. COOPER.

MRS. HARRIETT ANNE, the beloved wife of Mr. Joseph A. F. E. Thomas, of Chelmsford, sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, May 20th, 1866, aged twenty-four years and one month.

"Asleep in Jesus, far from thee,
Thy kindred, and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep."

In early life she became a scholar in the Wesleyan Methodist Sabbath school, Boston, where her mind was early impressed with the need of a change of heart, and believing in the sufficiency of the atonement of Christ to meet her case, she obtained the forgiveness of sins, and at once cast in her lot with the Wesleyan Methodists. Mr. Joseph Bell, her first class leader, says:—"Our late and much lamented sister Thomas, when quite a girl, met in class with me for about two years, whenever her mistress, with whom she lived, would allow her. Her mistress would often say, 'Poor young thing, what did she want to go to class for; she could not have any sins to repent of;' but she, though young, felt she was a sinner forgiven for Christ's sake, and all the other class people, as well as myself, had the highest opinion of her piety and stability, and I am very glad to hear that her end was peace." Soon after her conversion she invited her mother to go with her to the class meeting, which she did, and soon after obtained the forgiveness of sins. Her father says:—"Then I needed the invitation, and likewise I started and turned to the Lord, and blessed be God, she is safely landed, and we are on our way to the happy land." In September last she came with her husband, who is a local preacher, to reside at Chelmsford, and so cast in her lot with the Primitive Methodists, and was a member of my class up to the day of her death, which took us all by surprise, it was so sudden and unexpected; little did we think when we saw her sitting in her pew in her usual health and strength, on Sunday evening, May 13th, that on the following Sunday evening we should be called to see her die; but so it was. "We gathered round her bed and bent our knees in fervent sup-

plication to the throne of mercy, and perfumed our prayers with sighs sincere and penitential tears, and looks of self abasement; but we sought to stay an angel on the earth, a spirit ripe for heaven, and mercy in her love refused. Most merciful, as oft, when seeming least: most gracious when she seemed the most to frown. The room I well remember, and the bed on which she lay, and all the faces too, that crowded dark and mournfully around. But better still do I remember, and shall never forget the dying eye. That eye alone was bright, and brighter grew as death approached. The angel of the covenant was come, and faithful to his promise stood prepared to walk with her through death's dark vale." Her strength and youth yielded to mortal malady. But while the outer nature decayed the inner was renewed day by day. Her physical sufferings were often great, but they were endured patiently. The nearer she approached the river the more joyful she became. Her death was the most triumphant that I ever witnessed. During the last two hours she lingered amongst us she frequently sang. Among the hymns she selected to express her happy feelings were the following:—

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear."

She wished her husband to read the 23rd Psalm, which he did, and from which she derived great comfort, often repeating the fourth verse:—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." She then desired us to sing—

"Loved ones have gone before us,
They beckon us away, &c.

She then requested her husband to raise her up, that she might deliver to us her dying charge; having done so, she said,

"Come sing to me of heaven,
Now I'm about to die."

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walks of virtuous life;
Quite on the verge of heaven."

Such was the chamber of my sister-in-law when she "languished into life," and we all felt that we had been to the very gates of heaven. In this triumphant manner her brief trial-life ended.

"O, the pain, the bliss of dying!"

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers." Amen. M. BRITAIN.

DIED at Bromyard, June 21st, 1866, while on a visit to his brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Nobbs, Walter, youngest son of Reuben and Eliza Whitehead, of Botesdale, Suffolk. The subject of this sketch had been favoured beyond many, being blest with pious parents, who endeavoured to train their children for him whom they themselves loved and feared. My dear brother was naturally quiet and retiring, consequently was kept from follies that youth too frequently delight in. When about sixteen years of age he gave his heart to God, and I think I cannot do better than give an account of it in his own words, in a letter to his parents: "You will be glad to hear that I am comfortable in my new home, and still more so to hear that yesterday was my spiritual birthday. In the evening I went to Carbrook chapel; during the service the Lord struck terror to my soul. After service several of the friends stayed and prayed with me, and now I can rejoice in a sin-pardoning God." He immediately united himself with the Primitive Methodist society at Walton, and continued a consistent member till death. In another letter to his mother he says, "You will be glad to hear that the sacred fire is still burning on my heart, the flame is still increasing, the glorious work is still going on. When I read those words of yours, 'Pray for the conversion of your brothers and sisters, it rejoiced my heart that I was privileged to approach the throne of grace on their behalf, and I feel an interest in so doing, not merely once in the day, but often do I draw near to him who reigns on high in their behalf, believing that his promise is true, that whatsoever we ask as touching his kingdom, it shall be granted.'" My

rother possessed some excellent ; he was studious, very conscien- and exceedingly liberal to God's . I once heard him say, "I never my money upon useless trifles, will give all I can to God's cause." ugh his life on earth was short, t was useful. He was a total ner, and I am aware that he was the instrument in reclaiming two ards, who both became members our people, and one of them a preacher. A few days previous death he was requested to visit ng lady who was on the point of ; as he approached the room he her exclaiming, "O Lord, thou est I have been waiting for thee re my soul." He informed her she was labouring under a mis- it was the Lord that was waiting e her. He explained to her the of salvation; she believed, and w days died rejoicing in a cruci- Saviour. The ways of the Lord deed mysterious. My dear brother to Bromyard to pay us a short on June 16th, but he came to return. Soon after his arrival und that he was seriously ill; we diately called in a medical man, pronounced it a case of fever. g his short affliction he was ntly delirious, but when not so vas exceedingly happy. His ings were extreme, but he bore with patience and humble sub- on. On the morning after his l he was asked if his prospects bright for another world; he red in the affirmative. At er time, being ask if he felt the precious, he said, "O yes. He is my prophet, priest, and king;" and soon after he tried to sing

> "Above the rest this note shall swell,
> My Jesus hath done all things well."

On one occasion, when I scarcely knew whether he was conscious, I asked him if he knew me. He said, "Yes." I then asked him if he loved me; to which he replied, "Yes, but I love the Saviour more than you." Soon after I said, "You still feel it is good to trust in the Lord?" He said, "Yes, 'praise the Lord, O my soul.'" When speaking one day of one of our members, who had been very kind in attending him, "You will always respect Mrs. Powell for her kindness to you?" He said, "I cannot express my thankfulness, but the Lord will reward her." I said, "If you die before we do, what then?" "Why, I will watch over you all." More than once, while in a state of delirium, he appeared to be conducting a prayer meeting, and pointing sinners to Christ. On the day he died he lay for some time unconscious, and when we saw he knew us again, I told him we had received a letter from his parents, that they had sent their love to him, and were constantly praying for him. He said, "That is right, and tell them from me that if I die they need not grieve, for I am going to heaven, to be so happy." Shortly afterwards he shouted "Glory, glory, glory!" and in a few hours he fell asleep in the arms of Christ, in the 20th year of his age. O may we who are bereaved, and those who may read this sketch, meet him in heaven.

F. E. Nobbs.

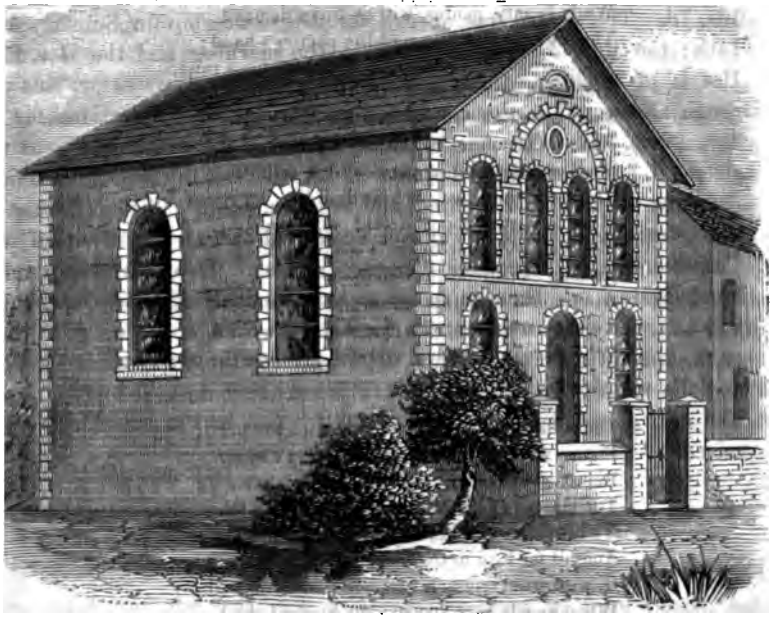
TO THE MEMORY OF THE FIRST METHODIST PREACHERS.

By Miss Wesley.

While heroes of the past and poets sing
The sapient statesman and the patriot king;
While beauty, genius, wit, by turns demand
The sculptor's labour, and the painter's hand;
While wondering crowds loud acclamations raise,
And earth reverberates with the favourite's praise;
Shall nobler Christians, in a Christian age,
Have no memorial in affection's page?
Shall ceaseless vigils, persecutions, strife,
The sacrifice of ease, of health, of life,
Have no distinction grateful? no record?
Yes, valiant champions of a heavenly Lord,
As long as patience, resignation, love,
Are praised by saints below and saints above,
Ye sufferers meek, who pain and scoffs defied,
Who warr'd, and wept, endur'd, and pray'd, and died,
Ye shall be honoured!———

The soldier fights for fame, and wins the prize;
But ye were outcasts in your country's eyes;
Reproach your bitter portion, outrage, hate,
The martyr's sufferings, and the culprit's fate.
Ye brav'd the ruffian blow, the infuriate clan,
And all for love to God, and love to man!
O, with what triumph hail'd in realms on high,
When angels bore you to your kindred sky!
Fruits of his purchase to the Saviour given,
And own'd the servants of the Lord of heaven.

On all your sons may your bless'd mantle fall,
The zeal that fir'd, the love that reach'd to all:
Your scorn of earthly honours, earthly gain,
Of toil, of malice, ignominy, pain!
Whether to distant shores they dauntless roam,
Far from their kindred and their peaceful home;
Or seek the prisoner, sunk in dark despair,
And teach the abject, hope; the impious, prayer:
Whether, as messengers of mercy, fly
To haunts "where lonely want retires to die;"
Where'er they sojourn, or where'er they stray,
May heaven's own light direct them on their way:
Till late translated to the choir above,
They greet their fathers in the world of love.



PONTNEWYDD PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL, PONTYPOOL CIRCUIT.

PONTNEWYDD is a pleasant village in the parish of Llanvrechva, in the county of Monmouth, beautifully situated by the side of the Eastern Valley's railway, near midway between Newport and Pontypool. The place was missioned by the Primitive Methodists in the summer of 1862, and a small church was formed, who worshipped in an uncomfortable room. When the Rev. C. T. Harris was on this circuit he took steps to secure land on which to build a chapel, and succeeded in obtaining an eligible site from Miss Jones, a generous lady, who owns considerable property in the place. A trust was formed, and the land (which is freehold, and was given by Miss Jones) was conveyed to the Connexion according to our new form of

title deed. Thus the course was clear to begin to build as soon as funds could be raised for the purpose. In August, 1866, plans and specifications were prepared, sanction of the building committee was obtained, and the foundation stone of the beautiful structure that stands at the head of this article, was laid by G. F. Grice, Esq., who put £5 on the stone, and delivered an excellent address. The Revs. J. Best and T. T. Shields gave addresses, and a collection was made amounting to £10 13s. 7d. The chapel was opened for divine worship on Sunday, April 14th; the Rev. J. Best preached in the morning, and the Rev. C. T. Harris, of Bristol, in the afternoon and evening. The weather was very rough and wet, but the congregations were good. Collections for the day, £7 6s. 11d. The tea meeting on the Monday following was well attended, and realised good profit. On April 21st, the Rev. T. T. Shields preached morning and evening, and the Rev. John Williams (Baptist) in the afternoon. The day was wet again, but the services went off well. Collections, £5. The choir did good service. Two things have made much against us; the one was that both the Sabbaths were very rough and wet, the other was a strike in the ironworks in the neighbourhood at the time of opening. Mr. C. H. Parfitt was the architect and builder, and the manner in which the work is executed does him great credit. The entire cost is a little over £300, towards which one third will be raised.

J. BEST.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY ON BIBLE TEXTS.

FOR EACH SABBATH IN OCTOBER.

1ST SABBATH. 2 Cor. xii. 2.—"*I knew a man in Christ.*" The apostle Paul here refers to himself, and his union with Christ. Religion is sometimes spoken of in Scripture as "Christ in you the hope of glory," and here it is represented as being in Christ. "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature;" the change is a visible one; it is not only felt by the person himself, but it is seen by those who surround him. To be in Christ is to possess the *life, mind,* and *spirit* of Jesus. It is faith in the Saviour which justifies and sanctifies the believer and constitutes him a child of God, and a joint heir with Christ Jesus our

Lord. With such a man all things are become new; his views of the divine character are new; his views of spiritual things are new; he has forsaken his old habits, old principles, old companions, old customs, old tempers, old pursuits, bad actions, evil thoughts and sinful ways, and thus he is in Christ, not merely by profession, but in reality; he bears the name of Christ, carries the mark of Christ, seeks the glory of Christ, enjoys the friendship of Christ, and obeys the commandments of Christ. Thus his longings after earthly pleasures, earthly pomp, and mere earthly power have come to an end; he not only hears God's word, but he is a doer of it; he not only speaks of the divine nature, but he is a partaker of it, and communion with God at the throne of grace is his honourable privilege; therefore his is a life of true dignity, exalted privileges and permanent happiness, for it is "a life hid with Christ in God," consequently it is one of joy and perpetual safety. "I will be their God, and they shall be my people;" and again, "I will put my fear in their hearts, and they shall not depart from me," saith the Lord. Thus we learn that the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is not merely a compilation of truths, or of mere casual duties, but is a glorious system which unites the soul to the Saviour, which binds the man to Christ, and prepares him for the sinless world. Let then all our readers remember that the way to Christ is still open, and the way to heaven is free for all:—

"Are we the sons of God?
He will supply our wants,
And guide us as we journey on
To our inheritance."

Sin, satan, and the world will endeavour to sever us from Christ, but Christ is our strength, and

"The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths and promises and blood."

2nd SABBATH. Acts xvi. 14.—"*Whose heart the Lord opened.*" Lydia's heart is here referred to, but millions of human hearts beside the heart of Lydia have been opened by divine power. Sin has shut and closed every heart amongst mankind against God, and no power save that which is almighty can open human hearts to receive the word of God; sin has blinded the eyes, closed the ears, stiffened the neck, hardened the heart, and brought spiritual deadness into every soul of man. But what a variety of means God and his people have put into operation amongst men for the removal of spiritual blindness, spiritual deadness, spiritual deafness, spiritual stubbornness, and spiritual hardness. We have in-

stituted the circulation of the sacred Scriptures, the preaching of the glorious gospel, the formation of religious tract societies, &c., &c., and already through these means vast numbers who once sat in darkness now see a great light; numbers who were once in a state of spiritual deadness are now fully alive to God and their own salvation. "It is not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Yes, all the great and glorious events which have transpired for the good of nations, families, or individuals, must be ascribed to divine power, for without the power of God mankind must continue unchanged, unsaved from the guilt, filth, power, and consequences of sin. He who opened up the plan of human redemption is the only person who has in his own possession power to unlock the human heart, and thus gain admission to man's affections. Tell us not of your sermons, however eloquent; tell us not of your orators, however popular. All is nothing more than an empty show if the Holy Spirit is not in the word; leave the Spirit of God out of the word and it will soon be seen that hard hearts will remain *hard* and sealed against things which belong to our eternal peace, but let the Holy Spirit be in the efforts to bring souls to Christ, and there will be life and energy visible, and it will be no matter of surprise to see hearts opened for the reception of divine truth—

"Come, Holy Ghost, with power divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood:
Let Father, Son, and Spirit join,
To make my heart a heart for God."

Then shall I know that Christ is mine, and I am his, and,

"Should all the forms that men devise,
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart."

3rd SABBATH. John ix. 25.—"*One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.*" If we listen to the statement of some individuals respecting their knowledge, they would have us believe they know ten thousand things, and even know almost more than any other human beings by whom they are surrounded; thus with the smattering knowledge they possess on a few unimportant matters, they are almost lifted to heaven in their own conceit. To such persons it may be said, "Thy knowledge it hath perverted thee, and thou hast said in thine heart, I am, and none else beside me."—Isa. lxvii. 10. Man's natural state with regard to divine things is one of ignorance, his mind being darkened by the god of this world, and the eyes of his understanding being closed against things which belong to his eternal peace and everlasting safety:

and as it was by the power of Christ that the blind man here alluded to had human vision imparted to him, so we observe that it is only by the same power that eyes dark to spiritual things can be opened and be made to see light in God's light. When the soul is savingly enlightened by the Holy Spirit the knowledge of this light is communicated, and although that soul may be ignorant of a thousand things respecting various arts and sciences, yet its language is, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." In his former state he saw no beauty in God, or Christ, or religion; but in his renewed state he can see to a great extent the value of his soul and the importance of having a saving interest in Jesus as his Saviour, and this knowledge comprehends the possession of the blessing of divine forgiveness, peace, holiness, and a hope of heaven; and surely this is the best of knowledge man on earth can possibly possess; he who is "the father of light" is their parent; he who is the source of divine knowledge and wisdom is their guide through life; his word supports them, his promises cheer them, and his arm protects them, and the knowledge of this blessedness they possess, and to them Jesus says, "Henceforth I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth, but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of my father I have made known unto you." Thus we perceive the close intimacy existing between Christ and his people, and although they may have seasons of darkness and spiritual conflict, yet "they shall come to Zion with singing and exceeding joy upon their heads," where they shall share pleasures without pain, peace without interruption, health without sickness, and life without death, therefore as they journey to heaven they can sing—

> "Thy cheering smiles shall smooth our way,
> And turn our darkness into day;
> And thus the pilgrims onward roam,
> Still onward, onward, onward—home!"

4th SABBATH. Acts ix. 6.—"*Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?*" Such was the inquiry of a sinner awakened to his sinful and dangerous state, but anxiously desiring to know the divine will, and to realise the knowledge of divine favour. This man had been a vile persecutor of God's people, and a bitter enemy to the doctrines of this glorious gospel, and it was when on a journey to injure some of God's servants that he was seized by divine power, and fell to the ground, and in a very remarkable manner was brought to a knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. Since his day, the cry, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" has started from many a human heart, and fell from the lips of many a penitent sinner. Such language implies *heart-felt guilt*, also *the need of*

heart-felt salvation, also *heart-felt conviction of divine right to direct and guide.* "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" I feel the weight of my sin before thee; I have sinned and done wickedly in thy sight: I acknowledge my iniquity; I cannot save myself; I need salvation, and I feel that thou hast a right to my services, my time, my strength, and my talents. "What wilt thou have me to do" to glorify thee, to lay hold on eternal life, to escape hell, and obtain a meetness for heaven? Such are the sentiments of the sinner's heart when he is endeavouring to find his happy way to the crucified Saviour. Do our readers wish to obtain a knowledge of God, and of their own true character, and their personal duties, let them seriously and prayerfully read the holy Scriptures, and pray for divine illumination on these things. There is work in the Bible distinctly mentioned which sinners are called upon to perform, "Repent and believe the gospel." There is work too for the professed Christian to engage in, and to be always employed therein, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." In doing our duty and God's will, difficulties will be met with, and opposition must be withstood. We shall meet with difficulties in our prayers, but we must see to it that our prayers are distinguished more by their strength than by their length; it is the heart that prevails with God. We shall meet with opposition to our other religious exercises; wicked men and even professed friends may endeavour to injure our reputation, and may cause us much sorrow of heart, but while we seek to do God's will, God himself will be our friend and keeper, and he will tread down our enemies, wipe the tears from our cheeks, finish our sorrows, fulfil our desires, and ultimately bring us to glory. Seek then to possess hearts full of saving religion, and "Adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour."

"O, let your works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine."

Endeavour then to live in truth, and to spread holy truth, thus you will answer the end of your creation.

W. BIRKS.

HARVEST HOME.

THE earth is full of God's goodness, and so is every season. Spring, with its opening blossoms, its exquisite odours, its suggestions of "good things not seen as yet; and Summer, with "healing in its wings," with

its balmy breezes, with its plenitude of life, and its placid consciousness of power,—each is a witness for him whose name is Love. But the "fruitful season" is a witness still plainer, and one which speaks to the intelligence of all mankind. And, indeed, each contributes a several item in the testimony to the great Creator. For, if Spring says, "How great is his beauty!" and Summer, "How great his benevolence!" pointing to the rustling sheaf and the laden bough, says Autumn, "And how great is his bounty!"

Every season is a preacher, but of them all we are inclined to think Autumn the most popular and impressive. It needs no acquaintance with Nature's mysteries to understand his sermon; it needs no peculiar susceptibility to be carried along by his direct and homely eloquence. In the field which he is reaping the unlettered rustic sees the answer to the fourth petition of his daily prayer, and the Christian philosopher sees his heavenly father giving bread to himself and his children, as plainly as if it were sent by the hand of an angel, or rained through a window in heaven. And whilst the purport of the discourse is so obvious, it is spoken to great advantage. Around there is little to distract, whilst there is much to fix the thoughts, to open the ear and soothe the spirit. Autumn is the Sabbath of the months; and with its mellow light and listening silence, the whole land seems consecrated into a temple hushed and holy. Nor is there lack of ministers. The laden trees are priests, the corn-fields are choristers; and, yielding to the tranquil influence, if you yourself be devoutly silent, their psalm will come into your soul:—

"So thou the year most lib'rally
Dost with thy goodness crown,
And all thy paths abundantly
On us drop fatness down.

They drop upon the pastures wide,
That do in deserts lie;
The little hills on every side
Rejoice right pleasantly.

With flocks the pastures clothed be,
The vales with corn are clad;
And now they shout and sing to thee,
For thou hast made them glad."

To a mind that sees God in everything there is a special "joy in harvest." It is a new pledge of Jehovah's faithfulness:—another accomplishment of that ancient promise, "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest shall not cease:"—a promise made all the more

striking by the incidents which imperilled its fulfilment;—the winter that looked as if it would never go away, perhaps the drought which threatened to scorch the seed in the baked and burning furrow; perhaps the cold skies which forbade the ear to fill, or the drenching floods, which, when filled, dashed it to the earth again;—but past all these perils, or through them all, a mighty Providence has borne the sustenance of a world, and, as it spans the clouds of the dissolving equinox, the rainbow asks on behalf of the great covenant-maker, "Hath one word failed of all that God hath spoken?" And so it proclaims the loving-kindness of the Lord, the care and munificence of the great Provider. It is not a mere subsistence he secures to the children of men, but it is a feast of fat things; not only the bread which strengthens man's heart, but the wine that makes him glad, and the oil that makes his face to shine,—all the variety of fruits, and grains, and herbs, and spices; nor bread for the children only, but crumbs for the creatures under the table. Nor at this season can we fail to mark the minuteness of forethought and munificence of kindness with which our heavenly father feeds the fowls of the firmament, the profusion which not only fills the barn of the husbandman, but which, in every forest and every hedgerow, has a storehouse for those pensioners of his who can take no thought for the morrow. With its banquet-hall so wide and so populous, with its heaps of abundance, and its air of open-handed welcome, Harvest is the season which tells us of God's hospitality.

Besides the palpable Providence,—the visible nearness of a God most gracious and merciful,—a material element in the joy of harvest is the reward of industry.

If the sleep of a labouring man is sweet, so is that labourer's bread. The fields are bare: the year's work is done: and as he nestles among the sheaves, so glossy, dry, and fragrant; as he surveys the golden heap, fresh-sifted on the threshing floor; as he watches the snowy powder flowing from between the revolving cylinders; as he sits down with his rosy children to the household loaf, that bread has to him a flavour which no science can impart,—those sheaves have a grace and a beauty which no pencil can reproduce, for no artist can espy. That bread has the pleasant flavour of personal industry: that garner concentres in itself a year of his own toil-worn history. And now in the snug comfort of his cottage, and amidst the rainy gusts prophetic of winter, it calls up to complacent memory the frosty morning when by lantern-light he yoked his team,—the grey and windy noon when he sowed the seed,—the day when to save the tender crop and the crumbling furrows, he battled with the swollen brook and banked out the thunder-torrent;—the weary nights when he waked so often, and from the dripping

eaves and gurgling corbels presaged rotten shocks or flattened fields: and now that all these anxieties and toils are ended, and now that the Most High has given these results to his labour, he that went forth weeping bearing precious seed, comes again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

And the analogy goes up, and upward still, from that rejoicing peasant to the Christian parent who reaps his prayer and efforts in the salvation of his child:—up to the Christian patriot who, after all the ebbs and flows of popular favour, is rewarded with the extinction of an evil, or the reformation of a realm:—up to the missionary who after a ten-years' sowing, sees coming in the first-fruits of Greenland or Tahiti unto Christ:—up to the martyr who from beneath the Heavenly Altar looks down,—Cranmer on his England, Huss and Jerome on their Prague, Wishart on his Scotland, and from his ashes sees a mighty Church upsprung and flourishing:—upward and upward yet to that King of Martyrs and Prince of Missionaries who from his thirty years of husbandry among the hills of Galilee, when his head was filled with dew, and his locks with the drops of the night,—who, from the handful of corn which he then planted in the earth, and at last watered with his blood, already sees fruit that shakes like Lebanon, and who, when at length the harvest of the earth is ripe and heaven's garner has received the last of his redeemed, shall see the travail of his soul and be satisfied.

But there are solemn words in Autumn's sermon. He says, "Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

We see the earnest even now. He that sows to the flesh,—he who spends his property or his talents in self-indulgence, in idolatrous vanities, in that cruel luxury which is deaf to the cry of misery, in gratifying the coarser appetites and passions of this fallen nature,—of the flesh he reaps corruption. His harvest is a heart constantly contracting. His harvest is often a shortened life or a shattered intellect:—a body prematurely blighted and a mind that loses susceptibilities and powers which once lost can never come again. His harvest is more and more of that corruption which he sows,—sin added to sin,—the habit of evil strengthened,—a growing remoteness from virtue and happiness, because a growing proneness to evil and a growing powerlessness against temptation.

And he that soweth to the Spirit, even before he reaps "life everlasting,"—see how rich is his intermediate recompense! From that dependent spirit of his and from those devotional habits, see how large is his harvest of peace and serenity! Amidst tumult and agitation see

how fixed is his heart, trusting in the Lord; and amidst the flaming shower of each day's temptations, burning into the souls of many, and leaving dark scars on the conscience, see how on his panoply of faith the sparks die out unperceived and harmless! From that God-fearing spirit of his, see how large is the harvest of social respect and personal security! what a fund of confidence and honour has accumulated from those early acts of self-denial, or from one deed of courageous honesty! what a fortune has been founded on a single commandment tenaciously remembered and constantly observed! And from that benevolent spirit of his, see how large is his harvest of love and gratitude! What a music is in his name, what a continual comfort in his presence! See how all hearts open towards his, as instinctively as they close on the approach of others; and see how he inherits the earth,—a meek but universal monarch carrying captive the whole community, and reigning by love in souls which swords and sceptres fail to reach, and which even genius cannot conquer!

But this is only a faint foreshadowing of that final and exhaustless harvest which is to follow this earthly seed-time: for although salvation is all of grace, yet, compatibly with its entire gratuitousness, we know that in this life he who gives grace for grace is pleased to acknowledge the services of his believing people, for the sake of that Saviour in whose strength they are wrought, and to whose joy their recompense adds; and if in this life, why not also in the life to come? And in somewhat the same sense as reaping is the reward of sowing, we are taught that gracious habits, formed and cherished on earth, shall find their consummation in the still higher and holier products of eternity—whilst the self-denial implied in their culture will be infinitely over-balanced and requited in the joys of the life everlasting.

Think of this, you that are well-nigh weary of well-doing:—you that stand alone in a godless household, and who sometimes grow disheartened amidst the coldness, and the opposition, and the jeering:—you who have enlisted under Christ's banner, but who, if you have not actually forsaken house and lands for his sake, have at least felt constrained to let pass many a golden opportunity:—you who have been for years watching for a soul, if haply you might win it, and who still see it as far from the kingdom as ever:—you who have long been contending with a wicked temper or an unholy passion, and who dare not say that you have gained any sensible advantage over it—oh, be not weary! Think of the joy of harvest. Think of the day when you shall rest from your labours, and these works shall follow you. Think of the day,—the humbling, affecting, overwhelming day, when the cup of cold water will reappear as an

ingredient in the everlasting glory. Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season you shall reap if you faint not.

Yet be not deceived. God is not mocked. He that soweth to the flesh shall have his harvest also. Darnel grows as well as wheat, and thistles as well as barley. The awards of eternity are not the inflictions of arbitrary power, but they are the legitimate products, the prolongations, and out-workings of the present: a harvest corresponding to the seed-time: so righteous, so congruous under the government of a just God, so inevitable that the sinner feels, if he does not confess, that the sentence is just. Reader, be not deceived. Let not that day, that harvest-day of sorrow, come on you as a thief—that day when he who showed judgment without mercy shall receive judgment without mercy—that day when he who wrought abomination and made a lie shall find himself excluded from those pearly gates through which nothing enters that defileth—that day when he who used to say to God, "Depart from us, we desire not the knowledge of thy ways," shall hear God say to him, "Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity: I never knew you."* Be not deceived. God is not mocked. This must be the way of it. Sin will result in sorrow: carnality will reap corruption. So entreat of God for the Redeemer's sake to cancel that guilty past—to exterminate the crop of guilt and crime, so that it shall not seed itself in further evil, nor be treasured up as wrath against the day of wrath. Break off your sins by repentance, and from their fearful consequences take refuge in a Saviour's intercession. And beg earnestly for God's good Spirit that you too, taught, led, and quickened by the Spirit, may of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

J. H.

I MUST PRACTICE AS WELL AS PREACH.

A CLERGYMAN, who was the chaplain of a little squadron stationed in the Mediterranean for five years, related the following anecdote, which occurred during that time.

The commodore was a frank and generous man, who treated me with marked attention, and I used to preach in all the ships but one. This was a small frigate, and its captain was an irreligious and profane man. He used to say he wanted no Methodist parson for a pilot, and he em-

* See the Works of Andrew Fuller, vol. vii. p. 144.

braced every opportunity of annoying me. Being a person of violent temper, he took offence, and insulted the commodore, who meant to send him home. When I heard of this intention I waited on the commodore, and I said I had come to ask a particular favour of him.

"That shall be granted. I am always happy to oblige you. What is it?"

"That you will overlook the conduct of Captain S——," said I.

"Nay, nay; you can't be serious. Is he not your greatest enemy? and I believe the only man who does not wish to see you on board his ship."

"That's the very reason why I ask the favour, commodore. 'I must practice as well as preach.'"

"Well, well, 'tis an odd whim; but if, on reflection, I can grant your request without prejudice to his Majesty's service, I will do it."

The next day I renewed my petition.

"Well," said he, "if Captain S—— will make a public apology, I will overlook his conduct."

I instantly got into a boat, and rowed to the frigate. The captain met me with a frown upon his countenance; but, when I told him my business I saw a tear in his eye, and taking me by the hand, he said:—Mr. ——, I really don't understand your religion, but I do understand your conduct, and I thank you."

The affair blew over, and he pressed me to preach in his ship. The first time I went, the crew were dressed in their best clothes, and the captain at my right hand; I could hardly utter a word my mind was so much moved, and so were the whole crew. There seemed to be a more than ordinary solemnity among us, I preached to them on the necessity of faith in Christ, and the renewal of their hearts by the Holy Spirit before they could enter heaven.

That very night the ship disappeared, and not a soul survived to tell the tale. None ever knew how it happened; but we supposed, as there had been a gale of wind, she had foundered, and went down in deep water.

How cheering the thought, that the men thus suddenly summoned into eternity had listened to the blessed message of the gospel, and that, too, under the circumstances which, through the blessing of God, were so adapted to prepare their minds to receive it! See then, reader, how "example" is more regarded than "precept." Persons can understand our conduct, if they cannot appreciate our principles; and they form their opinions more from what we do than what we say. We should, therefore, rather strive to live well than talk well. "Even a child is

known by his doings." The religion of Christ teaches us to let our light shine before men; and it is highly important, that those who profess to love the Saviour should be careful to adorn, in all things, his doctrine.

ON TRUTH.

TRUTH of every kind, as apprehended by the mind of man, is the harmony of his ideas with the reality of things. Without this harmony it is obvious there can be nothing deserving the name of knowledge. The pursuit of truth, therefore, is an employment which in all ages has been deemed worthy of a being possessing reason; and it has engaged the utmost energies and called forth the highest eulogies of reflective men. They have dwelt on its elevating tendency, its value for its own sake, the exalted and permanent gratification which it never fails to impart. The utility of the pursuit of truth in bettering the condition of society also renders truth an object worthy to engage the rational faculty of man. The useful arts have enlarged his dominion over nature. They have caused civilised life to differ from the savage existence of the Hottentot in his kraal, or the Indian in his wigwam. They have made the wilderness a garden, and compelled the barren waste to produce food for the sustenance of man. These arts have enabled him to find a path across the ocean. They have given commerce to the whole earth. They have rendered human knowledge immortal by the printing-press. They have done all that is done to preserve health, to cure disease, to benefit in a thousand ways the condition of man in the present world—an object always worthy to exhaust a large portion of the energies of benevolence, and which would deserve to absorb them all if it were only certain that the life which now is were the whole of man's existence. Truth is the pole of reason, and in order to be guided in the right course, reason must not steer by any glaring meteor that may happen to shoot across the horizon. No man is qualified to search out truth, and to hold it fast when found, who is not ready to give up all prejudices and prepossessions for its sake. No one can be a real worshipper of truth who is not prepared to sacrifice pride, vanity, self-will, and all darling theories at its shrine. It is sometimes a noble victory for a man to bring himself to yield to the authority of moral evidence; and if he does not gain this

victory, he has still one conquest to make, which is greater than all the achievements of heroes—the conquest of himself. There is a mistaken notion in some minds that a sceptical indifference to evidence argues a manly independence of intellect; but there may be just as much credulity in believing too little as in believing too much. The ancient philosopher Metrodorus, who asserted, "I know nothing, not even this, that I know nothing," was as dotingly attached to an absurd and ridiculous pyrrhonism, as his fellow-countrymen the Greeks were to the romances of a fanciful mythology. There may be as egregious folly in believing almost anything.—*Pro Bono Publico.*

I HAVE NOT NERVE ENOUGH.

A GOOD man, named Mills, said to Richard Knill, when a company of one thousand soldiers were about to return home, "What a noble opportunity there is for distributing religious tracts in all the dark villages around in England! This regiment will give us a thousand distributors, if we can only get them conveyed to the men." "How can it be done?" said Knill. "*I have not nerve enough to give the tracts to the soldiers,*" said Mills, "but I will furnish you with the tracts if you will circulate them." "Agreed," said Knill. The result was that the one thousand tracts were given by Knill to the men, and years after a remarkable blessing was found in the most hopeless.—(See Knill's *Life.*)

Many people are considered prudent, because they have not nerve; and others rash, because they attempt what others will not. Give us a few more of your rash, hard-working, fearless men, who will not let a world perish because it might seem imprudent to go among them. Suppose they do oppose and even persecute you, is that a reason for a Christian man to stop? In this very case of Knill, one of the men swore at him for giving a tract; and when Knill said, "*Don't swear at the tract; you cannot hurt the tract,* but swearing will injure your soul," "Form a circle round him," said the soldier to his comrades, "and I will swear at him." He swore fearfully. Many years after, preaching in the street, he met that man, and found he had been made the instrument of his conversion, through the tract and that conversation.

Christians want nerve. They must go at it in earnest. Ease, and fashion, and prudence, and diffidence will not push the gospel into the

dark places, among the destitute, and the grossly wicked and profane. We cannot lie on "flowery beds of ease," while carrying on the war against satan. It requires every energy in us, with the wisdom, grace, and blessing of God, to enable us to overcome. We must have nerve. Souls are perishing. What can we do to save them? God may bless a single effort, but let us persevere in attempts. No one can tell whether this or that shall succeed, or whether both may be alike good.

SELECT SENTENCES.

BE CAUTIOUS.—No one step or action in life has so much influence on eternity as marriage.

THE GOOD MAN'S FRIEND.—Every person who is persecuted for righteousness' sake has God for his peculiar help and refuge, and the persecutor has the same God for his special enemy.—*Dr. Clarke.*

THE GOOD MAN'S CHIEF JOY.—Every truly pious man feels more for God's glory than his own temporal felicity, and rejoices more in the prosperity of God's work than in the increase of his own worldly goods.—*Dr. Clarke.*

ACT AS WELL AS THINK.—To act without thinking is folly; to think without acting is idleness. Had Nathaniel continued in meditation only, his prejudicies would never have been removed. He acted as well as meditated; he arose from sitting under the fig tree, and came to Jesus; and, *therefore*, was he enabled to say—"Rabbi, thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of Israel."—*Dr. Clarke.*

THE HOUR OF TRIAL.—Colonel Allen, of Vermont, in America, openly rejected the Christian religion, and wrote several letters against it. But how little faith he possessed in his own principles when put to the test, will be seen from a fact related by Dr. Dwight:—"While the Colonel was engaged in reading some of his own writings to a friend, a message was brought that his daughter was at the point of death. His wife, a pious woman, had instructed her child in the truths of the Bible. When the father appeared at the bedside, the daughter affectionately looked at him, and said, "Father I am about to die: shall I believe in the principles you taught me, or shall I believe in what my mother has taught me?" On hearing the question the Colonel was much distressed, and, after a pause, replied, "Believe in what your mother has taught you."

POOR TOM'S SONG.

Poor Tom was an idiot who lived in Dumfriesshire, Scotland. It was a rare thing for himself to join in any conversation, and whenever asked a question he would mutter out the following:—

"I'll sing you a song when I die."

His rhymical answer was well known in the village of his home, and when the hour of his death drew near the villagers became anxious to hear and know what Tom's long promised song would be. Nor were they disappointed, for just before he bade adieu to the imperfections of earth, to the surprise of all present, he sang,—

"There's three in one, and one in three,
And the middle's the one that hath saved me."

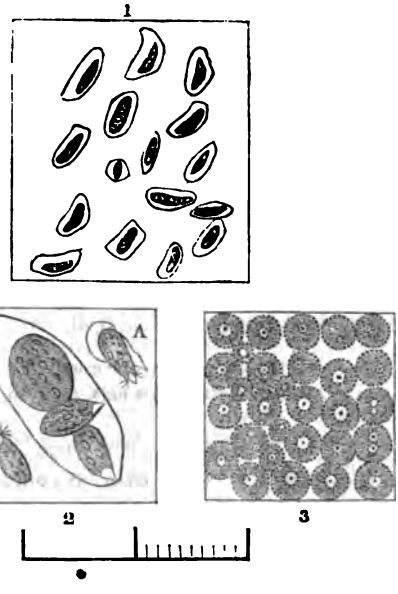
Inaccessible as his mind was to men it was open to Divine influence. Unable as he was to converse with man, he could nevertheless hold communion with God. While many of the wise remained strangers to Christ, and unsaved, the poor imbecile could rejoice in the salvation of Jesus. It is reported that the parish minister, who had not held up the "middle" One to his flock as he should have done, was present, and heard Tom's death-song, if so it is to be hoped that the foolish confounded the wise, and that he learnt then, if not before, the importance of preaching to the people that One who has not only saved poor Tom but thousands beside, and who is willing to save all the world.

J. Hawkins.

A THOUGHT FOR FAULT-FINDERS.

The man who can gather numbers to hear the word of God, and who by his appeals can arrest their attention, convince their judgment, stimulate their conscience, and quicken their whole spiritual being, may fail to conciliate these exalted critics, who may brand his sermons as feeble and unintellectual, but he is in the highest sense of the term a great preacher.

B. Tonkin.



CELL-LIFE.

ALL physical life is said to commence with a simple cell. What life is in its principle we do not know, but the principle in connection with organic matter evidently originates in the germ-cell. All vegetables, all animals, and the human species, originate, according to the present teachings of physiology, in cells. What is a cell? The engraving will illustrate the subject. Look at figure 3, and you will see a representation of vegetable cells, as they appear under the microscope when magnified 400 diameters, or 160,000 times. Should any of our readers have access to a good microscope, they may be able to see the cells for themselves. The best vegetable that we know of for the purpose is common brewer's barm or yeast; this beautiful fungus or plant is composed of simple cells. Take as much yeast as will hang on the point of a pin, and place it carefully upon a glass slide, and cover it with the microscopical thin glass used for mounting objects; then place it in the field on the stage, and, if the instrument is capable of giving 400 diameters, the cells will appear rather larger than we have drawn them. Each of those cells has connected with it a principle of life, and one cell will become a thousand cells in a very short time, when placed in favourable circumstances for development. The blessed Saviour taught a great lesson when he compared the living power of religion in the heart of man to the living spreading power of leaven, or yeast in meal. The germination of the yeast continues until the whole is leavened (even then its living power has to be checked by the heated oven). So may the power of saving truth renovate the world. The cell, before it divides into two, assumes an oval form, and then becomes narrow in the

middle, and separates; and this germiniferous work goes on in each individual cell until the last particle of flour is affected and changed. Talk of individual effort—the parable of the leaven in the meal keeps it daily before our eyes.

But we have another lesson in connection with these yeast cells. Let exhausted yeast and sugar be exposed to the air, and living animals will start into life in thousands. Fig. 1 shows the spores growing in the cells, and in Fig. 2 you will see spores in a cell and a spore leaving its cell, and one living apart from the cell entirely free. This leads us to the agitated question of the present day. Sceptical philosophers, such as Jolly, Musset, Pouchet, Donné, and Cliff, contend that they have witnessed the origination of living animals and plants apart from creative power. The schools in France, and some of the leading intellectual men of our own country, have investigated the subject, and, we presume, the matter is now settled.

If we take a handful of hay from the horse's crib and put it into water heated 212°, and allow it to remain a few hours exposed to the air, we shall find, after two or three days, that the hay water is teeming with infusorial animalcula. The point to be settled is this—how did they get there? They were not in the hay, and whatever kind of life the water might have had in it, the boiling heat would have destroyed the living forms. Well, then, where could these thousands of living animals, of various kinds, have come from? M. Pouchet said they came from vegetable cells. Take the vegetable cells which we have taken from yeast, and put 2,000 of them in a straight line, and the whole length of the line would not be more than an inch, therefore each cell would be about the one-thousand-two-hundredth part of an inch in diameter. In one of these cells an animal is seen moving about. Two days since that animal was not there. Where did it come from? Fig. 1 shows these animals growing in the cells. In Fig. 2 the animal marked *a* is living in its cell, and the one marked *b* is living free from the cell. Several microscopists have declared that they had seen vegetable cells turning into monads—the monad is an animal which cannot be seen unless the microscope possess great power. So these sceptical philosophers came to the same conclusion as the old men and women of a former age. Our forefathers believed that putrefied meat created flies, and that good cheese would originate maggots; but Redi showed them their folly. He covered the meat with fine gauze, which kept the flies from depositing their eggs in the meat, and the result was, the meat could not produce life. So M. Pasteur, the French philosopher, has shown the sceptics of the present day that vegetable cells cannot produce animal cells; they are as distinct from each other as the horse is from the tree. But when infidels build up their arguments against the Bible on such minute parts of creation, such as these cells, it requires the greatest pains and care to expose their fallacious statements. We have already stated that it would take about 2,000 cells to reach in a line across an inch, therefore it would take about four millions of these cells to cover the surface of one inch, or eight thousand millions to fill one cubical inch. Yet God has given to each of these cells a peculiar type of power. The vegetable cell from which an orange tree grows, is so separate in its kind, and so guarded by Divine law, that it cannot develope into anything else but an orange tree. The same may be said of the whole animal kingdom. All organisms, or all the forms of organic matter, can be traced back to the simple cell. But the cell itself is not life, it is only the physical mode by which the principle of life works. It is that mysterious principle which gives to each cell its own peculiar character. The white lily, the striped carnation, and the beautiful rose, would not differ from each other were there no difference in the original cell. God has in his infinite goodness stamped his wisdom on every cell, and he has scattered these cells in untold millions through the earth, the sea, and the air. The universe teems with life, and each type of life has its own particular cell. M. Pasteur contended that the infusorial animalcula were produced from innumerable spores which were floating about in the atmosphere. But his opponents said: "If these things are present everywhere, show them to us; are they not forms well

known to the microscopist?" The following extract from the Lectures of Professor Huxley, F.R.S., will explain this part of our subject:—"But not content with explaining the experiments of others, M. Pasteur went to work to satisfy himself completely. He said to himself: 'If my view is right, and if, in point of fact, all these appearances of spontaneous generation are altogether due to the falling of minute germs suspended in the atmosphere—why, I ought not only to be able to show the germs, but I ought to be able to catch and sow them, and produce the resulting organisms.' He, accordingly, constructed a very ingenious apparatus to enable him to accomplish the trapping of this *germ dust* in the air. He fixed in the window of his room a glass tube, in the centre of which he had placed a ball of gun-cotton, which, from having been steeped in strong acid, is converted into a substance of great explosive power. It is also soluble in alcohol and ether. One end of the glass tube was open to the external air, and at the other end of it he placed an aspirator—a contrivance for causing a current of the external air to pass through the tube. He kept this apparatus going for four-and-twenty hours, and then removed the *dusted* gun-cotton, and dissolved it in alcohol and ether. He then allowed this to stand for a few hours, and the result was, that a very fine dust was gradually deposited at the bottom of it. That dust, on being transferred to the stage of a microscope, was found to contain an enormous number of starch grains. It is these starch grains which form many of those bright specks that we see dancing in a ray of light sometimes. But, besides these, M. Pasteur found also an immense number of other organic substances, such as spores of fungi which had been floating about in the air and had got caged in this way.

"He went farther, and said to himself, 'If these really are the things that give rise to the appearance of spontaneous generation, I ought to be able to take a ball of this *dusted* gun-cotton and put it into one of my vessels containing that boiled infusion which has been kept away from the air, and in which no infusoria are at present developed, and then, if I am right, the introduction of this gun-cotton will give rise to organisms.'

"Accordingly, he took one of these vessels of infusion, which had been kept eighteen months without the least appearance of life, and by a most ingenious contrivance he managed to break it open and introduce such a ball of gun-cotton, without allowing the infusion or the cotton ball to come into contact with any air but that which had been subjected to a red heat, and in twenty-four hours he had the satisfaction of finding all the indications of what had been hitherto called spontaneous generation. He had succeeded in catching the germs and developing organisms in the way he had anticipated."

A grain of wheat may lie on a dry floor for twenty years without manifesting any signs of life, but let it be put into the earth, and let the heat of the sun and the falling rain come to it, and that grain of wheat will develop its living power. As the minute particles of water are lifted up into the air by caloric, and float in the atmosphere until the rain-cloud is formed, and the water descends in the form of rain to the earth again, so millions of *life-germs* are borne in the air, by the gentle breeze, until they lightly fall or are brought down to the earth again by the falling rain. Sometimes these sporules of the atmosphere fall on our food and cause the growth of what we term "mould," such as we find in bread or cheese; these various kinds of fungi grow until their life is developed, and then they cast off from their tiny branches innumerable spores which float in the air again. Such is the round of life. Professor Owen says, "The act of oviparous generation—that sending forth of countless ova through the fatal laceration or dissolution of the parents' body, is most commonly observed in the well-fed Polygastria which crowd together as their little ocean evaporates; and thus each leaves, by the last act of its life, the means of perpetuating and diffusing its species by thousands of fertile germs. When the once thickly tenanted pool is dried up, and its bottom converted into a layer of dust, these inconceivably minute and light ova will be raised with the dust by the first puff of wind diffused through the atmosphere, and may

there remain long suspended, forming perhaps their share of the particles which we see flickering in the sunbeam, ready to fall into any collection of water, beaten down by every summer shower into streams or pools, which receive or may be formed by such showers, and by virtue of their tenacity of life ready to develop themselves wherever they may find the requisite conditions of their existence."

M. Pasteur has made a number of experiments on the spore of the atmosphere since Professor Huxley's lectures were published. Spores have been found the most abundant on low grounds where vegetation abounds, and in connection with filthy cesspools in our crowded towns. M. Pasteur found by means of flarks which he used for the purpose of capturing sporules, that on high hills the air was more free from the *life germs* than it was in valleys. In fact, he found very few sporules on high grounds. But M. Pasteur's opponents, Jolly, Musset, and Pouchet made similar experiments with very different results; they could find plenty of spores on the high hills as well as in the valleys. Such contradictory statements caused the French academy to appoint a commission to witness the experiments of each party. "Pasteur stated that it was possible to collect air without spore; Jolly and Pouchet, on the other hand, agreed that if one of their flasks remained unaltered they would acknowledge their defeat, and they stated that from whatever quarter they take a quart of air and bring it into contact with the prepared flask it would be filled with a living mass of beings. In June, 1864, the combatants met; M. Pasteur was prepared with his sixty flasks, and made his experiments before the commissioners, but his opponents, seeing their defeat, retired from the contest." Such is the triumph of truth over error, and though Dr. Child and a few others have tried to agitate the question again, during the present year, yet we presume the skilful experiments of Pasteur have settled the matter for ever.

We gather from what has been stated—

1. That no living organisms can exist apart from the creative power of God.
2. That each kind of life is preserved in its own peculiar type, by divine law, from generation to generation, from the beginning to the end of the world.
3. That the principle of life itself is something beyond the grasp of the human intellect.
4. That the combination of the principle of life with organic matter is too mysterious for human skill to explain.
5. That all the teachings of life, whether in organic remains or in the present living forms, are in harmony with the Bible. There is harmony in truth; the truth of God, whether read in the Bible, or in the blooming flower, or in the flowing brook, or falling shower, or in the life of a good man, is one. We have met with God in the rays of light, as the sun as poured down its glory on the world, and in the gleaming dew-drop, and in the growing plants as they have spread their lovely tresses on the hedge-row; we have met him in the songs of birds, and in the colours and odours of flowers; and we have met him at Calvary, where richer scenes and greater treasures opened to our believing heart. Reader, may you meet him there in penitence and prayer, and by faith in his blood be saved; saved from sin, death, and hell. And may we all meet him in heaven, where no storm clouds will gather, or thunders roll; where no pain, nor sorrow, nor sadness, nor sickness will ever corrode the heart, but where God himself will bless us and wipe all tears from our eyes.

J. P. BELLINGHAM.

RECOGNITION OF DEITY.—No. V.

TRINITY OF PERSONS IN GODHEAD.

(Continued from page 279.)

PLURALITY of persons in unity is intimated in the first verse of the Bible. "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth." The Hebrew term for *God* is in the plural number, and the term rendered *created* is in the singular. "God said let US make man." The LORD rained from the LORD."—Gen. xix. 24. In this text, the word translated *Lord*, in both instances, is Jehovah in the Hebrew. This plurality is restricted to three persons. In Matt. iii. 16, 17, the Father and Spirit, as divine persons, are represented as giving their sanction to the work of the Son. The Apostolic commission represents each person as presiding over the Christian Church; and the ambassadors of the Cross are instructed to dedicate every member of it to each of those three divine persons. In John xiv. 16, the Son intercedes, the Father grants, the Holy Spirit comes—functions peculiar to personality. The works of creation, providence, and redemption, are expressly ascribed to these three. No other person is mentioned in Scripture as possessing the nature, and exercising the attributes, and receiving the worship of Deity. As the Deity of the Father has never been questioned by the believer in revelation, we shall briefly consider the proofs in support of the supreme Godhead of the Son and Holy Ghost. There are three classes of evidence:—

1. They have the titles, or appellations, of Deity.
2. They exercise the attributes peculiar to Deity.
3. They receive the worship restricted to Deity.

First, TITLES.—Jesus is called GOD—"the true God and eternal life." Lord and king are frequently applied to him in the New Testament. *Kurios* is the term used in the Septuagint as the translation of the word Jehovah. This appellation, emphatically peculiar to Deity, is given to Jesus, as is evident from a comparison of Isaiah vi. with John xii. 40, 41. *Second.*—THE ATTRIBUTES of Deity are exercised by Jesus. Attributes only exist in the subject or essence to which they belong; and we know nothing of any being but from its attributes or qualities. The Deity is distinguished from all other beings by the peculiarity and infinite perfection of his attributes. If the Lord Jesus exercised these illimitable attributes in his pre-existent nature, and occasionally exhibited them in human nature, he must be God; for the finite could not, even by delegation, wield the energies of the Infinite. Delegation may appoint to office, but cannot confer the essential qualifications for the performance of official duty. Omnipotence was exercised by Christ in the creation of all worlds with their countless hosts. "All things were created by him, and without him was not anything made that was made." "For by him were all things created which are in heaven, and that are on earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or dominions, or principalities or powers; all things were created by him and for him." An inspired Apostle avers that, "He who built all things is God."—Heb. iii. 4. Jesus, in humanity, by a word, raised the dead. He exhibited absolute power over the elements of nature, as the God of providence. Death and the grave yielded up their charge in obedience to his mighty behests. He trod upon the foam-crested waves, and by his irresistable mandate the hoarse thunders of the direful tempest were hushed to silence. He presided over the invisible denizens of the spirit world. Holy angels ministered unto him. The legions of Beelzebub proclaimed his Deity, and, at his rebuke, relinquished their possessions of frenzied, epileptic mankind. Omniscience is an attribute peculiar to Deity. To know the thoughts of the heart is the highest perfection of it. Solomon, in his dedicatory prayer, addressed the God of Israel as the only being

who possessed this knowledge:—"Thou, even THOU ONLY, knoweth the hearts of all the children of men."—1 Kings viii. 39. Jesus, in human nature, perceived the thoughts of the heart—"He knew what was in man." "He searches the hearts and the reins."—Rev. ii. 23. Now, if God only knows the thoughts of the heart, and if Jesus, who is personally distinct from the Father, possesses this knowledge, then he must be the same God with the Father. Indeed, he distinctly states that his knowledge of the Father, who is admitted by all to be the infinite God, is commensurate with the knowledge which the Father possesses of him. "No man knoweth who the Son is but the Father; and who the Father is but the Son."—Luke x. 22. Other attributes of Deity, such as, omnipresence, eternity, and the judgment of the world, which Jehovah repeatedly challenges as his own, are ascribed to Christ, and, therefore, demonstrates his supreme Godhead. *Third.*—THE WORSHIP restricted to Deity is presented to Jesus. His name, in the Apostolic commission, is associated with the Father's in baptism. Stephen, when full of the Holy Ghost, prayed unto him. Christians "call upon the name of Jesus, our Lord." All men are commanded to honour the Son, even as they honour the Father. The mighty hierarchies of heaven are charged to WORSHIP HIM.—Heb. i. 6. There was no sin which the Almighty detested more than that of idolatry. The most fearful judgments were inflicted upon the Israelites for this sin. They were sold frequently for its perpetration into the hands of their enemies, and eventually carried into captivity. It is a fundamental principle of the moral government of God that "His glory he will not give to another." If Jesus be not the Supreme Deity, Jehovah acts in opposition to the revealed principles of his character, and sanctions the sin he has so uniformly condemned in his word. Jesus must be God, else the Moral Governor of the universe could not permit, much less sanction, his receiving the homage of all his mighty and holy intelligences that surround his throne.

THE DEITY AND PERSONALITY of the Holy Spirit are proved in a similar way. It will be found on a careful examination of the Scriptures, that he has the *titles*, wields the *attributes*, and receives the *worship* peculiar to Deity. His Divinity is not so frequently assailed as that of the Son, because the opponents of the doctrine of the Trinity think, that in our Lord's assuming human nature, it is more open to assault. Creation and miracles demonstrate Almighty power. The miracles wrought by Christ during his earthly ministry, are ascribed to the power of the Holy Spirit. He is the God by whom believers are born, by whose inspiration Jewish Seers predicted the momentous events of time, whilst they were slumbering in embryo in the womb of futurity. He is the God who dwells in his people as his temple. He brooded on the face of old chaos, mantled in Cimmerian darkness; presided over the jarring elements of nature; elaborated by his omnipotent energies our circling earth, with its rugged cloud-capped mountains and fertile valleys, its thundering cataracts and deep restless ocean. He impregnated the mighty voice with vital principles, exhibited through all the succeeding ages of our planet in the diversified forms of life that people earth and air, river, lake, and sea. "The Spirit of the Lord hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life." He resuscitated the lifeless body of Jesus. He exercised divine sovereignty in calling apostles to the work of the ministry. He prohibited them proclaiming the everlasting Gospel in certain localities.—Acts xvi. 6, 7. We read of the mind, the power, the love, and the will of the Spirit. He may be vexed, grieved, resisted, quenched—attributes of personality; personal offices are ascribed to him, as master, teacher, guide, witness, advocate, or comforter; he is associated with the father and son in religious worship in the ordinance of baptism; as God he is invoked in the apostolic benediction to confer spiritual blessings upon his church; the resurrection of the saints is declared to be his work, in that day when Jesus shall rend the heavens and sit upon the throne of judgment. Rom. viii. 11. It is worthy of the serious consideration of all the opposers of this doctrine to bear in mind that in every announcement of the occupations of the celestial inhabitants, whilst all created beings do homage before the throne of the ETERNAL ELOHIM,

the Son and the Holy Spirit are never once mentioned in joining in that worship, or doing reverence to any supreme beings. On the contrary, the elders, the living creatures, and the myriads of angels fall down before the throne of God and of the Lamb.

Before dismissing this part of our inquiry respecting the existence of Deity, we shall notice two objections frequently urged against the godhead of the Son. In Mark xiii. 32, Jesus speaking of the day of judgment says:—"But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father." The Unitarians allege that as Christ here disclaims the attribute of omniscience, he, therefore, cannot be God. Other texts, however, affirm his omniscience, and as all truth is consistent with itself, this passage must be understood in harmony with them. The solution of this apparent difficulty is easy. If Christ in his person combines the human and the divine natures, he may be ignorant of the day of judgment as man, whilst he possesses perfect knowledge of it as God. The attributes of his humanity are not to be confounded with those of his divinity, any more than his nature as man is not to be confounded with his nature as God. The Scriptures teach this unity of natures in his incarnation, and it is most legitimate to avail ourselves of this attested truth in solving this alleged difficulty. Even in his meditorial character he cannot be supposed to know anything, officially, beyond his commission, as the Sent of the Father. It is an article of the Trinitarians' creed to believe on the authority of this text, that there is a sense in which Jesus is ignorant of the day of judgment; but this sense necessarily refers to his faculties as man, and is consistent with the omniscience he possessed as God. But suppose there was any insuperable difficulty in this text, it presses with equal force against the Unitarian view of the person of Christ. He admits that Jesus had a pre-existent nature prior to his manifestation in flesh; must not the Unitarian distinguish between the nature and attributes of his angelic being, and the nature and attributes of his humanity? Jesus may then be ignorant of many things as a man of which he possessed perfect knowledge as an angel. It is said he grew in wisdom and in stature. Can this be said of his pre-existent nature? Hence, if the opponents of the deity of Christ refuse to accept this solution of this difficulty they must adopt the Humanitarian doctrine, and surrender their Unitarianism.

The second objection is, the Scriptures frequently assert that the Father is greater than the Son: "My Father is greater than I." This is true of him as mediator and as man; reason sees at a glance that in one sense Jesus is the Father's equal, and in another point of view his inferior; it is within the recollection of most of my readers that the late Lord Raglan—a subject of the British crown, was appointed generalissimo of the English armies in the Crimea, and that the Duke of Cambridge, a prince of the royal blood, served under him in that campaign. Now, in one sense, the Duke was the inferior, and in another the superior of the generalissimo. When the king of England held territories in France, for which he performed feudal homage, he was both the equal and subject of the French monarch. Let us apply our knowledge acquired from the testimony of Scripture respecting the person of Christ, and all difficulties vanish. I would not, however, hesitate to believe this doctrine, though I could never satisfy myself with a solution; I receive many things which I cannot comprehend, and the clear testimony of God in both these assertions I will believe, though inexplicable difficulties still press.

And now, dear reader, let me impress upon you the importance of this doctrine of the Trinity; it lies at the foundation of the scheme of human redemption, and has not been revealed for barren speculation. Atonement is necessarily connected with the Deity of the Saviour; "They stand or fall together." Heb. i. 3. Some divines and philosophers seem to question this, who hold both doctrines. Butler in his Analogy, and Whitby and McKnight assert that the efficaciousness of Christ's atonement grounds upon the divine appointment *alone*, and not upon the intrinsic worth it received from the godhead of the Sinbearer. It is self-evident that if a creature divinely appointed to atone for

sin was sufficient, a divine personage would never have been presented as a sacrifice; with a being perfect in knowledge and rectitude of principle, it is unreasonable to suppose he would adopt means so stupendous for effecting his purpose of love for our race, which could have been accomplished by means infinitely inferior. No matter how high we ascend the scale of created existence, the distance from the loftiest point to Deity is an infinite chasm, which no created nature can pass over. The difference between the lowest reptile and an archangel is nothing to that between an archangel and God; if a divine atonement was in any sense necessary, a created one is infinitely inadequate—all suffering without a sufficient end, necessarily involves a reflection on the justice of him by whom it was inflicted. If the finite sufferings of a creature were adequate to the redemption of a lost world, why did God, who is infinite in goodness, inflict needless anguish to a degree incomprehensible by us upon his own well-beloved son? We cannot reconcile the fearful scene of Gethsemane and Calvary with divine benevolence, if a creature could atone for human guilt; the prayer of the suffering son of God, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," settles this question. The cup did not pass, demonstrating that there was no other way of escape for the erring wanderers of earth from the wrath to come, but through the shed blood of the "Man who was Jehovah's fellow." It was his divine nature which sustained his humanity through all the stages of his earthly pilgrimage, and stamped an indefinite value on his obedience, and suffering, and death. We have evidence of his divinity in his emerging from the darkness of that scene, when the clouds of wrath, pregnant with materials which nothing but an Almighty hand could collect, were discharged in a deluge of agony and blood under which he expired, spoiling principalities and powers, despite the terror and conflicts of that awful hour. It is through this atonement the love of the Father and the Son to our sinful race shines forth with meridian splendour. There is not a surer proof of the realities of hell than the CROSS—not one greater evidence of future vengeance than the very means provided for averting it; the atonement is the mightiest dissuasive against all sin. Reader, have you been washed from all your sins in this precious blood? "How shall you escape, if you neglect this great SALVATION?"

In my next I shall examine the Scripture imports of the phrase, "Son of God," and the subordination of the persons in Trinity in the scheme of human salvation.

J. DOUGLAS.

SINFUL SILENCE.

THIS is the case,—

1. When God is dishonoured, and we express no dislike of it.
2. When it is our duty to reprove another, and we neglect it.
3. When our silence proceed from want of delight in spiritual things: as when we be free enough to any worldly discourse, but cannot abide to speak of matters that concern our souls.
4. When we are ashamed to own the ways of God, for fear of reproach.
5. When we neglect to give good counsel where we ought, and have an opportunity to do it.

It was once a great trouble to a holy man that he had spent the whole time of dinner with friends, without speaking something for God.—*Disney.*

Sent by J. HAWKINS.

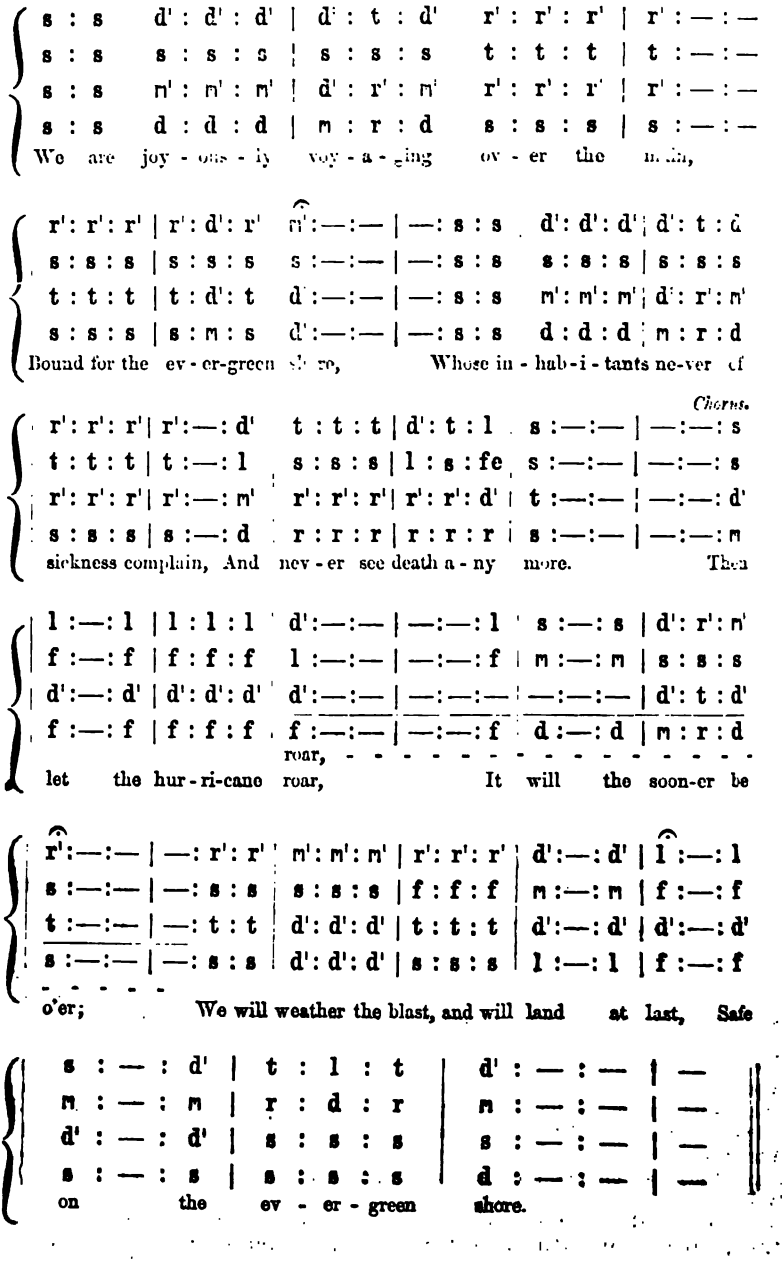
THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

Music by W. B. Bradbury.

THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

KEY C.

Music by W. B. BRADBURY.



We have nothing to fear from the wind and the wave,
Under our Saviour's command;
And our hearts in the midst of the dangers are brave,
For Jesus will bring us to land.
Chorus.—Then let the hurricane roar, &c.

Both the winds and the wave our Commander controls;
Nothing can baffle his skill;
And his voice when the thundering hurricane rolls,
Can make the loud tempest be still.
Chorus.—Then let the hurricane roar, &c.

In the thick murky night, when the stars and the moon,
Send not a glimmering ray,
Then the light of his countenance, brighter than noon,
Will drive all our terror away.
Chorus.—Then let the hurricane roar, &c.

Let the high heaving billow and mountainous wave,
Fearfully overhead break;
There is one by our side that can comfort and save:
There's one who will never forsake.
Chorus.—Then let the hurricane roar, &c.

Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock, or the shoal,
Sink to be seen never more;
He will bear, none the less, every passenger soul,
Safe, safe to the evergreen shore.
Chorus.—Then let the hurricane roar, &c.

CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, HETTON CIRCUIT.—The school anniversary was held June 23rd, 1867, in the Wesleyan chapel, which was kindly lent for the occasion. The Rev. M. A. Drummond presided over the three services, and gave suitable addresses at each service. The children sang good pieces of music, and recited chapters of Scripture, pieces of poetry and dialogues, which were very appropriate for the occasion, and which did honour to the school. The collections amounted to £2 14s. A public tea meeting was held June 29th, presided over by the ladies, when 200 persons partook of the rich repast. After tea a public meeting was held in the Wesleyan chapel, presided over by Mr. J. Daglish, and was addressed by the Revs. M. A. Drummond, W. Kitson, Messrs. W. Parker, and S. Eastwood. Profits of tea were £2 15s. Votes of thanks were tendered to our Wesleyan friends for their kindness in allowing us the use of their chapel, also to the chairman, and to the ladies who provided the tea.

M. A. D.

BRIERLEY HILL.—On Sunday, July 21st, 1867, three sermons were preached in Brierley Hill chapel on behalf of the Sabbath school, by the Rev. J. Arnold and J. Barnes. The congregations were large, the services unctuous, the singing and recitations admirable, and the collections amounted to the noble sum of £51 15s. 1d. We thank God and take courage. J. WESTWOOD.

MARKET RASEN.—On Sunday, July 20th, 1867, three sermons were preached

by the Revs. A. Kitson and T. Kendall, in behalf of the trust fund. On the following day, Monday 29th, the Rev. T. Kendall preached a sermon in the afternoon. A tea and public meeting were held in the evening, Mr. Makins (Free Methodist) presiding; addresses were given by the Revs. T. Kendall, T. Giles, A. Kitson, and Dr. Bray. The services were well attended, and the collections were liberal. One precious soul professed to obtain the pardon of his sins. The proceeds amounted to £11 1s. 5½d. To God be all the glory. T. GILES.

WORMEGAY, LYNN CIRCUIT.—The opening services of a new day school room in connection with the Primitive Methodist denomination in Wormegay, took place on Thursday, the 1st of August. At three o'clock p.m. a sermon was preached by Mrs. Winkfield, of Swaffham, from Psalm cxlvii., 13. At five o'clock, 113 members and friends sat down to a public tea in the new school room which adjoins the chapel. In the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by the Rev. H. Gunns, the superintendent minister of the circuit. The meeting was addressed by Mrs. Winkfield (Swaffham), Mr. C. King (Wormegay), Mr. T. Bowden (Watlington), Mr. Gunton (Magdalen), Mr. Hovels (Barton), and Mr. G. Winkfield (Lynn). The chapel was decorated with a number of scripture mottoes and filled with a very attentive audience. Mr. Brown had prepared a report, shewing that sixty parents and fifty-three children had been subscribing weekly to the building fund for the past twelve months. Mr. and Mrs. King and family had themselves given and collected £10, so that with collections and donations the sum of £32 7s. 2d. had been raised. The school room is built to accommodate eighty children, and will cost £70.

H. GUNNS.

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

MRS. ELIZABETH POWELL, the beloved wife of Thomas Powell, of Snodhill (one of the oldest local preachers in this the Cwm Circuit) and second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, was born at Trecodevover, in the parish of Cloddock, in the county of Hereford, in the year 1817. In early life she attended the Established Church, and strictly adhered to its rites and ceremonies, and walked many miles to receive the right of confirmation. Prior to her conversion she was characterised for her affability, amiable disposition, and even temper; but she loved the world more than God, and was passionately fond of certain amusements which were then prevalent in that part of the country. In the year 1828 the Cwm chapel was erected, which was the first Primitive Methodist chapel erected in this part of the country, and she had the pleasure of sitting under the ministry of the first missionaries of our Connexion who visited Herefordshire, and under their powerful and pointed preaching was convinced of her sins, and obtained redemption, through the blood of Christ, the forgiveness of all her sins, and became a member of our society. In the year 1840, she was united in marriage to him who now mourns his loss, and her superior judgment, industrious and economical habits, coupled with deep piety, qualified her to be a help-meet indeed. She was hospitable: under her roof the travelling and local preachers have always had a comfortable home, and were at all times cordially

ved. The Rev. W. Gwillim says, ring the four years I travelled in Swm Circuit, I found her conduct l occasions such as becometh the el of Christ. She always treated mbassadors of the cross with the est kindness, and they always ved a hearty welcome to her hos- ble home, and her quiet disposition good temper ever made it the e of peace. She was benevolent, liberally supported the religious with whom she was identified, ever impressed on the minds of lear children that 'God loveth a rful giver.' At her suggestion husband was induced to become a ee for three chapels in the neigh- hood, and to give five pounds to chapel. Her kind deeds also ex- ed to the widow and fatherless, poor and the needy, and to all her hbours, and consequently she was rally respected." She was sub- ive. She believed it her duty to mit herself unto her husband as the Lord." When her two sons ived a call to enter the Primitive hodist ministry, she felt reluctant ve them up, but when her husband ved her that it was her duty to r the voice of the Church, and to up her sons to God, she complied his request and made preparations their leaving home. When her and attended district meetings or erence, or went to preach occasional ions, notwithstanding his absence ld devolve more care upon her and ease her responsibility, she was willing to make any sacrifice for ist. She was characterised by deep y. The writer has been intimately ainted with her for the last eight s, and frequently visiting her itable abode has seen her sur- ided by her numerous family and estic affairs. He can therefore bear imony with what Christian discre- and prudence she walked before household. As a Christian she ared God above many." She pos- ed in an eminent degree a "meek quiet spirit," and was "clad with nility as with a garment." As a her she was affectionate to her dren, and to promote their temporal spiritual interests she laboured most assiduously; she regarded no toil too arduous, no sacrifice too costly to accomplish their good, and she had the happiness of seeing her efforts crowned with success. She lived to see two of her sons enter the ministry, and two more become members of society, and we have reason to believe that her earnest prayers and pious example will influence her four younger children to "Remember the Creator in the days of their youth." She came in close proximity to the illustrious Jewish matron, "The heart of her husband safely trusted in her." "Her children rise up and call her blessed." "On her tongue was the law of kindness." She had supreme power over her own temper, and invariably manifested a kind disposition before her family, her neighbours, and all who came in connection with her. Of late her health had been rapidly declining, and medical aid was ineffectual. She was apprehensive that her affliction was unto death; but she bore her affliction with Christian fortitude and resignation. Her husband asked her if she did not wish to stay a little longer with him on account of the young children, she replied, "I have cried a great deal about these things, but now I feel I have not another tear to shed." Her husband said he should like to have the opinion of another medical man, but she said, "Thomas, you trust too much in an arm of flesh;" and exhorted him to look beyond man, and prepare for the trial which was before him. At another time she placed her hand on her face and said, "I'm as happy as if I was in heaven;" and frequently when her husband awoke in the night he found her engaged in prayer and praise. She was visited by many of the members, and they all bear testimony to her composure of mind in the prospect of dissolution. Mrs. Jenkins, her neighbour, who has been a member forty years, says, "The last time I saw her she was all love." Her death was sudden and unexpected. On the 21st of June, 1866, her husband went to request the doctor to call in the help of another medical man, and about twelve o'clock the servant-maid saw her and she appeared no worse; in a

very short time after the eldest daughter went up to see her, and to all appearance, without a struggle, her spirit, superior to her falling tabernacle, had risen to the skies. Her funeral was numerously attended, and on the 8th of July her death was improved by the writer, at Dorstone, to a large and an affected congregation. In her death her husband and children have sustained an irreparable loss, the society a valuable member, and the preachers a constant friend; but their loss is her infinite gain. May her bereaved husband, and her six sons, and two daughters, and the writer meet her in heaven.

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
Whilst on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

J. GWILLIM.

ISABELLA WOODWARD, the subject of this brief sketch, was born in the year 1810. At twelve years of age she was brought to God amongst the Wesleyan Methodists, with whom she united in church fellowship until she came to live near our chapel at Lees Road, about fifteen years ago; she then joined our people, and continued a steady, consistent, and devoted member with us to the time of her death. Her anxiety for the prosperity of religion was deep, her attachment to the house of God great, and her attendance at the means of grace regular. The leader with whom she met all the time she was a member with us, says, "She was always found at her class, except something very important prevented her. She enjoyed her class amidst all her trials; the last time she was present she said in her expeience, 'I know that if this, the earthly house of my tabernacle, is dissolved, I have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'" On the 2nd of July Mr. Eastwood delivered a farewell address at Lees Road, and sister Woodward was present. On the following day she was seized with spasms; inflamation afterwards set in, and her sufferings were intense. About an hour before she died Mr. Eastwood saw her, and prayed with her. He found her quite resigned to God's will. She said to him,—

"[illegible] for a moment the Lord from me was."

"All is well." To those around her dying bed, she said, "Religion is worth living for; I am on the rock; I have the victory." To her husband she said, "Your loss will be my gain." Shortly after this she fell asleep in Jesus, on Friday, July 6th, 1860.

E. KENSHAW.

ANN HEATH was born at Brownhills, Staffordshire, in the Lichfield Circuit, July 10th, 1846. Having pious parents she was trained from infancy under religious influences. She was a scholar in the Sabbath school for many years. She early experienced the Spirit's influences, and gave her heart to God when between eleven and twelve years of age. She attributed her conversion instrumentally to the earnest prayer and Christian influences of her godly parents. For more than eight years our sister was a consistent Christian: St. Paul's image of charity, recorded in 1 Cor. xiii. 4-7, was stamped upon her heart and life. She obtained the blessing of Christian perfection and held it fast till death. She was a lover of the cause of Christ, and for years did what she could to advance it. She was a Sabbath school teacher, and won the hearts of her scholars, and lived in the esteem of the members generally. She also laboured for several years for the missionary cause. She met in her mother's class and was a lover of that means of grace, and while there she would frequently start some beautiful tune to her favourite verse—

"And when I reach that happy place,
From all temptation free,
I'll tune my harp and sing aloud
The Saviour died for me."

which would so affect the meeting that it would be completely absorbed in tears. Her experience was always clear, earnest, and scriptural. She lived very near to God; so near that she entirely lost sight of herself; she was so conscious of her own nothingness and unworthiness that she would frequently speak of herself as the "least of all saints,

and as the most unworthy of the unworthy;" notwithstanding she always pressed towards the mark. She was a dear lover of home; she had no companions, and after she had been to her class or to the services of a Christian Sabbath, she would not go and walk the fields and talk about the world, or join in the frivolous and frothy conversation, as is the case with thousands, but she attentively listened to the word of God, and when convenient staid at the prayer meeting, and solemnly worshipded the Lord, and then would go home to reflect upon what she had heard, and bless God for the privileges of a Sabbath day. She was an invaluable comfort and blessing to her mother; to her she could open her mind and unbosom her feelings, and receive words of consolation. Her abilities in all respects were of an uncommon order; she was accomplished, and above all, her piety was unquestionable. This was the crown upon her head, for if she excelled in anything it was her piety. She was seized with inflamation of the bowels; her sufferings were most acute and severe, but she bore them with Christian resignation. On Wednesday, July 11th, though we did not much suspect that death was near, I inquired into the state of her mind, when she said she did not feel so satisfied as she desired to do. I told her that perhaps darkness did not arise from any real insecurity in reference to her soul's acceptance with God, but from the excruciating physical agony she was enduring, and referred her to that beautiful passage of Scripture, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin," and added, "Don't you believe and feel that that blood cleanseth you now, this moment, from all sin;" and with emphasis she said, "Yes; now, Lord, it cleanseth now, just now." Her mother asked her if she wished to be restored, she answered, "I am willing either to live or die, just which the Lord pleaseth." On Friday, the 13th, her medical attendant gave her up. About eight o'clock on Saturday night her agony was most excruciating, which induced her to say, "I shall die; O let me go; I can't bear this," to which we replied, "We will give you up; anything so that the Lord will deliver you from this agony." She inquired, "Can you give me up?" we again answered, "Yes." She then lifted up her hands and said, "Come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly, and receive my spirit." In this agony she continued to writhe with a little alternate ease till about twelve o'clock, when suddenly all her pains left her, and we were all placed as it were on the borders of heaven; the change I shall never forget, it was as if we lost all our grief and sorrow, and were wrapped up in a cloud of glory; heaven beamed on her countenance and it changed, and then she occupied our attention for about an hour with what she saw and felt. For a few minutes after the pain left her she closed her eyes as if to doze a little while, when suddenly she opened them and began to repeat the following poetry,—

> Just as I am—without one plea,
> But that thy blood was shed for me—
> . . . . .
> O, Lamb of God, I come."

And as she repeated these lines she lifted her eyes toward the ceiling of her room and caught sight of something, and after gazing for a minute she turned to us, and with eyes sparkling full of heaven, and her countenance almost radiant with glory, she said, "I saw the Saviour bending over me," and looking round the room and up at the ceiling again, she said, "They're come, don't you see them? they are all round you, and the ceiling is full," and here she sprang up to grasp them as they seemed to wing across her couch, and said as she beckoned with her hand, "Come, come and take me." After a short conflict she lay in sweet and calm resignation, and without a struggle or a groan she fell asleep in Jesus, July 15th, 1860, aged twenty years.

J. NOCK.

INFANTINE INQUIRIES.

"Tell me, O mother! when I grow old,
Will my hair—which my sisters say is like gold—
Grow grey as the old man's, weak and poor,
Who asked for alms at our pillared door?
Shall I look as sad, shall I speak as slow
As he, when he told us his tale of woe?
Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim?
Tell me, O mother! shall I grow like him?

"He said- but I knew not what he meant—
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent,
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
Where the weary sleep in peace, and are blest;
And he told how his kindred there were laid,
And the friends with whom in his youth he played;
And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale!

'He spoke of a home, where, in childhood's glee,
He chased from the wild flowers the singing bee;
And followed afar, with a heart as light
As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's flight;
And pulled young flowers, where they grew 'neath the beams
Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue streams;
Yet he left all these through the earth to roam;
Why, O mother! did he leave his home?"

"Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child,
The fancies of youth and age are beguiled;
Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn grey,
Time cannot steal the soul's youth away!
There is a land, of which thou hast heard me speak,
Where age never wrinkles the dwellers' cheek;
But in joy they live, fair boy, like thee—
It was there the old man longed to be.

"For he knew that those with whom he had played
In his heart's young joy 'neath their cottage shade—
Whose love he shared, when their songs and mirth
Brightened the gloom of this sinful earth—
Whose names from our world had passed away
As flowers in the breath of an autumn day—
He knew that they, with all suffering done,
Encircled the throne of the Holy One!

"Though ours be a pillared and lofty home,
Where want with his pale train never may come,
Oh! scorn not the poor, with the scorner's jest,
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest;
For he who hath made them poor may soon
Darken the sky of our glowing noon,
And leave us with woe, in the world's bleak wild!
Oh! soften the griefs of the poor, my child!"

W. P. Brown.

WHITCHURCH CHAPEL.

WHITCHURCH is a considerable market town, 189 miles by rail and 163 by road north-west from London, 16 South-west from Crewe, 12 North-west from Market Drayton, 11 East North-east from Ellesmere, 20 South South-west from Chester, and 18 and-a-half from Shrewsbury. It is situated on the old road from London to Chester. The population in 1861 was 11,275. It has two churches, and four large and beautiful chapels, belonging respectively to the Independents, the Baptists, the Wesleyans, and the Primitive Methodists. High church influence, with its ancient charities to distribute, has not prevented the spread of dissent. About 40 years ago our people first missioned this town, and for thirteen years they had much opposi-

tion and little success. In 1840 the first chapel was built. Clay was excavated, and bricks made on the ground. But opposition run so high that they were obliged to remove the bricks to another place to burn them, and then bring them back to build the chapel. The Rev. Philip Pugh was superintendent of the circuit at this time. In 1866 the present beautiful chapel was erected. It is 48 feet long, 39 feet wide, and 22 feet from the floor to the ceiling. It has 5 beautiful windows on each side, the glass of each is 3 feet by 15, and 5 beautiful windows in the front, with a gothic entrance. The front ground is enclosed by appropriate iron pallisades and gates. It has a gallery in front, and is fitted up with a beautiful platform and pews, and a number of convenient free sittings. It is heated by hot water apparatus. The cost is about £800; towards which about £230 have been subscribed. The society is composed of working people, but they have expressed their determination to use every appropriate means to lesson the debt.

H. Leech.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY ON BIBLE TEXTS.

FOR EACH SABBATH IN NOVEMBER.

1st Sabbath. Hosea viii. 2.—"*My God, we know Thee.*" The knowledge of God is the most important and valuable of all knowledge. To his son Solomon, David said, "Know thou the God of thy Father," etc.; and Scripture throughout teaches that to know God is life eternal, *i. e.* to know him as his people in all past ages of the world have been savingly acquainted with him. In the Bible we read of Abraham as the friend of God, of Moses as the servant of God, of David as the man after God's own heart, of Enoch and Noah walking with God; and all these expressions convey to our mind the fact that Christian believers know God, and the Apostle John spoke the truth when he said, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ" 1 John i.3. Without this knowledge of the Divine Being, and this fellowship with him, Christianity cannot exist in the human heart, for it is only religion that can stamp on man's soul the divine image, and thus make him holy, spiritual, happy, and heavenly, and prepare him for the society of angels and blood-bought souls in glory. It is only this true knowledge of

Almighty God that can enable the followers of God, as dear children, to address the Almighty, "In thy favour is life, and thy loving kindness is better than life." And in proportion to a man's knowledge of God, and true love to God, are his happiness and usefulness in the service of God regulated to a great extent. He who knows God as his Friend and his Father, the object of his religious worship, his divine Benefactor, his Helper, his Guide and his Guard, has intercourse with God in his closet as well as in the public means of grace; and this intercourse helps to sweeten his cares, excite his hopes, increase his faith, and make him neither ashamed nor afraid to say in public or in private, "My God we know thee." It is gratifying and soul inspiring to the Saint upon earth to know that all the divine energy, is exercised on his behalf, and while storms of trouble come, and earthly comforts fade and die, and professed friends fail and leave us, we can still sing

"Still in God's mercy we confide,
Be thou through life our friend and guide,
In death may this our hearts revive,
My God, we know thee."

Yes "The Lord will fulfil the desire of them that fear him. He also will hear their cry and will help them." Yes, His promise is made and His word is pledged to assist them to hold on their way, so that by day and by night, at home or abroad, amongst friends or foes, in health or in sickness, in poverty or prosperity, living or dying, they may exclaim, "The Lord is my strength and my Song, and is become my salvation."

2nd SABBATH. Mat. ii. 1.—"*Jesus was born in Bethlehem.*" And this was in accordance with Divine prophecy, for one of the ancient seers had said about 750 years previous to this event, "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." Micah v. 2. And although nearly nineteen centuries have rolled away since Christ became an infant in the land of Judæa, yet the fact of his birth is full of interest to the human mind. In the birth of Jesus we see that which was divine assuming that which was human. We behold Him who was Almighty taking hold of human weakness; we gaze upon him who was superior to Angels, stooping lower than the angels. We fix our eyes upon him who was crowned with glory and honour, condescending to become a servant among men, "For verily he took not on him the nature of angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham." And was the humanity of Christ essential to man's salvation? it was; hence we read in Heb. ii. 17, 18, "Wherefore in all

things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things *pertaining* to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted." In the birth of God's own Son Angels felt and manifested the deepest interest, and took great delight in revealing the fact to Shepherds while in their avocation: and well they might feel an interest in this great matter, for to an infinite extent it exhibits the value of fallen humanity. The worth of man's soul is here set forth: Christ was born that man might never die the second death, but that he might realise the second birth. He came into our world that we might go to heaven. He visited earth that we might never visit hell. He assumed our nature that we might become partakers of the divine nature. Let us therefore join our song to that of the angelic choir, and in spring time, summer, and autumn, as well as in winter, sing the good old Christmas Carol, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men." Yes, tidings like these—

"We'll sing in spite of scorn,
Our hope is come from heaven!
To us a child is born,
To us a son is given:
The sweetest news that ever came,
We'll sing though all the world should blame."

The powers of earth and hell may try to shut our mouths on this theme, but we cannot be silent, we cannot hold our peace, for "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1 Tim. i. 15.

3rd SABBATH. Philippians i. 23.—"*To die is Gain.*" This is not an article in the creed of the miser, nor yet in the belief of any man whose time, strength, and talent are taken up with the things of earth only. To the man who has made no preparation for heaven, death is "The king of terrors," for this grim monster would only introduce him to regions full of misery and endless destruction; therefore to die in his case would be no profit, but eternal loss. It is only to the Christian that death is gain, infinite gain, indescribable gain, glorious gain, heavenly gain, and eternal gain. In the present life all God's people are subject to a variety of afflictions, for "many are the afflictions of the righteous," but at death all these afflictions terminate and the good man is introduced into a world without poverty, without temptation and persecution, without sickness and death, without sin and ungodly sinners, so that in this respect death is gain to him; but he is not only freed from these

evils, for he is put in possession of endless purity and peace, endless joy and happiness. Have you ever listened to the words of the dying Christian? "Into thy hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." And as he looks with the eye of faith beyond the Jordan of death he beholds

"Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight,"

and the pearly gates of the celestial city are visible to him, and as he goes down to the gates of death, so that he may go up to the gates of glory, he exclaims in the hearing of heaven, earth and hell, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? the sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Thus the fear of death is removed, and dying is actually a season of triumph—*glorious* triumph to him, for the same grace that made him a child of God, can conduct him safe to his Father's house beyond the skies; and as he leaves the present world, in which he has had his toils and conflicts, his joys and sorrows, his friends and enemies, his sweets and bitters, he exclaims, "To depart and to be with Christ is far better." He may be very happy and comfortable in this world amongst his friends and associates, and the members of the Church militant, but to be with Christ, always with Christ, and for ever with Christ, is far better, consequently "To die is gain," for "The righteous hath hope in his death."

"Hope of this our toils can lighten,
Hope like this doth cheer the faint;
Hope of this our gloom will brighten,
Hope sustains the trembling saint.
Hope is ours, then farewell fear,
Hope the darkest home can cheer."

4th SABBATH. 1 Thes. iv. 17.—"*And so shall we ever be with the Lord.*" Such is the believer's prospect with regard to the future, when he shall have finished his earthly state of probation, when the trials of life are all ended, when he has passed through the valley of death, and when he has reached heaven as his eternal home, then, yes, then he shall be "for ever with the Lord," how cheering the hope, how delightful the prospect,

"For ever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.'

Well might Montgomery so cheerfully sing with reference to the Christian's happiness hereafter. To "be *ever with the Lord*" is to have the happiness of seeing his face, and of dwelling around his throne. In heaven "the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." To be for ever with the Lord implies endless freedom from all evil, and it conveys the idea of a life without an end; and when the Christian shall come into possession of this blessedness, he will have won a prize which he shall never lose, he will have gained a crown which he shall for ever wear, and he will have taken possession of a mansion which will never decay; and this state of bliss is described by the Apostle Peter as an "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." To be "for ever with the Lord" implies endless service in divine employment: in heaven the redeemed sing songs which never grow old, they worship God day and night in his temple, but they never grow weary. The theme of the ransomed in heaven in celebrating divine songs is—Christ: "Thou art worthy, for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood." All the saved of the Lord in glory are kings and priests unto God and the Lamb. Yes, Lazarus who was once poor in this world, and Abraham, who was remarkable for his earthly riches on earth, are now dwelling in the same glorious home, and engaged in the same delightful employment, both having enjoyed their individual *coronation day*. And now everlasting fellowship with God is theirs.

"O may I reach that blest abode,
Where saints obtain their rest in God;
For this let every conflict here
As nothing in my sight appear."

Think of the numerous hosts who have left the Church on earth for the Church in Heaven to be for ever with the Lord. The Patriarchs are there, the Apostles are there, the holy prophets are there, some of our friends and relatives are there, and through Him who loved us and gave himself for us we may be there.

W. Birks.

THE MADAGASCAR PERSECUTIONS IN 1857.

This persecution was the most severe and fatal which had fallen on the infant Church in Madagascar. Those who were stoned to death suffered at a rocky place called Fiadana, to the west of the south end of the city,

and about a mile and a half from the martyrs' precipice and from Ambohipotsy. When fourteen were taken in broad noonday to the place of execution, Andriamanantena, the honoured Christian leader, who was arrested in the cavern, offered unto God in those last moments, and before the assembled multitude, a brief but solemn prayer, imploring mercy for their Queen and their country, and committing their spirits in love and trust to the hands of their Almighty Saviour. The victims were then bound to the stakes, and the crowds who had been summoned to the scene gathered round to witness or take part in the stoning—the most revolting, barbarous, and brutalising of all the modes of taking away life. Most of the sufferers soon obtained relief in death, but some, after being apparently dead, revived, and were again battered with stones, or mercifully decapitated, the heads being afterwards fixed on poles. My heart sickens even now at the remembrance of the hardening and demoralising exhibition presented to the people on the sanguinary day of the stoning to death, as related to me by some of my own servants and others who were spectators, though not Christians then. There were, however, among the crowd some whom affection and sympathy had drawn into fearful proximity with the penalty to which their faith exposed them. These men marked the exact spots where friends and loved ones were bound, battered, and fell; and when night and darkness covered the scene, and while hungry dogs held carnival there, they stole in silence, equipped with heavy clubs, or poles, and carrying large matting sacks, to the bloody field groped among the slain for the bodies, but especially the heads, of their friends. Driving away the dogs from their prey, they put the bodies into the sacks which they had brought, bore them away to the nearest Christian dwelling, and then hastened back to recover more of the mortal remains of those who had that day fallen, in love, and trust, and loyalty to Christ. Towards the eastern end of that same plain was a lowly Christian dwelling. It stood in a garden overgrown with sheltering trees, surrounded by a wall within a small and narrow ditch or fosse, over which on the east side was a single plank, leading to the one narrow stone-built gateway. Within this only entrance was a thin circular granite slab, which, when rolled against the aperture, and fixed by upright stones within, formed a door which could not be forced from without, but which, when pushed aside within, admitted free passage either way. The crowds drawn to Fiadana to witness, as a holiday spectacle, the executions, had returned to their homes. The excitement of the scene had somewhat subsided, but there were deep ponderings in many hearts. The thousand lights which illuminate the evening meal of the Tananarivoan household had gleamed along the sides of the city-covered hill, and the booming of the evening

gun had afterwards collected the inhabitants within their respective dwellings, and closed all doors and extinguished all lights in that city of a thousand towns. But in that lowly hidden Christian dwelling a dim lamp still glimmered, and two Christian females sat in silent sorrow or in voiceless prayer on its matted floor. One in middle life, the wife of a strong-built man who had gone forth to battle for the bodies of his friends, the other no common woman, approaching now the evening of her days —that morning the wife, now the widow of the heroic man who, when accused of worshipping the Saviour, admitted the act without equivocation, accepting the consequences, and who spent his last breath in praying for those who had decreed his destruction. No soothing voice of human sympathy broke the solitude of that lonely hour, as these two women sat listening to the sounds of coming footsteps, and for the concerted signal to roll the stone from the door, and admit the welcome burden which husband and friend had gone forth to seek—the bruised and mangled bodies of those by whom the rod of the oppressor would be felt no more, and who had that day sealed their testimony for Christ with their blood. The precious remains when found were brought and laid on the matted floor, and the bearers hurried back to seek for more, while darkness favoured their work of love. The heroic women received with reverence the mangled body, or the severed head, washed the marred visage, and then carefully placed the mutilated remains on clean matting, covering them over with rush or leaf-woven cloth, until they could be taken by their friends, and at last find a resting-place among the graves of their ancestors. The remains of others dear to survivors were also likewise sought, obtained and decently buried. Most of the sufferers were men above the ordinary class of their countrymen, not in rank, possessions, and authority, but in character, ability, and influence. Their wives, with scarcely an exception, were involved in the same condemnation, though their punishment was different. Some were sentenced to drink the tangena, an ordeal of poison, but the greater number to be loaded with fetters. Sixteen were so bound on the day after the executions at Fiadana. Fifty more, at least, were so punished.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

If family religion were duly attended to and properly discharged, I think the preaching of the Word would not be the common instrument of conversion.—*Richard Baxter.*

CHRISTIANS IN THE WORLD.—The was never any air so bad but that a servant of God might breathe it. There was a Job in the land of Uz, a place of profaneness; a Bethel in Bethaven, a house of God in a land of Wickedness. There was a Lot in Sodom, a Joseph in Egypt, a David in Mesech and in Kedar; and there were saints in wicked Nero's household. Babylon holds many of God's people; yet, let them not make such places their refuge, much less their election; but remember the call, "Come out of her, my people."—*Joseph Caryl.*

INNOVATIONS.—It is a dangerous presumption to make innovations, if but in the circumstances of God's worship. Those human additions which would seem to grace the institution of God deprave it; that infinite wisdom knows best what will please itself, and prescribes accordingly. The foolishness of God is wiser than the wisdom of men. Idolatry and falsehood are commonly more guady and plausible than truth. That heart which can for the outward homeliness despise the ordinances of God is already alienated from true religion, and lies open to the grossest superstition.—*Hall.*

THE TRINITY.—He who goes about to speak of the mystery of the Trinity, and does it by words and names of man's invention, talking of essences, and existences, hypostases, and personalities, priority in coequalities, and unity in pluralities, may amuse himself and build a tabernacle in his head, and talk something he knows not what; but the renewed man that feels the power of the Father, and to whom the Son has become wisdom, sanctification, and redemption, in whose heart the love of the Spirit of God is shed abroad, this man, though he understands nothing of what is unintelligible, yet he alone truly understands the Christian doctrine of the Trinity.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

A TREACHEROUS HIGHWAY.—Once let the people get poisoned with the wretched falsehood that, in order to carry on the work of the Church and meet its costs, they must contrive some roundabout device of sale, or fair, or pic-nic—a mixture of merchandise, cajolery, and merry-making, by which the few shall be deluded into parting with more than they want to give, and the many shall be educated into the worse delusion of supposing that they are not to surrender anything unto the Christ that died for them without an ostensible equivalent taken back, and you strike at the root of all Christian charity, while the name is on your lips. You cast up a treacherous highway for the Lord's feet. You hide out of sight the central reality of sacrifice, which is the giving up to God of that which cost the selfish heart something. You eat out the heart of the Church to extend its outward prosperity. No scheme to endeavour to carry up missionary zeal will bear inspection which interposes a

worldly, or self-seeking, or ambitious motive between the soul and the Saviour.—*Dr. Huntington.*

"REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY TO KEEP IT HOLY."

At the entrance of a large manufacturing town in one of the midland counties of England, there stands a lofty building, on a slight eminence, which cannot fail to attract the notice of passers by. Here resided, about ten years since, a respectable pious couple with their family, comprising a son and daughter. Early in life these parents led their offspring to the throne of grace, and there earnestly pleaded for their conversion.

Grace, the eldest, had given evidence that these petitions had not been offered up for her in vain; her heart, with its youthful vigour, had been consecrated to the Saviour, and she gave promise of much future usefulness in the Church of God. Their son, Harry, who was two years his sister's junior, was of a warm, affectionate disposition, but lacked that piety which shone so resplendently in her. Religion was to him as a vague sound, its peace and joy he had never experienced. His parents mourned over his levity of spirit. His mother, with many tears, would earnestly plead with him on the necessity of early piety; but, with a playful smile, he would say, "I shall think seriously about it bye-and-bye, when I have enjoyed life awhile."

Harry's chief associate was a youth two years his senior. His parents were respectable, moral people, but the sweet influences of religion were not felt in their abode. Herbert was self-willed and determined, and his influence over Harry was very great. Mr. and Mrs. Desmond often feared his companionship would be hurtful to their son, and spoke to Harry on the subject, but his answer was, "He is a brave, noble fellow, Mother, I am quite sure he would never wish to lead me astray." One day, in the early summer time, Mr. and Mrs. Desmond received the intelligence of the dangerous illness of a near and dear relation, which compelled them to leave their home for an indefinite period. The second Sabbath after their departure, Herbert made his appearance at Harry's dwelling, his face beaming with pleasure, and said, "That as the day was so delightfully fine, he proposed, for once, to enjoy himself, by going a few miles on the water in a pleasure-boat a friend had lent him for the day, and he came to invite Harry to accompany him." Harry at first

hesitated, but his companion's persuasions prevailed. He went to find Grace to tell her of his intentions. A look of horror passed over the young girl's face, and she burst into tears. "Have you forgotten, dear Harry," she said, "it is the Sabbath? a day we are commanded to keep holy. God's judgments will assuredly overtake those who wilfully violate his commands. I feel quite sure our parents would strictly oppose this course of conduct, and use measures to prevent it were they now present. Do not augment their grief by being so obstinate and disobedient." His sister's persuasions were all in vain. Harry was bent on his fancied pleasure, and the youths departed; but Harry's conscience was ill at ease, he was far from happy. They entered the little boat, and it glided smoothly over the water. Scarce a cloud could be seen in the horizon, and in the course of two hours they reached their destination, where a few of Herbert's friends were expecting him. The hours glided on. As night approached dark clouds were seen in the firmament, which betokened heavy weather. Harry beseeched his companion to hasten homewards; but ere they reached their landing-place the wind arose and some drops of rain began to fall. They had scarce sailed a mile on the water before the thunder pealed forth, the lightning flashed and the rain fell in torrents. Oh, how Harry lamented he had not hearkened to his sister's gentle pleadings, but it was now too late. Herbert's head had become somewhat dizzy with wine while with his friends, and now he was ill competent to use the oar. The waves beat against their little bark, the rain continued to pour down, and soon they found it fast filling with water, and expected every moment to be plunged into the angry billows. Those youths prayed then as they never prayed before, with earnest cries and supplications. Soon woeful shrieks echoed over the waters, and were heard on the distant shore—the boat had sunk, and the unfortunate youths were battling with the waters. Soon friends came to their assistance. Herbert had sunk, and it was feared would rise no more. Presently he reappeared, and was immediately rescued, with Henry, from the surging billows, but ere he could be conveyed home, all that was left of Herbert was mortal clay; his spirit had gone to appear before his Maker. Poor Henry was also conveyed to his abode, physicians were immediately summoned, but they shook their heads in a doubtful manner and said he was in a very precarious state. His weeping parents arrived, but Harry was unconscious, and in a few days the medical attendants said they feared all would soon be over.

Oh, how those parents wept and agonized at the throne of grace, that if possible, his life might be spared, and that reason might again take her seat. One morning, after a very restless night, poor Harry opened his eyes and seemed at a loss to know where he was. His eyes fell on his

mother, who was watching over him with breathless anxiety; a faint smile of recognition passed over his wan countenance, then all at once he seemed to feel himself standing on the brink of death, and he uttered a cry of despair. His mother immediately fell on her knees and implored divine assistance in this trying hour, and then rose, and with unutterable earnestness beseeched him to cast his whole soul on the perfect sacrifice. "God be merciful to me a sinner," cried poor Harry, "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquities," and then he sank back on his pillow exhausted. In a few days all that was left, too, of Harry Desmond was lifeless clay.

This heart-rending scene was too much for Mrs. Desmond; from being naturally of a cheerful disposition, she became grave and silent, her hair turned prematurely gray, her form began to bend, and in a few years her earthly career was ended. A change, also, came over Mr. Desmond, he would sit for hours in an abstracted melancholy mood, and care little for intercourse with his friends. At the death of Mrs. Desmond he removed, with his daughter Grace, to the United States, in America: but nothing will ever erase from his memory, for any length of time, his heart-crushing grief.

If any who read this affecting narrative has ever yielded to the temptation of violating God's sacred day, we trust the untimely death of Harry and his companion will leave an impression on his mind which can never be erased. The Book of Truth is fraught with rich promises for those who "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," whilst it denounces fearful woes against those who lightly esteem the calm and sacred hours, and spend them in sinful pleasures.

Stroud. ELIZABETH STONE.

LOVERS OF THE BIBLE.

WHEN Cranmer's edition of the Bible was published in 1538, they who could procure it, did so; they who could not crowded to read it, or to hear it read in the churches, where it was common to see little assemblies of mechanics meeting together for that purpose after the labour of the day; many even learning to read in their old age, that they might have the pleasure of instructing themselves from the Scriptures.

It is said of Dr. Marryat that, when a youth, he committed to memory the whole books of Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Isaiah, and

Jeremiah, with all the minor prophets, and every one of the epistles in the New Testament, with the book of the Revelations, and that it was his practice to repeat them once a year.

Two apprentices are mentioned, who joined their little stock and bought a Bible, which, at every interval of leisure, they read, and being afraid of their master, a zealous Papist, they kept it under the straw of their bed.

A certain man and his wife having become true christians, and being poor and destitute of light for the evening, she would bring a handfull of thatch and kindle it, while he would make haste and read as much as he could from the Bible while the blaze lasted.

Another, being confined as a prisoner in a dark dungeon, when the light was brought that he might see to eat, would pull out his Bible and read, saying that he could find his mouth in the dark, but he could not read without light.

Some have been ready to part with all rather than with the Scriptures. We read of one who gave a load of hay for only a leaf of one of the epistles. The famous Boyle, speaking of the Scriptures, said, "I prefer a sprig of the tree of life to a whole wood of bay."

Judge Hale, that ornament of his profession and country, said, "If I do not honour God's word by reading a portion of it every morning, things go not well with me all the rest of the day."

Robert, King of Sicily, said, "The holy books are dearer to me than my kingdom, and were I under any necessity of quitting one, it should be my diadem."

A certain French nobleman used to read three chapters a day with his head uncovered, and on his bended knees.

Young women in service have been known to walk thirty miles with the only bare hope of obtaining a copy of the Bible, and returned so overcome with joy at their success, as to burst into tears of thankfulness!

Said a poor man as he entered a bookseller's shop one Saturday night, "I am come to ask what may seem very unreasonable: I am very poor, I cannot buy a Bible, nor can I leave the value of one; will you trust my honesty and lend me the use of one until Monday morning, I will return it faithfully?" The bookseller consented, and at the appointed time it was returned with many expressions of gratitude. He afterwards came regularly for it, and as regularly returned. A person who heard of the circumstance desired the bookseller to give him a Bible and place it to his account. When he returned to ask the usual indulgence, and found that he had a Bible of his own, the poor man was in a transport of joy, imploring many blessings upon the head of his unknown benefactor, and declaring it was a treasure he never expected to possess.

The Venerable Ashbury, when worn down by incessant labours, infirmities, and age, and being able to preach but seldom, loaded down his carriage with Bibles and Testaments, and, as he went, distributed them amongst the necessitous and destitute poor, "Now," said he, "whatever I have been doing before, now I know I am sowing good seed."

In 1272, the pay of a labouring man was three-halfpence per day. In 1274 the price of a Bible, with a commentary fairly written, was thirty pounds! That precious volume, which may now be obtained by most labourers for less than a single day's pay, would then have cost them more than thirteen years' labour to procure.

Selected by J. A.

SELECT SENTENCES.

If a man have not an appetite to pray, let him pray for an appetite: for neglect or omission of a duty never fits, but always unfits for duty.

A Man should not lay up so much as to give nothing—that is covetousness; nor give so much as to lay up nothing—that is prodigality.

The lowest thoughts we have of ourselves are not low enough; and the highest we have of God are not high enough.

If God be with us, it matters not who be against us, it will go well; but if God be against us, it matters not who be with us, it will go ill.

Adversity indeed is the more grevious, but prosperity is the more dangerous condition to the sons of men.

As the dead sea drinks in the river Jordan, and is never the sweeter, and the ocean all other rivers, and is never the fresher, so we are apt to receive daily mercies from God, and still remain insensible of them—unthankful for them.

The two men who were most interested in finding Christ guilty, both bore their testimony to his innocence, one saying, "I have betrayed innocent blood," the other "I find no fault in him."

Give me the eye that can see God *in all*, the *hand* that can serve him *with all*; and the *heart* that can bless him *for* all.

Prayer unaccompanied by a love to God, is like a lamp unlighted: the words of the one being as unprofitable as the oil and cotton of the other, without flame.

RELIGION is the best armour that a man can have, but it is the worst cloak.

A RIGHTEOUS man is one who takes the word of God for his rule, the grace of God for his strength, the spirit of God for his guide, and the heaven of God for his home.

WE never do evil so thoroughly and cordially as when we are led to it by a false principle of conscience.

WHAT we are afraid to do before men, we should be afraid to think before God.

Sent by T. KENDALL.

CONVERSION OF LOYOLA.

MR. PARKMAN thus sharply sketches the conversion of Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits: "Loyola's training had been in courts and camps; of books he knew little or nothing. He had lived in the unquestioning faith of one born and bred in the very focus of Romanism; and thus at about the age of thirty his conversion found him. It was a change of life and purpose, not of belief. He presumed not to inquire into the doctrines of the church. It was for him to enforce those doctrines, and to this end he turned all the faculties of his potent intellect and all his deep knowledge of mankind. He did not aim to build up communities of secluded monks aspiring to heaven through prayer, penance, and meditation, but to subdue the world to the dominion of the dogmas which had subdued him; to organise and discipline a mighty host, controlled by one purpose and one mind, fired by a quenchless zeal or nerved by a fixed resolve, yet impelled, restrained, and directed by a single master hand."

THE POET COWPER.

AFTER a series of painful mental conflicts, he informs us that, opening the Bible, his attention was arrested by the words, "Whom God has set

forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are passed, through the forbearance of God." "Immediately," said he, "I received strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the atonement he had made, my pardon sealed in his blood, and all the fullness and completeness of his justification. In a moment I believed and received the Gospel. Whatever my friend Maden had said to me so long before, revived in all its clearness, with demonstration of the Spirit, and with power. Unless the Almighty arm had been under me, I think I should have died with gratitude and joy. My eyes filled with tears, and my voice choked with transport. I could only look up to heaven in silent fear, overwhelmed with love and wonder. But the work of the Holy Spirit is best described in his own words; it was 'joy unspeakable, and full of glory." Thus was my Heavenly Father, in Christ Jesus, pleased to give me the *full assurance of faith*, and, out of a stony heart, to raise up a child unto Abraham. How glad should I then have been to have spent every moment in prayer and thanksgiving.—*Southey's Life of Cowper*, vol I., p. 146.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

THE following extract is from an ancient register, which will show us the frailty of human life:—

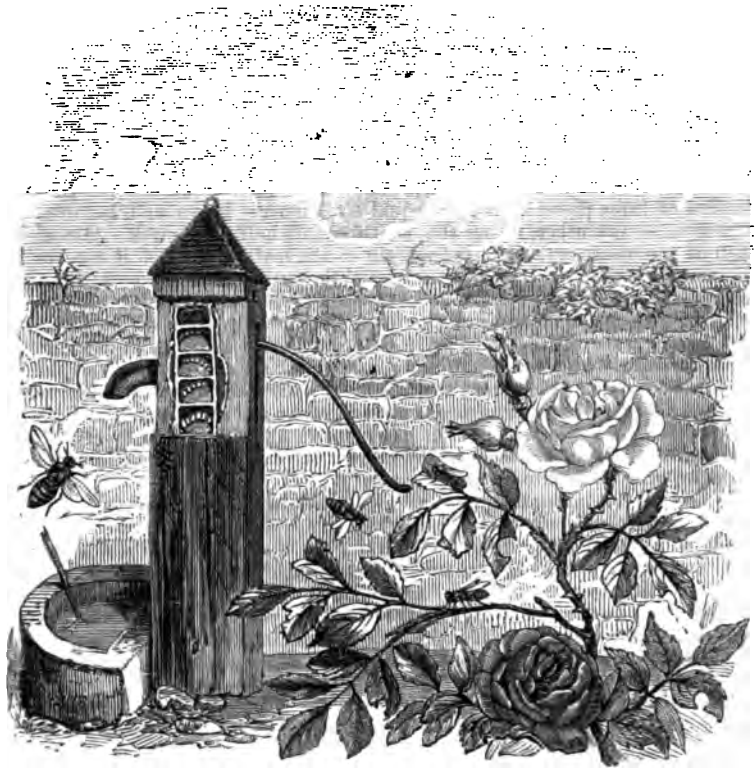
"Of 100 persons who were born nearly at the same time, at the end of—

6	years	there	remained	only .. 64
16	,,	,,	,,	.. 46
26	,,	,,	,,	. 26
36	,,	,,	,,	.. 16
46	,,	,,	,,	.. 10
56	,,	,,	,,	.. 6
66	,,	,,	,,	.. 3
76	,,	,,	,,	.. 1

How many who commenced life just about the time we did have already fallen victims to death! and soon he will seize us as his prey!

May we ever stand ready for that solemn event.

J. HAWKINS.



THE CARPENTER BEE AND THE ROSE-LEAF-CUTTER BEE.

DURING our July holidays we spent some time in the fields between Penzance and the Land's End, studying the habits of the fauna of West Cornwall. At the sea side, about two miles from the Logan Rock, we met with that beautiful creature, *Colias Edusa*, the first we ever saw alive; its wings were a pale orange yellow, with wide marginal black border. The Libellula abounded everywhere; we saw about six species. We were surprised to see them sporting in the midst of hundreds of common butterflies without attempting to devour them. Their common prey is evidently small flies, such as the turnip fly; in fact, we captured one of these "horse stingers," as they are called, with a fly in its mouth. Probably they capture Lepidoptera when they cannot find their ordinary prey. We sat down on the side of a hill with the wild heath, in full flower, all around us. Before us was the wide expanse of the Atlantic Ocean; the waves were rolling against the massive granite rocks, and roaring and thumping in the sea-worn caverns beneath us; the common viper lay on the moss enjoying the heat of the sun, and the whole scene abounded with life. But the bees were the most interesting; the different kinds of Humble-bees working and singing at the same

time. The Mining-bee had drilled holes in the hard pathway, and had constructed its nest in the earth. Carder-bees were working moss to prepare a home for their young, and the Hive-bees were gathering honey from the flower-cells of the heath.

On the leaves of the rose trees shown in the engraving, which we sketched from a gentleman's garden, the Rose-leaf-cutter bee is shown as at work. In almost every garden where there are rose trees the marks of this little creature are left on the leaves. The female bee stands on the outer edge of the leaf, and with her mandibles she cuts out a circular piece and carries it away to her nest. It requires from nine to twelve pieces to form one cell, as they are not always of precisely the same thickness. The interior surface of each cell consists of three pieces of leaf, of equal size, narrow at one end, but gradually widening at the other, where the width equals half the length. One side of each of the pieces is the serrated margin of the leaf from which it was cut, and this margin is always placed outermost, and the cut margin innermost. Like most insects, the female bee builds from the interior, beginning with a layer of tapestry, which is composed of three or four oval pieces, larger in dimensions than the rest, adding a second and third layer proportionately smaller. In forming these she is careful not to place a joining opposite to a joining; but, with all the skill of a consummate artificer, lays the middle of each piece of leaf over the margin of the others, so as by this means both to cover and strengthen the junctions. By repeating this process, she sometimes forms a fourth or fifth layer of leaves, taking care to bend the leaves at the narrow extremity or closed end of the cell, so as to bring them into a convex shape.

When she has in this manner completed a cell, her next business is to replenish it with a store of honey and pollen, which, being chiefly collected from thistles, forms a beautiful rose-coloured conserve. In this she deposits a single egg, and then covers in the opening with three pieces of leaf so exactly circular, that a pair of compasses could not define their margin with more accuracy. In this manner the industrious and ingenious upholsterer proceeds till the whole gallery is filled, the convex extremity of the one fitting into the open end of the next, and serving both as a basis and as the means of strengthening it. A French gardener once dug up a nest of the Rose-leaf-cutter bee in his garden, and believing it to be the work of a magician who had placed it in his garden with evil intent, sent the nest and its contents to Paris to his master for advice. The nest was at length sent to M. Réaumur, who declared it to be the work of upholsterer bees. The Carpenter-bee, whose nest we have shown in a pump, is also a diligent worker. The pump is represented as having a piece cut out of the side for the purpose of showing the nest. When the female bee has fixed on a place for her nest she cuts out a small hole for an entrance in a horizontal direction to the depth of an inch; she then works out a perpendicular cavity sometimes eight or ten inches deep, and is careful to carry all the chips away to a distance from the nest. When the hole, which is about half an inch in diameter, is finished, she gathers pollen and honey to serve as a stock of food for her young, which is placed with one egg in it at the bottom of the nest. She then constructs a ceiling over the top of that cell so that no foe can approach the young bee; that ceiling serves for a floor to the next cell, and after placing a pile of food with another egg on that floor, the bee constructs another ceiling over the top of it, and so on with the remainder. Some nests have ten or twelve cells in them. The ceiling or partition between each nest is composed of saw dust glued together. The egg that was first laid at the bottom of the nest will be first hatched, and the little grub will find its food ready at hand. The bottom cell of the nest in the engraving shows a grub that has eaten all its food and is about to enter the pupa state. The second and third cells from the bottom show grubs eating the pollen, and in the top cell the egg is not hatched. But the pupa in the bottom cell will become a perfect bee some days before the one in the top cell; and the question may be asked, how will it get out of the nest? Will it have to drill its way through all the

cells to get to the hole at the top of the nest? We admire the language of a celebrated naturalist on this point, he says, "This dilemma our heaven-taught architect has provided against. With forethought never enough to be admired she has pierced *another* orifice, a kind of back door, (see the hole at the bottom of the pump, just below the bee) through which the insects produced by the first laid eggs successively emerge into day. In fact, all the young bees, even the uppermost, go out by this road; for, by an exquisite instinct, each grub, when about to become a pupa, places itself in its cell with its head downwards, and thus is necessitated, when arrived at its last state, to pierce its cell in this direction." We are not sure whether, in every case, the young bees lie on the nest in the pupa state all the winter; but we think it is very probable. We have kept different kinds of insects for six months in the pupa state. In the middle of September, 1866, we had brought to us the larva of the Privet-hawk-moth; it was very large and beautifully striped, with seven oblong purple and green lines. We put it to sleep in a flower-pot. Having a large privet-bush growing opposite to our study window, we had a good opportunity of noticing the harmony between vegetable and animal life. After a long hard winter, in July 1867, the privet-bush was again in full leaf; and in the same month, after sleeping in a thin cased coffin for eleven months the moth started into new life. This fine insect measured four inches across the wings; it concealed itself in the day time, but, soon as the sun set, its wings began to quiver, and it darted about like a hawk. What an example of life and vigour without food. We have also kept insects belonging to the Hymenopterous order for six months in the pupa state, therefore it is very probable that the solitary bees remain in the nest all the winter.

The Carpenter-bee suggests to us the idea of individual effort.

1. She works alone. No one helps her. The male bee may defend her, or keep guard of the nest, but the female bee does all the work of the house. Each Christian must work alone. The writer has a work to do; if he neglect it no one can do it for him. Each man has a work to do peculiar to himself; his style of writing or speaking is his own. Each preacher has his own style and method. The works of the Rev. W. Jay are marked by his own style; the Homolist is marked by the style of Dr. Thomas; Dr. Parker writes and preaches in his own peculiar style. We could name a hundred authors, each of which has a style like himself. Every man walks like himself, and he should speak like himself. The Carpenter-bee stands alone in creation, there is nothing like it; and the Christian must stand alone in judgment; his work must stand alone, his own peculiar work. One man may do a greater work than another; he may have to work with ten talents, while another may work with only one talent. Reader, find your own work and do it.

2. The bee works intelligently. She works from a divine pattern. The model of her work is impressed somewhere in her being—God impressed it there, and she works from the model. Is not every man's mind stamped with a peculiarity? Is not every man's face marked off from all other faces in the world? And ought not every man's character and work to bear the same marks of originality. How is it, then, that we have so much sameness in our pulpits, class meetings, and prayer meetings? How? Simply because we murder our mental identity by copying one another. The Church is not what it should be in this matter; mental elevation is wanted, and intellectual variety; these would give to our spiritual worship richness and beauty. In many cases among us the ignorant and uncultivated stand out as the most holy and devoted men. The most intellectual men often lack fervour and devotion. What, then, is wanted? We want more intellectuality and more of the power of the Holy Ghost to baptise our increased knowledge.

3. The bee works out her work. What a glorious worker was Jesus! He worked till his work was done, and then he said, "It is finished." The divine order of things seems to teach that death should not come to a man until his work is finished. The little bee dies soon after she has deposited her eggs. All

through nature a fixed work precedes a certain change. Toil and rest succeed each other. Some have a short day; some plants bloom only for an hour, and some animals live in a perfect state for a day only, yet in that short time they do their work before they pass away. We should begin our work in time, and go through with it. Death comes to some men before their work is done. "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." Had that man been doing his own right work he would not have been a fool. The work connected with his soul was undone when death came; it was really night with that man. We do not tell the sinner to work; he must repent, believe, and be saved—but the Christian must work for God.

Our day will soon be ended; eternity will soon open before our immortal spirits, and the time for working will be for ever past. Many are wasting their energies in a wrong work. Some are working their own ruin and sinking to hell, leaving the great work of their life untouched; others have commmenced to form a character by the grace of God for heaven; they have partly done a great work, but, alas! they have grown weary in well-doing. "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." Reader, find out your own particular work: prepare yourself to do it intelligently, and trust in the strength of God. Do not be discouraged because you are working alone. Creation is full of lovely workers. Christ worked alone. Do not be singular, as some foolish people are, for the sake of being singular; but if your original genius prompt you to a certain line of holy action, then dare to be singular, and stand out before the world in your own peculiar mental likeness. Work to the last. Complete your task: and the Lord will say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." J. P. B.

TEMPERANCE SERMON IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

It having become known that, in compliance with the desire of the Very Rev. Dean Stanley, the Rev. Robert Maguire, M.A., incumbent of Clerkenwell, was to deliver a special sermon in Westminster Abbey on the temperance question as a testimony against the deep and terrible reproach which has fallen on the otherwise fair escutcheon of England's greatness, a considerable number of distinguished individuals were present. Taking for his text Josh. ix. 5, the preacher described how England had a bygone history ever to be mindful of, a present greatness to be careful of, and a future destiny to be always striving after. Her religion, her commerce, her liberty, her greatness, and her undisputed glory; these all come to mind upon the suggestion of the name of this great fatherland of ours. England sways the sceptre of the world, is the mart of nations, is the surprise of kingdoms, is the centre of religion and the religious activities of all lands. Wherever the gospel is truly preached, wherever the Bible is openly and freely used, wherever missionary enterprise has found a success, wherever the cause of philanthropy progresses, wherever the chains of slavery have been relaxed, there is England to be found as the pioneer of every good word and work. If ever there was a nation since the days of Israel of old, that had God so near to her, it is England, and the religion of England, being that of God's Revealed Word, is yet to cover all lands. Then, for the honour she enjoys, for the work she has to do, and for the true love we bear her in our

heart of hearts, we desire to see whether, like Israel of old, this England of ours is under any reproach; whether any national wrong impedes and hinders her progress, and whether at the root of this noble tree any worm is lurking that may cause it one day to wither like the gourd of Jonah. If England is, beyond any other land, put in trust of the gospel, why has not that gospel made further progress? If England is thus full of wealth, why does poverty so greatly abound? If England is the seat of justice and equity, why is there so much wrongdoing in the land? If England is possessed of natural, social, and domestic blessings beyond those of other countries, why are there so many social and domestic evils lingering in her midst, which notwithstanding all the social and philanthropic efforts of the day, we cannot subdue? Controverting the common reply of "human nature," he pointed out that it was no excuse for tolerating evils which were remediable. Intemperance was one of these. It formed the dark blot on our national greatness. To intemperance we must attribute many of the diseases of the body, most of the diseases of the mind, much of the poverty of the people, the destitution of the poor, the crime of the country, and the ruin of fortunes and reputations. It hindered the spread of the gospel, and by its baneful influence practically placed large masses of the people beyond the influence of ministers of religion. Abroad it interfered with the success of missionary enterprise. Intoxicating drink preceded the Bible and the Christian faith, and thus we became disqualified from becoming the evangelists of the heathen. We teach them to imitate our own evil customs, and they feel the wrong we thus inflict upon them. They tell us to convert our drunken countrymen abroad before we attempt to preach the gospel to the natives; and when they would personify an Englishman, they mockingly reel about like a drunken man. And this is the fame of the land that sends the gospel to their shores. The clergy felt this, and both at home and abroad had commenced endeavouring to roll away the reproach from their midst. The Bishop of Columbia and large numbers of colonial clergymen and missionaries, besides nearly six hundred clergymen at home, had become total abstainers, their great motive being to stand by and encourage those who, having suffered from the intoxicating cup, had resolved, with God's help, to make a final break with their besetting sin. In their abstinence they advocated no spirit or practice of ascetism, asserted no superior virtue, and even disclaimed that which is sometimes placed to their credit, a spirit of self-denial, seeing that this abstinence of theirs had long since become by habit and custom an unconscious state of life to most of them. Pointing out the nature, tendency, and causative character of strong drink, the reverend lecturer proceeded to declare that nothing short of total abstinence would meet the necessities of the case. Education was no safeguard, neither were improved dwellings for the labouring poor, although both had much to do with the proper training of the people. It was a melancholy fact that many of the ministers of religion in our land deplore the inefficiency of their ministry among the people, and are agreed that the great external influence against them is strong drink. It would not do that those addicted to drink should alone become abstainers. In such cases the very fact of abstaining from drink would become a stigma, a brand of shame, a confession of weakness. We must help such men, both by our example and our friendship. He spoke to each man's conscience; he asked that each should be a law to himself. He was there to plead the cause of slaves, and he addressed his plea to freemen. He pointed out a path for doing good, and humbly bade them enter, promising them that before they had gone far they would overtake some man, some life, some soul that might be saved. No matter what their social rank, their class of life, their degree of influence, their measure of light, their amount of talent, let not the meanest think his lamp too dim.—The sermon, which was eloquently delivered, was listened to with attention by the vast congregation, and evidently made a deep impression.

THE VALE OF VISION.

THE Jews compute their captivity from the year A.U. 3398, being the fourth year in Jehoiakim's reign, when the Babylonians besieged and took Jerusalem, and drove great numbers of the commonwealth captive to Babylon, wither their treasures, together with the Temple's sacred treasures, were transported. See the rivers Chebar and Ulai, reflecting, as in a mirror, the storm-cloud, the blue sky, the rainbow with its brilliant colours of red, of blue, of green; the sun, the moon, and the lamps of heaven. Those rivers, meandering through emerald meadows and pastures green, diversified with flowers fragrant and of varied hue. See Israel on the margin of those waters, their harps suspended on the willows that link, droop, and line their banks; whilst the scalding tears they shed blended amid the waters, gliding away, away. They were joined three years hence by Ezekiel, who absorbed with themselves the gall and the wormwood of slavery; and for seventy years its rapacity clinched, permeated, and galled their being, that they cried, "Our bones are dried, our hope is lost; we are cut off." In the twenty-third year of their bondage, the Prophet is conducted, in a trance, and placed in a vale full of the dishonoured relics of the dead. "The hand of the Lord was upon me;" &c. We have in this vision a vivid description of those who are dead in sin. Who can refrain from tears when the once illustrious eye is quenched in death; when the once warm, ardent, pulsative artery is quiet; when the once throbbing heart is frigid and quiescent; and man's curiously wrought and noble temple is *in* the house appointed for all living? But, strictly speaking, the foregoing is not signified—but rather the moral and the spiritual death of souls—for all who are in their sins are morally and spiritually dead in both heart and life. Sin has cut them off from the quickening vine and from the fountain of life, hence they are dead and very dry. Ezekiel's vision was in a valley, perhaps the valley of Sinai. See him now amid the relics of the dead, not systematically arranged as in a catacomb, nor piled as in a charnel-house, but disunited and strewn, without a vacancy, as if some Waterloo had been fought, and all the slain left unburied, till all the flesh had been devoured by creeping things and the fowls of the air. Here in vision Ezekiel gazed on, whilst a sense of hallowed veneration permeated his faculties as he walked amid the unburied and dishonoured. No human form is seen, no sweet songs or mellow music is there; for the king of terrors has spread his dark pall. The sun (like a globe of fire) appears above the horizon, chasing the darkness from and illuminating the vale to the eye of Israel's seer; and the remains of death, obedient to the electric touch of the central light, are very dry. In *life*, the heart—the throne of affection and courage, and from whence proceeds the motion of the blood—and the lungs, the agents of respiration, are (as the heart) clothed with flesh and symmetrically fortified with bones—and the brain, the mansion of sensation and intellect, is enshrined for its utility and preservation in a bony casket. But in *death* the bones of man—those of the heart, the lungs, and the brain—are defenceless, for death corrodes and extracts all the marrow, and makes them dry as dust. Now enter the valley of moral and spiritual death, which comprises the whole world. See the desolation that sin has executed on the supreme part of our being; not that the spirit can be dissolved into atoms like the body. No! it lives devoid of its original purity, and far from God. The evidence of this spiritual and moral death is manifest in man's indifference to spiritual things. Living, you are conscious of heat, of cold, of darkness, of spring and summer, of autumn and winter, of calm and storm, of sunshine and cloud; but dead, you are unconscious of heat, cold, darkness, light, spring, sunshine, autumn, winter, calm, storm, sunshine, and cloud. Amid the cold of Greenland, the heat of Africa, the din and carnage of a Trafalgar, the bustle

of the market day, or the glitter and pageantry of the Court, or at the feet of some Demosthenes, you would be alike unknowing and unknown. And unconscious as are corpses to natural things, so are the souls of unconverted sinners to spiritual and eternal things—they see them not, they feel them not, they know them not. Mercy, with her snow-white form and honeyed words, attracts them not, because they are dead in sin.

We find three agents were employed by God in the resurrection of the dry bones—the Prophet, the Word, and the Holy Ghost. To the agency employed by God for *our* moral and spiritual *resurrection* is Man, the Word, and the Holy Ghost. God's *plan* and mode of procedure in the material word are sure and steadfast. See them in the stars, the sun, the moon; in seed time and harvest; in summer and winter; in day and night. And in the spiritual world God's plan and mode of procedure are sure and steadfast. He has not appointed angels, nor archangels, nor principalities, nor thrones, nor dominions, nor powers, but man to preach the gospel. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise."—1 Cor. i. 27. "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us."—2 Cor. iv. 7. Ezekiel prophesied, and the Holy Ghost accompanied the word and breathed life into the dead. It is the duty and privilege of all God's children to prophecy, some both by example and precept, others only by example. God has, can, and will accomplish great objects by apparently the weakest, and sometimes the most contemptible means. It was *he* who nerved the ruddy-faced lad and guided the pebble with unerring accuracy which laid Goliah low. Israel's 300, with their pitchers and lamps, routed the hosts of Midian! It was *he* who caused the Lawgiver's rod to affright, divide, and pile up the waters of the Red Sea, and laid the foundation thereof as a *pavement!* By the Ark Noah and his family were saved! And by the preaching of the gospel dead sinners were raised from the dark dells of sin to the land of light and uprightness; from the grave of prejudice to a life of filial love and holy zeal; from the domain of ignorance to that of true knowledge; from the sty of lust and depravtiy to the palace of the king; from the trough of iniquity to the throne of God. The world is full of dead sinners, but the WORD of him who restored the widow's son, who gave back the daughter of Jairus, who raised and reanimated the brother of Mary and Martha—seasoned with love, with suasion, with example, and accompanied by the Holy Ghost—will be clothed with power. Like Sampson, who carried away Gaza's gate and pillars, it will break down and bear off in triumph the gate and pillars of sin.

In the Scriptures the Holy Ghost is figuratively spoken of as "fire," as a "fountain or spring," as a "dove," as "water;" but in this vision as the "wind." Under his benign visitation the most obdurate sinners are quickened, changed, made willing, and delivered; then it may be said of each as of the prodigal, "This, my son, was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my Word shall not fail."

We are the workmanship of God. He has given us hands to handle, eyes to see, ears to hear, feet to walk, the faculty of speech, the wealth of intellect. We are rational, accountable, and immortal beings. This glorious Creator can, when we are in ruins, restore us. The prophet, with energy and liveliness called aloud, "O ye dry bones, hear the Word of the Lord." And as his voice chimed in the valley there was a rustling as of angel's wings, who move the chariot of Providence; a noise as of the cherubs, when Israel's sweet singer heard the sound of their goings in the top of the mullberry trees. The bones came together, bone to its bone, every bone was there, and each was placed in its proper place. And at the material resurrection at the last day our dust shall be collected from ocean and sea, from mountain and valley, and shall be adjusted and placed in order, but until life is given it will be lifeless. Here Ezekiel called to the Spirit, saying, "Come, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." Life came into them as when God breathed into

Adam the breath of life, and he became a living soul; or when he called back, when he himself was near the gate of the city. So *they* stood upon *their* feet an exceeding great army. To collect our dust, and endow the same with life and identity is a work that only Omnipotence can accomplish. But to raise and extricate a dead soul from the meshes of iniquity, and endow it with life, knowledge, and happiness is superior to the former, because the soul is of more value than the body. The soul is immortal, the body wastes and dies. At the last day, when heaven's clarion peals, all must obey the summons. But when the gospel trumpet sounds we are free to choose, to obey or refuse; hence the difference. The prophet, as the echo of God, adopted the right means, and success attended his efforts. He who holds the gales of heaven caused the dead to live. The command is, "Go and preach my gospel, and lo! I am with you," to give sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, health to the sick, and life to the dead. Here is hope and consolation for all. You are not cut of, not in hell. Now is the accepted time. This is the day of visitation.

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Display thy quickening powers:
Come, shed abroad the Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours."—WATTS.

M. BAXTER.

TO-DAY.

Pilgrim! does yon mountain summit
Intercept your onward way?
Do you wish to overcome it?
Sit not then in idle sorrow,
Wait not for the misty morrow,
But begin *to-day!*

Warrior! is the tumult waging,
Would you conquer in the fray?
Up then, while the battle's raging!
There's a niche in warlike story,
There's a crown of martial glory
To be won *to-day!*

Worker! weary and incessant,
Are you tempted to delay?
Trust no future; seize the present;
There's a world's work round you lying,
And the years are swiftly flying,
Act your part *to-day!*

On, brave brothers! time rolls o'er us
On, fair sisters! why delay?
Duty's pathway lies before us.
Let this thought dispel our sorrow:—
Better than a golden morrow,
Is the sunshine of *to-day.*

Sent by J. HAWKINS.

WHAT SAYS THE CLOCK?

Music by A CULL.

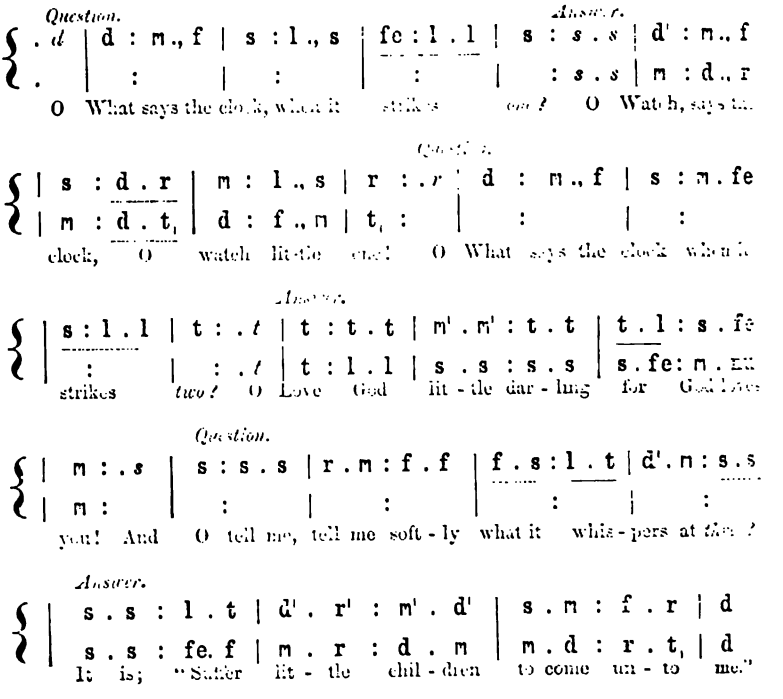
Then come gentle lambs, come and wander no more,
'Tis the voice of the Shepherd that calls you at *four;*
And oh, let your young hearts with gladness revive,
When it echoes so sweetly, God bless thee at *five;*
And remember at *six*, with the fading of day,
That your life is a vapour that passeth away!

What says the clock when it strikes *seven?*
Of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of heaven!
And what says the clock when it strikes *eight?*
Strive, strive to enter in at the Beautiful Gate!
And louder, still louder it calls us at *nine*,
And its song is, My Son, give me that heart of thine.

Then sweet be your voices responsive at *ten*—
Hosanna in the highest, hosanna—Amen!
And loud let the chorus ring out at *eleven*—
Praise, praise to the Father, the Father in Heaven,
While the deep stroke of *midnight* the watchword shall bring,
Lo! these are MY jewels, *these, these saith the King.*

WHAT SAYS THE CLOCK?

KEY D.



CONNEXIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

HAGWORTHINGHAM, HORNCASTLE STATION. — The fifth anniversary of this school was celebrated on Sunday, July 28th, 1867, when three sermons were preached by Mrs. Semper, of Dunster, and pieces and dialogues recited by the children. A powerful influence attended the services. On Monday, July 29th, the annual treat was given to the children. The teachers and friends sat down to the usual social repast. After tea a very interesting public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. J. Broughton, and addressed by the Rev. T. Baron and Mrs. Semper. The total amount realised at the services was £11 3s. 3d., which is £2 10s. in advance of last year. We tender our thanks to all who have assisted us on the occasion. The prayer of the writer is, that teachers, children, and friends, may all meet in heaven.

T. BARKER.

STANHOPE, WESTGATE CIRCUIT.—The Sabbath school anniversary was

celebrated on the 10th and 11th of August. On Saturday, the 10th, the the children processioned the town, and, in connection therewith, sang some very interesting hymns, accompanied by the teachers. The day being fine, made it a pleasant sight. After which a public tea meeting was held, when above 400 persons, including children, partook of the refreshing beverage. After tea, a religious service was held, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. T. Parsons and J. Gill. The chair was occupied by Mr. W. H. Thompson. On Sabbath, the 11th, two sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Gill. After each sermon very interesting dialogues, scripture pieces, &c., were recited by the children; the choir and children also sang very beautiful hymns. The chapel was crowded to the door. Collections were taken at each service. We are happy to say the school is in a prosperous condition. May children in early life be led to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world; May we all meet in heaven!

J. Bainbridge.

Marsden, Burnley Circuit.—The Sunday school anniversary, in connection with the above place, was held on Lord's day, August 18th, 1867. In the morning there was a very large attendance of teachers, scholars, and friends, who were addressed in a very pleasing and affectionate manner by Mr. J. Gaukrodger, of Freckleton. In the afternoon and evening, the Rev. P. Pugh (Editor) preached two masterly and effective discourses, to large, respectable, and deeply attentive congregations, upon whom the power of the Holy Ghost rested, causing some to shout aloud for joy, and others to mourn on account of their sins. A prayer meeting was held at the close of the evening service, and the members and teachers prayed earnestly for souls to be saved; and before the close of the meeting two professed to find peace, and others were distressed on account of their sins. Let us look out for souls at our school and chapel anniversaries, as well as good collections, and not close without a prayer meeting, as if we wanted only money. The female teachers collected at the afternoon service, thus showing a spirit of liberality and activity in the cause of Christ; and they performed their task in a very modest and lady-like manner. Let us seek to bring more female agency into the church, and we shall do greater things for Christ. On Monday evening a public meeting was held in our new chapel, presided over by the Rev. C. Stockdale. The Rev. P. Pugh delivered his very instructive, comprehensive, and eloquent lecture on "Popular Education," which was listened to with deep attention for about one hour and fifteen minutes, during which the lecturer was often interrupted with loud applause. The best thanks of the meeting were given to Mr. Pugh for his able lecture, and a strong desire was expressed that we should have the privilege of seeing and hearing him again. The services of Mr. Pugh have been a great blessing to us spiritually, numerically, and financially. The collections were £56, being £33 more than last year. The choir rendered us great service. The school and society are in a prosperous condition; many of the teachers and scholars are useful members of society, and our congregations are improving, and we have peace in our borders. Since our new chapel was opened, about seventy souls have been saved and gathered into society. To God be all the glory. C. Stockdale.

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

SARAH BROWN, of Nottingham first Circuit, was born May 20th, 1838, and died July 9th, 1866, aged twenty-eight years. When a child she was taken to Canaan street chapel, where she became a Sunday scholar, and afterwards a teacher. From the time of her admission into the school she manifested a kind and obliging disposition, giving evidence that a work of grace had begun in her heart. In 1857 she was made assistant teacher to the infant class; ultimately she became teacher of the girls' Bible class, and continued to sustain that office with credit to herself and acceptability to the school until removed to a better clime. In 1856 she got truly converted, and became a decided Christian; she then became a member of Canaan street society. This decision of mind and change of heart appear to have been realised in a prayer meeting held at the close of a sermon preached by the Rev. S. Antliff, at the sittings of the district meeting. She became a member of the class lead by the late Mr. Parker, and the class books testify that there was not a more regular attendant than sister Brown. The truly Christian experience enjoyed and expressed made it delightful to be in her presence. She was a sincere Christian, and frequently said, "Oh, I wish to be sincere; I do not want to be deceived: I pray to be right." Her desire for scriptural knowledge was evidenced by her constant attendance at a bible-class formed for the improvement of young persons connected with Canaan street society, and at home she frequently read her Bible both early and late. Her love for prayer was seen by her attendance on the means of grace, and by her private devotions. She was frequently in her room pouring out her soul to God in earnest prayer. Two years ago she sustained the loss of her mother whom she dearly loved, and whose counsel and affections she highly appreciated. No earthly friend was so dear to her as her mother. She was an ardent lover of the Sunday school. During her painful and protracted affliction she appeared to say, "My soul longeth, yea, fainteth for the courts of thine house." Her last visit to the chapel was on the 3rd of June: she much desired to go that day, believing it would be for the last time. On her way her mind appeared to rise from earth to heaven, and she said to the friends who were helping her, "Oh, a Sabbath in heaven; a Sabbath in heaven!" Her soul appeared wrapped up in ecstacy at the thought of it. On her way home she turned her head to look at the chapel for the last time, and her anxious look appeared to say, farewell beloved house of prayer: thou hast been the birth place of my soul, a nursery for my mind, a school for my heart—the place where my spirit has frequently been refreshed and held communion with my Saviour, but I shall tread thy courts no more: farewell, I am going to the Upper House, where I shall see my Saviour and be like him, and dwell with him for ever. During her affliction she was visited by various Christian friends who found her happy in Christ, and resigned to his will. To one friend she said, "None but Jesus: I can do nothing without him; I can give up all for Christ." At another time she said, "I am going straight to Jesus."

"Not a cloud doth arise to darken the skies,
Or hide for a moment the Lord from my eyes."

When unable to speak her sister said to her, "There is sweet rest in heaven." She raised her hands and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, July 9th, 1866.

W. MARWOOD.

BRIDGET KNOTT, of Martin by Timberland, in the Lincoln Circuit, was born in the year 1800. When our people first visited Martin, she attended the services, and was soon led to feel her need of pardon. She sought and found peace to her troubled heart by faith in Christ. From the commence-

ment she held on her way. Amidst all the changes, during more than forty years she was a member, she was steadfast to the cause. She has labored hard and long for the conversion of sinners; and she has seen a great number converted to God; and none rejoiced more than she when the spoil was taken from the mighty, and the captive soul was made free. For many years her home was open for the preachers. She was a missionary collector during the last twenty years. She was very fond of her class, and the other means of grace. During my three years in the Circuit, whenever she was absent, I at once concluded she was not well. I saw her several times during the three months of her affliction, which brought her to the end of her pilgrimage. Though at times she had strong temptations, yet she conquered by faith, casting all her care on the Lord in the assurance that he cared for her. Her leader says: "I was with her when she was fording Jordan, and asked her if all was right; though language was failing, she said all was right;" and thus she departed on June 1st, 1866, to be for ever with the Lord. J. THOMASON.

SEVENTY-ONE years ago THOMAS EVANS was born in the neighbourhood of Butler's bank, in the Prees Green Circuit. For many years he lived without the knowledge of salvation, but was eventually converted to God through the agency of the Primitive Methodists. He joined the society at Butler's Bank, when there were but a few members and no chapel, the services being held in a small cottage. Some time after his conversion a chapel was erected, and he became one of the trustees. He delighted in the prosperity of Zion, and lived to see the chapel enlarged and the society much increased. Although he had not the ability to take a very prominent position in the Church of Christ, yet he appreciated the services, was regular in his attendance, and consistent in his deportment. His Christian example was not only seen at the means of grace, but observed and copied by his children at home; hence his son the Rev. W. Evans, superintendent of the Macclesfield circuit says "As a father I could not think too highly of him. He was indulgently kind to his children, and laboured hard to make our home comfortable. He was ever ready to give religious instruction on all suitable occasions. I call to mind what my feelings were in those days when I was just beginning to distinguish between good and evil. He was constant in his attentions to the duty of family prayer. This was attended to night and morning; and when he left home very early in the morning we have heard his voice lifted up in prayer for the salvation and preservation of his family. He was anxious for all his children to be converted to God, and the fact that several of them are saved was a great source of comfort to his mind." He was laid aside but a short time; during his sickness he was visited by his class leader and others, to whom he gave satisfactory evidence that his soul was happy, and that heaven would be his home. He calmly resigned his spirit into the arms of Jesus July 18th, 1866, having been a member over thirty years. C. TEMPERTON.

DIED at Barington, in the Witney circuit, July 31st, 1866, Walter Turner, aged twenty-nine years. About eleven years ago he was awakened to a sense of his danger as a sinner under the Wesleyan Methodists, but it was at a camp meeting held at Melton the same year he decided fully to be the Lord's. He ventured by faith on the atonement at the love feast, and received a blessed evidence of his acceptance with God. He then joined our society, and remained a consistent member to the last. He was a great sufferer, having been afflicted for six years, but he bore it with great patience and resignation. Toward his end he enjoyed much of the presence of God. When a friend said to him the day before he died, "You are sinking fast." He replied, "I am sinking to rise. Christ is very precious." His last words were "Glory! Glory!" He then expired. May his widow and friends meet him in heaven. HENRY HEMMING.

ELIZABETH HIPKIN died at Sleaford, on August 1st, 1866, in the sixteenth

year of her age. She was a girl of a sweet and loving spirit. Her countenance always seemed to say that there was sunshine within: and her father had spared no reasonable cost in her education. The ordinary routine of education was passed through with a rapidity seldom equalled; and by the exercise of a quick and powerful understanding she had attained the maturity of twenty-five at fifteen years of age. Such qualities of mind and heart being sanctified by piety would be expected to yield a full growth of choice fruit. And so it was. From a child she was religious. She loved and read her Bible. She prayed and loved the house of God. As she grew she was placed in the Sabbath school, in which at a very early age she became a teacher, and soon became the leading spirit in the female department. Her intelligence and kindness endeared her to all, and gave her an influence with her fellow teachers, and over the children, which she used to great advantage. As a member of the choir she was very useful. Her knowledge of music, her singing, and her ability at the harmonium, coupled with the kindness of her manner, drew around her numbers of her own age. We must not, however, detail, suffice it to say, that in the school and in the choir, on the week evening as well as on the Sabbath, she was present; always at her post; always shining, but never seeming to know that she shone. But underlying all this there was something which threw a shadow over the future, and fell with a saddening effect on the hearts of her friends. She was of diminutive stature and frail build. Her studies had frequently been interrupted by debility. But in the spring of the year disease began to assume a more definite and decided form. She had to be taken home from her post in the chapel one Sabbath evening, but after a few days rallied. Again she was suddenly taken ill, and from a copious hemœrrhage at the lungs, it was plain that rupture had taken place in that vital organ. At times she appeared better, but on the whole her health was evidently on the decline. On July 8th, however, the day of our Sabbath school anniversary, she was in her accustomed place in the orchestra; but as we looked at her from the pulpit the unwelcome thought would force itself in the mind, this is the last time dear Lizzie will be present at the Sabbath school anniversary. And a few days later, as she gently moved among the scholars as they played in a field the same unhappy thought was still present. From this time she rapidly sank, until the date above given, when from her father's arms her spirit passed into the region of light. A little more must be said. I have said that she was religious from her childhood. That is true; yet, to use her father's words, "There was one thing she lacked." Her religion had not become that which, in prospect of death, and with a consciousness of sin, confers the feeling of safety. As her health declined this became a subject of thought and conversation. I frequently saw her and explained to her the plan of salvation by personal trust in Christ. She was enabled to trust in Christ, and was made happy in an assurance of his favour. Joy came by believing, the future became cloudless, for she felt that she should go to be with Jesus. There was one more service she could perform in these last hours, namely, comfort those around her. This she did. It was natural that a father's heart should cling to such a daughter, and that he should find it difficult to say "Thy will be done." She saw the difficulty, and one day as he wept by her side, she said, "Father you are altogether wrong, you have taught me at all times to say 'Thy will be done.' I can say it, and you cannot." Then she repeated:—

"If thou should'st call me to resign,
What most I prize it ne'er was mine,
I only yield thee back that's thine;
Thy will, my God, be done."

As she clasped her attenuated arms around her mother, she said, "O my mother, how I love you. How kind of God to give me you." Then she added:—

"His love in times past forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink."

Her memory was well stored with hymns, and with thoughts from the Holy Book. These she repeated with delight and rapture; and when she

was too weak to repeat she would request that they should be read to her. Her thoughts of the future, a future life with Christ and glorified spirits, were extraordinary. I have rarely met with persons of advanced age with such a sublime conception of spiritual being and a spiritual state. She thought and spake of death as the beginning of life. But the end came on apace, and having disposed of her little treasures to her brothers and sisters, and near friends; and having spent a night of severe suffering on July 31st, the following morning she was taken to her rest in heaven.

S. PARKIN.

Mr. DAVID BALL, of Swansea, died on the 7th day of August, 1866. He was a member of our Society in Swansea for more than thirty years. He gave his heart to God at the age of sixteen, and continued in the faith throughout his life. For several years he provided lodgings for the second minister, free of cost to the circuit, and treated him with great respect and kindness. The Rev. N. Pascoe says:—"I was called out to travel in the Swansea circuit when very young, and lodged at Mr. Ball's for two years, where I received all the comfort and attention my youth and inexperience needed. I may say I was treated more like a child of their own than a stranger. Never shall I forget the acts of Christian kindness received from Mr. Ball and family during my stay in Swansea." Of his Christian character Mr. Pascoe further says:—"As a Christian he was a bright example; his disposition appeared to be mellowed by grace. All the time I was with him I never heard an unkind word drop from his lips, nor ever saw a frown darken his face. If anything went wrong in the school room or the church, he felt it most acutely, but said little. He was sincerely attached to the Connexion of which he formed a part—he loved its doctrines and loved its rules and regulations. The welfare of the cause lay near his heart." The Rev. J. Hibbs says:—"He loved the cause he had espoused, and he was never more happy than when he had to entertain the servants of God. Bro. Ball has been a great friend to the cause in Swansea, and I doubt not has his reward. I hope to meet him in heaven." Mr. Brenton says:—"Bro. Ball was a member of my class for many years, during which time I always considered him a sincere and humble Christian. His anxiety for the welfare of the cause was shown by acts that could not be mistaken. He never absented himself from the class wilfully; July the 12th was the last time he went. Judging from his experience, he was ripening for his heavenly inheritance." The writer visited him several times towards the close of his life, and found his experience the most satisfactory. He appeared to have rich manifestations of the Divine presence, and gleams of light from the upper world, "I find the tabernacle coming down; but," said he, as his face lighted up, "I have a building above. I feel I am resting on the prop" (meaning the staff of promise). Nearer his death I saw him again, and found him as cheerful as ever; the better land was full in view, and he seemed to descry the shining ones as they walked along the shore. His words were, "Home, sweet home; I feel Jesus precious, and that takes away the bitterness." I said, "I shall meet you in heaven;" and he said, "Yes." A short time before he expired he embraced his wife and her sister, told them he was very ill, but, said he, "Don't weep, trust God and be at peace." He was cheerful to the last, and when he lay down to die he said, "I shall sleep, and that will be my last sleep—that will be the sweetest sleep of all." Thus he fell asleep; but he sleeps in hope of a resurrection to eternal life. The years of his earthly pilgrimage were forty-seven, and were terminated by an affection of the bladder. May his sorrowing wife and friends meet him in that land where there are no tears.

E. MILLICHAMP.

FREDERICK MATTHEWS, of Beverley, died in peace August 4th, 1866, aged twenty-eight years. Of his childhood's days little is known. He had no recollection of parents nor home. It is believed he was a stolen child. From

very early life he was a sweep's apprentice in Nottinghamshire, and was subjected to much hard labour and cruel treatment. He fled from his dingy tyrant, and when about nine years of age, the little friendless wanderer, in his strollings, found his way to Beverley, evidently under the eye and guidance of the "father of the fatherless." Here he met with work in his own calling, but in a few years abandoned it for employment more congenial to his mind. When about eighteen years of age, Frederick had the misfortune to lose his left arm. He, however, did not unfrequently thank God for the affliction, believing it led to his conversion. He united with the Primitive Methodist society in this town in the beginning of the year 1857. He educated himself, diligently served his employers, won the respect of many, and lifted himself to a creditable position amongst the working class. He became a prayer leader and Sabbath school teacher, and was an example of regularity at every post of duty. His conduct before men harmonised with his Christian profession, and any inconsistency in the lives of professors was a real grief to his heart. Though Frederick Matthews has left no relatives to mourn his departure, yet he has left many friends in whose esteem he will long live.

C. DAVIDSON.

THE HOME OF REST.

Beautiful land of the open gates,
Ever through autumn's trees
I can hear the sounds of thy holy hymns
Filling the evening breeze.
I hear the echoes of golden harps
Over the glassy sea,
And the eager whisper of loving lips
Come o'er the space to me.

Beautiful home, where the stormless wave
Kisses the sparkling shore,
I can see thee gleam in the midnight dark,
As I peer through the open door,
Warm and bright in the dear home light:
But I stand in the dreary street,
Thinking how good it must be to rest
Where the Father and children meet.

Beautiful home of eternal rest,
Very strange it must be
Never to know an aching brain,
Nor to feel a trembling knee,
Never to faint for the vineyard's heat,
Nor the length of the working day,
Nor to weep for very weariness,
Or the sleep that will not stay.

Beautiful land of the seraph's song,
Thou hast a place for me;
Soon shall the Father's whisper come
Over the parting sea,—
Soon shall we gather, I and mine,
When the sun has sunk in the west,
Where the day is long, and the joy is deep,
In the home of eternal rest!

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHAPEL, CROYDON.

CROYDON is an ancient market town and parish in the diocese of Canterbury, and situated 10 miles south of London; it is a town of considerable importance, having five railway stations, and another in progress. The river Wandle, which falls into the Thames at Wandsworth, has its source near the parish church. In the year 1264, during the civil contentions between Henry III. and the barons, the Londoners, who fought for the latter, were defeated with great slaughter here. The ancient palace, near the east end of the parish church, was for many centuries the residence of the Lords Primate; and in July, 1753, archbishop Parker entertained queen Elizabeth here for seven days. "The Old Palace" is now occupied as a bleaching establishment, and the chapel, once attached to it, is converted into an industrial school. The principal business part of this town is one

main street of about a mile and a quarter in length, and contains a number of large handsome shops, and many respectable private dwellings. The outskirts of the town and the neighbourhood in general contain many splendid piles of buildings, elegant seats and villas, belonging to gentlemen, merchants, opulent tradesmen and others. The population of Croydon is between 40,000 and 50,000. This town boasts of a commodious public hall and rooms, erected for literary and scientific purposes; a Hospital of the Holy Trinity for thirty-nine poor people; the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution for Freemasons or their widows; and several almshouses. The parish church, containing the splendid tombs of several archbishops, has been recently destroyed by fire, but is about to be rebuilt. Beside the parish church, there are several other churches in the town; there are also five Congregational Chapels, three Baptists, and one Wesleyan, one Methodist Free Church, one Presbyterian, and a Roman Catholic.

Some years ago a few Primitive Methodists, from different parts, came to reside in Croydon, and were anxious for our people to mission the place, and about the year 1848, the preachers from London first circuit came here. After preaching some time in the open-air, a small chapel was engaged, and a society formed. For sometime their labours were attended with considerable success, even in the face of much opposition; but from some cause or other there was a declension, and the cause remained in a feeble state for a number of years, the want of a suitable place of worship making against its progress. In 1861 a piece of land was purchased for £120, and given by a friend to the connexion. On a part of this land a temporary wooden chapel was built at a cost of about £50. In 1865 preparations were made for the erection of our present chapel, schoolroom, and minister's house. The chapel is 48 ft. by 32 in the clear, and 20 ft. from floor to ceiling. It will seat 250 people, and is well lighted with 4 star burners, suspended from the ceiling, and 2 branch burners on the platform. There is a good vestry; and underneath the chapel there are excellent school and class-rooms, etc. The building is neat, comfortable, and substantial. The total cost of the undertaking, including land and incidental expenses is about £1,500, towards which we have raised by various means about £580, including the noble sum given to pay for the land. When the chapel was commenced, the society numbered 34 members; now we have over 70. The congregation has greatly increased, the sittings let well, our prospects are very encouraging and steps are being taken to erect a chapel in another part of the town.

While we are grateful to the giver of all good, we also tender our warmest thanks to all the friends who have helped us in our heavy undertaking.

JOHN STROUD.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY ON BIBLE TEXTS.

FOR EACH SABBATH IN DECEMBER.

1ST SABBATH. Prov. vi. 17.—"*A lying tongue*" is a bad thing; yes, a very bad thing; and here, we ask, would it not be better in some instances for some persons to be without a tongue than to possess a lying one, for such a tongue is set on fire of hell; it is under Satanic and sinful influences; its conduct bespeaks human depravity, and thus exhibits the fallen state of the soul; it injures mankind and insults heaven. Under any circumstances, lying is a great evil, and an abomination in the sight of a holy and faithful God. The Book of Divine Inspiration says to mankind—*to all mankind*—"Lie not one to another." And, again, "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." Lying is communicative, and is corrupt in its tendency, and stands out in direct opposition to the Divine injunction, "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth." A lying tongue is a creator of mischief at home and abroad, in the Church and in the world, amongst friends and foes; and it is often the parent of bitterness and sinful wrath, of anger and clamour, of hatred and malice. The list of evils resulting therefrom are too great and too numerous for us here to describe, for it is a long catalogue, and a dark and miserable list, which will never be fully revealed until the great day of God's wrath, when the books shall be opened, and the judgment shall be set, and all public and *private liars* shall be summoned to appear before the judgment seat of Christ, to give an account of their untruthfulness. Openly professed morality will not save the liar in that day, however secretly he may have conducted his lying business amongst men. Having stood identified with a Christian Church will not screen the lying tongue, or the lying heart, there. Hypocrites and mere formalists in religion are all liars, because they are all deceivers; and though in some cases they may occupy some of the most honourable places in the Church, and amongst men in *political, civil,* and *religious* matters, yet their offices will not secure them from the horrible tempest of God's fury. The same tongue that is guilty of lying may make great pretensions to religion, for with the same instrument we can both *bless* and *curse*. But He who is all wise will do all right in punishing the transgressor, as well as in regarding the faithful doer of His law. We would therefore urge our readers to seek to possess "a wholesome tongue," which "is a tree of life."

2nd SABBATH. Psa. cxviii. 6.—"*The Lord is on my side, I will not*

fear what man can do unto me." Many a time the question has been asked, "Who is on the Lord's side?" and in reply to this inquiry we would now say, all good men and women are on this side, and they are on the Lord's side because He is on their side. "We love Him because He first loved us." God is the rock of the believer's salvation, and to the Christian the Lord is all and in all, and it is this that makes the follower of Christ bold and courageous on the side of truth, and enables him to say, "I will not fear what man can do unto me. Men, many men, bad men, have tried to injure God's people in all ages of the world, but on their behalf "He ruleth by his power for ever," and by them He is known as their *friend, helper, glory, defence, strength,* and *refuge*. We therefore wonder not that Holy Scripture should say, "The righteous shall be glad in the Lord, and shall trust in Him, and all the upright in heart shall glory." One of old said, "Because thou hast been my helper, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice." Tell us not that because good men are sometimes in difficulties, and have to contend with numerous and formidable enemies, that God has forgotten or forsaken them, for it is not so, for their names are always present before Him, and their persons He cannot overlook, and while they contend for truth, righteousness, and holiness, they may with confidence exclaim, "Our help is in the name of the Lord who made heaven and earth." Divine omnipotence and omniscience are all on the side of the Christian believer. "I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, fear not. I will help thee." Thus we learn that even the opposing side is weak when compared with the strength which comes to the help of Israel.

"Captain of Israel's host, and guide
Of all that seek their home above;
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love;
Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,
Our end the glory of the Lord."

Such religious experience and confidence are not merely a seeming religion. This religion is a reality; it is *saving, genuine, conquering,* and all prevailing, and causes its possessor frequently to exclaim, "What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits?"

3rd SABBATH. Luke vi. 5.—"*The Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath.*"—By the "Son of man" is here meant the Lord Jesus Christ, who was the son of David after the flesh. Every day of the week is valuable to the man who is anxious to make the best of this world, and to prepare for heaven hereafter. Seven days we have to form one week, and it is essential to a life of happiness that every day be properly

devoted to its right service. Will our readers seriously think of the temporal and spiritual advantages enjoyed by those of the human family who rightly value the day of rest. We have *personal, national, ecclesiastical,* and *domestic* advantages arising out of the institutions of this blessed day. God himself has blessed the day and sanctified it, and blessed, thrice blessed, is the man that keepeth this sacred portion of his time and polluteth it not by unnecessary labour, evil thoughts, and unholy conversation. In remonstrating with the nobles of Judah, the prophet Nehemiah, in a manly and religious spirit, thus addressed them:—"What evil thing is this that ye do and profane the Sabbath day? Did not your fathers thus, and did not our God bring all this evil upon us and upon this city: yet ye bring more wrath upon Israel, by profaning the Sabbath?" How terrible and how numerous are the evils resulting to nations, countries, families, and individuals, through desecration of the Lord's day. As the Son of man is "Lord of the Sabbath," He requires, and He has a right to demand, that this day should be kept as a day of rest, apart from all other days. In the appointment of this day the Christian Church should rejoice, does rejoice, and it will ever be her privilege to rejoice; it is a day to be devoted to the spiritual worship of Him "who is over all God blessed for ever." And as the people of God are servants of Christ, they serve Christ by obedience to his laws. One writer says, that "if we sanctify our Sabbaths they will help to sanctify us." We can make no mistake by devoting one-seventh part of our entire time to the honour of Jesus. Let, then, all the friends of truth defend "*the day of rest,*" and however formidable our opponents may be to the keeping of this day, we must maintain its sanctity, for the honour of its founder, the benefit of the Christian Church, the moral, spiritual, and eternal good of mankind everywhere.

"With saints I'll sanctify the day,
The Lord has called his own."

4th SABBATH. Ephes. ii. 12.—"*Without Christ.*"—To be in such a state is both deplorable and awful; it is both dangerous and unsafe. To be without money and friends is not at all desirable; to be naked and homeless is not pleasant; but to be "*without Christ*" is to be exposed to hell and the wrath of Almighty God. A man may be *houseless,* and *penniless,* and *friendless,* so far as this world is concerned, yet not be "without Christ." It is possible to be a millionaire, and have large estates, yet be "without Christ." The prophet Isaiah speaks of nations in his day who knew not God; and David speaks of nations in his time who had forgotten God. And even in the present age there are millions

of human beings now alive who have no Bible from God, no Gospel of God, no ministers of the truth of God, no Churches of God, and none of God's Sabbaths; and, as a natural consequence, they are "without Christ," and sad, very sad indeed, is the condition of such persons, for they can have no genuine peace, consequently, no solid happiness. But is it not a lamentable fact that there are tens of thousands of our fellow men, living without Christ, in wilful ignorance of Him and the plan of salvation; they live in the midst of Gospel light, yet their souls are in spiritual darkness; they are surrounded with religious opportunities and privileges, but they do not appreciate them. Salvation is offered to them, but they refuse to receive it. Heaven has been purchased for them, but they will not prepare for it. Therefore to be in such a state is not only to be ignorant of the best knowledge, but it is to be exposed to danger the most imminent and fearful. A man had better be without wealth, without friends, without health, without food, and without raiment, than be "without Christ," for without Jesus as our Saviour we must sink to hell, we must die without hope, we must be for ever banished from the Divine presence. We have read of one who said, "Give me Christ or else I die." Yes; without Him our death will be miserable, and our destruction will be certain. Let all our readers seek then to know Christ, to possess the mind and spirit of Christ, to engage in the service of Christ, and thus they shall be brought to feel

> "In Christ I've all my soul's desire;
> His spirit does my heart inspire
> With boundless wishes, large and high,
> And Christ will all my wants supply."

5th SABBATH. Psalm lxxxiv. 4.—"*Blessed are they that dwell in thy house.*"—The house here alluded to is God's house, which is sometimes called "a sanctuary," at other times "a temple;" and not unfrequently do we hear reference made to it as "a tabernacle," but we know of no name more appropriate than "a house for God," for here His name is recorded and his honour dwelleth; here are his praises celebrated and his worship engaged in, and there can be no place under heaven superior to his house, whether it stand in the valley or on the mountain top, in the city or in the village, amongst the cottages of the poor or the mansions of the wealthy.

> "I have been there and still would go,
> 'Tis like a little heaven below."

Here are wells of salvation, here are rivers of living water, here is the bread of life, and here are garments of salvation; here the intelligence

of Christ crucified is made known, and through this same Jesus pardon is offered to the guilty, peace to the distressed, happiness to the miserable, and spiritual life to the dead in trespasses and sins. Then "let us go into the house of the Lord," that we may realise the blessedness of those who have delight therein. The Divine *goodness*, *mercy*, *loving-kindness*, and *favour*, are all subjects which engage the attention of those who dwell in the house of the Lord, and such persons are blessed indeed with a knowledge of the Divine character; they are blessed, too, with the Divine presence, and as the result of waiting upon God, they are blessed with Divine strength, and in answer to prayer realise much Divine light and holy unction in their services. Thus they can cheerfully sing,

"Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are."

And again—

"O happy souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear;
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there."

And again—

"They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears."

May we be there to see the King in his beauty, and worship at his feet.

W. Birks.

SPARKS FROM THE PULPIT.

"Our Father which art in heaven."

We have seen it somewhere recorded that this prayer of itself was sufficient proof of the truth of Christianity.

The truth it embodies, its high morality and devotional character, are such that no mere man could have been its author. If the minutest atom cannot exist without the first great cause, that most wonderful and complex being man could never have been the production of chance or

accident. The high distinction stamped upon him "fearfully and wonderfully made," indicates an intelligent and designing Creator. The heart, repeating with such wondrous regularity its pulsations some seventy times a minute for three score years and ten, has not its equal within the whole compass of mechanical invention.

The meanest of our race too, is invested with an intellectual and moral nature; the flame of undying thought is lighted up within him, and wondrous susceptibilities dwelling in his warm bosom. A strong and practical belief in the Divine being and presence lies at the basis of all true devotion. Men sometimes offer the words of prayer without considering Him to whom they pray; and though they believe there is a God, they pray as if there were none. They do not deny, but they disregard His being. "They are without God and without hope in the world." "God is not in all their thoughts," such prayer is an abomination. Prayer is the language of nature, because it is the language of want.

Without distinction of age, character, or condition, the enlightened and the ignorant Jews, Mahometans, Heathens, and Christians may all look upwards and say "Our Father." There is not one of all the teeming multitudes of human beings that inhabit the earth who is not the subject of paternal care and bounty. Observe—

I. The character in which God is represented as approachable in prayer.—As a Father. "Our Father."

1. As the author of our existence, What rights are comprised in this relation?

Men in authority say to one go and he goeth, and to another come and he cometh. Yet these are but conventional claims, and have no such deep and unchangeable foundation as those which result from the relation of man to his Maker. These are bonds which, however violated, cannot be dissolved, but must remain in full force as long as creatures and God last, and are what they are. Time, nor any condition of suffering or joy can alter them; they must remain unchangeable. There is a value in this relation. Men feel it in the hour of danger and distress; even though at heart they know not God, they look to Him for help.

It is not a matter of indifference to God whether his offspring live or die. He who hears the ravens when they cry, and supplies the young lions when they wander for lack of food, hears the cry of His children when in distress. When agitated by fear, and depressed with despondency from the ends of the earth, every sinner may cry unto Him. Observe—

2. A higher relation which exists between God and man than that of creature and Creator.

When we adopt the language of "Our Father," we are also reminded of the still more endearing relation which exists between their Heavenly Father and those who constitute His spiritual family. He has a family of His own upon the earth, a "peculiar people" in distinction from the rest of mankind. Many make light of God's imitations of love and mercy, and turn a deaf ear to all His entreaties. It is only those who accept of salvation at His hands that become His children.

They are more than creatures—they are affectionate and dutiful children. This is a high and holy relationship. To be God's creature does not constitute it. Birth in a land of bibles, descent from a pious ancestry, outward forms, profession or services do not constitute it. Many a professor born in the land of gospel light and privileges sinks into ruin and perishes. Scripture and facts inform us that every son and daughter of Adam are by nature alienated from God, and children of wrath. They are unpardoned, unblessed, and have no natural rights but the just reward of their iniquity and the inheritance of the fallen. When we speak of a child by adoption, we do not speak of a child by nature. It is the free, gracious adoption of an unworthy, guilty and condemned, but now reconciled and pardoned sinner. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh." There is a first birth and there is a second birth, one that is spiritual and above. It is this new birth that is the starting point in the spiritual career, and which draws the Divine line between those who are aliens and those who are children, "Ye are the children of God," says the apostle, "by faith in Christ." He is the honoured one in this gracious arrangement. God sent forth His Son, born of a woman, &c.

The great object of His advent and sacrifice was to save man from ruin and guilt. He descended that they might ascend. Though the Son of God, He became the Son of man, that men might become the sons of God. There is a great difference between mere coming to God as our Creator, assisted by the glimmering hopes such as nature and reason afford, and coming to Him in the "new and living way" opened up to him by Jesus Christ. The Christian's view in approaching the Throne of Grace is that God is his Father. "Abba Father" is his cry. God would have us address Him in His new name "Our Father," a name so entwined with the dearest and most hallowed associations of the human heart. Who can forget the time or place when we buried our head in our mother's bosom, or knelt at her feet and repeated the words from her lips "Our Father."

3. *The definiteness* of the expression "Our Father."

The Psalmist says, "Thou art my Father, and I will exalt thee." Elsewhere he says, "God, our own God, shall bless us." In these passages we see the actings and appropriations of Faith. So in the

text "Our Father." "God is in Christ reconciling the world to himself." When the believer receives Christ he receives him for his own soul. It is his privilege to call God Father: but a greater one to say in the language before us, "Our Father." No unbeliever can use the words of this prayer. Every such man is a stranger to this filial relation.

4. The social character of the prayer, It is "Our Father."

The social character of religion is too little known by the men of the world, and too little appreciated by Christians. Consider its influence for good. Here are common interests and individual interests to be promoted by united supplication. God is not only the hearer but the lover of social prayer.

LANCASHIRE.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

TIME, ever rolling time, writes the fadeless impress of decay everywhere, and upon everything we behold in this beautiful world of ours. This is still a beautiful world, though sin has marred much of its moral loveliness. By the goodness and forbearance of our Heavenly Father, we are permitted to enter upon the last month of another year. Eighteen Hundred and Sixty Seven will soon be numbered with the things which have passed away for ever. We are almost a year's march nearer home. There is nothing of earthly beauty or of earthly grandeur that can bid defiance to the storms of time; nor anything too sacred or holy to elude the destruction of its fatal blast. Death is never idle, but is always at work among the rational and irrational. How sweet and beautiful the flowers that deck our gardens and meadows, but they bloom, fade, die! How rich and lovely the foliage which clothes our forests and affords shelter to multitudes of God's creatures, but the unfriendly blasts of autumn sever the thousands of little leaves from their present stem, and cause the green-clad earth to "lay her glory by," till the time shall again come for the re-production of flowers, plants, and herbs upon the face of nature. Change and decay are unfadingly impressed upon things earthly. The eye lingers not upon an object, however beautiful and lovely now, but what the breath of time shall one day take from us. Time does more. It invades a holier sanctuary, and introduces man to a happier or darker clime beyond the grave.

"Roses bloom and then they wither,
Cheeks are bright and then they die;
Shades of light are wafted hither,
Then, like visions, hurry by.

Quick as clouds at even driven,
O'er the many-coloured west,
Years are bearing us to heaven,
Home of happiness and rest."

How often has the youth, a beautiful flower in the garden, been suddenly snatched away by the unfeeling hand of death, after having been tenderly and affectionately nursed and trained by a fond mother's hand. But nature shall be revived, the grass, the flowers and the leaves shall come again.

"Reviving flowers anew shall paint the plain,
The woods shall hear the voice of spring and flourish green again."

"But man dieth and giveth up the ghost, and where is he"? He is gone never to return. We are hastening after those who have passed through the valley before us, and are "looking back for us to come." If it be wise to consider our latter end, then it becomes us to seek that wisdom at all times, but especially at the present season.

Parents! what think you of this period? Is it not a time for serious and penitent reflection? What has been your past conduct? What will probably be your future portion? How have you acted towards your children in the past? It may be that your concern has been for the body entirely in the past, while the imperishable souls of your children have been quite forgotten, they have been permitted to grow up without religious care or culture. Perhaps some of you have children who are gone forth into the world destitute of all pious sentiments and feelings to restrain their evil passions and propensities, destitute of that knowledge which is essential to present peace and comfort, and future and eternal felicity. They are now gone from under your control, but your responsibility to God for their early training remains; you must meet them at the bar, when God will require an account of your stewardship, and what then? Let this question sink deep into your hearts, so as to lead you to prostrate yourselves at the throne of Jehovah, seeking mercy for yourselves and for them.

Mothers! you whose children are young and teachable, who are learning every day from you, set a good example before them, instruct and train them in the ways of God. Tell them about Christ and his message to our world as soon as their tender minds begin to open, and they are capable of receiving such instructions. Retire with them

daily into your chamber, and pray with them and for them, present them to God at the throne of his grace in the morning of their days. However anxious the fathers may feel about the souls of their children, they have not the opportunities you have of imparting to them religious instruction. It may be that they go forth to their labour in the morning when the children are sleeping, and find them in bed when they return home in the evening, but you are with them all the day. If you then neglect to instruct them in those things which pertain to their spiritual and eternal well-being, and they grow up ignorant of themselves and God, and go forth into the world destitute of the grace of God, and exposed to every allurement of the world and temptation of Satan, what will they do? No marvel should they fall into sin, and plunge you and themselves into misery and shame. Instruct your dear children then, while you may, in the great and glorious truths of the gospel, and beseech God to bless those truths to their conversion, and then you may hope to meet them at the right hand of God, to part no more for ever.

J. Bett.

PROVIDENCE INTERPOSING IN EXTREMITY.

The seasonableness of providential supplies are sometimes very remarkable indeed. The promise of God to his people is "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them." Isaiah xli. 17. And so has the performance often been. Sometimes in an extraordinary way does God appear for their supply: so we find in 1 Kings xvii. 9.14. The widow's cruise and barrel fail not. A well of water is discovered to Hagar just when she had left the child, not being able to see its death. Gen. xxi. 16-19. But if things fall out by chance, how is it they observe time so very exactly?

Mr. Clarke, in the life of Mr. John Fox, records a memorable instance of Providence. Towards the end of the reign of Henry VIII., Mr. Fox went to London, where he quickly spent the little which his friends had given him, or he had acquired by his own diligence, and began to be in great want. As one day he sat in St. Paul's Church, almost spent with long fasting, his countenance thin, and his eyes hollow, after the manner of dying men, every one shunning him as a spectacle of horror, there came

one to him whom he had never seen before, and put a sum of money into his hand, bidding him be of good cheer, and accept that small gift in good part from his countryman; and that he should make much of himself, for that within a few days new hopes were at hand, and a more certain means of obtaining a livelihood. Three days after, the Duchess of Richmond sent for him to live in her house, and to be tutor to the Earl of Surrey's children, then under her care.

Mr. Isaac Ambrose, a worthy man, whose labours made him acceptable to his generation, in his epistle to the Earl of Bedford, prefixed to his work entitled "Last things," gives an interesting statement of his own case. His words are these: "For my own part, however the Lord has seen cause to give me but a poor pittance of outward things, for which I bless his name: yet in the income thereof I have many times observed so much of his peculiar providence, that thereby they have been very much sweetened, and my heart hath been raised to admire his grace. When of late under a hard dispensation, which I judge not meet to mention, wherein I suffered conscientiously, all streams of wonted supplies being stopped, the waters of relief for myself and family did seem low. I went to bed with some doubtings of the fountain's letting out itself for our refreshing; but ere I awoke in the morning a letter was brought to my bed-side, which was signed by a choice friend, Mr. Anthony Ash, which reported to me some unexpected outbreakings of God's goodness for my comfort."

The following examples will also shew how providence interposes for the safety and protection of God's people, when they are placed in circumstances of extreme danger, and sometimes when they are quite unaware of the aid afforded them.

Maree, a Polynesian, was possessed of a surprising memory, a quick perception, and a good understanding, with a sound and penetrating judgment; while, to crown all, he was a man of genuine piety and ardent zeal in the Saviour's cause. He was one of the first who publicly embraced christianity among the South Sea Islanders, and, before it became general, his life was often in jeopardy, through the progression of it. More than one attempt was made, by a number of wicked men to shoot him and a little praying company who used to meet with him to worship the true God. On one occasion, these men having found him and his little party at prayer in a place appropriated for that purpose, levelled their muskets at them, with a view to execute their cruel design, when, as though withheld by an unseen hand, their attention was arrested by the prayers which were offered up by the intended victims of their fury. The effect was instantaneous and powerful. Abandoning their murderous purpose, they went into the place, sat down with Maree and

his company, confessed what their intention had been, and told them not to be afraid, as they should not molest them any more; and this promise they kept.

The Rev. Rowland Hill had great reason to rejoice in the consistent lives, and zealous devotion to God, of many of his people at Wotton-under-Edge. There was amongst them a person of the name of Rugg, of a piety so deep, and of a life so useful and unblemished, that even his enemies admired and were awed by his character. Mr. Hill's gardener at Wotton, who had always passed for an honest, quiet sort of man, was at length discovered to have been the perpetrator of several burglaries and other daring robberies in the neighbourhood, though he had, till caught in the fact, never been even suspected. He was tried at Gloucester, condemned, and executed. It need scarcely be said that his master visited him in gaol. During his interview with him there, he confessed the many crimes of which he had been guilty. "How was it William," he inquired, "that you never robbed me, when you had such abundant opportunity?" "Sir," replied he, "do you recollect the juniper bush on the border against the dining room? I have many times hid under it at night, intending, which I could easily have done, to get into the house, and plunder it; but, sir, I was afraid; something said to me, he is a man of God; it is a house of prayer; if I break in I shall surely be found out; so I never could pluck up courage to attempt it." In another conversation he told him, "Sir, I well knew that old Mr. Rigg was in the habit of carrying a deal of money in his pocket; times and times have I hid behind the hedge of the lane leading to his house; he has passed within a yard of me when going home from the prayer meeting, again and again; I could not stir; I dare not stir; I dare not touch so holy a man; I was afraid; I always began to tremble as soon as he came near me, I gave up the thought altogether, for I knew he was a holy man."

LETTER TO A JUNIOR PREACHER.

I UNDERSTAND that you are quite satisfied that you are in your place, I mean as a travelling preacher—a work which makes me, even to the present time, tremble in the presence of God. I am still persuaded that

nothing can support us but that Almighty power which raised the Lord Jesus from the dead; yet it is quite possible for you and me to make this a worldly business, that it may become so formal as to create in us no more concern than any common business, in life. Shall the Lord ordain us to this heavenly calling; shall he empower us with the spirit of zeal and power; shall he send us forth into this labour to save sinners from everlasting damnation, and shall we, after all, lose the spirit of our calling? How can we, then, give in our account; how shall we stand before the judgment seat of Christ? Nothing less than the improvement of time and talent can give us the least plea in that day. Consider this, my dear brother, and strictly examine yourself. In order to do this, do you retire to rest as soon as your work and eating are over? Do you sit and chat with the people? Do you give yourself to reading and prayer? I say *give*, give yourself to these. Are you never in company more than an hour at once, and when in company do you turn all into profit, into religion? Are you a man of God in Spirit, in word, and deed? Do you feel a clear witness of entire sanctification, the cleansing blood? I want you also to be a preacher; and in order to this, would it not be well to read the Scriptures without comment, to find out the breadth and length, depth and height, by digging, prayer, and receiving light from God? Whoever depends on comment will be very superficial, and will never speak with proper confidence. You may sometimes examine a comment after your own labour, to see what difference, etc., but never before it. Write something every day; have a book for the purpose, and never lose one idea which the Lord in mercy gives you. In preaching never be tedious; the world never did and never will bear that which is tedious. Let your introduction be a short opening to your sermon. An introduction is to prepare the people for what you have to say. Let your sermon be clear and strong, reaching every heart. Save thyself and them that hear thee; if you have no end in view but the bringing souls to God, this will cure almost everything. Strive to bring some home in every sermon. God will be with you and he will bless you; he will give you the desire of your heart. Be neat and clean in all your clothes: never foppish or fine. Have everything consistent with your Lord Jesus. Let him be before you at all times. Never be ceremonious, yet learn a good address. Be courteous, be kind; never gloomy, nor light and trifling. O my brother, live for eternity! The Lord is at hand. Be ready every moment for glory; ever as willing to leave this world as to go to sleep.

W. BRAMWELL.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

FROM THE SPANISH.

"O Death, no more, no more delay,
My spirit longs to flee away,
And be at rest;
The will of heaven my will shall be,—
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's behest.

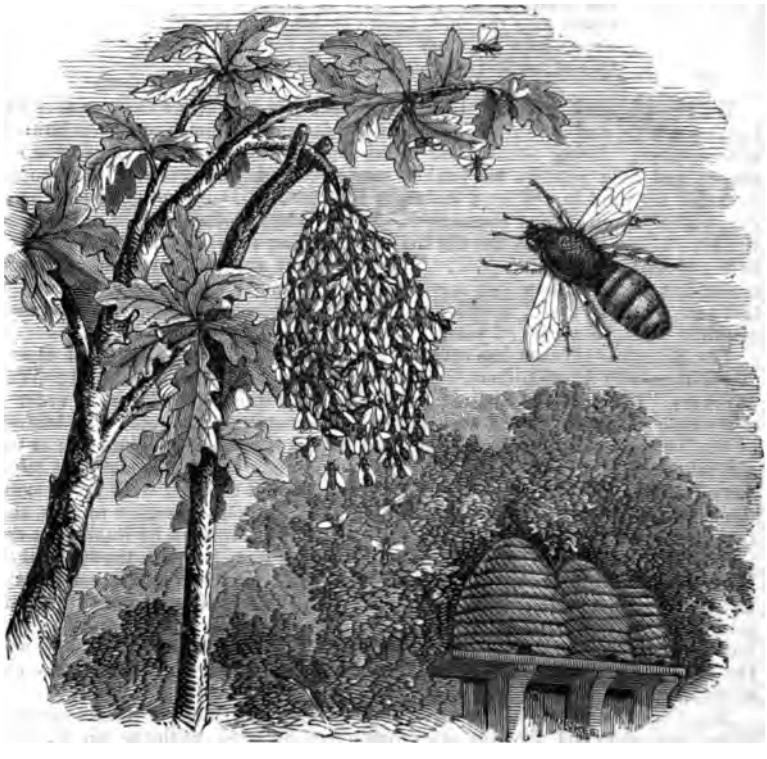
"My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels; the obedient heart
Breaths forth no sigh;
The wish on earth to linger still,
Were vain, when 'tis God's sovereign will
That we shall die.

"O thou that, for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth;
Thou, that to thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth!—

"And in that form didst suffer here,
Torment, and agony, and fear,
So patiently;
By thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
O pardon me!"

As thus the dying Christian pray'd,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind,
Encircled by his family,
Watch'd by affection's gentle eye
So soft and kind;—

His soul to Him who gave it, rose;
God led it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And though the good man's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.



HIVE BEES.

AN average hive of bees may be said to consist of one Mother Bee, or Queen; 800 males, or Drones; and 1,800 Workers, which are females imperfectly developed. The males have no stings. We are sorry that we cannot, without destroying the rules of proportion, give a microscopical illustration of the bee's sting. We have already gone far enough by putting the Queen-Bee in the engraving; but a good view of the sting would have appeared much larger than the entire swarm of bees. Does it not seem strange that a bee should have power to make poison out of honey?

The Mother-Bee is Queen of the hive, and all the Worker-Bees are attached to her, as children are to their mother. The Mother-Bee is supposed to deposit no less than 80,000 eggs during one summer. If she be taken from the hive, all the other bees will follow. A hundred years ago, a person by the name of Wildman, performed some strange feats with bees. Having secured the Queen and placed her in sight of the bees, they would instantly swarm around him. Wherever he placed the Queen the bees would alight: he would cause them to

settle on his head, or to hang, like a living beard, from his chin. Dr. Evans speaks of those feats thus:

"Such was the spell, which round a Wildman's arms
Twin'd in dark wreaths the fascinated swarms:
Bright o'er his breast the glittering legions led,
Or with a living garland bound his head.
His dexterous hand, with firm yet hurtless hold,
Could seize the chief, known by her scales of gold,
Prune, 'mid the wandering throng, her filmy wing,
Or o'er her folds the silken fetter fling."

Wildman himself says:—"Long experience has taught me that, as soon as I turn up a hive, and give some taps on the sides and bottom, the Queen immediately appears. Being accustomed to see her, I readily perceive her at the first glance, and long practice has enabled me to seize her instantly, with a tenderness that does not in the least endanger her person. Being possessed of her, I can, without exciting any resentment, slip her into my other hand, and returning the hive to its place, hold her till the bees, missing her, are all on the wing and in the utmost confusion. . . . These, Britons! are my instruments of witchcraft; but I cannot show you my toil and attention to this subject, my anxiety and care for these useful insects; nor can I communicate to you my experience acquired during a course of years."

The Workers.—Huber has divided the Workers into two important classes, *Nurse*-Bees and *Wax*-Makers. The Nurse-Bees are smaller than the Wax-Workers. He painted those of each class with different colours, in order to study their proceedings, and their labours were not interchanged. The business of the Nurse-Bees is to collect honey and impart it to their companions: to feed and take care of the young grubs, and to complete the combs and cells which have been founded by the others; but they are not charged with provisioning the hive. The Wax-Workers collect honey, and by some peculiar process, they turn the honey into wax. Though the bee has been studied by intelligent men for the last 2,000 years, and some men have spent forty years in the study of the Hive-Bees, yet it has been only recently discovered that bees do not collect wax, but secrete it; how they convey the wax from the second stomach to the wax-pockets, or to the segments of the abdomen, is probably not yet fully known; but the fact that it is produced by secretion is well established. Besides wax, the Bees use propolis, a substance collected from poplar, birch, &c., in the construction of the combs.

Many opinions have been expressed respecting the cause of bees swarming. Some have supposed that the overcrowding population, with the great heat of the hive, induces the bees to migrate; but probably the royal pupæ cause the Mother Queen to leave the hive. All the eggs hatched in the early part of the year turn into Working-Bees; many thousands of Workers are produced before the eggs which turns into royal pupæ are deposited, though we believe it is a fact, pretty well settled, that any egg which will produce a Worker may be so managed in the cell, as to produce a Queen. But the ordinary course of the Queen-Bee is to deposit, say 20,000 eggs for Workers, then 700 or 800 eggs for males, and, last of all, 20 or 30 eggs for royal pupæ. When the royal pupæ are about to assume the perfect state, the Queen leaves the hive, and a swarm follows. But all the bees do not leave the hive, thousands are out collecting, and the work goes on until one of the royal pupæ is perfect. "At length," says the elder Huber, "the female hatched from the first egg laid by the old Queen leaves the cell; the Workers then treat her with indifference. But impelled by the instinct which urges her to destroy her rivals, she seeks the cells where they are enclosed, yet no sooner does she approach than the sentinel bees bite, pull, and harass her, so that she is forced to remove, though the royal cells, being numerous, she can scarcely find a place of rest. Incessantly animated with a desire of attacking the other Queens, and as continually repelled, she becomes

agitated, and hastily traverses the different groups of workers, to which she communicates her disorder. At this moment numbers of bees rush towards the aperture of the hive, and, accompanied by the young Queen, forsake it to seek another residence. After the departure of this second colony, the remaining workers set another Queen at liberty, and treat her with equal indifference as the first. They drive her from the royal cells. She, also, from being perpetually harassed, becomes agitated, departs, and carries along with her a third swarm. In a populous hive this scene is repeated, with the same circumstances, three or four times during the summer. The number of bees being then so much reduced they are no longer capable of preserving a strict watch over the royal cells; several females are enabled to leave their confinement at once, when they seek each other, fight, and the Queen, who is at last victorious, reigns peaceably over the republic.

Bees in England are under human care, therefore we do not see them as they are seen in the woods of America and other parts of the word.

The wild bees, in olden times, formed their combs in the crevices of the rocks. "He made him to suck honey out of the rock."—Deut. xxxii. 13. "With honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee."—Psalm lxxxi. 16. In the caves of Elephanta, at the present day, they hive in the clefts of the rocks and the recesses among the fissures in such numbers as to become very troublesome to visitors. We have heard of a black, stingless bee, found in the Island of Guadaloupe, which lives in hollow trees, and lays up honey in large black cells, which hang in clusters like grapes. In fact there are many species of bees in most countries. Mr. Stephens, the great entomologist, enumerates no less than forty-two species of Humble Bees, indigenous to Britain.

As there are many works in our language on Bees, it is not necessary that we should write at length on the subject.

The chief idea conveyed to our mind by the Hive-Bees is unity of action.

1. *The bees work together.*—A gentleman once found, in America, a bees nest in a tree, fifty feet above the ground. He had the tree cut down, and a part of it, with the nest, conveyed to his home. The comb was six feet deep, and in the falling of the tree, notwithstanding great care, two feet of the comb was damaged. More than 20,000 bees worked hard to repair that nest; they worked until the last of their winter's stock of honey was used in secreting wax to repair their nest, and then they issued from the hive in thousands and died; they worked together till they died. Christians are doing a greater work than bees, and if they were more fully united in their efforts, what a glorious work they may yet accomplish. The churches are panting for christian union, both in England and America. Jesus prayed that his children may be one. Jesus would not pray for an impossibility, or for a thing that was not desirable. Surely, therefore, the day will come when our narrow prejudices will be put aside, and religious bigotry will die out, and the different sects, without sacrificing their denominationalism will meet to recognize each other as the children of one great family. We want less strife about words, and more energy to save souls.

2. *The bees work together in one hive.*—Brethren, let us work together in our own hive. The disciples were all met together with one accord, in one place; they agreed, they believed, they prayed, and the Holy Ghost came down. Jesus has said, "When two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Unity is strength, but division is weakness. Besides division brings a number of evils with it. There is a loss of time in disputing about grounds of offence, the biting and devouring of one another, and many weak Christians stumble and fall in the midst of disputes.

3. *The bees work together at one work.*—Thousands are on the flowers gathering pollen, and thousands are on the combs building up cells, and thousands are feeding the young, and in each branch of work they agree to work together; they acknowledge one leader, the Queen. How officious and overbearing some ignorant men are when they are put into an office in the Church. The Word of God instructs us to walk "with all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering,

forbearing one another in love; endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." Christ is our head, and we are brethren; let us, therefore, strive together for the faith of the gospel. The bees do not domineer one over another, but work diligently side by side. So let Christians work in the Sunday-school, in the public prayer meeting, and in every good and useful work. We have one work, to glorify God; one Saviour, Jesus the Lord; one Spirit to guide us; one Bible to instruct us; one cross to look to; one way to walk in; one heaven to gain; one hope to cheer us, and one faith to live by. "One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." Let us, therefore, work together in one work.

4. *The bees are all alive in their work.*—How rapidly they dart through the air, how nimbly they run up the stem of a plant, and how diligently they probe the flower, fill their pollen baskets, and, heavy laden, return to the hive. What activity there is in that hive, in joining together to secrete wax, in closing and opening cells, in removing every fragment of dirt, in feeding the young bees, and in removing the bodies of bees that worked till they died. Oh! for such activity in the Church. Much talent is now lying dormant, and spheres of labour are unoccupied. One man will not work because he cannot excel those around him, another must be first or no where, and a third is so prickly in his temper and so sharp in his words that he spoils the comfort of others. Even bees excel some men in this matter. We want more honey in the great hive of life. We want more loving hearts and willing hands. All the honey and all the combs, in all the hives of our country, were a short time ago lying like dust among the flowers, but by active bees the particles have been brought together, and great is the result. Many littles make much. If only each member of our society throughout the Connexion would put aside in the first week of January, one penny, as a new year's gift towards the new Theological Institution, £645 12s. 6d. would be the noble result. What a noble sum that would be, yet no one would feel the loss. Gentle reader, the bees do more than that. Oh! when will the Church put forth its greatness and develope its power?

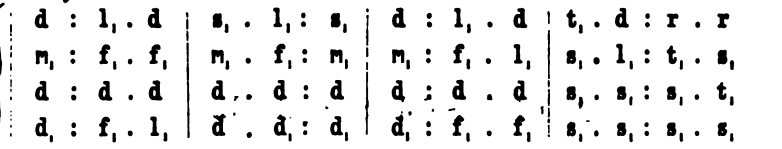
5. *The bees work in obedience to God.*—Each animal follows its own peculiar instinct. The young bees do not need instruction in their work; they gather honey because they cannot help it, and in the construction and formation of cells they work with all the correctness of a mathematician, without using any of his tools. We defy the most competent geometrician to construct a plan of forming a home for young bees more perfect than that constructed by the bees themselves. Look at the six-sided form of the cells and mark their beautiful adaptation. The cylindrical form would seem to be the best adapted to the shape of the bee's body, but had the cells been cylindrical, they could not have been applied to each other without leaving a vacancy between every three contiguous cells. Had the cells been square or triangular, they might have been constructed without unnecessary vacancies; but these forms would have required more material, and would have been very unsuitable to the shape of the bee. The bee constructs its cells on a plan which obviates every objection. How, then, comes it to pass that the bee is so clever in its work? We answer, the bee is guided by the hand of God in the law of instinct. And the little creature is obedient to that law. There is something beautiful in a society of insects: they live without sin, and it does one good, in a world like this where sin abounds, to turn to the works of nature and catch a sight of God in the perfection of His works. A day or two ago we took up a glass of water to drink of it, when we saw in it the larva of a gnat. We watched the little thing as it worked its way to the surface of the water, when the point of its tail touched the surface. It remained still, with its head downwards, for a second, then it went twisting down into the water, and, after a few seconds, it worked its way up to the surface again, with the point of its tail pushed through the water. It remained still again for a second, and then down it went twirling to the bottom of the glass. That young gnat came to the surface for fresh air, and it has pleased God to put breathing organs in its tail, and not only organs for breathing,

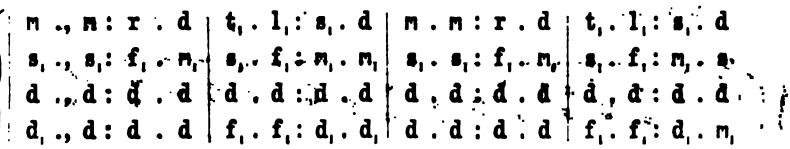
but a beautiful apparatus for collecting air and carrying it down into the water. Thus, by the law of instinct, the larva goes regularly to the surface for fresh air. God has raised many an island out of the midst of the sea by the means of the coral animals which he created partly for that purpose. The Ducies Island, which was formed by the coral animals, is said to be in the shape of a truncated cone, with the face downwards, the form best calculated to resist the action of the ocean. Captain Beechy says, when speaking of the island—"The north-eastern and south-western extremities are furnished with points which project under water with less inclination than the sides of the island, and break the sea before it can reach the barrier to the little lagoon formed within it. It is singular that these buttresses are opposed to the only two quarters whence their structure has to apprehend danger; that on the north-east, from the constant action of the trade wind, and that on the other extremity, from the long rolling swell from the south-west so prevalent in these latitudes; and it is worthy of observation, that this barrier, which has the most powerful enemy to oppose, is carried out much farther and with less abruptness than the other." Millions and thousands of millions of the Polypes die during the building up of an island, yet others continue the work, until the polyparian rocks are reared to the surface of the sea, and become inhabited by the human family. What foresight, power, and wisdom are manifested in connection with one of the lowest species in the animal kingdom. The hand of God is in the matter. The laws of instinct run through the animal world, and the whole earth is full of harmony and beauty; but there is one thing out of order,—sinful man is a disgrace to the works around him. Everything yields to God except man and devils. The only two things, in the disorder of world, that have a moral likeness, are wicked men and devils. But, thanks be to God, he has given to our world a Saviour to bring man back to his right moral *status* in the universe of God. Man can be washed in the blood of the Lamb, and can be elevated to honour, dignity, and power. It is true that we can see God and weep in His presence in the midst of the animal race, but a true Christian exhibits the highest manifestation of God, and gives to the world the most beautiful expression of organised life; and when these mortal bodies shall be clothed with immortality and raised to the heaven of love, then we shall reach the climax of human perfection. "When he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

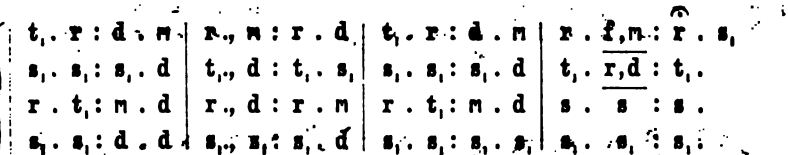
J. P. Bellingham.

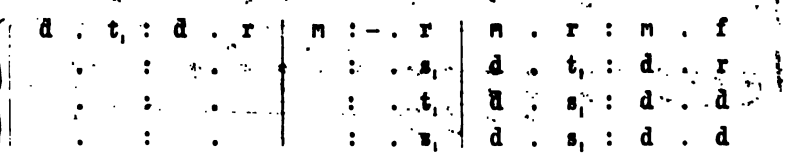
A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

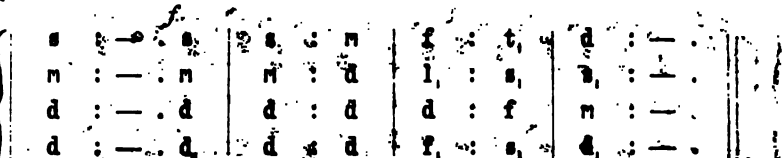
Allegretto. HENRY TUCKER.











Joy to earth's sorrowing child, On this calm peaceful morn!
The holy, harmless, undefiled, Can soothe his breast with comfort mild;
The hymn that floats along the air, Shall find an answer echoing there—
The Saviour Christ is born.

Joy to the sick and poor, "Blessed are they that mourn;
If they submissively endure, and trust his holy promise sure;
He comes all sorrow to relieve, To comfort all who will believe,—
The Saviour Christ is born.

Love, joy, good-will, and peace, Since that first Christmas morn,
Have come to earth, and ne'er shall cease, To him who purchased our release,
Our hearts, redeemed from death, we'll bring, And humbly, gratefully we'll sing,
The Saviour Christ is born.

BRIEF MEMOIRS.

EDWARD FAIRLESS, of Brotherlee, in the Wootgate Station, died June 14th, 1866, in the twenty-first year of his age. The departed was brought up under religious influences, and by the restraining grace of God was prevented from running into the wilder excesses of the grosser sins into which many thoughtless young men madly rush. His parents have long been members of ours; and knowing something of the power and value of vital religion themselves, it was natural that they should intensely desire, and earnestly seek the salvation of their children. The subject of these remarks was brought to God a little over four years ago; and during his membership he grew rapidly in grace and in the knowledge of divine things. His religious attainments were high and striking. Those who watched his Christian career were amazed at his speed in the way to the kingdom. On his face and in his words you might read and hear, "I am resolved not to stand still till the Master appears." He made it the grand aim of life to develop correctly and fully the Christian character. His religion was a life—a heart-refining power. His hold of God was so firm, and the eye of his faith so intent upon Christ, that he was soon "changed into the same image, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." He made no flaming profession of godliness, the life and power of which were not felt in the depths of his soul. His experience, when expressed, was all real and life-like. He hated shows, but loved the pure and honest. Everything beneath the dignity and majesty of a divine Christianity his heart revolted from instinctively. Hence, the entire absence of everything like whispering and backbiting. If he could not help a fellow pilgrim, he was determinedly resolved not to hinder him. It was impossible to meet at home or abroad without being struck by his open and kindly countenance. His face was a bright and intelligibly chaptered dial, on which you might have easily read the frankness and trueness of his loving heart, still there was nothing of the morose, shrinking, scowling presence. To the writer of these lines Edward Fairless seemed a model young man. He was earnest in the culture of both his heart and head, and, therefore, those who knew him best looked upon him as a young man of considerable promise to the growing society at Brotherlee. He was needed on earth, but it seems that there was a greater need of him in heaven. His mansion, crown, and robe were ready, so the Master whispered, "Come up higher, and enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The whisper of the Divine Master was cheerfully obeyed, and the heavenly rest secured for ever. In the summer of 1865 our young friend was attacked by inflamation of the lungs; he rallied for a while after the inflamation abated, but never entirely shook off the complaint. About the end of last April he was compelled to desist from his manual labour, and after seven weeks of wasting by consumption, he

"Ceased at once to work and live."

The sufferings of the departed were slight, and he passed through the last ordeal with a bright and well-founded hope of a glorious immortality. He rested on "the rock of ages." The atonement of Christ was the solid and immovable foundation upon which he rested for his present and everlasting acceptance with God. From the day of his conversion to the day of his death, the Holy Spirit never failed to witness to his adoption and sonship. Many Christian brethren visited our young friend in his last affliction, and each one left the sick room believing it to be a place "privileged beyond the common walks of virtuous life, and quite on the verge of heaven." When asked by his father and mother respecting the state of his mind, the answer was always prompt, modest, and satisfactory. A few days before his death his mother said, "Is Jesus with you, Edward?" "Yes, and he will never leave me," was the distinct

and earnest reply. As he approached the "valley of the shadow of death," he often exclaimed, "Bless the Lord." "Glory be to Jesus; glory be to Jesus." Shortly before he died he felt his pulse, and smilingly said, "It will soon be done," and then called his father to feel, and when his father removed his finger, he then laid his own finger again thereon, and with calm assurance, said, "It will soon be over;" and the finger rested in the same position, when the tide of life ceased its ebbing. Thus ended the brief life-race of this youthful Christian.

"Go, young soldier, of the cross,
Thy battle days are done;
Purged from earthly dross,
The victory thou hast won.
Enter heaven where all is calm,
And sing the praises of the Lamb."

P. CLARKE.

MARY ANN ENGLISH, of Lanehead, Westgate Station, was born February 17th, 1843. In her youth she attended the Sabbath school belonging to the church by law established. When thirteen years of age she left home and entered service as a domestic servant. At the age of fifteen she left service and went to reside with her grandmother. About this period an uncle was brought to God, and by his example and faithful admonitions, Mary Ann became religiously impressed, but postponed the all-important act of self-surrender to Christ until the beginning of the year 1862, when at a watch-night service, at Lanehead, she submitted to the Redeemer, and received the remission of all sins through faith in the atoning blood of God's divine lamb. She continued a consistent member until death; she loved her class meeting, and was regular in her attendance; she was also regular in her attendance as a teacher in the Sabbath school till detained at home by affliction. On March 2nd, 1866, she gave birth to her first-born, and never after recovered her strength. During her severe affliction she was calm and resigned; no murmur or complaint escaped her lips. Her mind was kept in perfect peace—stayed upon the living God. She often said to me, "Hold on to the end, and then we shall meet again;" and sometimes said, "I am only going a little before you." She lingered until April 11th, 1866, when her happy spirit took its flight to the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"She is gone, may I follow,
By the help of my God,
To the land without sorrow,
Where death hath not trod.
To see my bless'd Saviour in glory divine,
And bright as an angel by grace may I shine."

May I meet my beloved wife and the reader in heaven. Amen.

E. ENGLISH.

MRS. BENSON, whose maiden name was Ann Newis, was born at Aldfield, near Ripon. When young her parents were brought to God by the labours of the Primitive Methodists. She was in early life blessed with the restraining grace of God, and, aided by the Spirit's operations, she desired to be useful to others. The Sabbath school at Winksley, two miles distant from her residence, being in want of teachers, her self-sacrificing spirit manifested itself in her by becoming a teacher; she with her brother were frequently seen on their way to school, despite all weather. At the age of twenty-two she lost a pious and praying mother. This event she severely felt, but as a dutiful and loving daughter she strove to comfort the heart of her bereaved father, by supplying in some measure the place of one whom God had taken from an earthly to a heavenly home. At this period she felt it to be her duty as well as her privilege to give her heart to Christ, and also to join the society. About the same time she married and lived with her dear husband in the fear and favour of God. She was a steady, quiet, and consistent Christian; always, when health permitted, at the several means of grace, and devoted to the best interests of the cause of Christ's church, ever ready to do her utmost for the benefit and extension of the society to which she was attached. She was for many years an ardent and faithful friend in the work of temperance along with her husband; she was the mother of five children, and had the pleasure of seeing three of her daughters united to Christ and his church. For several

years she was the subject of weakness and affliction. Her last attack was long and severe; she gradually sank beneath it, and in the prospect of death sang,—

"And above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well."

Her end was peace. She fell asleep in Jesus, at Richmond, on the 10th August, 1866, in the fifty-third year of her age, leaving a kind husband and children to mourn their loss. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." J. JOBLING.

MARGARET BATES died 14th August, 1866, aged fifty-four years. She was the daughter of Thomas and Margaret Potts. She was born at Kenton, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the county of Northumberland. Her mother was a pious woman, feared God, and departed from evil, and was a member of the Wesleyan denomination; Margaret, with the rest of the family, were sent to the Sabbath school. To this and her mother's training may be mainly attributed the foundation of her pious life. At the age of twenty years she was married to John Bates, by whom she had ten children, four of whom are living now, and are members of the Primitive Methodist church. About twenty-nine years ago she was aroused to seek the Lord, at Haswell Colliery, in the Durham circuit, through the instrumentality of Newark Featonby, a local preacher. At that time she joined the Primitive Methodist society there, and opened her house for the preachers, and she continued to entertain them so long as she lived. For the last two years our departed sister was the subject of a severe affliction, under which she was sustained, and enabled by the grace of God to suffer as a Christian. She was visited by many of her Christian friends during her illness; at one time, when one of her friends was standing by her, she said, "Tell thy father all is well;" at another time,—

"What are all my sufferings here,
If Lord thou count me meet;
With that enraptured host to appear
And worship at thy feet."

The last two weeks she lived her mind seemed to enjoy much of the foretaste of heaven. During this time she often repeated,—

"Who are these arrayed in white," &c.

She was conscious of her approaching end, and tried to lead her family to give her up without murmuring. She resigned herself unto God, and passed away without showing any sign of wavering in her faith, leaving one more testimony of the goodness and mercy of God in sustaining those that put their trust in him.

G. MARSHALL.

BETSY IBBOTSON died on the 17th of August, 1866, at Barnoldswick, in the Colne circuit, having been a consistent follower of our Lord Jesus Christ in connection with the Primitive Methodists for upwards of twenty years. In the former part of her affliction her prospects of a better world were not as she desired they should be. Doubt and dispondency seemed to trouble her mind, but as she drew near to the grave the future began to brighten, and she sang,—

"Begone unbelief, the worst that can come,
But shorten thy journey and hasten the home."

And other expressions, such as "Hope thou in God, for thou shalt yet praise him." "Fear not, I am with thee," &c., &c. And when the earthly house of her tabernacle began to dissolve—when flesh and heart were failing; she exclaimed,—

"I will say when the death dew lies thick on my brow,
If ever I loved thee, sweet Jesus, it is now."

The last words she was able to articulate were, "come Jesus." Three little boys under six years of age have lost an affectionate, indulgent, and good mother, and a husband has lost one of the best of wives.

W. IBBOTSON.

JOHN BRUNYER, the subject of these remarks, was born at Crowle, Lincolnshire, in the year 1789. Little is known by the writer of his early life, but he appears to have lived according to the course of this world till long after he arrived at man's estate. About the thirty-second year of his age he entered the marriage state with her who survives to mourn

the loss of an affectionate husband. Some time after his marriage he, with his wife, came to reside at Amcotts. Here he was convinced of sin, under the plain but powerful preaching of the late Rev. John Harrison, and after seeking the pearl of great price for some time, he found it to the joy of his soul, while thrashing in a barn. He at once joined the Primitive Methodist society. We believe he tried to adorn the cause of Christ. If walking uprightly before the world; if constant and prayerful attendance at the means of grace, with attention to private devotion and liberality to God's cause are traits of a Christian, then brother Brunyer was a Christian. His house was a home for the preachers for more than thirty years. Brother Burnyer was a real Primitive Methodist. We believe he was never so happy as when trying to work for the interests of God's cause in connection with our own denomination. When Zion languished he mourned, but in her prosperity was his chief joy. For more than thirty-six years, in an humble sphere, he served his generation according to the will of God. Old age overtook him, but it found him ripe as a shock of corn for the heavenly garner. For many months before his death he was mostly laid aside by affliction, from the ordinary duties of life; he had thus ample opportunity of taking a retrospect of the way in which the Lord had led him these many years in the wilderness. It was cheering to hear him praise God for past mercies, and express his confidence in him for the future. Often when asked how he was, his replies were, "Bless the Lord; I am getting better every day. I shall soon be well; heaven's my home," &c. At another time he said, "My anchor's cast within the veil; all's well; the Lord will never leave me; never, never; bless his name; he'll fetch me soon." This he was enabled to believe, and to look in triumph on the tomb. His only anxiety was on account of his partner, whom he must leave a lone widow; but he had confidence in God that he would provide. Thus he lived beneath an unclouded sky, gloryfying God in affliction, and bearing testimony to the power of religion, till Sabbath morning, July 1st, 1866, when in the seventy-seventh year of his age he passed away to be for ever with the Lord.

J. HURD.

MARY RUSTON was born in 1784, and died at Harmston, in the Lincoln circuit, August 24th, 1866. So far as is known her Christian course was an even and consistent one. And as she lived so she died. She and her husband were accustomned to entertain the ministers for many years. In her last moments she felt some anxiety about them, and said: "What will become of the preachers now? Who will look after them now?" Her husband, to whom the questions were addressed, replied: Oh the preachers will be taken care of, how is it with yourself—are you happy? She replied, with emphasis, "Yes, I am happy, I have no fear, but much peace." She then expressed her will respecting the funeral, and said in reference to a sermon that was to be preached in the way of improving her death, "Don't praise me much!" She had been a mother in Isreal, had done what she could. Yet on taking leave of the scene of her toil and service, and in going to receive her reward, she felt that she had only done what it was her duty to do to all, and instead of deserving "praise" only wished that those who survived her might "Glorify God in her."

J. WENN.

SARAH WOOD, who died at Calverton, (Nottingham 2nd ciruit) August 27th, aged 31, was one of those who while she lived gave strong evidence of her acceptance with God, and has left so many foot prints on the sands of time as can never be erased. For about sixteen years she witnessed a good confession, and though the latter part of her life was one of suffering, she staggered not at the promises of God, but bore with exemplary patience the cross allotted her. As her dissolution drew near, the prospect of heaven so enraptured her soul that she often broke out into such ectacies of joy as convinced the bystanders she

stood on the verge of heaven. The hymns she sang were :

"Jesus, lover of my soul," &c.
"My Jesus, I love thee," &c.
"Come sing to me of heaven," &c.

The last she was so fond of, that a night or two before she died her request was that some of the scholars of the Sunday school should be sent for and sing it under her window. Just before her departure she spoke of seeing some of her friends who had gone to heaven, and with faltering voice and failing strength she said: "Victory, glory, my Jesus, angels descending," and then fell asleep. May her surviving relatives meet her in heaven.

T. GRANGER.

EDWARD WILSON of Ruabon, in the Oswestry circuit, suddenly departed this life September 3rd, 1866, in the 53rd year of his age. He was born at Overton, Flintshire, in the year 1813. He spent his youthful days in following the desires of his wicked heart. I have often heard him express his regret that the first thirty-five years of his life were given to the service of sin and satan. He was a great drunkard, a noted pugilist, a confirmed swearer, and a ringleader in all wickedness. About 18 years ago it pleased God to dispose him to attend the preaching of the Primitive Methodists in this village. The preacher, during the course of his sermon, remarked: "Suppose when you rise up in the morning it should be written upon the heavens—time shall be no more." What would become of you? That supposition, accompanied by the Holy Ghost, was as a nail fastened in a sure place by the master of assemblies, producing in him immediate conviction and prostration of soul. He was dejected state of mind he remained for two or three weeks, after which he was enabled to cast his guilty spirit upon Christ the trembling sinner's hope. He exercised faith in the blood that cleanseth the foulest, and instantly experienced the peace of God that passeth all human understanding. Having now given his heart to God, he gave his hand to his people; and soon began to give unmistakable evidence of the new life within him. For the last 15 years he laboured much in the capacity of a local preacher, and though his preaching abilites were not of the most brilliant order, yet he possessed those qualities which rendered him exceedingly useful. He invariably met with a kind and hearty reception at those places where he was appointed to preach. He was bold, confident, courageous, and valiant for truth; and many will have to praise God to all eternity for having heard his powerful soul-stiring appeals. He preached three time in our own chapel during the last nine days of his life with remarkable liberty and unction. During his Christian career he passed through many sorrows and afflictions, which he bore with manly courage and Christian fortitude. His death was entirely unexpected. On Monday morning he rose early as usual, arrived on the spot to commence his daily labour, but he fell down and died instantly. Heart disease is believed to have been the cause. But there is not the least doubt that sudden death to him was sudden glory. He was a faithful class leader, a kind husband, a father, a neighbour, and a spotless Christian. T. LANGFORD.